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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

A

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OF

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FATHER HECKER.

MANY years ago, Dr. Brownson began his review of one of Father Hecker's books by saying that its author was a man in whose company one could not spend half an hour without coming away wiser and better for the contact. Such a sentence, from such a judge of men, best tells who he was whose departure from among us is deplored by thousands of admiring and grateful hearts.

Father Hecker was meant to be a "vessel of election" for the good of his generation; and God fitted him for his vocation by eminent gifts not only of grace but also of nature, made him to stand among his fellow-men an intellectual and moral giant. Deprived of his spiritual inheritance by the fault or the misfortune of his ancestors, his soul was homesick for it from his childhood, and to its recovery he bent his energies from youth. Never did poor exile from the truth start in search of God with cleaner heart; and few have found him more abundantly. Doomed to struggle up to the light from depths of darkness, and destined to be a strong help to multitudes of others in their escape, he was gifted with the mind of a philosopher and the honest courage of a hero. "Is it not a glorious thing," he exclaimed one day towards the end of his life, "to live for *the best?*" That was his inspiration and his aim from the beginning. Lower ends had no attraction for him, and from whatever could tarnish either the purity of his heart, or the rectitude of his character, or "the chastity of his intellect," as he beautifully expressed it, he shrank with instinctive loathing.

No wonder that such a nature abhorred the Calvinistic doctrine of total depravity, which he was taught in childhood. His soul, on the contrary, gloried in the thought of the image and

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likeness of God in which it had been created, and to whose permanence, in spite of sin and weakness, his every instinct and craving bore testimony. And no wonder that such an intellect spurned the objective scepticism early presented to it by the reading of Kant. He would have despised both himself and his Creator, if he could have accepted such a system of self-stultification. Had he believed in the depravity of his nature and the impotency of his intellect, he could not consistently have taken a single step in quest of the true and the good. But to that quest he was impelled irresistibly, and on it he started with an humble but honest trust in his nature and in his intellect as his only visible guiding star, full confident that through them the Infinite Good and the Infinite Truth he sought would lead him aright.

The first form under which union with God presented itself to him was the German pantheism of his day. It had a special attraction for him in that it was a reaction against the scepticism of Kant, which his own intellect was then casting off. But he recognized ere long that it was a leap to the opposite extreme, and that the extremes met. The idea of union with the Infinite stirred his being to its very depths, but the assertion of identity with the Infinite was an insult to the logic of his intellect. That his soul's hunger and thirst for God should be met with the assurance that it was itself God, sounded like a horrid, mocking jest, and he turned from it with disappointment and indignation.

The next response to his soul's cravings was the theory of "divine immanence" of the Emersonian school. It sounded to him like sweet reasonableness, and so attracted him. For a time it seemed as if in the Transcendentalism of New England he would find rest to his spirit. But his piercing intellect soon went to its shallow depths and discovered its insufficiency. The "divine immanence" was, he saw, but another name for the divine omnipresence, which all things animate and inanimate share equally with man; far different from that relationship with the Infinite for which his heart and soul yearned with mighty longings. The whole system was left without foun tion; the poetry with which it was enveloped sickened his man ntellect, its notions of social reform proved to be impractical s imentalism. Another illusion had vanished and left him in th rk.

But still in the dark that unseen hand was drawing n, that low, strong voice whispering that there was light so where, that irresistible impulse urging him to the search. In e hour of discouragement conscience thundered out, and wou ot permit him to be a coward. He cried aloud for guid and it

came. He looked, and found the truth near at hand. As if scales had fallen from his eyes, he recognized in Christianity all that philosophy had promised him in vain. The Incarnation, linking the Infinite and the finite in a union which, while maintaining their distinction, yet makes them one; the incorporation into that wondrous union offered to all, and the adoption, the sonship, bestowed through it; the indwelling of the Holy Spirit of Love in the faithful soul; the ladder of perfection thus placed from earth to the bosom of God—here he saw all that his soul had ever dreamed of, and he leaped forward to it with all the eagerness of his strong nature.

But again he seemed met by the fate of Tantalus. Where and how was Christianity to be got at? The theory was clear enough, was just what he wanted; but the living reality, the embodiment that would bring it practically within his reach, where was this to be found? It took him not long to recognize that Christianity and the Christian Church were correlative ideas and correlative facts; that the Christian Church meant no mere set of convictions or of principles, no mere aggregation of believers; that the church must be the living organism through which incorporation into the Incarnation is reached, and through which its vital influences are received. Where, then, was that church? The light of his reason and all the noble instincts of his nature had driven him out of the Calvinism of his childhood and out of the body professing it; which, then, among the many various forms of Christianity around him was he to take in its place? One only conviction had he for his guide in this momentous decision, and that was the assurance impressed on him from his earliest years that, whatever might be thought of other creeds, the Catholic Church was simply out of the question. From one to another then he went, in weary, heart-sick search for the one in whose features he would recognize the Spouse of Christ. In one after another he failed to find what logic and history demanded as evidence of their claim. Finally, there remained but one thing more to do, a desperate last resort indeed, but still the only thing remaining—and that was, after having heard all that others had to say about that wretched old church, to hear what she had to say for herself. He hopelessly procured a catechism of the Council of Trent, and read it. "Imagine my amazement," I once heard him say, "at finding here just what my soul had been hungering for all these years! And then was my indignation at finding how I had been hoodwinked from my childhood, that I vowed I would devote my

life to tearing the bandage from the eyes of my fellow-countrymen."

"How did I feel," said he one day, repeating the question addressed to him—"how did I feel when I found I had to become a Catholic? Why, I said to myself: Look here, Hecker, if any one says he is an older Catholic than you, just knock him down. Why, I had been a Catholic in heart all my life, and didn't know it. How did I feel when I entered the church? I said to myself: If Heaven can be sweeter than this, I should like to know it." Oh, the peace, the joy, of a great soul that has found union with God at last!

True to his life-long instinct and guidance, he aimed still at "*the best.*" Before him stretched the pathway not only of Christian goodness, but of Christian perfection, with all the means and helps for its attainment. Here was his goal, and on towards it, guided by wise and holy counsel, he eagerly pressed as novice, religious, priest. In the sacred office of the priesthood he found not only the closest approach to God, but also the highest means for satisfying the kindred yearning that had ever been struggling in his heart for greatest usefulness to his fellowmen. Now, in his holy ministry, he was not only a potent intercessor for them at the throne of Divine mercy, but an authorized herald to them of the Redeemer's glad tidings, a consecrated dispenser to them of the treasures of his Mediatorship. Never did a soul that had found grace and truth crave more ardently to share these blessings with all his kind, and never did laborer in the harvest-field strive more earnestly for that end than he did during the forty years of his priesthood.

From the vantage-ground of the holy ministry he beheld in a new light the havoc wrought in the world by Protestantism. He had tasted its bitter fruits in his own life-experience. He had deplored the millions severed from the unity of the fold, doomed to grope towards eternity as best they could with such remnants of grace and truth as they might still retain, and he had vowed his life to the effort to lead them back. He had lamented the misrepresentation of the truth, the caricaturing of facts, the dissemination of error and of prejudice, that were beguiling the multitudes of his former associates, and he had consecrated all his energies to the task of undeceiving them. But now that he stood a priest of the Most High God, an authorized dispenser of the grace and truth of the Divine Mediator, an agent of holy church's work of building up immortal souls into the Body of Christ, the thought of that ministry of love and ben-

ediction disturbed and encroached upon by this long strife of controversy filled his heart with ineffable sorrow. The spectacle of the Spouse of Christ forced into three centuries of self-defence, by sectarianism assailing her every doctrine, decrying her divine authority and organization itself, saddened his very soul. In that long combat, he gratefully adored the ever-protecting providence of God; he gloried in every manifestation of the church's unfailing strength and unerring grasp on divine truth; and among his favorite heroes the great leader in the strife, St. Ignatius, held a foremost place. But none the less did he grieve that such strife should have been forced into the life of the gentle Spouse of Christ by the children of error, and it humiliated him to reflect that the German and Anglo-Saxon races, his kindred by blood, should have been the ones to originate the wretched struggle and to maintain it so long. He sighed for the day when none of her God-given energies would need to be spent in the thankless task of refuting the errors and repelling the assaults of her own misguided children, but could be wholly given to her glorious work of enlightening and blessing the world, of lifting mankind up to God. To hasten that consummation was his constant study, his unremitting endeavor.

Everywhere around him he could see that the providence of God and the logic of events were working out the end of controversial strife. Facts patent to the eyes of all indicated the dissolution of dogmatic Protestantism. But the disintegration of Protestantism was not an unmixed good. Souls in multitudes were breaking from the false moorings of sectarianism; but most of them, alas! not to return to the haven of religious unity, but to drift out towards rationalism, or ritualism, or humanitarianism, or indifferentism, as the varying winds and currents of thought, or sentiment, or mere weariness of the whole question might impel them. He had himself experienced all these dangers, but had overcome them; no one, therefore, could feel more keenly than he for those who ran such risks, no one could warn and advise and guide them more understandingly and surely. Who does not know what a beacon-light and what a saving power he was to countless needy souls? Here was the occupation that suited him exactly. It was not controversy, which he detested; it was demonstration, in which he took delight. Earnest souls, that had got out of the jungle of disputations about texts, that were looking, perhaps despairingly, for the way to God, for what their intellect, their heart, their whole nature was, perhaps in spite of them, craving for—these turned as it were instinctively

to Father Hecker; and who among them all was ever disappointed? With almost prophetic intuition, he could read each one's mistake and correct it, discern each one's lack or need and supply it. Whatever there remained of truth in each one's mind, he used as a starting-point whence to lead up to where alone the fulness of the truth can be found; whatever he discovered of good and of aspiration or of conscious need and remorseful regret in each, served him as premises for his argument, as a fulcrum for his helpful power. This was the secret of his wonderful influence, that he never disparaged any particle of truth and goodness, wheresoever he might find it, but welcomed and utilized it; that he cared not to spend time in the mere demolition of errors, but, knowing that in nearly every error there is some truth, would seize on this, and by it draw the intellect, through force of logic, out of the morass of error, onto the firm rock of truth, whole, Catholic, unchanging. How many a once agonizing soul, after having been perhaps exasperated and discouraged by some different treatment, is this day blessing Father Hecker for the judicious, the sensible, the charitable and Christ-like course by which he led them into the bosom of the Church of God! And how many have reason to thank him for the help they found in those two books in which he has embodied the main principles of this admirable synthetic method of his, the *Aspirations of Nature* and the *Questions of the Soul.*

It is easy to guess which were his own favorite books. He read very extensively, for whatever concerned humanity interested him; but all the instincts of his nature turned him toward the great fountains of truth about God and about man. The Holy Bible, St. Thomas, and St. John of the Cross were his three favorites, his inseparable companions. The inspired text gave him daily spiritual food; a well-thumbed compendium of St. Thomas was always on his desk and went with him wherever he travelled, serving for ready answers to great questions and as an index of reference to the *Summa* and the other works of the Angelic Doctor; and one of his sweetest and most frequent joys was to go with the great master of the spiritual life through all the wondrous regions of the soul and up to the mountain-tops of its highest union with the God of love. May some one be yet inspired to do for Father Hecker what Father Chocarne has done for Lacordaire! His inner life, so little known, perhaps so little imagined, has many a wonderful and beautiful lesson that the world stands in need of. The peeps into it that were my privilege will be blessings to me as long as I live.

As a matter of course, a most intense sympathy existed between Father Hecker and the character of the American people. Here, if anywhere in the world, human nature has fair play, and, while it manifests abundantly its weaknesses and its needs and its dangers, makes nevertheless a presentation of man which humanity need not be ashamed of, which is no disgrace to the Creator, and which experience with mankind elsewhere renders more and more lovable. He had seen much of the world, he had studied humanity profoundly, and he loved America and her people and her institutions with a devotion that was one of the most striking features of his character. His hope for America, his trust in her future, his confidence in her providential mission among the nations and peoples of the earth, were to him axiomatic convictions and springs of joyous energy. When he considered the providence of God leading up, through all history and through all the vicissitudes of the nations, to this wonderful new departure of human society, and pointing out its pathway and its work, his whole being seemed to thrill with an enthusiasm that was electrical in its effect upon his hearers. Who that has had the fortune to behold it can ever forget the picture presented by that colossal man, that worthy anointed of the Lord, standing thus as if on a hill-top of prophetic vision, seeing what to minds of smaller stature and lower standing-ground was still invisible, proclaiming the great things that God was surely to work in this land of benediction and the blessings which from it would flow back upon the old world, forcing conviction on unbiased minds by the obvious moral of past and contemporaneous history, and pouring enthusiasm into generous hearts by his picture of the great things that might be done for helping on the kingdom of the Lord.

Some there were, doubtless, who thought him a visionary dreamer, a dangerous theorizer. There are always whelps to bark at every great man's heels. There are always petty minds to look with pity, or with suspicion, upon what transcends the measure of their small conservatism. There are always little embodiments of precautionary prudence and safe suspiciousness, ever eager to whisper or to squeak their wee note of alarm and to cry "Down brakes!" And it is well, mayhap, that there are such. Their vocation is a pitiable one, but it has its use. Father Hecker was not the man to let such things scare him into silence or inaction; but neither was he the man to despise any word of caution or of counsel, no matter whence it might come. Hence, while his course was ever onward, it was ever careful. And no

man in all the world had more scrupulous regard for every word that emanated from sources of authority. He knew well that true progress is no instantaneous generation, but a solid growth from the deep-set roots of the past. He knew well that the liberty of the children of God essentially supposes order and law and authority. He knew well that the progress of the kingdom of God in America and in all the future must be in the lines of the organization and the spirit given by our Lord for all generations. There was in him nothing of the revolutionary or the radical, nothing rash and hasty. On the contrary, his most frequent motto was: "*Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere.*" Slowly but surely the light which he saw before others is reaching the eyes of all, and to-day the most conservative elements in the old world are heard saying things which sounded visionary or venturesome from the lips of Father Hecker a quarter of a century ago.

The fondest dream of Father Hecker's soul was a new and abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit of grace and truth on our age and our country, for the sanctification of the new epoch in the history of the church and of the world, which all can see unfolding. His eyes were ever turned yearningly, prayerfully, hopefully, to the holy mountains whence help was to come to the world, threatened with chaos by the disintegrating influences of expiring Protestantism and growing scepticism. Well he knew that the Holy Spirit would not abandon the world, that the help would surely come, the new breathing that from chaos would call forth new life and order. And what the character of that new breathing would be he saw in the very circumstances that called for it. Now that the visible organization of the church had been vindicated against all the assaults of centuries, now that her dogmatic authority had been placed beyond doubt or cavil by the definition of Papal Infallibility, it seemed clear to him that the special characteristic of the future manifestation of the Holy Spirit would be his work of sanctification in the individual members of the church. This, indeed, was always, he said, the normal work of the Holy Spirit; but as the action of the Holy Spirit varies in its manifestation according to actual needs, and as the needs of these past centuries had been distinguished by the controversies then raging, his manifestation had therefore lain principally in the direction of defining truth against error and maintaining the church's organism against the disintegrating influences assailing it; which being now accomplished, it was natural to expect that, while ever upholding and perfecting the results thus attained, his normal

work of individual sanctification would be the most striking characteristic of his manifestation in the era now opening, so that while there might be fewer great saints than in epochs when the Lord raised them up as beacon-lights amid surrounding gloom, there might well be expected more general sanctification of the church's members than has been witnessed perhaps in any previous period of her history.

This thought was the inspiration of his life, and by no grander and nobler surely could a life be inspired. To be, no matter how humbly, the servant of God and of his church for its realization was his one desire and hope. To rouse others to appreciate it and to join with him in "preparing the way of the Lord" was the end to which his gigantic energies were unceasingly bent. From the admirable Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, in which his early life as Catholic, religious, and priest had been moulded, a manifest interposition of Divine Providence led him forth to be the centre of a new band of ardent, generous souls, enlightened with these same views, thrilling with this same touch of the Holy Spirit, sharing in this same eagerness to be God's instruments for speaking to our age the word it needs to hear, and exerting on it the influence it needs to feel and to be guided by, for showing to an era and a country whose distinctive characteristic is the emphasizing of the dignity, the rights, and the power of the individual elements in the social system, that only through the means of truth and grace provided by the Saviour of the world in his holy Catholic Church can the individual reach his true dignity, his fullest liberty, the just knowledge of both his rights and his duties, and the divine help that will enable him to use all his powers in the interest of genuine civilization, for the real welfare of the social system to which he belongs.

For thirty years he guided them in carrying on this work of the Holy Ghost, with every instrumentality of tongue and of pen. Now he has left to them the inheritance of his stainless memory, his world-renowned name, his spirit and his work. May they be ever worthy of their great founder! And not to them alone has he left an inheritance. The imprint of his life on our generation is indelible. He has planted germs of thought, of aspiration, of life-purpose in many and many a soul, in every rank of the church, in every corner of our country; and they will go on fructifying, to his honor, as well as for the glory of God and the welfare of the world.

JOHN J. KEANE.

"THE POET" OF THE WAYSIDE INN.

LONGFELLOW used his gift of accuracy to no small avail in describing his imaginary company at the Red Horse in Sudbury. Of the actual group who were wont to gather there under the great oaks, and whose idyllic holidays blossomed in their friend's mind into his famous publication of 1863, there is but one whom the world is likely to know for ever; and the narrator did his own reputation a loving service in outlining the image of so gracious and honorable a personality. "The Poet" of the Wayside Inn is twice such, in that his own verse is full of its passionate old memories of youth and joy. Thomas William Parsons, born in Boston in 1819, is known to most Americans only as the translator of the *Divine Comedy* and the author of the immortal "Lines on a Bust of Dante." The force and fire of these stanzas, or the majesty of his torso-translation, has strangely obscured the body of his original work, itself of incomparable charm. His name is seldom heard where it belongs, abreast of Emerson's and Lowell's; he seems to be the lost Merope among our starry elder seven. The difference cannot so well be expressed by saying that their popularity has been denied him as that he has escaped it. One feels like asking the thrice-beautiful "Paradisi Gloria" why it has never invaded the cloisters and choirs; the "Saint Peray," where it secludes its sunny trochees from the lovers of the grape; and the "Room for a Soldier!" how it has kept virgin from the thousand uses of our republic's Memorial Day. *Vix ea nostra voco.* A scholar who lives in shady nooks, away from trade, who gives his books oftenest by stealth and but half-willingly to the household constituency for whom sixty or eighty copies are printed, who puts forth no sign of extraneous life save now and then in a newspaper a trenchant civic satire or a brief epitaph, too high and clear to strike a ray into that prowling density, the Public Eye—what power is there to drag his glory hidden into the open sky? His work truly lacks zest and continuity; it is scarcely near enough, glad enough, outspoken enough, altruistic enough; so that the award of men goes with justice to those who have tried to reach them.

But there is a quality of tenderness and dignity in Dr. Parsons' poems which is worth the sacrifice of the freedom of cities. He will be always, probably, as he is now, living among the poets of private adoration. He will dwell on Parnassus, if not

in the anthologies. If he be shut from the strong sunshine of Chaucer, he will be no less happy in the choice and cool *Limbus patrum* where are the elect spirits of such as Daniel, Marvell, Landor, and Arthur Hugh Clough; not humbled among these, beholden to none of them, and master in his province, as they in theirs, of the austere and alien music sometimes unintelligible to humanity.

After saying so much, a devil's lawyer should duly add that the Public Eye can scarcely be scorned for not seeing the invisible. Where are Dr. Parsons' books? The oracle answers, as of other leaves:

> . . . "three
> On the moss'd elm; three on the naked lime
> Trembling; and one upon the old oak-tree!"

Perhaps the query is as audacious as a foot put into the fairy-ring. Wherever they are or are not, they are in the heart of our literature. There is goblin laughter in the air that their familiar beauty should be so new to better folk than their finders. Let us quote at hap-hazard the short monody on Edward Everett, the first of a handful of roses to be culled from a walled and watched Boston garden:

> "So fell our statesman!—for he stood sublime
> On that proud pedestal, a people's heart:
> As when some image, through the touch of time,
> That long was reverenced in the public mart,
> Or some tall clock-tower, that was wont to tell
> The hour of duty to the young and olden
> With tongue most musical of every bell,
> Bends to its base, and is no more beholden.
> So fell our Everett: more like some great elm,
> Lord of the grove, but something set apart,
> That all the tempests could not overwhelm,
> Nor all the winters of its seventy years;
> But on some peaceful midnight bursts his heart!
> And in the morning men behold the wreck
> (Some with gray hairs who cannot hold their tears),
> But in the giant timber find no speck
> Nor unsound spot, but only wholesome wood;
> No secret worm consuming at the core
> The stem that ever seemed so fair and good.
> And aged men that knew this tree of yore
> When but a sapling, promising full well,
> Say to each other: 'This majestic plant
> Came to full growth; it made no idle vaunt;
> From its own weight, without a flaw, it fell.'"

Here is a single image, in itself simple, noble, and affecting, handled throughout its twenty-four lines with not a theatricalism, not a strain. And no mere technical skill works this miracle, here where technique is fallible, but the possessing energy of thought, which seizes hold upon words, exacts of them severe service, and neither releases them a moment before nor detains them a moment after its own full will is spent.

Dr. Parsons is the fool who looks in his heart and writes, as Sidney was; he is readily moved to song; he has little projecting power; a sort of gossamer autobiography could be built up from the recorded haps, the passing visions, the chosen nouns and pronouns of his verses. His characteristic at his best is great sensibility of impression, great control and discipline of expression. He is one of those who speak from the stress of emotion—as few men do, as few women can—without any explosion or sensation. However you feel his genius, you must feel first its high-bred, forerunning condition of art. He is not reticent, but his saving accent makes you think him so.

His themes are often such as would seem to evade and decline adequate language, and he can always present them with masterful delicacy and terseness. Upon him, who is akin to no one else,

"The marks have sunk of Dante's mind."

It is not in vain that for nearly fifty years he has had great companionship, paying for it his magnificent coin of interpretation to the English world. What he has won thereby is not an actual gain, but the precious vivifying and clarifying of his poetic gift. In his thrusting, lance-like humor, his high-handed individuality, his genuine pathos, his secure scholarship, his literary equipment, his scorn of pomp and artifice, his large, patient note of patriotism and brotherliness, his irresistible reverence of what is reverend, and antagonism of the world's paltry aims; above all, in his conception and treatment of religion and of love, Dr. Parsons is markedly Dante's man. All of his own worth, all of his lineage, shine out in his recognizable poems following, filled with the "high serenity" which Arnold praises in the Florentine.

"SOTTO L'USBERGO DEL SENTIRSI PURO.

"Brush not the floor where my lady hath trod,
Lest one light sign of her foot you mar;
For where she hath walked in the spring, on the sod,
There, I have noticed, most violets are.

"Touch not her work, nor her book, nor a thing
That her exquisite finger hath only pressed;
But fan the dust off with a plume that the wing
Of a ring-dove let fall, on his way to his nest.

"I think the sun stops, if a moment she stand
In the morn, sometimes, at her father's door;
And the brook where she may have dipped her hand
Runs clearer to me than it did before.

"Under the mail of 'I know me pure'
I dare to dream of her! and by day
As oft as I come to her presence, I'm sure
Had I one low thought, she would look it away."

What balance and discretion in these worshipful lines! They throw the glove to living poets; indeed, it is hard to cite one other who could treat a theme, fanciful as any of Crashaw's or Carew's, with such homespun moderation and simplicity. But artistic governance is the sign-manual of Dr. Parsons' rapt verse, which, never tame nor timid, has a restrained and tempered glow as of Phaethon holding his horses in. His "Paradisi Gloria" has caught all the beams of the Christian heaven, and prisons them as in an opal:

"There is a city, builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery for evermore.

"In that pure city of the living Lamb
No ray shall fall from satellite or sun,
Or any star; but He who said 'I Am'
Shall be the light, He and His Holy One.

"Nor shall we longer spend our gift of time
In time's poor pleasures, doing petty things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;
But we shall sit beside the silver springs

"That flow from God's own footstool, and behold
The saints and martyrs, and those blessèd few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,
To dwell with them, and walk with them anew,

"In alternations of sublime repose,
Musical motion: the perpetual play
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows
Through the bright, busy, and eternal day!"

"UPON A LADY SINGING.

"Oft as my lady sang for me
That song of the lost one that sleeps by the sea,
Of the grave, and the rock, and the cypress-tree,
Strange was the pleasure that over me stole;
For 'twas made of old sadness that lives in my soul.

"So still grew my heart at each tender word
That the pulse in my bosom scarcely stirred,
And I hardly breathed, but only heard!
Where was I? Not in the world of men
Until she awoke me with silence again.

"Like the smell of the vine, when its early bloom
Sprinkles the green lane with sunny perfume,
Such a delicate fragrance filled the room:
Whether it came from the vine without,
Or arose from her presence, I dwell in doubt.

"Light shadows played on the pictured wall
From the maples that fluttered outside the hall,
And hindered the daylight, yet, ah! not all:
Too little for that the forest would be,
Such a sunbeam she was, and is, to me!

"When my sense returned, as the song was o'er,
I fain would have said to her: 'Sing it once more!'
But soon as she smiled my wish I forbore:
Music enough in her look I found,
And the hush of her lip seemed sweet as the sound."

When we think of the trail of glory this poem would have left after it had it been written in an elder day, one who loves it could wish it back to the "spacious times of great Elizabeth." Early English indeed it is, word on word. Keats would have named it "treasurable," and bent his knee and sighed generously that he had not written it. To those who prize it above all its fellows, the comment may be made justly that it is typical of Dr. Parsons' least striking and most subjective work. But in his virile satires and letters, his "Ode on Webster's Death," his "Ballad of the Willey House," his splendid "Shadow of the Obelisk," and such things, ignored here with a purpose, he speaks as a thinker, an American, almost as a man of action; while in many a lyric, like that "Upon a Lady Singing," he lets loose his truly dominant and characteristic note, like that of a wood-thrush at home in the untrodden wild, "singing high and aloof." We look in vain elsewhere for the sweet waywardness, the remote, spiritual, self-

forgetting utterance of the shy bird's heart; and that, after all, is the sole thing for which a studious ear listens. Something of it comes again in the drowsy and affectionate closes of this free-lance sonnet:

> "Not now for sleep, O slumber-god! we sue;
> Hypnus, not sleep! but give our soul's repose:
> Of the day's music such a mellowing close
> As might have rested Shakspere from his art,
> Or soothed the spirit of the Tuscan strong
> Who best read life, its passions and its woes,
> And wrought of sorrow earth's divinest song.
> Bring us a mood that might have lulled Mozart!
> Not stupor, not forgetfulness, not dreams,
> But vivid sense of what is best and rarest,
> And sweet remembrance of the blessèd few,
> In the real presence of this fair world's fairest,
> A spell of peace, as 'twere by those dear streams
> Boccaccio wrote of, when romance was new."

Dr. Parsons' muse "sees life steadily, and sees it whole." His voice is lent to the royal praise of friendship, to fatherland, to the uses of philosophy, to archness and good cheer; to the alms-chest, the gentian, the sun-dial; to the beauty of hills and streams,

> "The golden heaps beneath the trees,
> The purpling of the oak";

to the piercing thought of revels ended; to prayer, and to the burial-song of young children:

> "Still the benediction stays,
> Although its angel passed:
> Dear God! thy ways, if bitter ways,
> We learn to love at last.
>
> "But for the dream—it broke, indeed,
> And yet great comfort gives;
> What was a dream is now our creed:
> We know our darling lives!"

Many dirges are to be found in the wide-margined booklets bearing Dr. Parsons' name, burdened with wonderful beauty, pity, and exaltation. We will make our valedictory with that which, at the close of the Threnody, commemorates the passing of a fortunate and fragrant soul, Henry Wales, the Student of Longfellow's Wayside Inn, who himself "never found the best too good," and must have slept proudly to such music:

. . . . .

"From the delicate eye and ear
To the rest that shall not see,
To the sleep that shall not hear,
Nor feel the world's vulgarity,

"Bear him in his leaden shroud,
In his pall of foreign oak,
To the uncomplaining crowd
Where ill word was never spoke!

"From the rubs that fortune gives,
From the spite that rivals fear;
From the sneer that long outlives
All the praise the world can spare;

"Bear him from life's broken sleep,
Dreams of pleasure, dreams of pain;
Hopes that tremble, joys that weep,
Loves that perish, visions vain;

"To the beautiful repose
Where he was before his birth:
With the ruby, with the rose,
With the harvest, earth in earth!

"Bring him to the body's rest
After battle, sorely spent;
Wounded, but a welcome guest
In the Chief's triumphal tent."

This is the sort of literature which takes a critic in thrall, and bids him uncover to look a classic in the face. Nothing is to be said of the distinction of such stainless achievement, save salutation to the maker of it and thanksgiving to Father Apollo. It is very easy, were it worth while, to cite all it is not—that is, all it does not set out to be. But the business of commendation, just now, is much more imperative.

The poetry of Dr. Parsons "walks in a veil and a silence," in the charming phrase of Jeremy Taylor, back to the fountain-heads of English song. One feels how winning and compelling it might be, were it not too disdainful. Whatever be the real cause of its golden withdrawal, seclusion, first and last, wrongs it. There are thousands, not irreverential, in cities who pine for the sight of an immortal, and squander homage on the new-comers from every wood. But the desired dryad is safe in her bole, far away, unrevealed to any but the aware and asking eye.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Legislative Library Ontario

THE DELUGE: WAS IT UNIVERSAL?

THE progress of modern scientific research and discovery has given new interest to the old controversy * concerning the extent of the Deluge mentioned in the Book of Genesis.

Three different views have been advanced on the subject: 1, that the Deluge was universal, both geographically and ethnologically; 2, that it was universal ethnologically, but not geographically; and 3, that it was neither geographically nor ethnologically universal.

Let us briefly examine these different views.

I.

That the Deluge had been universal both geographically and ethnologically was the general belief of Christians until comparatively recent times. Even as late as 1877, P. Bosizio, S.J., attempted to defend this view in his work *Die Geologie und die Sündfluth.*†

On what foundations was this view based? In the first place, Biblical expressions like the following seemed to favor this opinion: "The waters prevailed beyond measure upon the earth; and all the high mountains under the whole heaven were covered. . . . The water was fifteen cubits higher than the mountains which it covered. . . . All flesh was destroyed that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beasts, and of all creeping things that creep upon the earth; and all men. . . . Noe only remained, and they that were with him in the ark." Such and similar statements of the inspired Book seemed to imply that the whole earth had been inundated, and that all men save Noe and his family were destroyed.

Moreover, the errors of the ancients concerning the character of the inhabitable portion of the earth confirmed this opinion. Up to the time of the discovery of America it was generally believed that the inhabitable earth was "a sea-girt plain, beyond which no mortal could pass." ‡ Such a plain, it was thought, could easily have been inundated by the waters of the Deluge.

Nowadays it is rare to find any well-informed Catholic writer

* See *Zeitschrift für katholische Theologie*, Innsbrück, IV. Quartalfelt, 1887, pp. 631-74; and *La Scienza e la Fede*, Napoli, 30 Giugno, 1887, pp. 484–94.

† See *Zeitschrift für katholische Theologie*, l. c. p. 633.

‡ See Charles Woodruff Shields, D.D., LL.D.: *Philosophia Ultima*, New York, 1888, p. 43.

who would defend this view. Geological and paleontological reasons combine to prove that geographically the Deluge was not universal. At the time assigned for the Deluge the surface of the earth was substantially as it is now. If then some great portion of the dry land had been submerged, a proportionate rise of land above the waters would have been necessary in some other part of the globe. For, as Professor Alexander Winchell * observes, "the terrestrial globe, in some of its behavior, may be compared to an india-rubber ball filled with water. If indented by pressure in one place, there must be a protuberance equal in volume in another place." Hence, if all Asia had been submerged, a proportionate amount of dry land would have been lifted above the waters somewhere else. That Asia, Africa, Europe, Australia, and America were all submerged at the same time seems geologically impossible, and we have no evidence which would justify us to assume that God wrought so stupendous a wonder.

On the contrary, there are geological and paleontological facts which evidently prove that some portions of the earth have not been inundated by the Noachian Deluge. For instance, in Auvergne, France; in the Eifel country of the Prussian Rhine province; in New Zealand, and elsewhere there are extinct volcanoes, evidently older than Noe, that are "marked by cones of pumice-stone, ashes, and such light substances as could not have resisted the waters of the Deluge." † Again, as a distinguished writer observes, ‡ "on the islands that are geologically much older than the time of the Deluge we find singular fauna, which one will not meet elsewhere; this is the case with New Zealand, Australia, Madagascar, and Japan. Had the Deluge been universal, how could one now find such peculiar animals in those regions?" §

For such or similar reasons, no doubt, even F. Vigouroux ‖ declares: "We willingly acknowledge that the Deluge was not universal for the inhabitable earth; but," he adds, "we believe that it was universal for the inhabited earth, and that it caused all men living then to perish, with the exception of Noe and his family." This is the second view which we shall briefly examine.

* *The American Geologist*, Minneapolis, March, 1888, p. 139.

† Cunningham Geikie: *Hours with the Bible*, New York, p. 170.

‡ *La Scienza e la Fede*, Napoli, 30 Giugno, 1887, p. 493.

§ See also Joseph Le Conte: *Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought*, New York, 1888, pp. 184-6.

‖ *Les Livres Saints et la Critique Rationaliste*, Paris, 1887, vol. iii. p. 497.

II.

Assuming that the Deluge covered only a portion of the inhabitable earth, we now ask, Is it probable that at the time of the catastrophe some men lived beyond its reach and were consequently not destroyed by it? Before attempting to answer this point, the following questions are to be considered: 1, When did the Deluge occur? 2, Whereabout did it occur? 3, How long before had mankind been in existence? 4, Is it probable that some tribes of men had migrated into countries beyond the reach of the Deluge? and 5, Are there any facts which seem to favor this probability?

First as to the time of the Deluge: Vigouroux, who seems to be anxious to hold the view that all men outside the Ark perished by the Deluge, says: * "We have seen before † that we know not at what moment God punished mankind by this terrible chastisement, and we have proved that we can move back the date as far as the historical and archæological sciences require." But this can be questioned. A. Breitung, S.J., observes: ‡ "It is indeed more probable that we can prolong the time between Adam and Noe according to need than that we can assume a relatively shorter period of time between Adam and Noe, but a very long one between Noe and Moses."

The chronology of the time between the Deluge and the birth of Abraham is carefully given in the eleventh chapter of Genesis, yet the most ancient texts differ considerably in the exact numbers of years. According to the Septuagint 1,183, according to the Samaritan text 942, and according to the Vulgate about 292 years elapsed between the Deluge and the birth of Abraham. § The chronology from the time of Abraham to the birth of Christ can be approximately ascertained from indications in the Holy Scriptures. ‖ According to calculations based on the Samaritan Pentateuch, the Deluge occurred between 2936 and 3151 B.C.; and according to calculations based on the text of the Septuagint, it occurred between 3168 and 3383 B.C. ¶ It would seem that the date of the Deluge can hardly be placed farther back than this.

* *Les Livres Saints et la Critique Rationaliste*, Paris, 1887, vol. iii. pp. 499-500.

† L. c. p. 224.

‡ *Zeitschrift für katholische Theologie*, Innsbrück, 1887, p. 669.

§ Camillus Mazella, S.J.: *De Deo Creante*, Woodstock, Marylandiæ, 1877, p. 390.

‖ L. c. p. 391.

¶ Henry M. Harman, D.D., LL.D.: *Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures*, New York, p. 229.

Whereabout was the Deluge? Indications seem to point to western Central Asia. It is quite probable that the leading descendants of Adam, the direct line of the ancestors of God's chosen people of old, continued to reside near the former happy home of our first parents, the Garden of Paradise. Now, this was undoubtedly situated in western Central Asia, as the Book of Genesis unmistakably indicates by stating * that four rivers, the Phison, the Gehon, the Tigris, and the Euphrates had their source in the region of the Paradise. That really the Tigris and the Euphrates of to-day were meant cannot be doubted. In the first place, of the Tigris it is expressly stated that it is the same that passeth along by the Assyrians.† Secondly, there is no geological reason known why the present Tigris and Euphrates should not have existed in the days of Adam, or even long before. Thus, for instance, our Missouri, Ohio, and Mississippi, the latter about as far south as Tennessee, seem to have been in existence during the tertiary age, long before the appearance of man upon earth.‡ Besides, the Tigris and Euphrates, flowing between the thirtieth and fortieth degrees north of the equator, were probably not interfered with to any considerable extent during the glacial period, for the glaciers came no further south, in Europe and Asia, than about the fiftieth degree.§ Moreover, it is not likely that the transient inundation caused by the Deluge has permanently changed the channels of these rivers, which it could not have done without changing the entire surface of the surrounding territories. And, finally, the Book of Genesis was written at a time when no other rivers were known as the Tigris and the Euphrates than the rivers which still bear these names.

For these reasons it cannot be doubted that the Paradise was located somewhere near or about the sources of the present Tigris and Euphrates, in Armenia. This is the opinion of competent authorities.‖ A writer¶ observes: "Here, within a circle but a few miles in diameter, four large rivers rise—the Euphrates and Tigris, or Hiddekel, flowing south into the Persian Gulf; the Araxes, flowing northeast into the Caspian Sea; and the Phasis, or Halys, flowing northwest into the Black Sea. This fourth

* Genesis ii. 10–14. † Ibid. ii. 14.

‡ See Joseph Le Conte: *Elements of Geology*, New York, 1887, pp. 501, 550.

§ See James D. Dana: *New Text-Book of Geology*, fourth edition, p. 351; and Joseph Le Conte, l. c. p. 580.

‖ See Dr. Franz Kaulen: *Einleitung in die heilige Schrift*, Freiburg-in-B., p. 170, and Fr. v. Hummelauer, S.J.: *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, Sept., 1875, pp. 317–35.

¶ See "Eden," in *A Dictionary of the Holy Bible*. Published by the American Tract Society, New York.

river may have been the Pison of Eden; and the Araxes may well be the Gihon, since both words mean the same and describe its dart-like swiftness. This elevated country, still beautiful and fertile, may have been the land of Eden; and in its choicest portion towards the east the garden may once have smiled." J. W. Dawson,* both a Biblical scholar and a great geological authority, says of Eden: "It was evidently a district of Western Asia; and, from its possession of several important rivers, rather a region or large territory than a limited spot. . . . In this view it is a matter of no moment to fix its site more nearly than the indication of the Bible that it included the sources, and probably large portions of the valleys, of the Tigris, the Euphrates, and perhaps the Oxus and Jaxartes." It is quite natural to suppose that the descendants of Adam, as far as the exigencies of life would permit, loved to remain in the neighborhood of this region, once the happy home of their first parents. The author just mentioned observes: "Before the Deluge this region must have been the seat of a dense population, which, according to the Biblical account, must have made considerable advances in the arts, and at the same time sunk very low in moral debasement."

Another fact which points to Western Asia as the locality of the Deluge is that the ark finally rested "upon the mountains of Armenia." † The ark, not being a ship to sail, but rather a large house simply intended to float upon the waters, it is not improbable that it landed not far from where it began to float.

Assuming, then, that the Deluge inundated some portion of Western Asia, we may next inquire how far it extended. It is to be remembered that at the time of the Deluge the surface of our earth was substantially the same as it is at present. That a Deluge in Western Asia should have affected the Australian and American continents seems geologically impossible. That it should have submerged all Africa is also quite improbable. The waters, naturally seeking their level in all directions, would rather have flowed towards the Indian Ocean, and through the Mediterranean Sea and the Sahara into the Atlantic, leaving the main portion of the African continent untouched. Just as little is it geologically probable that the waters of a Deluge in Western Asia should have covered the then existing ‡ Pyrenees, Alps, and Carpathian Mountains of Europe, or the Himalayas of Asia.

* *The Origin of the World, according to Revelation and Science*, New York, pp. 252–3.

† Genesis viii. 4. ‡ See James D. Dana: *New Text-Book of Geology*, fourth edition, p. 346.

Let us see what competent scientific authorities say of the nature and extent of the Biblical Deluge. Louis Figuier * observes: "The Asiatic Deluge—of which sacred history has transmitted to us the few particulars we know—was the result of the upheaval of a part of the long chain of mountains which are a prolongation of the Caucasus. . . . It seems to establish the countries lying at the foot of the Caucasus as the cradle of the human race; and it seems to establish also the upheaval of a chain of mountains, preceded by an eruption of volcanic mud, which drowned vast territories entirely composed, in these regions, of plains of great extent."

Sir J. W. Dawson says † of the Deluge: "I may remark here, as its most important geological peculiarity, that it was evidently a *local* convulsion. . . . Viewed in this light, the phenomena recorded in the Bible, in connection with geological probabilities, lead us to infer that the physical agencies evoked by the divine power to destroy this ungodly race were a subsidence of the region they inhabited so as to admit the oceanic waters, and extensive atmospherical disturbances connected with that subsidence, and perhaps with the elevation of neighboring regions. In this case it is possible that the Caspian Sea, which is now more than eighty feet below the level of the ocean, and which was probably much more extensive then than at present, received much of the drainage of the Flood, and that the mud and sand deposits of the sea and the adjoining desert plains, once manifestly a part of its bottom, conceal any remains that exist of the antediluvian population."

From a geological point of view, the conclusion seems inevitable that the Biblical Deluge was confined to countries of Western Asia and, perhaps, portions of Southeastern Europe.

We may next ask, How long before the Deluge had mankind existed? and is it probable that at the time of the cataclysm some tribes of men were beyond its reach? As to the antiquity of mankind before the Deluge, we have the genealogical data of the Book of Genesis to give us information. ‡ But this is somewhat unsatisfactory for the following reasons: In the first place, it is doubtful whether the respective genealogical lists have not passed over in silence some intermediate links between the generations mentioned; and, secondly, the most ancient known texts of the Book of Genesis give considerably different numbers

* *The World before the Deluge*, New York, 1872, pp. 480–2.

† *The Origin of the World, according to Revelation and Science*, New York, p. 256.

‡ See F. Vigouroux: *Les Livres Saints et la Critique Rationaliste*, vol. iii., Paris, 1887, pp. 224–44.

of years. The time from the creation of Adam to the Deluge was about 1,656 years, according to the Vulgate and the Hebrew text; about 2,242 years, according to the Greek text; and about 1,307 years, according to the Samaritan text.* Yet even if we assume that only about 1,500 years elapsed between the creation of Adam and the time of Noe, it would appear quite improbable that all the tribes of men who at the time of the Deluge must have existed were still confined within the comparatively narrow territory inundated by the Deluge. The longevity of people in primitive times must have greatly contributed to a rapid increase of mankind. Even at present "population doubles every twenty-five years where there are no obstructions to its natural increase." † In primitive times, when the whole surface of the earth was still open to mankind, there were comparatively few such obstructions to its natural increase. Even at the low rate just mentioned, the descendants of Adam might have increased to great numbers about the time of the Deluge. A distinguished Catholic writer‡ remarks: "If we try to estimate the probable increase of the human race, and the extent of its migrations before the Flood, on *a priori* grounds, there is very much that is hypothetical about the whole matter. It is impossible to determine how much time elapsed before the great cataclysm occurred. The ratios of increase are unknown. Some have carefully computed the population of the earth as it was A.M. 500, estimating the probable number at 1,200,000. After eleven or fifteen more centuries, or even a longer possible lapse of time, it is easy to suppose that the posterity of Adam may have peopled the greater portion of the world."

There are certain geological facts which seem to favor the opinion that mankind was widely spread over the surface of the earth before the time assigned to the Deluge. The well-known American scientist, Joseph Le Conte,§ states that the existence of tertiary man is yet unproved. But of the existence of man in Europe and America as early as the middle of the quaternary period there seems to be abundant evidence." . . . "The earliest appearance of man on the American continent seems to have been on the Pacific coast, probably as migrants from Asia." . . . "Very recently on the eastern coast also, viz., in New Jer-

*See F. Vigouroux, l. c. p. 228.

†See Henry M. Harman: *Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures*, fourth edition, p. 241, and George Rawlinson: *Egypt and Babylon, from Sacred and Profane Sources*, New York, 1885, p. 136.

‡In THE CATHOLIC WORLD, New York, March, 1887, pp. 748–9.

§*Elements of Geology*, New York, 1887, p. 593, 598.

sey and elsewhere, some very rude flint implements have been found by Abbot, which seem to prove the existence of man there in glacial or interglacial times." Dr. Westhoff* declares "that man inhabited Europe at the glacial period—that is, at a period when a large portion of the European continent was still covered by great masses of glaciers, when animals of the cold north and of the southern plain still inhabited the iceless regions—must be considered an incontestable fact. "The well-known French scientist De Quatrefages declared, October 26, 1886, it to be his conviction that man had already lived in Europe during the tertiary age—that is, before the glacial period. The very fact, he added, that in the quaternary age man was spread over the whole earth as far as Patagonia is sufficient to render his prior existence evident.† And in his latest work on prehistoric men he declares:‡ "An abundance of facts, the number of which is daily increasing, justifies us in asserting that from the quaternary age man has inhabited the four continents, that he had reached the utmost limits of the old and passed over into the new world."

W. J. McGee, of the United States Geological Survey, says in an article on "Paleolithic Man in America," published November, 1888:§ "Excluding all doubtful cases, there remains a fairly consistent body of testimony indicating the existence of a widely-distributed human population upon the North American continent during the later ice epoch." Again: "There is definite and cumulative evidence of man's existence during the latest ice epoch, with a strong presumption against an earlier origin than the first quaternary ice-invasion."

Among the earliest traces of man in America are the remains which have been found "in California beneath the great sheet of lava which caps the celebrated Table Mountain of Calaveras County." Heretofore the epoch of the outflows of the respective lava has been placed by scientists in the pliocene, or the last period of the tertiary age. But Prof. Alexander Winchell‖ suggests that these volcanic eruptions west of the Rocky Mountains were contemporaneous with the glacial epoch, when "North America, east of the Rocky Mountains and as far south as Cincinnati, was covered by a sheet of glacier ice, which perhaps averaged a mile in thickness." The relation thus suggested be-

* *Jahrbuch der Naturwissenschaften*, 1886–1887, published by B. Herder, Freiburg-i.-B., 1887, pp. 347–52.

† L. c.

‡ Quoted by A. Breitung, S.J.: *Zeitschrift für katholische Theologie*, Innsbrück, 1887, p. 673.

§ In *The Popular Science Monthly*, New York, pp. 24–5, 36.

‖ *The American Geologist*, Minneapolis, March, 1888, pp. 140–1.

tween the outflows of lavas west and the ice-pressure east of the Rocky Mountains reduces the supposed antiquity of man in America considerably by bringing it within the glacial epoch.

III.

Since it seems to be a fact admitted by sober scientists generally that mankind was already widely scattered over the earth, even in North America, at the so-called glacial period, when a polar ice-cap extended towards the south as far as forty degrees in America, and fifty degrees in Europe and Asia,* it is a question of great interest and importance to determine how long ago this was. It may at present be impossible to state approximately when the quaternary age and its first period, the glacial, commenced; but there are facts which give some indications as to when the glaciers finally began to break up and gradually melt. Recent measurements of the topographical survey of New York have shown that the time of the recession of the Falls of Niagara since the glacial submergence at that place "cannot exceed ten thousand years, and was probably much less."† Professor Andrews has demonstrated,‡ in a paper on "The North American Lakes considered as Chronometers of Post-Glacial Time," that "the total time of all the deposits (since the glacial period) appears to be somewhere between five thousand three hundred and seven thousand five hundred years." Owing to favorable geological conditions, a still more reliable chronometer of post-glacial time exists in the gorge of the Mississippi River between Fort Snelling and St. Anthony Falls.§ Prior to the second or last glacial epoch the Mississippi River passed by the way of the valley of Bassett's Creek, and of Lakes Calhoun, Harriet, and others, and joined the Minnesota River at some point probably between Shakopee and Fort Snelling. This former valley of the Mississippi was filled with drift clay, and the river was forced out of its old channel. By plunging over the precipice at the present Fort Snelling, at the end of the glacial period, it began to form the Falls of St. Anthony. Now, how long did it take the falls to recede up to where they are at present in Minneapolis? It is known where the falls were when visited by Father Louis Hennepin in 1680, by Carver in 1766,

* Joseph Le Conte: *Elements of Geology*, New York, 1887, p. 580.

† Sir J. W. Dawson: *The Story of the Earth and Man*, New York, 1887, p. 142.

‡ See James C. Southall: *The Recent Origin of Man*, Philadelphia, 1875, pp. 495–6.

§ See *The Geological and Natural History Survey of Minnesota for the year* 1876, pp. 175–89.

and by others later. At the rates of recession thus known, it seems to have taken the falls from six to nine thousand years to get to where they are now. There is probably no more reliable geological datum known for calculating the time which has elapsed since the close of the glacial period.* Since, as scientists assert, mankind was already widely scattered over the entire globe at this period, and since the Biblical Deluge was undoubtedly a merely local occurrence in western Central Asia, the conclusion seems inevitable that a great portion of mankind was not reached by the cataclysm.

IV.

This conclusion is confirmed by various other facts which can be but briefly indicated for the present.

Father A. Breitung, S.J.,† calls attention to the remarkable facts that in the famous genealogical table of the descendants of Noe‡ no mention is made of the Mongolian nations, and it seems none also of the African negro tribes. Moreover, it is a remarkable fact§ that the languages of these peoples have taken a course of development entirely different from that of the languages of the nations of undoubtedly Noachian descent. Finally, as a writer‖ observes, "the Chamitic language of the Egyptians had already become markedly different from the Semitic languages as early as 2300 B.C. The Sanscrit language was already Sanscrit at the date of 2000 B.C. The common Aryan language dates from at least 2500 B.C. . . . Taken in connection with all the reasons . . . adducible from other sources, the argument from linguistics makes it the more probable hypothesis that the white race alone can trace its origin to Noe."

The Bible itself relates some remarkable facts bearing on the subject concerning the contemporaries of Abraham, who lived but ten generations after the Deluge. E. A. Pannier¶ observes: "After ten generations from the Deluge, the land of Chanaan was already inhabited by various peoples, who were so numerous that within a very small territory five cities flourished, whose crimes excited the anger of God. Syria, as far as Damascus and Hoba, was filled with people. . . . Besides these, the

* See *The Geological and Natural History Survey of Minnesota*, 1876, p. 188.

† *Zeitschrift für katholische Theologie*, Innsbrück, 1887, p. 670. ‡ Genesis x.

§ Father A. Breitung: l. c. p. 668–9. ‖ In THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1887, pp. 753–4.

¶ *Genealogiæ Biblicæ cum Monumentis Ægyptiorum et Chaldæorum Collatæ*, Insulis, 1886, p. 243–46.

Bible mentions the Raphaim, the Zuzim, the Emim, and the Chorreans even to the plains of Pharan,* as also the Amalecites, Amorrhites, etc. Even kings of the Elamites invade Palestine. . . . On the other hand, Egypt is described to us as a powerful empire, renowned for its riches and the great multitude of its population." These and other facts, the learned author thinks, can hardly be explained on the assumption that only ten generations were between the Deluge and Abraham. Therefore, he seems inclined † to assume that some names have been omitted in the genealogical list between Noe and Abraham. Perhaps a simpler explanation of the facts mentioned is that the Deluge had not reached Egypt, and perhaps not even the land of Chanaan; and that these countries were consequently inhabited by peoples of antediluvian descent when Abraham first came there. The Bible plainly indicates that the original inhabitants of Chanaan were quite different from the Israelitic descendants of Abraham and Noe.

Finally, it seems difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile the undoubted antiquity of the Egyptian ‡ and Chinese § civilizations with the assumption that these had been gradually developed after the time assigned by the Bible to the Deluge.

It might be answered that the ethnological universality of the Deluge is proved by "the national traditions of antiquity," which "agree upon the awful catastrophe of a Deluge as a punishment for man's crimes." ‖ Let us see whether the ancient national traditions really testify to the ethnological universality of the Deluge. No doubt some vague traditions concerning occurrences of which nobody knows anything with certainty have occasionally been considered to refer to the Deluge, but which probably refer to some other inundations caused by various rivers or overflowing lakes. Of such a character is, for instance, the great inundation mentioned in the historical books of China as having happened in the reign of Yao, "long after the beginnings of the undoubted historic ages in Egypt and in Babylonia." ¶

Some traditions which seem to refer to the Biblical Deluge

* See Genesis xiv. 6.

† L. c. p. 258.

‡ See E. A. Pannier: *Genealogiæ Biblicæ cum Monumentis Ægyptiorum et Chaldæorum Collatæ*, 1886, pp. 93–105, 245, 251.

§ See *La Scienza et la Fede*, Napoli, 30 Giugno, 1887, p. 493.

‖ See Louis Jouin, *Evidences of Religion*, New York, 1877, pp. 95, 147–50.

¶ See François Lenormant, *The Beginning of History, according to the Bible and the Traditions of Oriental Peoples*, New York, 1883, pp. 383–85.

are of comparatively little value to prove its universality. For instance, the traditions found among the North American Indians, the Aztecs, etc., "were collected and published only at a comparatively recent epoch";* but we have no evidence that they were known to the mound-builders or other still more ancient inhabitants of America.

It is a significant fact that traces of a tradition concerning the Deluge have vainly been sought after among the black races, whether among the African tribes or the dusky populations of Oceanica.†

Another probably still more significant fact is that "the two most ancient nations of which we have any knowledge—the Egyptian and Chinese—have no record of the Deluge in their writings or traditions, or traces of it on their monuments."‡ As to Egypt in particular, Lenormant says: "The monuments and original texts of Egypt, with all their cosmogonic speculations, do not afford a single even remote allusion to such a cataclysm. When the Greeks told the story of Deucalion's deluge to the Egyptian priests, they were informed that the valley of the Nile had been preserved from that calamity." There is only one mention of the Deluge known coming from an Egyptian source, but "it is most probable that this account is simply a foreign tradition, recently introduced, and doubtless of an Asiatic and Chaldæan origin."

These facts rather favor the view that the Deluge was neither geographically nor ethnologically universal.

In view of all the facts mentioned, it would seem: 1, that the Biblical Deluge was confined to the countries about the Caspian Sea; probably it did not extend beyond the mountains towards the west of the present Chinese Empire; it may even be doubted that it covered the mountains of Syria or Asia Minor; and 2, that only a portion, and perhaps only a comparatively small one, of the human family living at that time was destroyed by the cataclysm.

V.

But can a Catholic conscientiously hold such an opinion? Father Bosizio, S.J., was probably the last Catholic writer of note who, in his work *Die Geologie und die Sündfluth*, published 1877, made an attempt to defend the geographical univer-

* See Fr. Lenormant, l. c. pp. 458, 469. † L. c. p. 382.

‡ Lorenzo Burge: *Preglacial Man and the Aryan Race*, Boston, 1887, p. 254. As to Egypt, see also *Bible Myths*, New York, 1884, pp. 23–4; Fr. Lenormant, l. c. pp. 443–52; and Dr. Heinrich Lüken: *Die Traditionen des Menschengeschlechts*, Münster, 1869, pp. 230–5.

sality of the Deluge.* Catholic writers now generally agree in abandoning this view. Father Vigouroux,† for instance, declares, "We willing admit that the Deluge was not universal for the *inhabitable* earth." It is not apparent why, after this admission, he should insist that the Deluge was "universal for the *inhabited* earth," and "that it caused the destruction of all then living men, with the exception of Noe and his family." A learned writer in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1887,‡ has truly remarked: "It is generally admitted that the text of Genesis can be fairly interpreted in harmony with the theory of a restricted submergence and a corresponding limitation of the destruction of animal life. The same rules of interpretation which allow of the local restriction of the Deluge, if fairly applied, permit also the restriction of the general destruction of human life."

Father A. Breitung, S.J., declares§ that both the Bible and tradition, "after all that up to the present could be proved with certainty," leave the question open whether at the time of the Deluge there existed nations beyond its reach.

The distinguished Catholic writer Louis de Savigny, following the lead of Abbé Motais, has published a defence of the view that the Deluge was neither geographically nor ethnologically universal. He concludes his article in these words:‖ "Since a great number of proofs evidently show that the Mosaic Deluge was partial, and that some races (of men) were preserved from this inundation, and that the church grants free scope for discussion, or rather for the belief of each one (on this question), we do not see why the Catholic interpreters of the Bible still trouble themselves with defending a proposition that at all events is less probable and has not any, or at best but a relative, importance in Catholic doctrine."

A careful study of the plan of the Book of Genesis will convince the reader that the inspired writer did not intend to write a universal history of mankind, but only the history of God's chosen people of old. Instead of enlarging the sphere of nations as he proceeds in writing, he gradually eliminates from his account all that were to him side-branches of the human family, and then traces only the history of the ancestors of Jacob and of his descendants. Hence he prominently marks out the direct line of generations from Adam and Seth to Noe, and then to

* See *Zeitschrift für katholische Theologie*, Innsbrück, 1887, p. 633.
† *Les Livres Saints et la Critique Rationaliste*, Paris, 1887, p. 497. ‡ Pages 746–7.
§ *Zeitschrift für katholische Theologie*, l. c. p. 671.
‖ See *La Scienza e la Fede*, Napoli, 30 Giugno, 1887, p. 494.

Thare, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the ancestors of God's chosen people. Whether the Deluge was ethnologically universal or not is a matter of little or no interest to the inspired writer;* he only relates how Noe, one of the ancestors of the Israelites, had been saved from the cataclysm.

If in examining the account of the Deluge this point of view, as also the Oriental manner of describing events, will be kept in mind, one will likely not find "a single word of the Biblical narrative which could not be explained or applied to a deluge limited not only as to its geographical extent, but also as to the number of people overtaken by the inundation."†

JOHN GMEINER.

ST. THOMAS' SEMINARY, ST. PAUL, MINN.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

"Isaac said to his father: My father . . . behold fire and wood: where is the victim for the holocaust? And Abraham said: God will provide himself a victim, my son."—GENESIS xxii. 7, 8.

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his Cross and follow Me."—ST. MATTHEW xvi. 24.

THE BEGINNING.

THE CROSS-BEARER SETS OUT.

The Master.

Come! why delay? Thou must away.
Take up thy Cross!
Who hears my call should know that all
Delay is loss.

The Disciple.

Yea, Lord, I will. But hark! I still
A while must bide,
Till comes the one who should thereon
Be crucified.

The Master.

Thy cross up-bear; and hence repair
To Calvary.
The one whom I must crucify
There thou shalt see.

* See *La Scienza e la Fede*, l. c. p. 489–90. † L. c. p. 491.

The Disciple.

Yet must I stay; since Calvary's way
I never trod,
How shall I know unless one show
The untried road?

The Master.

I go before. My cross I bore
For others' sake.
Follow thou Me; and thou shalt see
The way to take.

The Disciple.

Ah me! men say thy chosen way
Is hard and rough,
Dark, narrow, cold; and many hold
Not kind enough.

The Master.

Who bears his cross for Love no loss
Will he bewail,
Nor e'er complain. Love makes each pain
A joy to hail.

ON THE WAY.

THE CROSS-BEARER SINGS:

Love lightens all: Love brightens all.
Love smooths and cheers the roughest road:
Love gently lifteth those who fall:
Love makes the narrow pathway broad.

Love hastes to give a glad assent:
Love quickly yields if Love command:
Love maketh silence eloquent:
Love needs no word to understand.

Love never numbereth the hours:
Love knows before the tale is told:
Love decks the desert plain with flowers:
Love's furnace turneth dross to gold.

Love harvests from the barren sand:
  Love cuts the widest swath afield:
Love conquers with the weakest band:
  Love offers wounds as surest shield.

Love smiles: all heaven doth brighter gleam:
  Love breathes one word and all is heard:
Love sings: who knoweth not the theme?
  Love steps: the Universe is stirred.

Love owneth all, but giveth more:
  Love suffers with a pleasing pain:
Love writes all debts upon the shore:
  Love profits more by loss than gain.

Love cometh first to every goal:
  Love stays when every hope is fled:
Love dies when dying wins a soul:
  Love lives when all say, Love is dead.

THE END.

THE CROSS-BEARER ON CALVARY.

The Disciple.

Lord! unto this thy promised goal of rest
  My feet have followed thine: and now I see
The Way Thou broughtest me of all was best;
  The way Love leadeth souls to victory.

My Cross was heavy, Lord, to bear: yet I
  Could never know how sweet compared with thine
Until I followed Thee, and learned to die
  Upon the one Thou gavest to be mine.

More joy than words may tell enthralls my soul
  To know that here upon thy own death-throne
Thou hast exalted me; the crowning goal
  He only wins who makes thy Way his own.

ALFRED YOUNG.

BOËTHIUS.*

ITALY, as every one knows, was repeatedly invaded during the fifth century, about the middle of which Boëthius was born. The scared inhabitants saw with terror and amazement long cohorts of armed men, hirsute, warlike, and furious, defiling down the slopes of the Alps, and bivouacking in the flowery plains and vine-clad valleys of their beautiful country. These stalwart and terrible strangers, kirtled to the knee, shod with hairy buskins, draped in green cassocks, and glittering with polished weapons, not only routed the legions that dared to confront them; they strewed the garden of Europe with ruins, carcasses, and ashes, and are as a consequence designated by the vanquished Italians "northern barbarians." True as this epithet may be in the mouth of a Roman historian, it is not equally veracious in the page of a modern writer. For we need hardly say the north of Italy is not the north of Europe. Descending from the Alps as they did, they necessarily appeared to Italians to come from the north. But it is difficult to suppose that Scandinavia—in other words Lapland, Norway, Finland, and Sweden—subject to the rigors of a polar climate, at any period could "swarm with incredible multitudes of men," could be an *officina hominum*. It is likewise certain that the warriors who revolutionized Italy and captured Rome under the command of Alaric were not "barbarians." According to St. Augustine—in his *De Civitate Dei*—they were in several respects more civilized than the Romans of republican times. They were Christians of the Arian sect, and no form of Christianity is compatible with utter barbarism. More thoroughly than the literary culture which Horace extols, Christianity—

"Emollit mores
Nec sinit esse feros."

The destruction with which they visited Rome was by no means as terrible as that which the Romans in republican times had inflicted on Carthage in Africa, Numantia in Spain, or Corinth in Greece, as well as on a thousand other cities.

The most astonishing circumstance connected with these conquerors, who established their authority by force of arms over the whole extent of Italy, is that their chieftains invariably

* In our series of Lives of the Saints we venture to place this sketch of Boëthius, for although never canonized he is admitted to have been an heroic servant of God.—ED.

bear Irish names. Alaric is a title compounded of two Irish words, *al*, great, and *arg*, a military hero. Genseric is compounded of *gen*, a sword, and *seiric*, strong. The Visigoths derive their qualifying epithet *visi* from the Irish *faoiseadh*, auxiliary. They reinforced the main body. The Austrogoths are so called from the word *aistear*, a journey. They were more itinerant than the others. The Vandals bear a name which betrays their unsettled habits. It is compounded of *fan*, wandering, and *dal*, a tribe. The pagan Rhodogasus, who carried terror into every Roman household, the most ferocious of all those warlike and furious conquerors, bears a name which depicts his character. It is compounded of *ro*, too much, *doig*, fire, *asadh* or *asa*, kindling. He gave every habitation he laid hands on to the flames. Bishop O'Brien, explaining in his dictionary the word *armain*, a military officer, says: "Hence is derived the name of *Arminius*, the famous German general." The radix of the term is *ar*, slaughter. It has no connection with *Herman*, as modern Germans fancy. The general name of the whole military multitude, *Gothi*, originates apparently in the Irish word *goid*, theft, robbery; their object was plunder.

Rome, when besieged by Alaric, presented a tempting bait to the cupidity of these swordsmen. It was eighteen miles in circumference, adorned with seventeen hundred and eighty patrician palaces, full of gorgeous furniture, costly raiment, and splendid pictures, gold, silver, and precious gems. Some of these nobles were in the enjoyment of incomes amounting to five hundred thousand dollars a year. Its temples, churches, and amphitheatres were at once stupendous and magnificent. In short, it was equal in splendor and opulence to London or Paris in the present day. It was enriched with the plunder and tributes of the known world.

It is by no means impossible—indeed, it is almost certain—that these terrible invaders regarded themselves as the avengers of the world, inflicting on the *raptores orbis* the devastation and ruin which Rome had inflicted on the nations of Europe. If this be so they must have rejoiced when—

> "The cup, which for others the proud golden city
> Had brimmed full of bitterness, drenched her own lips;
> When the world she had trampled on heard without pity
> The howl from her halls and the cry from her ships."

During the terrible sieges with which Alaric invested Rome "the heaps of dead bodies, which there wanted space to bury,

produced a pestilence. In vain the senate endeavored to negotiate a capitulation. Alaric scorned alike their money, their despair, their pride. When they spoke of their immense population, he burst out into laughter: 'The thicker the hay the easier it is mown.' On his demand of an exorbitant ransom—'What, then, do you leave us?' the senate humbly inquired; 'Your lives,' was the reply of the insulting Goth." *

In their agony and despair the Romans had recourse to a terrible expedient. They killed the slaves to feed the freemen. In every part of Rome shambles were opened in which human flesh was sold like beef or mutton. A million of people were converted by want into a population of cannibals raging with hunger. As an exorbitant price was charged for this horrible species of food by the traffickers in human flesh, when the shouting populace crowded the amphitheatres to gaze on the Circensian games, which in spite of the general misery still went on, they assailed the ears of the emperor with the wild and startling cry, "*Pone pretium carni humanæ!*"—"Regulate the price of human flesh!"

The capture of Rome by Alaric had a stupendous effect on the history of Europe. It may be said to have affected every nation in the known world. The pagan empire of Rome terminated. All that was great and powerful, all the opulent patricians and eminent men, fled from the city and were scattered over the face of the earth. They could no longer live in Rome. The only powerful individual of native origin that remained in the capital was the Sovereign Pontiff. To use the words of Milman, "the capture of Rome by Alaric was one of the great steps by which the Pope rose to the plenitude of power." The temporal authority was transferred from native to foreign hands. The Goths settled as an armed aristocracy among a people who seemed content to purchase their security at the price of one-third of their possessions. The transfer was carried on with nothing of the violence and irregularity of confiscation, but with the utmost order and equity. It was in truth but a new form of the law of conquest which Rome had enforced first upon Italy and afterwards on the world. This conquest by the Goths resembled the Norman conquest of England.

It was amid this state of things, after this revolution which transferred the sceptre of the Cæsars to the hand and the crown to the head of Odoacer, that Boëthius was born. The precise

* Milman's *Latin Christianity*, vol. i. p. 98.

year has not been ascertained, but it seems to be certain that at an early period in life he was transferred to Athens, a city in which the study of philosophy had been at that period revived. His literary immortality may be attributed to this residence, which lasted eighteen years. Here he acquired that mastery of Greek and that intimate acquaintance with the doctrines of its philosophers which appears in every page of his wonderful book. He introduced a knowledge of those sages to all the western nations. If you find in every "*article*" of Thomas Aquinas citations from the *Magister*, you will also find that while the thoughts are Aristotle's the language is Boëthius's,* who devoted himself especially to the Stagirite, whose good sense and hard-headedness won his allegiance. There is no nonsense about this great thinker, and Boëthius prized him on that account. Until this ardent disciple revealed Aristotle to the Latins they knew nothing of the Peripatetic philosophy. It was his Latin versions which enabled them to study him.

By means of his translations Boëthius revealed to Western Europe the scientific mind of ancient Greece. He did not translate its literature—Anacreon or Sophocles, Thucydides or Homer. Such is the magic influence, however, which the Greek intellect has always exercised over the rest of Europe, that the translations of Boëthius were the early dawnings of a day which was to vivify, animate, and enlighten the entire intellect of Europe, to kindle a flame which should burn uninterruptedly for nine hundred years. "Through him," says Cassiodorus, "Pythagorus the musician, Ptolemy the astronomer, Euclid the geometer, Plato the theologian, Archimedes the mechanician, and Aristotle the logician learned to speak the Latin tongue." In this way he conferred on Europe immense benefits.

Owing to the labors of Boëthius the principles of Greek thought entered deep into the soul of European society at an early period. He quaffed from the pure and lucid fountains that still welled out in that gifted land,

> "Where the Attic bird
> Trilled her thick-warbled notes the summer long,"

those immortal principles that, interpenetrating his gifted mind,

* "The dialectic art," says Brucker in his *History of Philosophy*, "was introduced by Latin versions of some of the writings of Aristotle and of Porphyry's *Introduction to the Categories*. The study of logical subtleties was pursued under these guides in the schools of the monasteries, particularly in Ireland, whence many scholars from England and Scotland carried this kind of philosophy into their own countries; and from Britain it afterwards passed into France and other parts of Europe."

run like veins of gold through all his writings. This service rendered to Europe has endeared his memory to the civilized world. Nor this alone; the lustre of his genius, the solidity of his virtues, the extent of his acquirements, the value of the services he rendered to his king, and the crush of overwhelming calamity which in the broad noontide of his greatness fell like sudden night upon his head—all these things have caused the reputation of Boëthius to shine like a beacon-light through the long vista of successive ages.

After his return to Rome his brilliant reputation and his elevated character attracted the attention of the soldier-king who then governed Italy and whose sceptre was a sword. Appointed by the senate to deliver in the presence of the monarch an address of congratulation, Theodoric discerned at a glance that Boëthius was worthy of his patronage and capable of becoming an ornament of his administration. The comeliness of his countenance, the brilliancy of his elocution, the purity of his diction, the dignity of his bearing, and the elevation of his sentiments secured the favor of the king.

The superiority of Boëthius lay in this, as the king soon discovered, that the virtues of his disposition were perfectly on a par with the endowments of his intellect. The admirable balance of his emotional and intellectual nature was the source of his superiority. For, as Fichte observes, *Unser Denksystem ist öft nur die Geschichte unsers Herzen.* Let us suppose for a moment that the mathematical proposition, "the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles," should counteract the gratification of lubricity or avarice; what would be the consequence? Men like Henry Tudor or the Elector of Hesse would employ a thousand pens and a thousand pulpits to demonstrate day and night that this proposition is entirely erroneous, and that the three angles in question are greater or less than two right ones. The errors of the mind often originate in the passions of the heart. Boëthius was never tempted to deviate into falsehood by solicitations of this nature. The Armida of passion never beguiled this warrior of truth from the path of virtue, for the serene heaven of duty was ever reflected in the lucid mirror of his gifted mind.

Theodoric possessed the penetration which is an essential element of genius; and, perusing Boëthius with a penetrating eye, he saw into his worth and invested him with the high dignity of master of the palace, a situation which afforded him access to the person of the monarch and endowed him with vast authority

in the state. In this position he labored assiduously to teach his sceptred pupil that difficult lesson, "The simple science, to be good." He evolved from the stores of his rich and cultivated intellect a system of government which was based on the strictest principles of moral rectitude, and which in after-times mantled the entire peninsula with an aftermath of content and prosperity. Above all, he taught his sceptred pupil those generous principles of religious toleration which the arrogance of the nineteenth century would claim as peculiarly its own. He prevailed on this royal disciple of Arius to respect the Catholic Church and refrain from persecuting Catholics, and even to extend over its afflicted members the ample shield of imperial protection. We have evidence of this in a letter which Theodorus addressed to Justin: "To pretend," says he, "to a dominion over the conscience is to usurp the prerogative of God. By the nature of things, the power of sovereigns is confined to political government."

If we contrast the spirit that breathes through this admirable letter with the appalling practices of the imperial tyrants who organized the ten persecutions, and who in some instances lighted the midnight thoroughfares with the burning bodies of living Christians wrapped in blazing envelopes of pitch in the centre of Rome, we shall have reason to believe with St. Augustine that the Goths were more civilized than the Romans they conquered.

Theodoric, who was at once the king and the pupil of Boëthius, was persuaded by that statesman to patronize alike the fine arts and the natural sciences by recompensing with a liberal hand the men who devoted themselves to their cultivation. It was furthermore the darling object of Theodoric, by following the policy marked out by Boëthius, to make his government "racy of the soil" and acceptable to the Roman people; and this idea he realized in a great degree; but while Theodoric was the mailed hand of authority, Boëthius was the thinking mind of his administration. There was a great field thrown open for the exercise of his talents in the administration of the kingdom. He prevailed on Theodoric to lessen taxation by economizing the finances and at the same time to attend carefully to the organization of his army, and by the perfection of its discipline to render it brilliant in display and effective in active service, and thus to preserve international peace by preparedness to make war. Above all, he insisted that all offices of the government should be confided to men of merit, as through their instrumentality he

hoped to render the people obedient to the law, securing their respect for its representatives and rigorously punishing all transgressors. He taught Theodoric to be magnificent in the construction of public edifices and generous in maintaining those festive solemnities which filled the streets with holiday multitudes and which shed upon the government an air of majesty that awed discontent and silenced the murmurs of mutiny. The king exhausted the resources of royal favor in behalf of Boëthius. The highest honors seemed insufficient to reward the statesman's merit and virtues. He was raised three times to the consulship, and on one occasion, in 510, he enjoyed this dignity without a colleague.

The mind of Boëthius was too capacious to confine itself exclusively to affairs of state or to profane literature. His acquirements comprehended theology. He was not only a great philosopher, he was also, according to Cassiodorus, the greatest theologian of his century. The work in which he combats the errors of Nestorius and Eutyches and vindicates the doctrine of the Trinity seems to support this judgment. The Bollandists consider him as a saint and have consecrated to his memory the 23d of October. This is no wonder. Few men, even saints, combined in a more harmonious manner supernatural righteousness with natural benevolence of character. The strictest impartiality distinguished his administration of the law. He employed the great power he enjoyed with the king to enable him to do good. He loved to cast over the shrinking form of suffering innocence the shield of his extensive authority. To relieve the poor, to console the suffering, to vindicate the wronged was the delight of his benevolent heart. As a consequence, he often awaked the furious indignation of guilty power, whose evil purposes, when intent on destroying innocence, he repeatedly foiled; while his brilliant genius and extensive learning excited the deadly hatred of malignant envy.

It is no exaggeration to say that the fall of Boëthius was produced by his virtues. His brilliant abilities were unpardonable offences in the eyes of malevolent stupidity, which could not tolerate his intellectual supremacy, and which, thirsting for his blood, secretly swore to effect his destruction—to ruin him, cost what it might. Had he winked at peculation, connived at injustice, allowed secret rapacity to pocket the public funds, and turned a deaf ear to the complaints of the oppressed, it is not impossible that stupid cupidity, which regards genius as its born enemy, might have tolerated his resplendent talents. But the unusual combination of a genius which was matchless associated

with moral qualities which were unimpeachable was too much for the patience of his enemies; and, longing for his destruction, they determined to take his life. At the same time, the true character of the king, which the virtues of his minister had long held in subjection, revealed itself only too plainly. The monarch became with increasing years morose, suspicious, sullen, and, finally, ferocious. All who entered his presence were perused with sinister glances, scowling brows, and questioning looks, as if secretly suspected of treasonable designs. It gradually became only too obvious that the source of the virtues which had distinguished the early part of his reign was the wisdom of Boëthius. His vices were his own; his merits those of his prime minister. Two men, Triguilla and Conigastus, seem to have crept into the confidence of the king and used their influence for their personal profit and the public disadvantage, but, above all, for the ruin of Boëthius. At their suggestion, the corn produced in a year of scarcity was purchased by their agents, stored in the royal granaries, and sold to the indigent people at an exorbitant profit. The cries of the sufferers reached the ears of Boëthius and wounded his sensitive spirit. He lost no time in carrying them to the foot of the throne, where he described with his ordinary eloquence the grievances which the masses complained of. The devouring greediness of Triguilla met an obstacle in the vigilant benevolence of Boëthius, who with the same hand frustrated the guilty schemes of Conigastus, ever contriving to augment his own possessions by confiscating the property of the rich. Acting in this benevolent manner and with this fearless independence, Boëthius incurred the anger of the king, and, owing to the slanderous misrepresentations of his malignant enemies, was banished from the court and driven into exile. His masterly defence of the senate, when accused of conspiring to deliver Italy from the Gothic yoke, was stigmatized as treason. Had the opportunity been furnished to Boëthius, had he been allowed in open court to defend himself, he would have swept away the calumnies with which he was assailed and vindicated his loyalty and integrity in the most triumphant manner. But, unfortunately, the king, determined not to be convinced, would not give him a hearing. He was condemned unheard; and, equally absent and innocent, was banished to Pavia and buried in a prison, where he wrote his admirable book, *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*. It is the most beautiful work we are acquainted with, and has often brought tears to our eyes. When he sees Philosophy entering his cell, as he tells us he did, in the form of a female graced with dazzling beauty, with every charm that can

adorn female loveliness, radiant with angelic fascinations, he is lost in astonishment and cannot believe his senses.

"'Is it possible that you, descending from the heights of heaven and brilliant as the morning star, can condescend to visit the stony dungeon in which I languish away my days? Is this possible? . . .'

"'Do you suppose for a moment that I could desert you,' answers the lady, 'that I could hesitate to share in the sufferings which you, my disciple, have incurred on my account? Would it not be culpable on the part of Philosophy to allow innocence to tread the paths of adversity unaccompanied by a friend? Could I fear myself to be incriminated, or shudder at calumny as something strange? Is this, forsooth, the first time that Philosophy has been subjected to ignominious treatment by opprobrious hands? Oh, no! persecution is nothing new to Philosophy, as you must be well aware.'"

In confirmation of this view she goes on to describe the tortures of Zeno, the flight of Anaxagoras, the poisoned chalice of Socrates, and the agony and suicide of Seneca. The displeasure which they excite in the minds of the bad is the ruin of philosophers. They are subjected to persecution to gratify the jealous intolerance of Vice. This alone is the cause of their calamities. In short, the sufferings of her disciples are the opprobrium of the human race.

Boëthius in his reply contrasts the squalid raiment in which he is attired, the stony walls of the dismal jail in which he is incarcerated, with the cheerful and elegant library in which he was accustomed to receive the visits of Philosophy, when, taking him by the hand and pointing her radiant finger to the skies, she explained to him the courses of the stars, the splendors of the celestial spheres, the majesty of the stellar zones, and the mysteries of the broad and boundless universe—the fairy tales of science and the long results of time.

"Here, here, O beautiful goddess!" he exclaims, "here in this dungeon, within this gloomy prison, here I have the reward which strict obedience to your precepts has procured me! Look, look at me! This is what it is to serve you, to comply with every precept which issues from your perfumed lips. This is what it is to be your disciple, devoted to your worship, and ever amenable to your will! Look at me, thus buried in misery! And yet you in the most emphatic manner stamped with your approval the opinion of Plato, that kingdoms must be happy should philosophers be ever their kings, or their kings be ever philosophers. . . . You, and the Divinity who inspires wisdom into human minds, are my witnesses and will bear this testimony to me, that my only object in administering public affairs was the promotion of the public welfare. Hence, in the maintenance of justice, my profound contempt for the rage of the powerful, and the fierce and implacable discord which sprang up between me and those bad men who worked their wantonness with form of law or without it. How often have

I opposed and baffled the wicked schemes of Conigastus when trampling on the rights and appropriating the property of the powerless? How often have I frustrated the culpable projects of Triguilla—prefect of the palace—and rent his prey from his jaws? How often have I protected the powerless when tortured and fleeced by the devouring greediness of the Goths? Never have I deviated from the paths of justice, never been seduced into the crooked by-ways of wrong. . . . When greedy monopolists hastily bought up the corn and hoarded it in granaries, in order to sell it again, at an exorbitant profit, to the perishing people, I withstood those merciless speculators, and though the king himself connived at their delinquencies, I succeeded in defeating them. . . . Have I not called up the storm of hostility which has burst upon my head by my conduct when in office?"

This dialogue with Philosophy is part of that work, *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, which is one of the few great books of the world, ranking with the *Iliad* and the *City of God*.

The death of Boëthius was accompanied by horrible circumstances. A cord was wound round his head and twisted with such force that his eyes almost started from their sockets. He was then beaten to death with clubs. When it was too late the king returned to himself and, racked by remorse, would have given worlds to restore his victim to life. He seemed to be persecuted by the Furies, who, according to the creed of the ancients, pursue the perpetrators of crime with screams of vengeance, rage in their flaming eyes, and snakes hissing in their dishevelled hair. The guilty wretch trembled at their fancied approach, wandering through his palace with hoarse and inarticulate vociferations. In addition to this, he saw the head of his victim rise in the middle of his supper-table, ghastly pale and smeared with blood, threatening him with fearful menaces of eternal retribution, penal fires that should endure for all eternity. The attendants of the palace stood silent with awe and astonishment, gazing upon this terrible tragedy, which terminated in the exhaustion of Theodoric, who finally fell senseless on the floor, with foam on his ghastly lips and terror in his disordered countenance. They carried him to his bed-room, where after a few days he died of grief.

As Boëthius was one of the teachers of the human race, we shall conclude this article with the well-known words of Carlyle:

"The world, we fear, has shown but small favor to its teachers; hunger and nakedness, peril and reviling, the prison and the poisoned chalice, have in most times and countries been the market-price it has offered for wisdom, the welcome with which it has treated those who have come to enlighten and improve it."

CHRISTOPHER M. O'KEEFFE.

HUMAN NATURE.

ALMOST every one knows that saying of Pope:

"The proper study of mankind is man."

The study is interesting, but it is difficult. Socrates made the maxim "Know thyself" the starting-point of the new Attic philosophy. This is easier said than done. Mankind have studied man without arriving at a solution of the problems of human nature which is accepted by universal consent. Theories respecting human nature oscillate between two extremes: one which exalts it to the summit of divinity, another which sinks it to the lowest level of vileness. Observation shows us, in point of fact, phenomena so numerous and various in the history of mankind, that optimists and pessimists alike, can make their darkest or their brightest views plausible. The circle of humanity includes within its round a number of figures in whom physical, intellectual, and moral beauty approach so near to that ideal of perfection which we are able to imagine, that by common consent we pay them homage. Above, but yet among these figures are those of the Virgin Mary and Jesus Christ, one purely human, the other truly human as well as divine; presenting to us specimens of humanity, not only approaching but really exhibiting ideal perfection.

The same circle includes other figures, in whom physical deformity, intellectual degradation, moral vileness appear to us as if embodied in monsters, the creation of some malignant demiurge, the offspring of an Ahriman.

In all these, and in all the intermediate grades of human beings which lie between the highest and lowest, the best and the worst, there is the same human essence. All are of one species, of one descent, with one common human nature, which is the subject of all these different qualities, the substance of all these accidents, the vital principle of all these growths and operations. Can the same fountain send forth both sweet water and bitter? This is the enigma, more puzzling than the one proposed by the Sphinx to Œdipus.

Why, then, venture to approach this cruel Sphinx? Is it not presumptuous to offer a solution of such a riddle? Certainly, it would be so if any theory were proposed as a new discovery in the purely rational domain of philosophy, and on the lines

followed by Plato and Aristotle. The great philosophers have not been, however, altogether vain in their speculations. They cast some light on the nature of man and his purpose in the world. Revelation and the Catholic faith cast a brighter light on the objects which the light of nature leaves in deep obscurity. There is not, indeed, a complete scientific anthropology revealed in explicit terms. The truths and facts explicitly revealed, and those which are implicitly contained in the divine revelation, do, nevertheless, virtually involve many inferences which reason, using its own proper rational principles as minor premises, can draw forth into distinct conclusions. Combining and arranging these conclusions with all those which can be gained by purely rational philosophy, Catholic theologians are able to construct an anthropology which contains all that is best in the systems of the great pagan philosophers, perfected and completed by the aid of the brighter light of faith. Strictly speaking, in so far as it extends beyond the limits of definite Catholic doctrine, it is only rational philosophy, since conclusions must always follow the weaker premise. Therefore, it is not to be expected that there should be in all respects perfect agreement and unanimous consent among its competent teachers. Where they differ, the studious inquirer must choose prudently for himself that which seems to him the most reasonable and probable conclusion or theory. This is supposing that he proceeds from Catholic principles, and according to the Catholic method. It is only from this point of view that I intend, at present, to argue, setting forth what I am convinced is the best account of human nature to be found in the anthropology of Catholic philosophers of acknowledged authority. I shall therefore take for granted everything which a well-instructed Catholic ought to hold with a firm assent as certainly true, and endeavor to help his faith in seeking to understand what is most obscure in the question of human nature.

Human nature is one department of universal nature, and more particularly of organic nature on the earth. It has universal and particular relations, connecting it with the cosmos and all its parts, more or less nearly or remotely. In respect to his *genus*, man is an animal, having an organized body animated by a vital principle of vegetative and sensitive life. As such, he is closely related to the other organic, living beings on the earth, both vegetable and animal, and to all corporeal, inorganic nature. As an animal, man is superior on the whole to all other animals, although in certain particulars he is inferior to some of

the more perfect species. He is the masterpiece of creation on the earth, and its natural lord, to whom, for his use and benefit, all other creatures on its surface are, in a general sense, subordinate. His bodily constitution is complex and marvellous, in its adaptation to all the operations of the organic life, both vegetative and sensitive, which is given to it by the soul, its compart in substantial unity of essence. It is still more wonderful in its fitness to subserve those vital operations of the soul which are above the organic acts of the human composite.

For, in respect to his *species*, man is a *rational* animal. Rationality is his specific difference, distinguishing his nature from that of all other animals in which the vital principle has no capacity beyond the limit of the organic, sensitive life of the animal composite. Even the organic, sensitive life of human nature is perfected and elevated by the presence of rationality. The essence is one, the nature, which is identical with the essence and only distinguished from it as expressing its relations and laws of action, is one; the man, considered both as animal and as rational, is one and individual, although the unity is composite and binary; his nature is a whole, having parts substantially distinct and heterogeneous, one corporeal, the other spiritual. The corporeal part itself is extremely composite, though organically one. The spiritual part is simple, though as a vital principle it is virtually equivalent to three, as being a principle of vegetative, sensitive, and rational life in the same subject.

The human soul is a spirit, immaterial, simple, indivisible, existing in itself, not derived from the body or dependent on it for its subsistence and operation, a substance immediately created by God, having intelligence and will, indestructible, immortal. It is, nevertheless, by itself incomplete, having a capacity and an exigency to animate an organized body, by which its essence is completed. By the vital, substantial union of the two incomplete substances, the human nature is constituted. This is the description of man as a *rational animal.* He is called rational rather than intellectual, because his intellect acts more by reasoning than by intuition.

Human nature is a very singular thing which we cannot attentively consider without astonishment. It combines opposite extremes, spirit and matter, that which is highest and that which is lowest in the scale of being, mud and celestial fire, death and life, the corruptible and the immortal, the instincts of the brute with the aspirations of the angel.

Evidently, man is in the lowest place which can be filled by

an intelligent being. He is, at the beginning of his existence, in a condition similar to that of the germinating plant and animal, and in infancy is totally ignorant and incapable of rational thought or volition. When he begins to think, his intellect can only act on the object furnished to it by sensible cognition, and from this first foothold it must ascend, step by step, towards its highest attainable summit.

In his physical constitution man is entirely helpless during infancy, very liable to injury during all his life, and subject to the same law of gradual decay and death which prevails throughout the entire kingdom of organic life on the earth.

In consequence of his dual and composite essence as a rational animal, man is like a swimmer whose body is in the water, and whose head is in the air. By his organic life he is immersed in the sensible world, by his intellect he is raised above it into the ideal atmosphere, the element in which pure spirits soar on the wings of intelligence.

The human intellect virtually possesses all the first principles of necessary and eternal truth, and the capacity of understanding the phenomena and facts of the sensible world apprehended through the senses. It is capable of a rational education and development, in which the lower, organic life is subordinated to the higher faculties of the mind, which is supreme by natural right. Its natural attitude and propensity is toward the truth, its proper object. The will is enlightened by the intellect and necessarily follows it by a complacency in the good, and a spontaneous effort to attain it. By virtue of its free, intrinsic power of self-motion, it can determine itself in its choice and pursuit of particular objects which present some aspect of good to the intellect, in so far as it is not determined by nature.

On the other hand, the sensitive nature has its own passions and propensities, and is both impelled and attracted toward material objects within the sphere of the animal life. The rational part of the soul has no absolute and despotic coercive power over its inferior vital movements, but only a regulative, and, as it were, constitutional government. Hence, there is an internal struggle for life between the reason and the senses, in which the animal may get the upperhand of the rational, and man become subject to a development, or rather a deterioration, which is the opposite of that upward progress which leads him towards his true ideal perfection. Instead of ascending toward the intellectual, the celestial, the divine, he can sink down into the sensual, the beastly, the infernal. His inordinate passions

are like those of swine, tigers, and serpents. He becomes sensual, ferocious, treacherous.

The rational nature itself is liable to perversion through error, pride, and self-love, even though the intellectual faculties are highly developed and cultivated.

When we examine human nature in the concrete, that is, in the actual multitude of individuals of the human race who have lived and manifested in their character and actions the essence and qualities of their common humanity, its typical character must be sought for in the most perfect specimens. Wherever the environment is the best adapted to the human species, where it exists in its native, uncorrupted purity, where it has been developed under favorable circumstances, there it best corresponds to the first intention of its creator. In its typical perfection, the human face and figure present the highest form of beauty conceivable by the imagination of man, and, indeed, it is from this real model that our ideal conceptions are derived. They may be somewhat enhanced by the idealizing of art, but not really transcended. If we wish to represent angels or gods we can only reproduce the human form, with an effort more or less successful at a kind of glorification. Frail and easily blighted this beauty is, for the seeds of mortality are in it, as in all the fairest flowers and richest fruits of earth. But during the short period in which it is free from the touch of the effacing fingers of decay, it gives a hint and a premonition of what an incorruptible form may be.

What human intellects have become and have achieved, purely in virtue of their natural development and activity, and allowing for all the limitations and shortcomings of the most excellent human genius and effort, is it not recorded in the chronicles of the human race, and in the books of all the kings of men?

In the domain of character, in the order of virtue and morality, in admirable and lovable traits and deeds, the picture-gallery of history presents many portraits and scenes delightful to look upon.

On the other and darker side, human nature presents a sad spectacle of the extremes of physical, intellectual, and moral deformity into which it is liable to degenerate. The great mass of mankind, in the middle position between the two extremes, presents an aspect so mixed and variable that it is difficult to make a judgment of the average and ordinary condition of human nature, in respect to the relative proportions of good and evil in

the physical, intellectual, and moral order. The spectacle is very confusing. There is no doubt that sin, error, ignorance, and misery have prevailed extensively, always and everywhere. Whence comes the evil that is in the world, and especially moral evil? Is there a positive and substantial principle of evil in nature, and particularly in human nature? Many have been driven to the conclusion that there is, and under various forms the doctrine affirming the existence of an evil principle, intrinsically and essentially opposite to the essential good of being, is found in divers systems of philosophy and theology.

This doctrine is absurd and unthinkable. For being and good are identical, and their opposite is pure nothing. Besides, a Christian must acknowledge that the origin of all being is in God, whose perfections are imitated in all creatures and all causes and effects in creation. The only opposition between uncreated and created being is that of the infinite and the finite. Because he is infinite God is absolutely and unchangeably good, without any limitation, any possibility of increase or decrease in goodness. It is only another way of saying the same thing, to affirm that God is by his essence incapable of sin or suffering. Evil in creatures is a purely negative quantity, a limitation to their being, a lack of some more good than that which they actually have; and moral evil is a deficiency from the good which a rational creature ought to effect by his free will. Irrational creatures are moved toward their end by natural and irresistible laws, and they have just that kind and degree of perfection which God chooses to give them. Their lack of different or greater perfection is no evil, and all the deficiency which can be reasonably regarded as a shortcoming of nature from that excellence and order which are due to it, according to an ideal standard and a rational theory of what it ought to be, is merely an accident of its inchoate condition, a temporary phase in its progressive development. Rational creatures, who are placed in a state of moral discipline and probation, have a cognition of their end, and are obliged to move towards it voluntarily, not under the law of a necessary determination, but by a free choice and use of the means placed within their reach. Herein lies their liability to sin. For among all the particular objects which surround and solicit them, all of which have some good in them which gives them a desirable appearance, they may choose those which will not help them toward their true end and chief good, but will turn them away from it. Sin consists in the choice of an inferior or apparent good, against the dictates of

reason, conscience, and the law of God. It is, so to speak, a *derailing* on the track between the station of departure and the station of arrival. Moral evil is a deordination in a rational nature which is essentially good, but misdirected and wandering from its due course.

Freedom of choice, in a rational creature who is in an inchoate and imperfect condition, allowing of error in the mind, and perversion of the will, in respect to desirable and eligible objects, sufficiently accounts for all the sin and moral evil in the universe. There is no need of referring it to a positively evil nature as its source and origin, and such a nature is inconceivable. Holy angels sinned and fell, Adam and Eve sinned, men who have received the gift of regeneration together with abundant actual grace are continually sinning. The prevalence of sin in the world is, therefore, no proof that human nature is depraved, and that men as they are now born are under a law which necessarily determines them to sin, much less renders them incapable of doing anything except sinning, as Calvinists maintain.

The bodily part of human nature is not evil, and contains no evil principle within it. The union of soul and body is not abnormal, but is constitutive of the very essence of humanity as a species. The organic structure of the body, its qualities, powers, passions, are all good in their order, which is physical and not moral. The soul is an immediate creation of God, and as such can have nothing in it but good. As a rational principle it contains virtually all the elements of truth, an inclination toward rational good, and the power of free will which gives it dominion over its acts. The principles of sensitive and vegetative life which it contains, and by virtue of which it is fitted to be the form and vital force of the body, are a part of its essence. Its integral nature is completed by the body, and by the substantial union of both in one personality man is constituted in his perfection as a rational animal.

During his infancy man is not actually rational, and his acts can have no moral character whatever. It is therefore absurd to say that he must or that he can sin, while an infant, though he can be exceedingly disagreeable. It is only when he has acquired the use of reason that he enters into the moral order and becomes subject to the moral law. This law is reasonable and just, and if man has free-will as an attribute of his pure nature, he must be able to keep it, to do acts which are virtuous and to acquire habits of virtue. Moreover, the mind and will are naturally inclined to seek that which is true and that which is good.

But what then is the cause of the prevalence of moral evil? There is another question prior to this. Why is there *any* moral evil? How did sin have a beginning? We may retort by asking why does not sin prevail exclusively and universally? The answer must be, because there is no force or law which compels rational creatures to sin. In like manner we can account for all the sins which they have committed by saying that there is no law or force which compels them to do right, which determines their choice, in those cases where they are left free to choose between right and wrong. Free-will accounts for all acts which are morally good, and as well for all those which are morally bad, in so far as it is left in equilibrium under the dominion of its own self-determining power. It would seem to be a sufficient reason accounting for any general prevalence of sin assumed to exist among rational creatures in a state of probation, that the path of virtue is rough and up-hill, while the way of sin is apparently smooth and down-hill.

In the case of man, the union of an immortal spirit with an animal and mortal body makes the exercise of dominion by reason and free-will a very arduous task. There is a want of harmony between the spirit and the senses, the rational and animal parts of the complex nature. The senses spontaneously and blindly desire sensible good, *i.e.*, the gratification of the passions. The superior soul has also its appetites, seeking after higher good, knowledge, power, glory, whatever else is pleasing to self-love. These various and often opposing impulses are not placed and kept in order and under direction by any law of nature, nor can they control themselves. When they are inordinate they are vicious propensities. It is the duty of free-will, enlightened by reason, whose practical judgments are what we call the dictates of conscience, to reduce them to order, to exercise discipline over them, and to direct them rightly toward the purpose of life. But the light of reason in men generally is more or less dim, the will is more or less weak, and the consequence is, that one or more of the passions may gain the upper hand and draw the will into sin.

The environment in which human nature is placed is one which in many respects is favorable to the senses and unfavorable to the higher aspirations and faculties of the soul.

It is a just conclusion from all this, that human nature is not in that condition and in those relations which ought to exist, if the Creator had intended to leave it to itself in the state of pure nature, under a law of purely natural development, in a purely

natural order, for a final end and destination not transcending the capacity and exigency of its specific essence. The state and order of pure nature is one which is merely hypothetical, and it has to be described as a possibility only, by the help of analogies, and to some extent by suppositions which are no more than plausible conjectures.

The hypothesis of a state of pure nature supposes that God might have made man at the beginning a rational animal, without any endowments above those which are simply due to his specific nature, for a purpose proportioned to his nature, in an environment and under a law adapted to this purpose, with a capacity, and the means, of knowing, pursuing, and attaining by the due exercise of reason and free-will, an ultimate perfection and felicity in which the end of his creation would be fulfilled.

In such a state, the chief purpose of human life on the earth would be the intellectual and moral discipline and education of human nature for a higher, supermundane state of existence, by the acquisition and exercise of wisdom and virtue. It is plain that the end of life could not be contained in the earthly period of human existence, since it is not perpetual, but in its very nature transitory for each individual and for the whole species. The destination and final state of human nature must correspond to the immortality of the soul. Union with a corruptible and mortal body, and subjection to the vicissitudes and miseries of such a life as the present one is, and even in its best conceivable condition must be, cannot be thought of except as a temporary and inchoate mode of existence for a rational and immortal spirit. It appeared to Aristotle so incongruous, that, not being satisfied with Plato's theory, and being unable to solve the problem in any other way, he gave it up. Plato's theory was, that human souls had fallen from a higher, celestial sphere of being, and were embodied as a punishment. If they ever became purified from all vicious dross by acquiring wisdom and virtue, they would be restored eventually to their pristine dignity and happiness. It is, however, of the very essence of man to be a rational animal and not a pure spirit. It cannot, therefore, be a disastrous, abnormal condition of the human rational soul, to be united with a body. Union with a *mortal* body is, indeed, incompatible with that felicity toward which an immortal spirit necessarily aspires, and therefore the notion of a state of natural beatitude implies union of the soul with an incorruptible, indestructible body fit to share its immortality. In this ideal state, the soul possesses through the senses an innocent enjoyment of sensitive life and sensible good,

in communion with universal nature, without any liability to pain or accident. The faculties of the spirit are developed and perfected, the intellect has before it all the marvels of the universe and the boundless realm of Truth, the will is immovably fixed in the love of the Good, the society of a multitude of intelligent and perfect beings affords the continual and unwearying delight of pure love and friendship. Above all, there is a contemplation of God, in his works and in the burnished mirror of the mind, the highest and most perfect of which a rational creature in his natural condition is capable. The natural desire and exigency for happiness is satisfied and rests content in this state of felicity which can never be lost or diminished, without any aspiration for transcending its limits and rising to the sphere of supernatural beatitude.

If God had created man in a state of pure nature, with the intention of leading him on by the discipline and education of purely natural wisdom and virtue in this life, to a final state of natural beatitude, it is certain that the moral order of providence, and the environment of the human species in this world, would have been very different from what they actually are. There must have been a more equal proportion between them and the weak, unstable capacity of reason and will in human nature left to itself and its unaided efforts. The actual disproportion between the infirmity of human nature and a sustained, complete achievement in the line of effort toward the acquisition of wisdom and virtue, has been recognized with wonder and sadness by all philosophers. Plato, the most sublime of all heathen sages, opens his philosophical heaven only to a chosen few, the elect of mankind.

In fact, human nature, taking the best aspect of it apart from the regenerating and transforming effects of divine grace, shows itself as something which has more of the childish capacity of being formed and led by a power above itself, than of the manly power of self-government and independent action. There is more passive potency in it than active power, more susceptibility than energy. It is like the lion as Milton describes him at the creation, half formed, and half still unformed clay, struggling to extricate himself and become complete.

This incompleteness, lack of integrating and co-ordinating unity, interior strife of contending impulses, and inharmonious relation to the world around him, suggested to Plato his notion of three souls, the rational, irascible, and sensual, and his theory that the residence of the rational soul in the body is an imprison-

ment, the consequence and penalty of sin committed in a prior state of existence.

All merely human philosophy and speculation upon the character, condition, and destiny of man, has disquieted itself in vain efforts to decipher these hieroglyphs, for which they had no key.

The entire aspect and attitude of human nature presents phenomena and facts, attested by all history, by universal consciousness, by every kind of philosophy and religion, which compel the conclusion, or at least justify the assumption, that some disaster befell mankind at its origin. All indicate an abnormal, irregular condition, a perturbation of order, a disturbance in the orbit of revolution.

Christian theology furnishes the explanation. In the first intention of the Creator, and in his original state, man was much more perfect through the endowments superadded to his essential attributes, than the mere exigency of pure nature demands. Human nature was integrated in a harmony of soul and body, of reason and the senses, of the organic structure and its environment, which exempted it from accident, suffering and death. The precious jewel of sanctifying grace was placed in a costly setting befitting its priceless value and beauty. When the grace was lost, the gift of integrity was also forfeited, and it was not restored when redemption and pardon were promised. Adam and Eve, though reconciled and forgiven, were nevertheless driven out of paradise into a world blighted by a divine malediction. The interior harmony of human nature and the correspondence between human nature and its environment were impaired, though not destroyed, by the disorder introduced by the original sin through which mankind in the person of its head fell from the state of supernatural grace and natural integrity into a worse condition, a lapsed, despoiled, and denuded, though not an essentially, positively depraved and evil state. This lapsed state has many analogies with the possible state of pure nature, and yet it falls under a totally diverse category. In the hypothesis of a state of pure nature, there is a due proportion between the faculties of reason and free-will and the final destination of man, the moral law and order in which he is to achieve its attainment, and the whole environment of his rational and animal life. In the actual state of human nature, the destination of man is supernatural, the moral order and the vital environment into which he is born are arranged in view of this supernatural destiny and subordinated to it. Consequently, the

lapsed human nature, deprived of grace and integrity, is out of proportion to the law given to man in his pristine elevation and rectitude, incapable of regaining its lost gifts, rising out of its fallen condition, and meriting everlasting life by the exercise of its native powers.

How, then, is it just to command men to keep a law which is above their power? It would be unjust, if grace were not offered, giving power to do all that is commanded. Men cannot, by the exercise of merely natural reason and free-will, elicit acts of supernatural and saving faith, hope, and love, and are not obliged to do so. But, aided by prevenient and concomitant grace, they can elicit those acts which are necessary in order to receive sanctifying grace, and then, ever afterwards, aided by actual graces, they can keep the whole law, perform meritorious works, persevere to the end, and thus win final salvation. Moreover, they are able to go far beyond the limits of that virtue and those good works which are strictly indispensable, to acquire and practise heroic virtue, to attain a high perfection in sanctity, and to accomplish wonders of endurance and action. The highest end, capacity, and achievement of human nature is to be found in the supernatural order, wherein nature regenerated, elevated, directed, and aided by grace, becomes godlike in character and operation and is exalted to a divine sphere. Its ideal perfection and dignity are most completely and sublimely exhibited in the Blessed Virgin Mary in so far as human nature is considered apart from the hypostatic union with the divine nature in the person of Jesus Christ. In that ineffable union, human nature attains the summit of glory, ascends the throne of universal dominion, and is deified. Notwithstanding its low origin and the mixture of earthly elements in its composition, human nature must be therefore regarded as the Creator's masterpiece, and as holding the first place in the hierarchy of intellectual creatures. Indeed, its low grade as a kind of link between the animal and spiritual orders of creation, its inchoate and germinal condition at the beginning of life, its general incompleteness and imperfection on all sides, make of the human essence the most suitable term and subject of divine grace. In the words of an anonymous writer,* "Placed in the confines of the kingdoms of spirit and matter, first in the corporeal hierarchy and last in the intellectual, gathering up in himself as it were all nature which is below him, and entering through his reasonable faculties into the intellectual order which is above him and

* *Dublin Review*, August, 1860, p. 438.

which ascends even to God, the infinite centre of all beings, the summit to which each after its measure tends; man, the link which unites these two orders of creation, on one side touches earth, and stretches toward heaven on the other; on one side is drawn downwards towards the abyss, on the other aspires heavenwards even to the possession of God himself."

It is free-will which determines the upward or the downward movement. Human nature, under all the influences and with all the advantages of the environment of grace, has taken the downward as well as the upward direction. The development of evil has gone on side by side with the development of good since the creation of man, and the earth has been the theatre of the incessant conflict between heaven and hell. On the same line of probation, some have made themselves good, others have made themselves wicked, and the two sorts have been mixed together. Abel and Cain, St. John and Judas, St. Athanasius and Arius, St. Ignatius and Photius, St. Louis and Philip the Fair, Alfred and Henry VIII., B. John Fisher and Cranmer, Montalembert and Gambetta, Garcia Moreno and Garibaldi, are some of the many types which might be selected to represent these two classes of men, who, from the same seed, in the same soil, under the same atmosphere and a similar cultivation, have, by their self-active vital operation on their own elements and capacities grown into such opposite characters. All sin, therefore, and the ruin of all those who are finally impenitent, must be ascribed to human free-will as the efficient and responsible cause, and not to nature, or the Author of nature. Men are liable to sin by nature, and God leaves them free to sin, but they are not determined to sin except by their own free-will, and are not doomed to final misery unless they doom themselves by walking in the path of perdition to that fixed term from which no return is possible.

The origin of all sin from free-will is most clearly seen in the case of those who have sinned under circumstances the most favorable for making a right choice. It is seen in the angels who fell, although their natural excellence and gifts were so exalted and their supernatural graces were so sublime and abundant. It is seen in Adam and Eve, who, in proportion to their nature and position, were in equally favorable circumstances. It is also seen in those who enjoy the most excellent and abundant means of grace in that way of salvation which God has provided for men through the redemption, and who nevertheless sin most grievously and become heinous criminals.

It is not so clear in the case of others, who are in less favorable

circumstances; and the nearer their condition approaches to the lowest term of ignorance, degradation. and misery, which is the actual state of a portion of mankind, the more difficult it is to see any proportion between their rational and moral power and the natural law by which they are bound.

Individual men are not actually bound, however, by the natural law, except by reason of this very proportion which is in question, and according to the measure of the approach to an equation between its terms. Infants and idiots are not in the least bound by it. So far as ignorance and intellectual weakness bring any classes of men to a level with infants and idiots, so far they are imperfectly or not at all responsible. So far as they are not morally responsible, their material sins and vices are physically but not morally evil, like blindness, lameness, deformity, stupidity, and similar defects. If knowledge of the law is present, and the voice of conscience is heard, commanding or forbidding the right and the wrong, in so far as this knowledge is partial and imperfect, the moral obligation is limited. No one is bound to do more than to obey the dictates of his conscience, according to his ability. Human nature is indeed infirm in respect to those virtuous acts which are difficult and in respect to a perfect obedience to conscience for a long time and to the end of life. But the common and special graces which are given to all are sufficient in every single case and for the whole period of probation.

St. Paul has presented the very darkest side of human nature and the history of man in sombre colors and deep shadows. But he explicitly refers all moral evil to the abuse of free-will by men and measures it by the degree of light and grace against which they have sinned. "*The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold down the truth in unrighteousness; because that which may be known of God is manifest to them; for God manifested it unto them . . . so that they are without excuse. . . . Tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that worketh evil, of the Jew first and also of the Greek; but glory and honor and peace to every man that worketh good, to the Jew first and also to the Greek, for there is no respect of persons with God. . . . For when Gentiles who have no law do by nature the things of the law, these, having no law, are a law unto themselves; in that they show the work of the law written in their hearts*" (Rom. i. 18; ii. 15). If we take this first principle of the equal and impartial justice and benevolence of God towards all men, those who are under the revealed law, and those who are under the natural law,

as a clue, it will lead us through the complex labyrinth of the Epistle to the Romans, and enable us to see that what St. Paul has chiefly in view is to magnify the grace and mercy of God, which are brought into brighter relief by the black background of human guilt and misery.

We must be careful to remember, in measuring and contrasting what is bright with what is dark in human history and destiny, how largely mercy predominates over strict justice in the moral probation of men. The extent to which sin prevails in the world is not the measure of the extent of final impenitence. It is obvious that those who repent and are forgiven are more numerous than those who never fall from the grace of God after its first bestowal, and we can never know how many who appear to be sinners during their life-time are reconciled to God at the near approach of death.

How much have we gained by these considerations on the evils which beset human nature in this present world? We have not certainly found any method of explaining them which can change their dark aspect and dispel the obscurity which hangs over the problems of free-will and probation. Nevertheless, we have gained much in this way. The notion of evil as an emanation of divine malevolence, and as an irresistible current in nature which sweeps mankind down into an abyss of misery, is dispelled. Moral evil is shown to be a dark shadow which follows on the concession of that awful power of free-will on which depends the moral order, the ethical purpose of life, and the entire system of probation as the condition of gaining virtue, merit, and glory. Evil is seen to be, not more extensive and more powerful than good, but limited and controlled by good and subordinated to it. The philosophy of despair and helplessness is supplanted by the philosophy of hope and victorious power to become emancipated from servitude to moral evil and to overcome it. Those who will not use this power cannot indeed be coerced, but those who will cannot be subdued.

We have gained much; for we have found a sufficient reason for confiding absolutely in the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, who permits and controls evil for the sake of the greatest good. We have also found an energetic, ethical, and practical principle, which is a sufficient reason for effort in striving for our own highest good and that of others.

It is indeed natural to lament that any evil exists in the universe. Moral evil, truly, is worthy to be detested and deplored. But to lament that God has not excluded moral evil by adopting

an inferior order in the universe is an evidence of weakness in our rational and moral nature. Our lamentations are much less for moral evil as it is in its intrinsic, essential evil, than for its extrinsic consequences and accompaniments of physical evil. Moral evil, in itself, is the disorder of created wills opposing the divine will. It is by far the greatest among all real or possible evils. It is sin; and the evil of sin is duly appreciated only by a few. It is physical evil which is so bitterly bemoaned in prose and verse, and in silent, brooding thoughts. The refrain of the lamentation is: that Life is not worth living. Why not? Because the melancholy man cannot bear to feel himself to be so mean and miserable, and imagines that all conscious existence must be mean and miserable.

In regard to physical evil, however, it is a mistake to suppose, that, on the whole, it increases the sum of real evil. On the contrary, it is a check and barrier to the prevalence of the real evil, which is moral evil. It is the occasion of a great increase of the real good, which is moral good, and promotes the ethical purpose of life. Moreover, the physical evils which are a part of the period of probation are temporary and transitory. "*For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us. For the expectation of the creation awaiteth the revelation of the sons of God. For the creation was subjected to vanity, not of its own will, but by reason of him who subjected it in hope; for the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the sons of God*" (Rom. viii. 18–21). The eternal punishment which is the retribution of unforgiven sin does not increase but diminishes its evil. It is a reaction of the moral order against the force which has disturbed it, restoring the moral equilibrium of the universe which has been shaken, and contributes to the perfection of the order which is finally made perpetual and immovable.

In this eternal order, human nature, united to the divine nature in the person of the Son of God, and elevated to a sonship by adoption in a multitude of distinct human persons, attains to the highest conceivable end. In view of its capacity and destination for this end, human nature must be esteemed as the chief work and masterpiece of creative wisdom.

AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT.

I KNELT by my dear love's bed
One hopeless night;
Damp the death-dews gathered
On his forehead white,
On his gold hair, curled and bright.

I felt the icy heart in me
Hang like a stone,
Weighing me down so heavily;
I made no moan,
My dear love's hand was in mine own.

I heard the tick of the death-watch,
And the fire burnt low.
Was that a hand that raised the latch
A little while ago?
Or the wild wind that shook it so?

A guest was faring over the moor
Through all that din;
His feet were hastening to our door,
Soon should he entrance win;
And two go out where one came in.

O welcome in the name of the Lord
This guest shall be!
My dry lips sought to say the word,
But ended brokenly,
"Now turn likewise thy sword on me!"

My love awoke at dawning gray
With a sad smile,
Oh! did he hear a mile away,
Or many and many a mile,
The sure feet plodding on the while?

He held his violet eyes on me
For a sad space,
Then fell to dying, patiently;
I bent and kissed his face;
Cold blew the dawn-wind in the place.

And as I turned my heart was numb
With sick dismay;
The door was wide; the guest had come,
The guest who came to slay.
But who was this in the hodden-gray?

It was no spectral shape of death
Was standing there;
It was Christ Jesus of Nazareth,
Oh, pitying and fair,
With amber glories round his hair!

He bent and took my dear love's hand,
Who went with him
Out in the roseate morning land,
Over the blue earth's rim:
His glories made the sunrise dim.

And oh! my love was young and glad
As he went from me,
And glad the radiant smile he had.
No more I ask to see,
I am contented perfectly.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE ORIGIN OF EPISCOPACY.

IN discussing the origin of the hierarchical system in the church, Dr. Lightfoot, Anglican Bishop of Durham, advances the theory that the episcopate was created out of the presbytery, not at once, but by a gradual process; not uniformly in the same degree, but differently in the different churches. Rev. Edwin Hatch, M.A., Bampton lecturer in 1880. holds with some minor differences the same theory.* Professor Fisher, of the Yale Divinity School (whose opinion I propose especially to consider in the present article), thinks that at first bishops and presbyters were equal. Nowhere, he says, was there a bishop above presbyters. "There was no higher guardianship except what was found in the authority and influence of the apostles." † And to them, he says, was given "the power of the keys and the power of binding and loosing—that is, the authority to exercise Christian discipline and a legislative or judicial function in connection with the planting of the Gospel." ‡

According to this theory the apostolic church was everywhere presbyterian in form, but governed by a *de jure divino* apostolate. Assuming that the divinely-constituted apostolate was only temporary, he concludes that the presbyterian churches, when left to themselves, by degrees developed into a united body, governed by a consolidated episcopate, which claimed for itself without warrant the prerogatives of the apostolate.

Now, it seems to me that, prior to any such decision, Professor Fisher should have studied the question as to whether or not the human is capable of thus supplanting the divine, and, if it is, whether or not the providence of God would be likely to permit a human institution—episcopacy—entirely to supersede the divine apostolic polity of the Christian Church as originally established, even after ages of development or, rather, demoralization. But, apart from these weighty difficulties, there is no trace of resistance made to the supposed usurpation by the leading presbyters of episcopal authority. The Church of God was alive with genuine apostolic tradition, and was in the

* "As to the process by which the chief power gradually became concentrated in the hands of the single ἐπίσκοπος, Dr. Hatch takes practically the same view as Bishop Lightfoot."—Professor Sanday in the *Expositor* for January, 1887.

† "The Validity of Non-Episcopal Ordination," *New-Englander and Yale Review* for December, 1888.

‡ *History of the Christian Church*, p. 37.

era of the martyrs when the alleged change took place; why was it slavishly submitted to? It is well known that innovation in matters of both faith and discipline in those days was considered a crime. Moreover, the presbytery everywhere could not have forgotten the primitive rule in the church and by chance have united to create a superior order, giving it a fictitious title to divine authority. After the death of the apostles there must have been great multitudes of presbyters occupying positions of influence, surrounded also by a numerous company of the laity, who had been life-long witnesses of what was first taught, and who were instructors of others in the true faith and discipline of the Church of Christ. Considering what kind of men and women the first Christians were, considering their hatred of false doctrine and their love of strictness of discipline and their holiness of life, such a change in the doctrine and polity of the church, as Professor Fisher supposes, would have been, even in an institution without the favor of any special Providence, extremely improbable. That it should have encountered no vigorous resistance or even protest is incredible.

It is argued by those who assert the human origin of episcopacy that the words "bishop" and "presbyter" are sometimes used indiscriminately in the New Testament and the writings of the Apostolic Fathers, therefore the distinction of orders was unknown in the beginning. This difficulty may be answered, (1) By considering the difference between the two offices of bishop and presbyter according to Catholic teaching. A priest can perform every function of the ministry except that of ordaining others. Priests are sometimes empowered to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. A bishop has the plenitude of the priesthood—*i.e.*, he can not only exercise all the powers of the priesthood, but can make others bishops and priests as well. When the precise difference between the two offices is understood, and due allowance is made for the inchoate terminology of the time, it is conceivable how the same word might have been used to designate either. (2) Presbyters, as history shows, by the custom of all ages have, when it was deemed expedient, been entrusted with the government of churches. Dr. Döllinger shows how, when there were hindrances to the appointment of bishops in the times of the apostles, a presbyterate, subjected to the authority of the apostles, was for a time the most available form of government.*

A presbyter exercising authority over others of his order,

* *First Ages of the Church*, vol. ii. p. 114.

or, in fact, any presbyter, might, by his office, have been styled 'bishop" before controversy had developed the later distinction in terms. There is much less difficulty in explaining how a bishop could be called "presbyter," because every bishop is generically a presbyter, but only specifically an overseer and consecrator of others to the same office. This explanation of the difference between bishop and presbyter is in perfect accord with the decrees of the Council of Trent on the Sacrament of Order.*

It is also objected that when St. Polycarp wrote his epistle to the Philippians he makes no mention of a bishop at Philippi, and therefore no bishop could have ever been there; and that when St. Clement of Rome wrote his first epistle to the Corinthians the church at Corinth had no bishop, and consequently had always been presbyterian. To these I reply that if St. Polycarp does not address the Bishop of Philippi by name, he sends to the Philippian Church the epistles of St. Ignatius, which, he says, "treat of all things pertaining to edification in the Lord."†

Now, in his epistle to Smyrna St. Ignatius declares: "It is good to regard God and the bishop. Whosoever honoreth the bishop he is honored of God, but he that doeth a thing and hideth it from the bishop worshippeth the devil." And again, if the Church of Corinth had been always presbyterian, how could Tertullian have classed it with the churches of Ephesus and Rome, in which he declares "bishops had been appointed by the apostles," and have said: "Run over the apostolic churches in which the very *chairs* of the Apostles to this day preside over their own places, in which their own authentic writings are read, echoing the voice and making present the face of each. Is Achaia near to thee? *Thou hast Corinth*," etc.‡

Or why does Eusebius, the historian, mention a Bishop of Corinth, Primus, as visited by Hegisippus about A.D. 165?§

Furthermore, the true doctrine, says Hegisippus, had been kept at Corinth up to the time of Primus. And if there had been no evolution of doctrine, is it probable that there had been one of polity? From the Catholic standpoint the explanation of both these difficulties is easy, because the apostles themselves were bishops.

The epistles of St. Ignatius, disciple of St. John the Apos-

* "Genesis of the Catholic Church," CATHOLIC WORLD for October, 1880.
† Epist. ad Philipp., c. xiii. ‡ De Præscrip. Heret., c. xxxvi. § *Hist. Ecc.*, iv. 22.

tle, afford such clear and explicit testimony to the prerogatives of the episcopal office that among those who do not dispute their authenticity * every attempt to set it aside has been abandoned.

He writes to the Magnesians, in an epistle which Professor Fisher admits to be genuine:

"It becometh you also not to make free with the youthfulness of your bishop, . . . but to concede to him all reverence, as I am aware the holy presbyters do, taking no occasion from his apparently youthful state, but, as men wise in God, submitting to him. . . . I exhort that you study to do all things in the unanimity of God, the bishop holding the presidency in the place of God; and the presbyters in the place of the council of the Apostles"(c. iii.)

St. Irenæus, also, whose testimony concerning the four Gospels Dr. Fisher considers irrefragable, ought to be equally as good a witness concerning the polity of the church and the question of episcopacy.

Lipsius says:

"The episcopate is for Irenæus no mere congregational office, but one belonging to the whole church; the great importance attached by his contemporaries to the proofs of a genuine apostolical succession rests on the assumption that the episcopate was guardian of the church's unity of teaching, a continuation, in fact, of the apostolic teaching-office ordained for that purpose by the Apostles themselves. The bishop, in reference to any particular congregation, is a representative of the whole Catholic Church, the very idea of catholicity being indebted for its completion to this more sharply defined conception of the episcopal office." †

Professor Fisher admits that the "precedence accorded to St. James, the brother of the Lord, in the Church of Jerusalem furnished an example which may have paved the way" for episcopacy there; and that through the agency of St. John the Apostle the churches of Asia Minor may have changed their organization, but considers it a "wholly unproved and unauthorized notion" that, even according to this tradition, St. John instituted such an arrangement for the churches everywhere." "An early presidency among the presbyters at Rome," he also says, "suffices to account for" St. Irenæus' statement about a line of bishops in the latter place. These restrictions, which Professor Fisher tries to make, are specimens of the Tübingen method of argument which he has learned unfortunately too well. How unsatisfactory, since nothing is clearer than that St. Ignatius con-

* Bishop Lightfoot may be said to have settled the controversy on this question among scholars.

† *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, by Dr. Smith and Prof. Wace, article "Irenæus."

sidered episcopacy as divinely instituted and essential to the being of the church. In the epistle to the Trallians, after enumerating the three orders, he says: "Without these there is no church" (c. iii.) In the epistle to the Ephesians he declares the universality of the episcopal order: "bishops settled everywhere to the uttermost limits [of the earth]" (c. iii.) St. Irenæus' testimony to the episcopate as belonging to the whole church is likewise too plain to be disputed. He says that "to the succession of the bishops they (the Apostles) delivered that church which is everywhere."*

We must agree that the field of controversy in reference to episcopacy has been greatly narrowed by Dr. Fisher, and, in this respect, he has done positive service to the science of history. The following statement is, perhaps, the most candid admission that any Protestant writer of our day has ever made:

"The church stood forth after the middle of the second century as a distinct body. It claimed to be, in opposition to heretical and schismatical parties, the 'Catholic Church.' . . . . The unity of the church was secured and cemented by the episcopate—by the bishops, viewed as successors of the apostles. The episcopate, like the apostolate in which Peter was the centre, was a unit."†

Now, if in less than a century, and before the light shed by the apostles had fairly disappeared, the hierarchical system was the embodiment of Christianity in the world, the identity of the Catholic Church with the apostolic in polity as well as in doctrine, can by no true process of reasoning be denied. The Catholic body, with its fitly joined parts, exuberant life, and developed strength, is as unmistakably the church founded by the Saviour of the world as the holy Child Jesus teaching in the temple is Mary's Divine Infant. If we are to suppose the contrary, then the power of common discernment, concurrent testimony, and joint certitude of knowledge in the church as to its own identity is *nil.*

Dr. Fisher's admissions concerning the church and the episcopate of the second century are, as I think I have shown, sufficient to settle the question at issue between us; yet I must not pass by the objections which he makes from certain of St. Jerome's remarks upon episcopacy and priesthood. This great Father and Doctor of the church declares

"that with the ancients the same persons were presbyters who were also bishops, but that gradually, in order that the plants of dissension might be uprooted, the entire administration was transferred to one. Therefore, as

* Adv. Hær., lib. iv. c. xxxiii. 8. † *History of the Christian Church*, p. 57.

presbyters may know that by the custom of the church they are subject to the one who has been placed over them, so also bishops may understand that they are greater than presbyters more by custom than by the veritable ordinance of the Lord."*

Did St. Jerome mean by these words that episcopacy was not of divine appointment, but established only by human authority in the church? Evidently not; because such an interpretation is wholly without contemporary support. St. Jerome has certainly never been censured by any Catholic writer as teaching the equality of bishops and priests, while Aërius (fourth century) was condemned for this doctrine. St. Jerome refers in this extract to the time when presbyters actually exercised the pastoral and ruling office under the direction of the apostles before bishops were appointed over them. He is here contending that the priests of his time, like those of the earliest age, should share to a greater extent with the bishops in the government of the church.

In his epistle to Evangelus St. Jerome writes the following about the Church of Alexandria, which Dr. Fisher uses as an argument in favor of non-episcopal ordination:

"At Alexandria, from Mark the Evangelist down to Heraclius (A.D. 246) and Dionysius (A.D. 265), the presbyters always nominated one chosen from themselves, and seated in a more elevated place, bishop, as if an army should make a commander, or deacons choose one among themselves whom they knew to be a diligent man and call him archdeacon."

Here the holy Doctor should be understood as speaking simply of the *mode* of election; for he asks in this very epistle: "What does a bishop do, *with the exception of ordination*, which a presbyter may not do?" And he also declares that "all (bishops) are successors of the apostles." I fail to see on what ground Dr. Fisher infers that *ordination* by presbyters is implied. It is impossible to reconcile such an interpretation with the statement of St. Athanasius that a council at Alexandria, about A.D. 324, declared null and void a pretended ordination of a certain presbyter, Colluthus. "How, then," ask the Egyptian bishops in a synod A.D. 340, "is Ischyras a presbyter? Who appointed him? Was it not Colluthus? This is the only plea. But that Colluthus died a presbyter and that his every ordination is invalid . . . *is plain and nobody doubts it.*" †

It has been claimed that the mere fact that Colluthus at-

* Comment. in Epist. ad Titum, i. 5.

† *The Church and the Ministry*, p. 139. By Charles Gore, M.A. New York: James Pott & Co.

tempted to ordain is an indication that there was an Alexandrian tradition that presbyters could ordain, but this is overthrown by the very decision of the Alexandrian Council in the case which I have mentioned. Moreover, the ordination performed by Colluthus was not declared null because he was a schismatic, but because he died a *presbyter*.*

Professor Fisher considers the Eucharistic Sacrifice a later development than episcopacy. As the two are so intimately connected, I cannot consider the one without touching upon the other. The supposition that the Eucharist was only instituted to be a taking of ordinary bread and wine as symbolic of the Lord's death, and that it had developed as early as the third century into a sacrificial oblation of the Lord's true Body and Blood, is more incredible than the supposed evolution of episcopacy. There is no action of our Lord so fraught with meaning as his institution on the day before his death of the sacrament by which the church was to commemorate until the end of time his offering of himself for the remission of sin. How deeply must the apostles, who witnessed its institution and received the command to do the same solemn action, have understood and felt its meaning! How full must have been the illumination of the Holy Spirit which they afterwards received concerning it! How often and in how many places it must have been celebrated by the apostles themselves! How many must have been present on such occasions and been instructed by them in the ministration of it! Did the churches everywhere unconsciously, within a period of two centuries, transform the Lord's table into an altar? Impossible. In fact, the truth about this sacrament was so deeply rooted in the church that no heresy regarding it appeared for many centuries. The continual oblation in the church has been the practical verification of the sacerdotal character of the presbyterate; and, without episcopacy or the priesthood in its fulness, the perpetuation of the oblation and the one who offers it would be impossible. A purely governmental episcopacy, as Professor Fisher himself shows, could have no claim to be essential to the being of the church. Unless ordination carries with it a power above that which a layman has, it is plainly a non-essential of Christianity. He therefore rightly concludes that the invitation of the Protestant Episcopal Church to his own church to unite on the basis of the so-called "historic episcopate" of the Anglican Church is "too large a demand." In

*I venture to refer Professor Fisher to Father Hewit's discussion of these objections in his article on the "Genesis of the Catholic Church" in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for October, 1880.

extracting from "the Holy Table" of the Anglican service the Eucharistic Sacrifice he sees the same difficulty that Catholics see in the theory of a development of the altar sacrifice of the third century from an apostolic symbolic communion service.

Dr. Fisher complains of the lack of evidence of a sacrificial oblation in the writings of the Apostolic Fathers and those of a century later. If he should note and compare all that they do say in reference to the Eucharist, and take into consideration the effect which was, and which they must have known would be, produced on their own and later generations by their writings, his verdict might be different. The late Professor J. L. Diman, a familiar friend of his, was accustomed to say: "We should study facts not simply as they are presented to us at the present instant, but in the whole course of their development."

H. H. Wyman.

WHO SHOULD GO TO PRISON?

Neither you nor I, reader, because we are serving a life sentence within a prison built around us by human respect, stronger than any masonry known to ancient Greeks or Egyptians. And if by some misstep we venture beyond these precincts, we must suffer, in losing the respect of our fellow-men, a punishment of which stone walls and prison rule are rather the symbols than the reality.

Jails and penitentiaries are made for those who have little to lose and fancy they have much to gain by crime. Were we to open the question of comparative guilt between sinners who are in bonds and sinners whom the law cannot touch, this article would expand into a volume. We must leave the inequalities of human justice to balance themselves, while we examine the elements that compose our prison population in the year 1889.

Prison life as it exists, prison reform as it should exist, are topics of engrossing interest to those who know that criminals do not form a class as distinct from the rest of society as if they were savages, but have individual manners, desires, and susceptibilities like other men more virtuous or more fortunate.

Our prison population forms only a small portion of society. I say it under correction, for statistics are broken reeds to lean

upon. The whole prison population of the United States amounts to 62,000 persons.

In Massachusetts, where statistics connected with crime are kept with scrupulous fidelity at the office of the Prison Commission, the inmates of prisons at the present time number 5,698, including men, women, and children. This is an unusually large number, and the excess comes probably not from an increase in crime, but from a spasmodic zeal in making arrests for small offences.*

I offer below a classified list of the persons who usually fill our prisons, rightly or wrongly, justly or unjustly. New buildings are frequently demanded for penitentiaries, and it is but fair that taxpayers should know what they are paying for.

Female prisoners cannot be placed in the same category with male prisoners. They form but a small proportion of the whole, and their claims to sympathy must be stated in a special manner.

Male prisoners may be fairly classified thus:

1st. Juvenile offenders, including stubborn children arrested at the request of their parents.
2d. Hardened juvenile offenders.
3d. Tramps or vagrants.
4th. Common drunkards.
5th. Dipsomaniacs.
6th. Occasional or accidental criminals.
7th. Persons serving a life-sentence for manslaughter.
8th. Persons serving a life-sentence as a commutation of the death penalty for murder.
9th. Professional criminals.

There would seem to be a wide abyss separating the juvenile offender from the professional criminal, but alas! it is an abyss bridged over by a masterpiece of engineering. Once let a child set his foot upon that bridge, he is as likely to cross it as a man attacked with small-pox or cholera is likely to die.

The little, tender creature, looking like a squirrel in its cage behind the bars of his cell, and crying for his mother, is the seed from which will spring some sodden drunkard or professional thief. His little foot has taken the first step upon that dreadful bridge. After a few days he gets used to the place; he is kindly treated; he need not work or study; he drops into a lazy accep-

* In the month of January, 1889, there were at the State Prison at Charlestown 564; Young Men's Reformatory at Concord, 678; Women's Reformatory at Sherborn, 249. Twenty-one county prisons varied from several hundred inmates to one; South Boston House of Correction held 601. Two State penitentiaries at Bridgewater and one at Deer Island receive prisoners and paupers. The number of commitments in 1888 was 30,000, an unusually large number.

tance of the situation which is one of the saddest characteristics of the criminal class. One of the fears that might have kept him from grave crime is gone; he has been in prison and it was not very bad after all. Poor little boy! it is sadder to see him at his ease behind the bars than to see him crying with fear. Then, too, his good name is gone, and older culprits will use him next as a cat's-paw; the second step is easier than the first, we all know; and so, unless saved by some blessed intervention, that child is doomed to a life of crime.

How do I know this? By twenty-two years of observation among prisoners of every grade and stamp of crime. I have seen them in the county jail awaiting trial and in the State prison serving a sentence.

A county jail is a good school for studying prisoners, because they show individual character more freely there than they do after a sentence has subjected them to a routine that tends to make machines of men.

In the course of two weeks four or five little boys were sent to one prison where I was visiting, with a sentence of fine and costs that would keep them there in case of non-payment at least three weeks. One little fellow had played ball on Sunday, another had thrown stones, a third had stolen a pie out of a baker's cart, and so on—offences which needed correction or punishment, but not by imprisonment in a common jail. I have often seen small boys in prison for bathing in the river without bathing-clothes, and I am quite sure they returned to society prepared to commit improprieties even more glaring.

On one occasion I found two lads of fourteen in prison, serving a sentence of one month for stealing one cent, half a cent apiece being the profits of the robbery. They had snatched a cent from a companion, who raised an outcry, and the police arrested the two highwaymen. One of these criminals was as nice a boy as one would wish to see, and stood so well in school that his teacher appeared in court to intercede for him; but the sentence was already pronounced and there was no redress. He had already served half his time when I found him in prison, overwhelmed with grief and shame and looking on himself as ruined. His accomplice was a good boy, but less sensitive to the mortification. The governor pardoned them the next day, some charitable persons paid the fines and costs of the little boys, and so the prison was cleared for the time of this abuse. Moreover, the prison officers made so vehement a protest against this injustice that no more children were sent for a long time.

I am told that the county prison in question no longer receives young children, but I fear that to other prisons they are still sent.

The post of Probation Officer should be considered one of great importance and be given only to persons of experience and judgment. May I venture to say that the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, acting in connection with the probation officers, could save many boys from ruin by acting as guardians to young offenders brought into court. A sentence to a reform school during minority is not usually necessary; a judicious guardian could preserve the culprit from evil practices and make him a useful member of society instead of a torment.

Hardened juvenile offenders are veritable puzzles. They are more shameless than men, and are hypocrites or rebels as the case may be, vain of their vices and ambitious to be thought great criminals. Every institution dreads them as inmates, and they tax the patience of even charitable hearts. As they are often juvenile offenders indurated by bad management, their numbers might be lessened by wise laws kindly enforced. Sometimes their crimes are the result of the nervous excitability of youth, and they grow better as they grow older. But I cannot pretend to throw much light on the subject, except by saying that the cottage system of reformatory, with plenty of exercise and work in the open air, is more likely to develop boys in a wholesome manner than the most carefully guarded reformatory with indoor occupations. Herding together is bad for any children; it is disastrous in its results when the throng is composed of evil elements.

Tramps are of two kinds, unfortunate men thrown out of work at a distance from home and compelled to beg or to starve, and idlers who seek a sojourn in a county prison during the cold weather. The first class should be aided and encouraged; the second class should have a good round sentence to the workhouse. In Essex County, Mass., one energetic judge has cleared his court-house of vagrants by giving a few vigorous sentences to men who used to go to prison for the winter as regularly as some invalids go to Florida to escape our inclement weather.

Inebriates must be sent to prison, for the sake of public order, until the States provide hospitals for them, with laws to hold them there as securely as they are held in prison. It is, however, the opinion of some persons of experience, an opinion which I heartily share, that a man who only drinks occasionally, and is industrious and decent between his spasms of intemperance, is

not benefited by being kept in either hospital or prison during the long intervals when he would be sober anywhere. Such men are sometimes held captive while they are free from temptation, and released just as the fiend prepares to take periodical possession of them again. Meanwhile their families suffer sorely for want of their support, when a short retirement would have been all sufficient to cure them for the time. As to a permanent cure of intermittent intemperance, it can only be effected by heroic determination on the part of the sufferer himself.

Habitual drunkards are greatly helped by a long sentence, subject to a ticket-of-leave on probation, but they should be confined in an inebriate asylum, not in a reformatory. Dipsomaniacs, like any other hopeless maniacs, need treatment in a hospital. It is to be hoped that each State will soon have its hospital for inebriates and leave prisons and reformatories for offenders against person and property.

Accidental or occasional criminals form a class deserving of especial interest and attention. The reformatory system, so admirably carried out by Mr. Brockway at Elmira, New York, and by Colonel Gardiner E. Tufts at Concord, Mass., has proved that a first crime does not involve the necessity of a criminal career. Reformatories are best suited for young men whose first offence threatens no grave danger to society, and whose punishment is needed more for their personal correction than as a public warning. Better still, in some instances, would be a term of probation, with power reserved by the court to execute justice in case of a relapse into vicious pursuits.

A first crime may be the result of immoral courses adopted in spite of a good education and all those social advantages which are supposed to create and preserve virtue. Men who embezzle public funds, misuse trust property, or otherwise abuse a confidence reposed in them precisely because they hold a position that should place them above the reach of temptation, culprits whose fall from virtue gives a shock to public credit, must not plead in excuse that the crime is a first offence. In fact, there never could be a second offence, for it is only behind the shield of unblemished fame that extensive frauds can be committed.

Such men, who should have offered an example to society, must furnish a warning. They have no cause to complain if a sentence to the State prison is the penalty of their crime.

Prisoners serving a life-sentence in the State prison for murder or manslaughter are sometimes excellent prisoners and interesting men. Society looks upon them justly as enemies,

and demands their incarceration, but taken as a class they are well behaved. Perhaps the crime was committed under the influence of liquor, and they may, when sober, be industrious, intelligent, and honorable. Passions, too, are so like intoxication that, temptation being removed, a homicide is not necessarily dangerous or repulsive.

Lastly we come to professional criminals, meaning those who have no plan in life beyond an intention to earn every day of commuted time in prison by good conduct, and return at the earliest opportunity to a life of crime. They are sometimes model prisoners; they have a strength of nerve and purpose quite sufficient to insure reform, were that their object. Occasionally they do reform. I remember one man who at forty-five became a useful and honorable citizen after a long career as a noted thief. But as a usual thing the habit of intriguing is too dear to them to be resigned for what they believe to be the monotony of a virtuous life.

I have this to say for professional criminals: Many of them were little, guileless children sent to jail before they fairly knew wrong from right. They were used as tools by bigger boys, shoved through shop-windows to steal cigars or other things, and then arrested for breaking and entering. Save young children from corruption and there will be fewer professional criminals whose hands are against society, and society's hand against them.

Let me briefly sum up the suggestions I have made. Keep children out of prison and sow less seed for crime. Aid innocent tramps to get work and teach idlers that prisons are not built to be their winter resorts. Let occasional drunkards, guilty of no other offence, receive short sentences and return to their families and their employment. Habitual drunkards must go to prison until there are asylums for inebriates provided by the State. A sentence of one or two years, subject to a ticket-of-leave, gives them an opportunity to reform if they choose to do so.

There remain hardened juvenile offenders who must have a chance given to them in a reformatory before they are allowed to drop into the criminal class, and accidental criminals who should go to a reformatory or be released on probation from the courts.

Life men, professional criminals, and breakers of public or private trust are left for the State prison. Happily, in some of our State prisons the belief in reforming prisoners is as marked as it is in so-called reformatories.

And what about women prisoners? The statistics in Massachusetts show that they form from twelve to eighteen per cent. of the prison population. In county prisons one sees from one to forty women. The penitentiaries receive quite a large number. The Reformatory for Women at Sherborn takes from 225 to 300 on sentences of one or two years for offences against public order, and for longer terms for offences against person and property. It has the graded system and releases on ticket-of-leave. The history of Sherborn Prison is so interesting that I turn from it regretfully for want of space, and content myself with saying that under its superintendent, Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, it is a model of good discipline without harshness, of order and humane treatment.

Female criminals are often invalids. Their nerves are shattered by excesses that act quickly upon sensitive organizations. Strange to say, coarse instincts may exist in union with keen nervous susceptibility, and I have seen so much suffering among women detained in prisons that pity keeps me silent about some very repugnant peculiarities belonging to them as a class. A woman who drinks because she is in despair, who sells what is priceless to avoid starvation, may become a most odious being, but I for one can only grieve for her. Not much is to be said for shop-lifters, black-mailers, and those who emulate men in the vigor of their evil practices, but they are not very numerous. The mass of women prisoners are so much the victims of circumstances that I ask myself what and how many of such circumstances am I responsible for, and how little girls and young women may be protected from evil.

The fact that little girls are rarely sent to jail is probably one reason why there are comparatively few women among the prison population. I remember to have seen but one little girl in jail awaiting trial, and she was quickly released.

Emma F. Cary.

Cambridge, Mass.

PAUL RINGWOOD: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TOM HETHERING.

ON the Thursday after Father Clare's departure, when I went to give Harry his lesson, Robert ushered me into the little parlor. "Mr. Hethering am with Marster Harry, an' Mrs. Hethering requests you to wait a few minutes afore you go up, sah," he explained. Then, as on a former occasion, he opened a blind the fraction of an inch and left me to amuse myself if I could.

After waiting an irksome length of time, the conservatory doors being ajar, I went to stretch my legs in the broad walk between the tiers of flowers. Before a half dozen turns had been taken I heard a man's voice in the parlor saying, "So you have been instructing Elsie how to make eyes at our Rizzio; and is Elsie apt? Now, confess, like a good little wife —is not all that of Elsie's being away fabricated?"

"You do not astonish me; you are capable of saying such things; what you believe is quite different," interrupted a woman's voice that I recognized as Mrs. Hethering's.

"You think I have implicit faith in you," said the man. "I have; I'll prove it to-day—"

Again Mrs. Hethering interrupted; this time her interruption consisted of but one word. "God!" she exclaimed, not passionately, but as one would address him in prayer. I had not been listening. All that has just been told passed in a moment, as I was walking towards them.

When I entered the little parlor Mrs. Hethering was standing, her head bent, her folded hands hanging before her. On a chair reclined a man apparently about thirty, the possessor of the most indolently good-natured countenance I have ever seen. He was handsome, with a feminine sort of beauty; exteriorly a gentleman, faultlessly clad. This last I felt rather than knew, my acquaintance with tailors being limited.

Mrs. Hethering was the first to perceive my entrance. Drawing herself up, she said: "Ah! Mr. Ringwood."

"And is this Mr. Ringwood?" exclaimed the occupant of the chair. "My dear Mr. Ringwood, you have no idea how

glad I am to see you." As he said this he got to his feet with a briskness not at all natural to him, and I found myself shaking hands with a gentleman who announced to me that he was Harry's father.

"You must excuse me," he said, as he languidly sat down. "I'm fagged out—you play poker?"

I confessed my ignorance, and he went on, speaking in an artless sort of way: "Was down the bay last night with a gang of friends—by the bye, the feminine portion had rather cracked reputations. We played poker—but I must not say any more about it; my wife does not approve of poker. But then she is a saint."

She was looking at him, mildly appealing.

He laughed lazily and said: "Yes, but you are, Ethel; 'tis as palpable as"—he looked about as if searching for a simile —"as the loveliness of your face. Now, isn't that a pretty compliment?"

Instead of answering him, she said: "I fancy Mr. Ringwood is anxious to be with Harry."

Whether this was a hint or not for me to leave the room, I immediately moved towards the door.

"I protest," exclaimed Hethering, raising his hand with a mock imploring gesture. "Has not Harry had enough of lessons? Let him have a holiday. Robert!" he called to the servant in the hallway, "tell Master Harry to come here."

Now it was Mrs. Hethering who moved to leave the room.

"Where are you going?" asked Hethering.

Without answering him, she stood irresolutely in the doorway.

"Stay here," he said in a beseeching tone.

She silently returned to her chair and sat down.

"You see, Mr. Ringwood," he explained, "I've been away from home quite two months; of course I wish to have my wife with me—" He stopped short, as if it were too much of an effort for him to speak. "I never was a good hand at explanations," he added after a moment.

Seizing on his explanation as a text for my going back to the college, I said: "As there is to be no class to-day, and I feel myself rather in the way—you and Mrs. Hethering wish to be alone—"

There is no doubt of it, I blundered largely. I looked towards Mrs. Hethering, but there was no sign in her face that she had heard me speak. Her eyes were cast down, apparently

contemplating the grotesque figures painted on a fan she had taken from a table at her side.

"My dear fellow!" cried Hethering effusively, "how awkwardly I have expressed myself. You must not think of leaving us; you are one of the family, as it were—younger brother and all that sort of thing. You must dine here as usual—"

"I never dine here," I interrupted.

"To be sure! What a memory I have! So Mrs. Hethering told me, and I told her how wrong it was, rather strait-laced. Why, that's just the beauty of our American system, not to be strait-laced. Who on earth—that is, American earth—would dream of there being anything out of the way in Mrs. Hethering entertaining her son's tutor after his laborious occupations? Be circumspect, I always say, but not slavishly so. Mrs. Hethering will be the slave of non-existent conventionalities. Here's Harry," he interrupted himself to say. "You would like Mr. Ringwood to take dinner with you to-day, wouldn't you, Harry?" he asked when the boy, after greeting me, had taken a chair by his mother.

"If Mr. Ringwood would like," he said in an abashed way entirely foreign to his nature as I knew him.

"Then we would all like it. I beg pardon"—and he bowed slightly—"you'd like it, Mrs. Hethering?"

"I am glad to help entertain my husband's guests," she returned in a stilted manner.

"Ah, yes! Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion. But then, you know, I'm not Cæsar," he said, laughing, with an apologetic gesture.

I knew it as keenly then as I know it now that I should not have remained, but, having no experience in false positions, did not know how to extricate myself. Unconscious that I was used to insult his wife, not understanding what had been—as seen in the light of my fuller knowledge—glaringly insinuated of my connection with Mrs. Hethering, I, with an easiness that now appears to me criminal, allowed myself to be persuaded to take my dinner with this man.

Not understanding Hethering, he seemed to me a harmless babbler, very fond of hearing himself talk. I did not believe that he cared for my company further than that he could use me as a listener to his nothings. I knew there were women of cracked reputations, and in a hazy way the nature of such reputations. And when he alluded so carelessly to having been in the company of such women it seemed to me, in my dense ignorance, that he was very guileless. Being a fool myself, I thought him one.

"By the bye," said Hethering when I had again seated myself, "Elbert Ringwood, just come into an estate, good house, no style about it to my fancy. Berty is the chap to put all that in. He's a Philiopolis youth, son of Arthur Ringwood, a crank, I've heard—Noe's ark pedigree and all that sort of thing. Pretty flush of money, not a usual concomitant of pedigrees. Know him?"

Not over-pleased at the light way in which he spoke of my father, his sneer at the old home, I answered briefly and with acidity: "Elbert Ringwood is my brother."

He started in his chair, exclaiming: "Good Lord! you don't say so!" then laughed to himself. "Did I say anything I should not have said?" he asked. "A thousand pardons if I have. But how could I know you are the brother of such a swell as Berty? You've run through your share already? What a deucedly roguish pace you must have gone!"

I did not tell him that I had had no share to run through. I did not, could not speak. The man's insolence lashed me, and I was angry that I could think of nothing that would cut him.

"Berty was down the bay with us last night; he promised to look in to-day, to view me in the character of father of a family. Probably he's forgotten. I don't know how many glasses he'd left the lees of wine in when he made that promise."

Bert so near, a possibility of my seeing him that day! It was my turn to be startled. For nigh six years I had not seen him. Twice I had written him after father's death, but my letters remained unanswered. All my old love for him, that had cooled by separation, now warmed in my heart, and I felt, were we to meet, he, too, would have some love for me.

"If you expect another guest, had not the servants better be warned?" suggested Mrs. Hethering.

"If Berty comes," returned Hethering, "a plate can easily be laid for him; it's one chance in a thousand that he will."

She did not argue the point, but relapsed into her former silence, rousing herself at times to whisper to Harry, whilst her husband babbled nonsense to me about books of which he knew nothing.

"I am quite in the literary mood this afternoon," he expatiated. "Were it not for having to look so much after the dollar, I might seek the inspiration of the eagle. There is an epigram floating in my mind; I can't exactly seize on it: St. John, and the eagle whispering in his ear, which is perfectly absurd. Who ever heard of such an ornithological monstrosity as a whispering eagle?"

He was so droll I could not help laughing. Laughter turned to dismay when Mrs. Hethering announced that she was going to dress for dinner, and left the room with Harry. I looked aghast at my gray suit, prosaically respectable, loudly protesting against being considered in the light of a dinner costume; then looked at Hethering's faultless attire, saying that I could not remain for dinner as I was.

"If we don't mind," Hethering interrupted, "and I assure you we don't care the rap of a knuckle, why need you? You literary people, fortunate dogs! have the liberty of wearing what you please. What a deused noise!" he exclaimed. This exclamation was caused by a bustle in the hallway, the noise of heavy articles put down, followed by a quick, light step, and a young girl entered the little parlor.

Giving his legs a spasmodic jerk, Hethering got to his feet, looking ruefully at the girl.

"You don't appear overjoyed, Tom," she began, stopping abruptly when she perceived me.

"This promises to be a family gathering," said Hethering, smiling. "You and Mr. Ringwood are old friends, if I understand rightly?"

She looked displeased and was about to speak, when Hethering continued: "No? Well, introductions are a bore! Elsie, this is Harry's tutor, Mr. Ringwood, and, Mr. Ringwood, this is my sister, Elsie Hethering. There's an idea somewhere in my brain which, when it is born, I'll patent"—he was addressing me; "a plan for avoiding introductions. I know there's a medal, collar, or belt to be worn, with the individual's name on it, somewhat in the manner you label a dog."

"Is Ethel at home?" interrupted his sister, who had been eying me curiously.

"O Lord! yes," ejaculated Hethering. "She's always at home. Thought you were in New York?"

She did not answer this, but saying she'd look up Ethel, moved to leave the room, adding finally: "I've come to stay, Tom; I've brought my trunks."

"So they were the earthquake!" exclaimed Hethering.

I would have been the most obtuse of youths had I not perceived that I was treated precisely as some persons treat their servants—speaking before them as if they had no ears to hear and, worse, tongues to utter what they heard.

This was not the first intimation I had of Hethering having a sister. Harry had incidentally mentioned to me an Aunt Elsie.

She appeared to me to be the pleasantest of the family, bar Harry. She was not beautiful as was Mrs. Hethering; nevertheless, she was very pretty, I thought.

Hethering was now in a thoughtful mood and I in a sulky one, when Robert announced, "Mr. Elbert Ringwood."

My brother was the same, yet how changed! He looked to be twenty-seven or twenty-eight, and, whilst as handsome as ever, he appeared jaded and worn. The infallible signs of late hours, black circles about his eyes, were very visible in the light of the candles Robert was lighting. The greetings that passed between himself and Hethering were peppered with a slang that was so much Choctaw to me.

"You don't see a friend?" asked Hethering, smiling broadly.

Lazily turning about, Bert eyed me through the glass stuck in his eye. "I'll be hanged!" was his drawled exclamation. "When did you turn up?"

Hethering's insolence mattered nothing to me now.

"Bert," I said, a lump rising in my throat, "I have not sought you out; this is altogether accidental—" I stopped abruptly, not wishing to make an exhibition of myself.

Bert flushed slightly, and muttered something about my always going in for the heroics. Hethering all the while eyed us with evident amusement. Presently my brother offered me a limp hand. It was a cold hand-shaking.

"There is something in this compensation business, after all," Hethering was saying dreamily. "Here am I, Tom Hethering, tutoring Elbert Ringwood in the way he should go in this naughtiest of worlds—I'm original; it is not the best of all possible worlds—and our dear Elbert's brother tutors Tom's son and heir on the road to wisdom's shrine. To quote dear Dolly Fern, it's too nice for anything."

"Where does the compensation come in? Switched if I know," commented Bert.

"You're obtuse, Berty. Don't you pay me, and don't I pay our most amiable of brothers?"

"All I have to say," exclaimed Bert, "if you pay him," jerking his head towards me, "one-half as well as I pay you, he has a pretty soft thing of it."

"Don't be coarse, Berty," said Hethering soothingly.

"Do you live here, Paul?" Bert asked curiously.

"I am still at Manresa College," I said, consoling myself with the fancy that I was ignoring Hethering in a very dignified manner.

"Have a slight remembrance of your writing me that you were teaching in a college," Bert said carelessly. "Like it?" he asked bluffly.

"Yes," I answered short.

"I wonder if Mrs. Hethering intends bringing his father's joy to dinner," Hethering said thoughtfully; then, excusing himself, left Bert and me alone. A moment after we could hear him commanding, "Harry, go to your room; you're not wanted." Close on this Mrs. Hethering could be heard speaking in an undertone.

Bert laughed. "How do you like Hethering?" he asked.

"Not at all," I replied with emphasis. "But never mind him. You're in Cecilsburg; can't you come to see me, Bert?"

"Going away day after to-morrow," he replied.

"Come around to-morrow; take dinner with me at three; the fathers will be glad to see you," I pleaded.

"Hang the fathers!" ejaculated Bert. "I may drop in; don't expect me, though."

Even this sort of promise was gaining my thanks, when Hethering entered alone.

"Shall we go to dinner?" he proposed cheerfully. "Mrs. Hethering and my sister will meet us in the dining-room."

Bert greeted Hethering's sister as an old acquaintance. I found out afterwards that they had met in New York and at Newport the summer before. He seemed quite taken back by Mrs. Hethering's beauty, and the frank admiration expressed in his face seemed to please Hethering. This is but conjecture; he may have been indifferent.

The dinner was elaborately served; the dishes brought to the dining-room by servants who placed them on a sideboard, whence they were passed around to us by a butler aided by Robert. Hitherto my criterion of elegance had been my father's house. There was more show at Hethering's board, but not more elegance than had been at home, I thought. Only on extraordinary occasions had I seen three kinds of wine at home. Here there was, it seemed to me, a wine for every dish. Whether this was in good taste I am not versed enough in the ways of society to know. Nor am I sure that the ways of society are all tasteful ways.

General conversation there was none. Bert tried Mrs. Hethering on several subjects with but little success. The theatre, but now she never went to the play. "Mr. Hethering and I used to go to Ford's"—this was before the burning of that theatre—"and the Academy," she said.

Hethering, with his inevitable laugh, cried: "If that's meant for a reproach, Mrs. Hethering, we can go to-morrow night. Mrs. Daneger and Clara Dill have made up a party. I am going, why not you?"

She shrank back in her chair and said, feebly smiling: "Thanks, I've lost all taste for it."

"What a pity!" he returned sympathetically; "You'd make such a fine *tragedienne*."

Her face colored, and she said hastily to Bert: "I've read that novel-reading has diminished the interest once taken in the stage."

"You are fond, then, of novels?" Bert asked.

"Well," she answered, considering, "not very."

"Then, my dear," said Hethering, "if you'll pardon my frankness, the remark you just now made about novels and the drama was not a very brilliant one."

She shook her head and said: "No, I am not brilliant. I've just read a very good novel, however, Madame Craven's *Fleurange*. You've read it, Mr. Ringwood?"

Bert put up a hand to conceal a yawn, for which yawn I could have knocked him down. No, he said, he had never heard of it.

"It has one defect," I ventured.

"Yes?" she said interrogatively.

"I do not like the idea of her marrying her cousin. Fleurange would have done better had she become a nun," I said with youthful dogmatism.

"The nuns would not have her, if you remember; then, Fleurange had a dispensation," she said with some eagerness to defend.

Hethering had been listening attentively. "What was it the flower-angel got a dispensation for?" he asked me.

"To marry," I replied.

He smiled and said softly: "No wonder, wife, you like the book," turning to me and explaining: "Mrs. Hethering got a dispensation to marry me, for which Rome has my eternal gratitude." Bowing low to his wife, he added: "For you, my love, as Rome's fairest representative."

If then and there he had cursed her, he could not have made us feel more uncomfortable.

Miss Hethering up to this had said little. Now she spoke to Bert with assumed levity of certain mutual friends. I believe she wished to cover Mrs. Hethering's confusion. Levity, as I came to know, not being part and parcel of her.

They were laughing over the vagaries of a certain Miss Simcoe, when Hethering, looking at me, laughingly called Bert's attention to the wonder expressed in my face. "Harry's mentor is apt to get lost in the tissue of folly you are weaving," he said.

I was wrong in every way! Considering all I had silently endured from the man, and, after it all, seating myself at his table, what right had I to cry out hotly: "You trouble yourself needlessly; I have not asked for your guidance"?

Mrs. Hethering had a frightened look on her face; it seemed to me Elsie Hethering's look was sympathetic; when Bert, rising to the occasion, said coldly: "I assure you, Paul, that you are wrong." Then he went on speaking with Hethering's sister.

How boyish I felt! I shrank back in my chair burning with shame, not lessened by the irritating, amused look on Hethering's face.

When the black coffee was brought in Mrs. Hethering and Elsie Hethering got up from table and, though Bert and Hethering half-rose to do it, it was I who opened the door for them.

Cigars and cigarettes were put on the table, and Bert and Hethering became altogether occupied with themselves. They babbled of their frolic of the night before, of a trotting-horse in which my brother was interested, using technical terms of the race-course strange to me.

Having smoked a cigarette, I took a glass of seltzer-water from a siphon on the sideboard.

"You'll find Mrs. Hethering and my sister in the drawing-room, probably," said Hethering.

I took the hint, but before leaving them said: "Don't forget to come round to-morrow, Bert."

"All right," he returned, "I'll try to make it."

On the way from the dining-room I met Miss Hethering.

"Harry is not well," she said, standing before me; "Mrs. Hethering has sent for the doctor."

Expressing my regret, I suggested that it would be useless for me to come on the morrow.

"Come," she answered. "Harry will be glad to see you."

Then she put out her hand, letting it lie in mine for a moment, as she said: "We are all grateful to you, Mr. Ringwood, for your kindness to little Harry."

I was about to say there was nothing any one need be grateful for, but already she was on her way up-stairs.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A VISITOR.

About half-past two the next afternoon Bert did show himself. Class was just over, and I was washing my hands when the porter brought him to my room. I welcomed my brother as heartily as I knew how.

"Felt curious to see how you're living," he said, as if an apology were needed to be made to himself for having committed the folly of visiting me.

"Good enough room, but why no carpet?" he asked when seated in my one easy-chair.

"Because no one else has it," I answered.

"You are not one of them?" he questioned suspiciously.

"One of what?"

"One of the monks?"

"There are no monks here."

"Thought you esteemed monks; beg pardon," he said, stretching himself.

"So I do; that's not a reason, however, for my dubbing all my friends monks," I retorted, with that comfortable feeling one has in making a retort. "If you mean," I continued, "am I an ecclesiastic of any kind, or a member of any religious order, I am not, nor shall I ever be."

"Haven't money enough?" asked Bert.

Having stared at my brother, I said: "It is not a question of money; it is a question of a calling. Money! pshaw! A Sixtus, one of our greatest popes, was a swineherd —"

"Hang it! drop church history; do," cried Bert, stifling a yawn.

I tried him on the subject of our old home, but he took so little interest in it that I let it drop, and waited for him to suggest a subject more pleasing to him.

Getting up from his chair, he walked to the window and stared earnestly at the heavens, abandoned them with a yawn, beat the devil's tattoo on the window-pane, and then, turning about so as to face me, asked abruptly: "What do you think of Hethering, now?"

"That he is a scoundrel," was my warm response.

Bert smiled. "Would not go that far," he said, "though I do believe there are better men in jail."

"Where, possibly, he'll be some day," I said bitterly.

"No, he won't!" dissented Bert decidedly. "He'll never be under the ban of the law. Sister's uncommonly charming, isn't she? Pretty, too."

"Yes, she's pretty," I replied.

"She's immensely swell; don't you fall in love with her," advised Bert coolly.

"There, Bert, that's enough," I interrupted.

"As you please," he returned.

Somehow his visit gave me no pleasure, and I was not glad when he announced that he had come to stay to dinner. "I want to see the priests feed," he said.

I reminded him that the priests were gentlemen, and if he had any idea of behaving otherwise than as a gentleman he had better get his dinner elsewhere.

"Notwithstanding your polite hint for me to go away, I intend staying," said Bert.

The rector, Father Lang, was very kind and warm in the greeting he gave Bert, and put us in the places of honor at table, on either side of him. Bert behaved exceedingly well, and when we had gone back to my room the only remarks he made about the dinner were that the cooking was atrocious, and did they always say such a long grace?

"They generally say a much longer one," I took satisfaction in replying.

"It may be an appetizer, tantalizing one's self with the sight of the food one must not touch for such a length of time. Cools the victuals, though," said Bert flippantly. "Got any cigarettes?"

Pushing tobacco and paper towards him, we rolled ourselves cigarettes and smoked a while in silence.

Bert, who apparently had been in deep thought, said suddenly: "If I were in your place, Paul, I'd have nothing to do with Hethering. The advice is good, whatever the adviser may be."

"I have nothing to do with him as it is," I returned, laughing at Bert's half-expressed fears.

"You dined with him yesterday," he said accusingly.

I explained that I had never met the man before, and could hardly see my way to refusing an invitation given with what I took to be sincerity.

"That's Hethering all over," asserted Bert dryly. "He asks you to do what you don't care to do, and you can't well refuse him."

My assurance was given that there was nothing Hethering could get me to do unless I was minded to do it.

"I don't suppose that my advice is very valuable," said Bert coolly; "it's not likely he'll have any use for you."

It was not meant, but Bert had given me a compliment.

Shortly after this my brother left me. I had asked him if he would soon again be in Cecilsburg. He did not know, he said. Should he again be in the city, he would look in if he was in the neighborhood.

Had I grown callous, or what? When Bert left me I was glad he had gone, and I was not anxious for him to repeat his visit. There was no time to spare if I was to go to Harry Hethering that day. So, catching up my hat and coat, I hurried from the college.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONFIDENTIAL.

As I neared the Hetherings' dwelling a doctor's coupé driving from its door prepared me for what Robert had to tell me when he let me into the hall.

"Master Harry's got one o' his bad spells, sah," he said; "reg'ly throwed back. I reckon you'd better go t' pahla tel I see if you's t' go up, sah."

In a few minutes Mrs. Hethering came to me. She looked tired, as if she had been up the night before; otherwise her face had that peaceful look on it I had already remarked.

"My poor boy," she said, giving me her hand, "had a wretched night. I am glad you have come; he has been asking for you."

Condoling with her, I followed her to Harry's room. The little fellow tried to raise himself on his pillow to greet me, but was fain to be satisfied with stretching out his wasted hand. I wondered if the mother could see the mark Death had placed on him.

"I've been waiting for you all afternoon," he said, scarcely above a whisper. "That's mamma's chair," feebly motioning to a chair at his side; "you sit there."

Bending over him, I kissed his forehead, then sat down where he had told me to. With an effort he vainly strove to hide he called, "Mamma!"

In a moment Mrs. Hethering was by his side asking, "What is it, son?"

"Go lie down, mamma," he begged; "Mr. Ringwood is going to stay with me."

A respectable negress, with snowy wool under a Madras handkerchief, whom I had not noticed before, added her entreaties to Harry's. At last she allowed herself to be persuaded when Harry said: "Aunt Elsie will come soon, and she will be with me." At the door Mrs. Hethering turned and asked me to come again to see Harry.

"Of course he will; he's not going to let me off my lessons," said Harry, smiling jocosely.

His little attempt at being sarcastic pleased his mother, and her face lit up with a hope not pleasant to see when one thought how soon it must be dashed.

"Mahs," said the colored woman when we were alone, "ef you wants me, jes ring that yah bell. I'se gwine to cl'ar up a clutter uv glass en things en de bahf-room."

Harry, his hand in mine, lay for some time looking earnestly at me. At last he said: "*You* know I'm going to die?"

I did not deny it; I only said in a choked voice: "You must try to get well for your mother's sake."

His eyes were still fixed on me as he said: "Every time I say 'Our Father 'and 'Hail Mary' I ask to be a strong man, but I don't think God 'll say so."

I tried to speak, but could not.

"You're my only friend, Mr. Ringwood—I mean man-friend," he added loyally. "Of course, mamma's my ownest friend, and next to her Aunt Elsie; but she's away most times."

Why I said it I do not know, but I told him to call me Paul; it would sound more friendly. Yes, he said that he would, and then asked me to give him a drink. I gave him some of the orange-leaf tea on the table. He said that it was good, and thanked me.

When I was again seated by his side he said timidly: "Paul—" and stopped. I smiled encouragingly, and he went on: "It seems strange at first. Paul, I want you to help Aunt Elsie to do something for mamma."

"Your mother has many friends," I said evasively.

"She has no one but Aunt Elsie and me," he said sadly, almost despairingly.

There was nothing for me to say, and for a moment there was no sound in the room save the ticking of Harry's watch on the table at my side.

"You must think a lot of me," Harry broke the silence to say, "or you wouldn't have told me to call you Paul. Men don't

ask little boys to call 'em by their first names unless they do," he added sagely.

I assured him that he was very dear to me.

"If I didn't believe so, I couldn't tell you," said Harry. 'I'm afraid," he continued in a whisper, "that when he can't whip me he'll beat mamma."

"What makes you think so, Harry?" I asked in a shocked voice.

"Yesterday," he answered uneasily, "there was an awful fuss. Mamma wanted me to go to dinner with her, and I said I'd like to. He said I was a mule, and he'd teach me, and mamma said he shouldn't whip me, I wasn't strong. I took off my coat, I always do," he explained in simple parenthesis, "and he pushed mamma away, and took a cane and struck me three times, when it all went in splinters. Mamma got down on her knees and begged him to beat her instead, and he said not so long 's he had me. Then Aunt Elsie came in and he went away."

It cost me an effort before I could ask: "He has whipped you before?"

"He always does when he comes home. I never cry because of mamma, but I always get sick. I an't brave; I'm afraid of him; I can't help it. Don't you think he meant he'd whip mamma when I am dead?" he asked.

Instead of answering him, I questioned: "The day you were sick in class your father had been home?"

He answered yes, and then in disconnected prayers besought me to save his mother from his father.

I trust I will be forgiven the consoling promises I made him, promises I knew full well I could not keep. What man is there who dares to step in between husband and wife? I tried to comfort myself with the thought that Harry's fears were exaggerated, but in vain. I had seen the man.

The old negress came back to the room to light the night-lamp and to give Harry his medicine. I sat there for some time stroking his hair. At last the monotonous motion had its effect, and he fell asleep. As it was almost nine o'clock I rose to go, meeting Elsie Hethering at the door.

"He is asleep," I whispered.

"Then he is better!" she exclaimed under her breath. "Mrs. Hethering is completely broken down. It will kill her, Harry' death."

We were now in the corridor outside the closed door of

Harry's room. I did not know how sadly I was gazing at her till she cried softly, "Harry has been telling you!"

I made a feint of not understanding her. Not deceived, she asked: "You will keep your own counsel as to what a poor, sick child has told you? I am not fortunate in my brother, but you can understand that Mrs. Hethering and myself dread public scandal."

The simple shaking of my head satisfied her, and before I could speak she said: "You will get nothing at the college at this hour; Robert has supper waiting for you. When I heard you were here I gave orders; Mrs. Hethering would wish it, I know."

Barely touching my hand, she entered Harry's room and, somewhat bewildered by the confidential position in which I found myself placed, I went down to the dining-room. I was not in a mood for eating, but Elsie Hethering's thoughtfulness pleased and surprised me. It was surprising, viewed in the light of her thoughtless chatter on the evening before.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FLICKERING.

There was never again question of lessons for Harry. Days there were when the least sanguine might have hoped for his ultimate recovery—days when he was dressed and seated at the window for hours, looking at the passers-by; days when he was carried to the conservatory, there to take little walks, supported by Elsie Hethering on one side, myself on the other, his mother seated on a rustic bench watching him anxiously.

I always saw Elsie Hethering there, and though nothing was ever said of it, it was tacitly understood that we were to do all we could to cheer the unhappy mother and her little boy. For the little I did Elsie showed subtly an altogether uncalled-for thankfulness.

Doctor Stancy, who was physician to the college as well as to Harry, happened one day to pass my room. My door was open, and I asked him if he would walk in for a moment.

"It is not about myself, doctor," I said; "I want to ask you about Harry Hethering. Do you have hope for him? he does not seem to grow worse."

On my table a small lamp was burning before a statuette of the Mother of God.

"The flame burns low but steadily," he said; then, gently expelling his breath, extinguished it.

"Will you interpret, doctor?" I asked smiling.

The doctor carefully relit the lamp, as carefully wiped the tips of his fingers with his handkerchief, and said: "The boy may last a good many months; he will never be strong, and it will take very little to put *his* flame out."

"A sudden fright, for instance," I suggested tentatively.

He looked steadily at me, as if questioning how much I knew, and said: "Yes, he could not stand a jar of that kind."

"Doctors are like confessors," I returned. "It is to be hoped Mr. Hethering will find it pleasant to remain where he is."

The doctor appeared taken aback by what I said. "Mr. Hethering's occupations keep him much from home," he responded coldly. Then, before I could speak, he abruptly bade me good morning.

No one less than myself likes being told to mind his own business. The doctor's manner had told me to mind mine, and I was miffed over it. Second thoughts caused me to admire a man who could keep his own counsel, and I felt humbled when I remembered how nearly I had revealed Harry's secret to one possibly not acquainted with the unhappy state of affairs existing in the Hethering family.

A letter had been written by me to Father Clare in which I spoke of Elsie Hethering's devoting herself to Mrs. Hethering and little Harry. I wrote as I felt, warmly. A few days before Christmas an answer came, the first letter I had received from Father Clare since he went away. He is the only man I have ever known who never did an unnecessary thing and never left undone what was necessary.

He wrote, he said, to send me Christmas greetings and because of something I had written him. "Without intending it, you have let me see very far into your heart."

I laid down the letter and looked out on the falling snow, a cold chill creeping over me. It was only then that I knew my heart myself. I had to wait a few moments before continuing the reading of my friend's letter.

"I fear you are laying up unhappiness for yourself. Put aside self-love and listen patiently to me, Paul. Have you reflected, Paul, on what your position in life is and what is that of Miss Hethering? She is not a rich girl, it is true, for she is entirely dependent on her brother's good-will. He allows her a certain income, and he desires very much that she marry your brother Elbert—"

God forgive the wicked, angry feeling that made my blood tingle! Was he to take everything from me?

—"your brother Elbert, a marriage that I earnestly hope will never take place. Poverty with you or some one like you would be infinitely preferable to her, a Catholic, marrying a man without any religion at all. (By the bye, Miss Hethering owes her conversion entirely to Mrs. Hethering's *good example*.)

"I do not believe you are ever likely to gain the love of this young girl, and for this reason, more than any other, I write so plainly. If I am hard, forgive me, dear boy! I do not want you to be made miserable by what may be avoided. If needful, give up your visits to the Hetherings. Try to see this matter through your father's eyes. They are old eyes, Paul, but they see well for you. Is it a great sacrifice I ask of you? Do not wait till it be too hard. Ask the great Guide of all to help you follow in his path, the path we so often allow to become grass-grown. God bless you, Paul!

"Your loving father in Christ,

"WM. CLARE."

Neither that day nor the next did I leave the college; but on the day after, which was the eve of Christmas, there came a little note from Harry Hethering, and with it a bunch of hot-house roses. The note was poorly written, and no doubt had caused him much trouble. In it he asked why I had not been to see him, and said that he and his Aunt Elsie had picked the roses for me. "It is not a really Christmas gift," he wrote, "and the frost bit some of the roses."

I wondered which she had gathered, and selecting a rose I thought might have been her choice, held it in my hand. I chose this one because of its being less showy than the others; Harry would hardly have noticed it. Putting it in water apart from the others, I made my preparations for going out.

There was something to be done before I could go to the Hetherings. I had written Father Clare a long letter, promising to be advised by him, intending to send it with a trifling gift. Destroying this letter, I wrote a short one of Christmas greeting and, with the gift, sent it that day.

Now that I was going to them, it seemed to me that I could not get away from the college quickly enough. Never had my toilet seemed to me so tedious, never had I been so anxious to appear well. No girl ever examined her face more carefully than I did mine that day. Knowing that I was ugly, it gave me pleasure to discover that my eyelashes were long, that my eyes were not bad. Ridiculous as this is, it was of great moment to me.

The rose I had set apart I put in my buttonhole, carefully buttoning my overcoat so as not to injure it.

Whilst Robert was helping me off with my overcoat he told me how glad Harry would be to see me. "We reckoned you mus' be sick when you didn't come like you wuz use to come. Right up-stairs, sah," he said, grinning as he pocketed the Christmas remembrance I slipped into his hand.

Harry was alone, and in a breath welcomed and reproached me for having remained away for three days. I put him off with some idle excuse, which he received trustingly.

When I had seated myself at his side Harry suddenly burst out laughing. He seemed to be laughing at nothing, and when I asked him what caused his mirth he said that he would tell me after a while.

At first Elsie's absence did not trouble me. The pleasure of being in a room familiar with her presence was enough for me. As the minutes went by and she did not come I grew uneasy, betraying my anxiety by looking towards the door whenever a step was heard in the corridor.

"You are looking for Aunt Elsie? She'll be home soon; she's gone with mamma to confession; you know to-morrow's Christmas day," informed Harry.

"Paul," he continued after a moment, his voice trembling with eagerness, "I have some good news to tell you. I am going to make my First Communion New Year's day." He spoke with bated breath, his cheeks flushed, a shining light in his eyes.

Seven years on the morrow since I had made mine! This I told Harry, congratulating him, holding his hand in mine.

Whilst I was congratulating him the door opened, and Mrs. Hethering came in with Elsie. I no longer would have demurred had any one called her beautiful.

In her innocence of what was in my heart, she held my hand for a moment as she said: "You have been ill? You are not looking well."

Flushing with pleasure at her taking even that much interest in my welfare, I stammered out something about being subject to headaches.

Then she let me help her off with her cloak, and I remember that there were some specks of dust on it which I removed.

"Now I am going to tell you what I was laughing at," piped

Harry. "Look, aunty, that rose I picked you said wasn't worth picking; Paul's got it in his button-hole."

"Mr. Ringwood wishes to show you that he appreciates your flowers," said Elsie as, throwing her cloak over her arm, she left the room.

My face reddened uncomfortably. I had thought of the flowers only as coming from her, and had not said a word of thanks to Harry.

"That's the reason you never said anything; you wanted to show me!" cried Harry, clapping his hands. "Where are you going, mamma?" he called, seeing his mother about to leave him.

"May not mamma put on a house-dress?" Mrs. Hethering asked, smiling.

"Of course," said Harry, saying it with that pretty Cecilsburg way of partially obliterating the *r*, producing a sound that cannot be expressed in signs.

"It was Aunt Elsie who picked all the big white roses," said Harry when we were alone. "Foley"—the gardener—"wouldn't let me touch 'em. Mamma said I might send you some Christmas, and Aunt Elsie, she said, send you some flowers; she noticed you were fond of flowers."

So, in a way, it was she who had sent me the flowers.

My stay was long that afternoon. Elsie Hethering was but a little while with us, and I do not suppose that she addressed me half a dozen times during my visit.

HAROLD DIJON.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CONGRESS OF THE COLORED CATHOLICS.

THE Congress of Colored Catholics which convened at Washington at the opening of the year called forth many singular criticisms in the Protestant religious press. At this late day it must seem strange to educated Catholics to be told that slavery in one form or another has always found its strongest support in the Catholic Church. The proceedings of the congress, so orderly and so imposing, made a profound impression among all classes at the national capital. And the supposed new interest in colored people lately emancipated from slavery finds its true answer in ages in which the church worked on what may be called its sociological side. Three events of recent date exhibit the spirit of Catholicity, and the Congress of Colored Catholics was fortunate as to the time of its sessions in view of these facts: First, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore, who not only gave the congress his earnest approval but his personal presence, had just published an excellent paper, "The Relative Influence of Paganism and Christianity on Human Slavery," in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review;* secondly, Cardinal Lavigerie had delivered at a meeting in London an admirable speech, entitled "Slavery in Africa"; and, lastly, our Holy Father, Leo XIII., recognizing the good work of the Brazilian Chambers in passing a law freeing every slave within the territory of the empire, spoke noble words of congratulation in a brief addressed to the bishops of Brazil. Peter has spoken by the mouth of Leo. Despite such events, which represent the present position of Catholics, our colored brothers in the faith are often imposed upon by subtle arguments drawn from ecclesiastical history to exhibit the past, and thereby show the supposed change which now dominates the Catholic Church in her work for the African. It is not our purpose to present the good effected by the first Congress of Colored Catholics, as the supplement issued by the *Church News* of Washington contains a pretty accurate account, but it is our duty to say in passing that nothing marred each day's proceedings. The spirit of charity, good will, and loyalty to the teachings of the church was apparent to all who watched the course of the congress from first to last. Among these were the clergy of the city, both secular and regular, and laymen who felt a just pride in the good manners,

good humor, and general intelligence of the colored Catholics assembled from different States. But is it just that the ribald sneer of the critics who are always ready to revamp old, threadbare charges against the church should go unanswered? Has the Catholic Church in her past history nothing to demonstrate that as far as it lay in her power she had been the friend of the slave long before the African was stolen from his home by English slavers in the times of Queen Elizabeth? Let us turn to history to see how the facts answer the charge that the Catholic Church is just awakening to the momentous issues which must always affect the well-being of her children, whether bond or free.

The boundless power which the church possessed and exercised in times of bloodshed and devastation was an inestimable trust committed to her by God to protect the weak from cruelty and injustice of tyrannical rulers, and to establish order and equity upon the immutable principles of Christian forbearance. Among the art treasures which Mr. Thomas E. Waggaman, the large-minded Catholic of Washington, has collected in his gallery is Laurens' "Fredegonda." No description in the catalogue gives even a hint as to the career of evil connected with this execrable woman. What the infamous Fredegonda's vengeance and heartlessness would have attempted and executed had not the church had the power to save Pretextal, Bishop of Rouen, and Gregory of Tours from her bloody designs is but one of the numberless examples which the times afford of the beneficial mediation of ecclesiastical strength in restraining the fury of royal arrogance and ambition.

The inherent rights of man as the creature of God, and the brotherhood of universal humanity, found their essential truth in the great central fact of the Catholic faith, the mystery of the Incarnation. The marriage of humanity to divinity changed for ever the relation which master and slave bore to each other, and opened to each the same wonderful destiny, as co-heirs with Christ, of a citizenship in the heavenly kingdom. When our Lord took upon him our nature and elevated the human race to the right hand of the Father a revelation of equality and brotherhood was made which was entirely foreign to the then existing opinions of human liberty. Heathen civilization knew nothing of the relation of man to his fellows, and the servitude which was interwoven with all that was truly good and great in pagan economy was the natural outgrowth of that system of false religion which pertinaciously adhered to this institution long after Christianity had uprooted the worship of

the heathen deities of the old world. The Romans were extensively engaged in the slave-trade on the coasts of Britain and Africa and in the Euxine. The historian of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire remarks:

"We are informed that when the Emperor Claudius exercised the office of censor he took an account of six millions nine hundred and forty-five thousand Roman citizens, who, with the proportion of women and children, must have amounted to twenty million of souls. The multitude of subjects of an inferior rank was uncertain and fluctuating. But after weighing with attention every circumstance which could influence the balance, it seems probable that there existed in the time of Claudius about twice as many provincials as there were citizens of either sex and of every age, and that the slaves were at least equal in number to the free habitants of the Roman world." *

And a later writer makes even a larger estimate than that of Gibbon. So thoroughly had the institution of slavery become identified with all the interests of both public and private life in the ancient world that it was not only sanctioned, but even received the earnest approval of the astutest moralists, while more humane views were often expressed by others. † Tacitus relates that Pedanius Secundus was murdered by one of his slaves, and that in such an event, according to the ancient custom, all slaves dwelling under the same roof were subject to capital punishment; but the clamor excited was so great that it extended even into the very senate. Caius Cassius gave his vote in favor of the general law of death on such occasions, and from his address to the assembly we learn incidentally that the number of slaves in the household of Pedanius was four hundred; and yet this number is comparatively small, for men of greater wealth and higher station could count their slaves by thousands. ‡

When we view the early labors of the Christian Church, the miraculous transfiguration of heathen character into the mild and submissive disciple of the Divine Master, the new code of law which was to govern the lives of Christ's followers, we wonder that an institution so alien to the religion of Christ should have existed for ages in the Christian Church. Many of the early con-

* Smith's Gibbon, Am. ed., vol. i. p. 179.

† Milman remarks on the recognition of slavery in the Justinian code as follows: "The broad distinction of mankind into freemen and slaves is the unquestioned, admitted groundwork of legislation. It declares, indeed, the natural equality of man, and so far is in advance of the doctrine which prevailed in the time of Aristotle, and is vindicated by that philosopher, that certain races or classes of men are pronounced by the unanswerable voice of nature, by their physical and intellectual inferiority, as designed for and irrevocably doomed to servitude."—*Lat. Christianity*, Am. ed., vol. i. p. 491.

‡ *Annal.*, xiv. 43.

verts who attested the truth of Christ in martyrdom and were lights to the world in the days of persecution were slaves, and most commonly of heathen masters. The familiar name of Onesimus is at once suggested to the mind, and from early evidence there is reason to believe that Calixtus I., Bishop of Rome, while in youth was in servitude. It was a common taunt among the heathen philosophers of that day that the advocates of the new religion found willing followers among women and slaves. The self-opinionated Roman felt that the teachings of the Son of God might suit imbecility and humble social position, but that its claims and influence upon Stoic philosophy were unworthy of even attentive consideration. A religion, however, that could elevate the ignoble slave from sensuality and wickedness to lead a life of purity and piety, that could so train him in the hardy virtues of earnestness and zeal for his higher Master that he would even gladly approach the martyr's death rather than yield a denial of the faith that made him a new creature—such a religion commanded the love and faith of large-minded men, who, in learning the equal of pagan teachers, demonstrated with wonderful force that the contempt with which they sought to cover the faith of Christ was in fact a sublime lesson of its reality and its power in moulding the affections and consciences of men.

That the early church remained passive upon this great moral blight of the times is no argument in behalf of her acknowledging the right of man to hold human beings redeemed by the blood of Christ as property. To abolish an institution which had gathered strength from the protection of civil power, and which long custom had upheld and vindicated, in the nature of the case required greater force than the church then had over the spirit of the times. Moreover, the development of those principles which remodelled society had not got sufficient control of the public mind to enable the church to shape and direct the spirit of social institutions; her life was enfeebled by persecution, and the gravest questions, upon which her own well-being in a measure depended, called for urgent and continued attention. Slavery, also, was so general, and the number of slaves so large, that it was evident that immediate emancipation must be extremely hazardous, even if it could be accomplished. Time was required to prepare society and the slave population for a change of such vital consequence. The only office that the church could perform in a state of things so complicated was to infuse love and charity into all the relations of life; that while each was hallowed and God honored, in process of time the

antagonistic elements of an effete civilization would be readjusted and its evils pass away. Lactantius speaks the mind of the primitive church when he writes that "with God no one is a slave, no one is master. If the same father is over all, then by the same law all are free." * Emancipation was not unusual even in an early age, and the act after the third century was accompanied with great religious solemnity. It frequently took place immediately after the administration of baptism to members of the master's family on some of the greater festivals, at which the sacrament was generally administered. Hermas, a Roman prefect, was converted to Christianity in the reign of Trajan; he and more than twelve hundred slaves were baptized, after which they were all liberated. Chromatius, a prefect also, in the time of Diocletian, manumitted fourteen hundred at his baptism. It is true that churchmen in different ages were not superior to the sociological environment surrounding them. Walter de Beauchamp, in the reign of Henry III., in assigning land to another, transferred one Richard and all his offspring. † At a later period, as we learn from the same source, a certain Roger Felton sold lands, chattels, and progeny. ‡ William of Malmsbury relates that the English frequently brought cargoes of slaves from Ireland and offered them for sale in the public places; he adds that the nobles sold young women in pregnancy. Githa, the daughter of Canute, speculated in English slaves, and found in Denmark her most profitable market. Ecclesiastics, as well as feudal lords, were slave-holders, and the isolated instances of inhuman treatment exercised toward the unhappy slave by mercenary and cruel churchmen cannot be taken as proof that the Catholic Church exerted no salutary influence in mitigating the evils of the system, or that she gave a tacit or implied sanction to its continuance. *Cur omnium fit culpa, paucorum scelus?* Butler, in his *Analogy*, fully meets a like objection made against the truth of Christianity, and it applies here with equal force:

"It may indeed, I think, truly be said that the good effects of Christianity have not been small; nor its supposed ill effects any effects at all of it, properly speaking. Perhaps, too, the things themselves done have been aggravated; and if not, Christianity hath been often only a pretence, and the same evils, in the main, would have been done upon some other pretence. However, great and shocking as the corruptions and abuses of it have really been, they cannot be insisted upon as arguments against it upon principles of theism. For one cannot proceed one step in reasoning upon

* "Nemo apud eum servus est, nemo dominus; si enim cunctis idem Pater est, æquo jure omnes liberi sumus."—Inst. v. 14.

† Madox, *Formulare Anglicanum*, p. 188. ‡ Idem, p. 315.

natural religion any more than upon Christianity without laying it down as a first principle that the dispensations of Providence are not to be judged of by their perversions, but by their genuine tendencies ; not by what they do actually seem to effect, but by what they would effect if mankind did their part : that part which is justly put and left upon them." *

Notwithstanding the great influence of the church, many causes were at work which tended rather to the extension of slavery than the progress of freedom. Enfranchisement entailed upon the slave the necessity of self-defence. The former master put aside the responsibility of protecting or aiding the manumitted slave, inasmuch as he was no longer his property. The slave, in consequence, frequently refused manumission, and even freemen became slaves to obtain support and security. In times of famine and pestilence the poor often went into voluntary servitude, that they might satisfy the gnawings of hunger or escape the ravages of malignant disorders. In such perilous times the monasteries opened their gates to the indigent and the afflicted, and their cells were filled with an outcast people whose only resting-place was within the cloistral walls. Glaetfleda, as related in a manuscript of the church of Durham, emancipated several slaves, whom she had purchased to save from the violence of famine. It may safely be said that when manumission was granted to the slave in the middle ages the motive which influenced the act was always prompted by the teaching of the church, and that freedom was bestowed upon the poor bondman that the donor might obtain in return some special blessing from heaven, such as the remission of sins or the salvation of the soul. Milman gives too little credit to Christianity in bringing about general emancipation. The church, without doubt, was chiefly instrumental in preparing society for the governmental changes which, in a measure, operated in tardy liberation.

"The great change," says the late Dean of St. Paul's, "in the condition of the servile order arose chiefly from other causes besides the influence of Christianity. This benign influence operated no doubt in those indirect ways to a great extent, first on the mitigation, afterwards on the abolition of domestic slavery, but it was perhaps the multiplication of slaves which to a certain extent slowly wrought its own remedy." †

Gregory the Great, and it is not improbable many humbler men, released slaves from love to God and in honor of his Son, in whom bond and free are united by the hopes of a common destiny. Manumission was not unusual at the death of the

* Part ii. c. i. † *Lat. Christianity*, vol. i. p. 532.

master. It was even recommended to the dying by the church in her sacerdotal ministrations, and she lent to the act of emancipation, as it was read from her altars, the high solemnities and ceremonies of a gorgeous ritual.

Thus the church was the faithful guardian of the poor and the oppressed in her offices of mercy to the sick and dying, so that, while she ministered spiritual consolation in the hour of death, she also pleaded for temporal blessings for her afflicted children.

The Crusades were another means of liberation to the slave, for all who enrolled under the church's banner to wrest the Holy City from the yoke of the infidel were no longer bondmen, but the obedient children of a spiritual mother. If civil enactments had not limited this mode of manumission, it is reasonable to conjecture that slavery was fast approaching its final overthrow. The priesthood of the church was open to men of all classes. Caste or hereditary prerogative was never known or acknowledged by her. In maintaining this principle of a well-organized republic the church alone taught and upheld that of human equality; and when secular powers were under the domination of the privileged few she gathered strength from every quarter. From the squalid home of the slave, from the roof of the laborer, and from the feudal dwelling of the baron her ranks swelled in numerical importance. Offices of highest dignity and trust lodged in her hands were open to the emulation of all, and her chiefest posts of honor often invested the humblest with ecclesiastical distinction and responsibility. Hence, we find the tiara placed on the head of a carpenter's son, and that son the great St. Gregory VII., who became the representative man of the age, and whose presence on the stage of European politics moulded the course of civilization. It was from this democratic system of organization that much of the power which the church held and used in the troubled ages of the past was derived. This diversity of origin in the priesthood gave to it collectively a more real interest in the ever-varying vicissitudes of life and unfolded broadest latitudes of influence and usefulness. The church's ambassador, by reason of the prerogatives of his exalted station, had access to the monarch's palace, as well as to the hut of the serf; while in many cases a common lineage with the latter gave the man of God an almost imperial power over this miserable class. At the font the church gave to the slave and the prince each his name; at her altars they received the marriage-seal, and the same bells pealed their nuptial chimes and

tolled their funeral knell. When each were laid to rest under the shadow of the church's cross, in her consecrated ground, she remembered both in the Adorable Sacrifice, in the same beautiful litanies and tender intercessions:

> "Our mother the church hath never a child
> To honor before the rest,
> But she singeth the same for mighty kings
> And the veriest babe on her breast;
> And the bishop goes down to his narrow bed
> As the ploughman's child is laid,
> And alike she blesseth the dark-browed serf
> And the chief in his robe arrayed."

The church was the friend of the oppressed in all lands, and in proportion as her counsels were followed the nations advanced in law and liberty. Her presence and influence disarmed feudalism of many of its worst features and gave to civil codes the fundamental idea of all law, that in conformity to the divine principles of truth, right, and justice lay the only enduring basis of judicial strength and greatness. "There is no better test," says Lord Brougham, "of the progress a people are making at any time than the improvement of their jurisprudence." * Before the year 688 the slaves of the Saxons labored through the entire week. Sunday brought its rest to all others, but to the slave was no remission from toil till the church secured for all classes, by legislative enactment, freedom from work on that day.

"The Christian clergy indeed did all they could to mitigate its hardships," says Kemble, "but when has Christianity itself been triumphant over the selfishness and the passions of the mass of men? . . . In yet pagan times general kindliness of disposition, habits of domestic intercourse, perhaps the suggestions of self-interest, may have tended to raise the condition of the serf even to the restoration of freedom; but it was the especial honor and glory of Christianity that, while it broke the spiritual bonds of sin, it ever actively labored to relieve the heavy burden of social servitude." †

After the Conquest the sale of slaves into foreign countries and into heathendom was entirely prohibited, and the shocking abuses and heartrending cruelty consequent upon that trade were thus abolished. ‡ The African continent is strangely fitted by its physical condition not only for an isolated existence, but also for becoming the great slave-market from which

* *England and France under the House of Lancaster*, p. 10.
† *Saxons in England*, b. i. c. 8. ‡ Heywood's *Anglo-Saxon Government*.

the cupidity of the modern world would replenish her traffic so long as a system of human bondage held footing on the earth. Watered by few rivers and hemmed in by a pathless waste of deserts, it was impossible that commerce should penetrate into Central Africa; and the insuperable barriers which impeded its civilization rendered it also a sure and lasting repository of the slave-trade, while the excessive heat of its climate so enervates the dispirited inhabitants that they have furnished the servile populations to the more powerful peoples of the world. At what date African slavery took its rise cannot now be accurately determined, but it certainly began in a remote period of mediæval history, for Leo Africanus mentions that the King of Borneo exchanged slaves for horses with the merchants of Barbary. To a Dominican friar and confessor of Charles the Fifth—the illustrious Dominic Soto of Tridentine name—"belongs the signal honor," says Sir James Mackintosh, "of being *the first writer* who condemned the African slave-trade." In a public lecture given at Salamanca Soto said:

"It is affirmed that the unhappy Ethiopians are, by fraud or force, carried away and sold as slaves. If this be true, neither those who have taken them, nor those who purchased them, nor those who hold them in bondage can ever have a quiet conscience till they emancipate them, even if no compensation should be obtained." *

Sir James thus comments on this passage:

"It is hard for any man of this present age to conceive the praise which is due to the excellent monks who courageously asserted the rights of those whom they never saw against the prejudices of their order, the supposed interests of their religion, the ambition of their government, the avarice and pride of their countrymen, and the prevalent opinion of the times." †

The Congress of Colored Catholics, with the presence and sympathy of Father Tolton, a priest of their own race frequently officiating in the beautiful church of St. Augustine, and the zeal and courage of the Josephite Fathers in behalf of the colored people, have indeed opened a new era which few could foresee. It must, in view of the past labors of the Catholic Church, which knows no race, no color, be a glorious era to all who have intelligence enough to comprehend the object and the work of that congress. Critics will always arise when the evidences of Catholic progress alarm those not of the faith. To the generations of the ages the church, to adopt the exquisite imagery of

* *De Just. et Jure*, lib. iv. quæst. ii. art. 2. † *Ethical Philosophy*, vol. i. p. 52.

the evangelical prophet, was as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.* Be it ours to allay in our humble measure the discontents which agitate our nation, and by moderate concessions conciliate the aggravated temper of the times and preserve to those who shall follow us the noble heritage of our fathers endeared by happy associations. Be it ours, as true children of the church, to rise superior to petty prejudices and meet the momentous issues which the present position of the African race in our day presents. Happy will it be for our land if, at this crisis of affairs, the voice of the Catholic Church, built on the Rock of Ages, be not drowned in the tumult of angry passions and of local prejudices. The church of the past rises in this age with new-found energy and girds herself for the great mission opening before her on this continent. Let each colored Catholic be a torch-bearer of the truth and, in the measure of the ability God has given to him, put into practice the great lesson of the congress so manifestly exhibited during its sessions, that every colored Catholic is a lay missioner to his race. If the colored population heed the teaching of Catholic truth, they may enter in and possess the peace, security, and strength which the church alone can bestow, and the church of the future will be to them what she has been to the weary and heavy-laden in the past, the medium of all spiritual blessings, the haven in which all kindreds and peoples may rest till the final day break and the shadows flee away.

A. J. FAUST, PH.D.

Washington, D. C.

* Isaias xxxii. 2.

THE LETTERS OF THE LIBERATOR.*

IT is very difficult to form a correct estimate of a man's character from the statements of his friends or his foes; and this is particularly true in the case of Daniel O'Connell. No man was more hated and no man was more loved than he. He was the most thoroughly abused public character of his time, and he was also the most lavishly praised. In the eyes of his enemies he was a demagogue; in the eyes of his friends he was a demi-god. In reality he had nothing in common with either. He was not a demagogue, and he was altogether human.

Half a dozen different lives of the Liberator have been heretofore published, but they do not convey an impartial estimate of his character; they are panegyrics quite as much as the famous orations of Padre Ventura and Wendell Phillips.

The present publication, containing his consecutive correspondence from his boyhood to the close of his remarkable career, gives us the real mental photograph of the man as he lived and moved and fought for faith and fatherland. Here we have the actual thoughts and feelings and inspirations of the Liberator in the heat of action, dashed off by his own hand, from day to day, and month to month, and year to year. And thus we have revealed to us what manner of man he was. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a series of letters in which the writer stands out so fully revealed. There was nothing studied about the correspondence of O'Connell. Of letter-writing as a fine art he seems to have had no thought. We are even disappointed to meet with so little of the diplomatic style in the letters of a statesman. And there are only here and there traces of that powerful rhetoric which constituted so much of the strength and charm of his public utterances. His correspondence is plain, straightforward, vigorous, the reflection of his every-day life and energy, and hence the best possible clue to his character.

The letters of the Liberator, as presented to us in these volumes, do not readily lend themselves to classification, though we think the correspondence might be summed up in a general way under the following heads: political, business, family, and letters of friendship. The political, however, predominates, and in-

Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell the Liberator. Edited, with notices of his life and times, by W. J. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 2 vols. 8vo.

trudes itself constantly into all the others. A large proportion of the correspondence is addressed to Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick, for many years the confidential friend and agent in whom O'Connell implicitly trusted and who served him with absolute fidelity to the end. There was no reserve in this correspondence, and the letters on all topics are frank and open to the last degree. Letters, both public and private, addressed to the leading men of the time, from Archbishop MacHale to the Duke of Wellington, are in fair abundance and full of interest. The domestic correspondence, consisting chiefly of letters addressed to his wife, will, we think, attract no small amount of attention, for in these epistles we have a new light thrown on the Liberator and a beautiful phase of his character unfolded to us. Taken altogether, the collection is a fairly complete one, and it is, moreover, an honest one. The aim has been to present the image of O'Connell which he himself has unconsciously cast, and, while the best features are shown in a favorable light, the blemishes are not concealed.

The constant impression which the perusal of this correspondence is calculated to produce is that love of country and the desire for her advancement was the motive power of O'Connell's life. This great fact stands out on every page, and history furnishes but few parallels to such patriotism as his. He was partly educated on the continent of Europe, he made his legal studies in London, he was absent from his native land at the period of life when the strongest ties are formed, yet no sooner did he return to Ireland in his young manhood than he consecrated his life to the service of his country. He was ambitious in an unusual degree, he was bent on attaining the highest honors and emoluments of his profession, and he entered the law with this determination. Nevertheless, he at once espoused the cause of the people and deliberately cut himself off from every avenue of legal preferment under the British crown. The civil disabilities under which his co-religionists suffered such crying injustice, their inequality before the law in their own land, rankled in his soul day and night, and, like another Moses, he resolved, cost what it might, to lead his people out of bondage. And so the long and fierce struggle for Catholic Emancipation became the conflict of the courage, the devotion, and the genius of one man against the power and prejudice of an empire. Others there undoubtedly were who bore their part in this struggle, but when we mention Catholic Emancipation we invoke the name of Daniel O'Connell.

Regarded from the simplest standpoint of justice, the demand for equal rights under the constitution seems the most reasonable thing in the world, the very first principle of political equity; yet for a quarter of a century the greater part of the intellect, the wealth, and the power of England were arrayed against it, and were it not for the force and ability of the Irish leader this simple appeal for common right would have been denied many years longer. In reading over the letters written by O'Connell during the heat of this controversy, one can hardly help entering into his feelings and sharing in his indignation against the prejudice that stifled every sense of justice and upheld palpable wrong in the name of loyalty to king and country. We are astonished, too, at the intense feeling of personal hostility which was aroused against the Liberator on purely political grounds. King George IV. sincerely hated him, the Duke of Wellington could not endure him, and English mothers frightened their children with the bugbear of O'Connell simply because he carried Catholic Emancipation. And stranger still, the English Catholics, whose rights he had vindicated and secured, looked askance at him and treated him not merely with ingratitude, but with positive mistrust and dislike. Catholicity and disloyalty have been so much identified in the popular mind of Great Britain that English Catholics, in their anxiety to establish their loyalty, have shown a decided inclination to adopt the most hidebound conservatism.

The victory of Catholic Emancipation won, O'Connell began the agitation for the Repeal of the Act of Union. His great purpose was to endeavor to unite the whole population of the country in the movement, and from the very first he made the most liberal and flattering advances to the Protestant party to make common cause with their Catholic fellow-citizens, but without much result. "I would cringe to no man," he said, "but I would join with every man who wishes well to Ireland." Some of his stanchest friends and supporters were indeed Protestants, but the prejudice of the Orange faction was too dense to be dispelled by any cry of common country or hope of national autonomy and prosperity. They held the ascendency, and that to them was more than country or justice or aught else. It is much the same thing to-day, though a Protestant, not a Catholic, is the leader of the present movement.

O'Connell clearly saw that the only remedy for Ireland was legislative independence; all other measures of relief were mere temporary expedients and could produce no lasting benefit to the

country. "It is absurd to suppose," he wrote (vol. i. p. 291), "that anything else [except repeal] can save Ireland"; and again he wrote (vol. i. p. 388): "We can never thrive without repeal." . . . "No solid or substantial good can be done for Ireland until we have a domestic legislature in Dublin." How entirely the history of the sixty years that have since elapsed demonstrates all this! But the Act of Union had been purchased at too high a price to be readily surrendered. From the moment the movement for repeal was broached it met with opposition of every kind. O'Connell knew very well the tremendous odds he had to face, and if at times he appears to have been over-sanguine, he certainly did not under-estimate the forces arrayed against him. He had great faith in the good sense of the English people, and he believed that the justice of his cause would gradually impress itself upon them and win the majority around to his side. He was very cautious in launching the movement before the British public, so cautious, indeed, that some of his followers in Ireland became impatient and forced him into somewhat premature parliamentary action on the subject. That he was justified in trusting to the good sense of the English people to sooner or later recognize the justice of his demand recent events would seem to confirm, but his hopes of uniting his Protestant and Catholic fellow-countrymen in the movement for repeal were not so well grounded; and, however solid and well marshalled the Catholic hosts might be, there was always an enemy in the rear that disconcerted their action. Had the firm union of Orange and Green been effected, national autonomy would in all probability have been secured under the leadership of O'Connell; but, instead of the measures of relief which he sought for his afflicted country, the government, backed by the Orange party in Ireland, gave only measures of repression, so that his time and his talents as a parliamentary leader were taken up in fighting coercion bills far more than in pushing forward the great object of his life, the Repeal of the Union.

The letters of the Liberator written from the House of Commons during this period read not unlike the newspaper reports of to-day.

The *Times* and the Tories occupied the same relative positions and were engaged in the same schemes. The Whig wing, then the chief wing, of the Liberal party was false and faithless to all its promises and professions. The lord lieutenant and the chief secretary for Ireland played the *rôle* of oppression. Partisan judges and ignorant magistrates enacted

the same round of injustice, and prime ministers proclaimed their Irish policy a great success. The country, forsooth, was on the eve of permanent peace and prosperity. O'Connell's comments on the political personages and events around him were not always couched in dignified language; he sometimes resorted to abusive names and contemptuous epithets of very questionable propriety. Without doubt the provocation was very great, and the extraordinary facility he possessed in this direction was in itself a constant temptation to him; nevertheless, we cannot help feeling that everything of this kind detracts somewhat from the character of so great a man. We are, moreover, inclined to the belief that some little at least of the opposition he encountered and the dislike he engendered was due to his exasperating invective, nor do we share in the opinion of those who seem to think that this was a prominent element in his success.

The Repeal agitation has written an interesting chapter in the political history of the nineteenth century, and the man who led it has impressed his personality on the age and securely established himself as the great popular leader of modern times. O'Connell was in advance of his time, and he may have attempted too much, but none can gainsay his transcendent ability or question the elevation of his aims and the purity of his motives. The same old controversy still goes on, and men continue to honestly hold opposite opinions upon it, but it is difficult at this date to entertain a very high respect for the intelligence of any full-grown man who fails to see that English legislation has no potency to heal the ills of Ireland.

There was nothing insular about Daniel O'Connell, notwithstanding his intense absorption in the affairs of his native land. His views on all public questions were broad and consistent, and his sympathies were universal. Every people struggling for their liberties had his earnest support. He sent his son Morgan off to Central America to fight under the standard of Bolivar, and he was himself arrested for upholding the right of a foreign revolution. In his attitude towards slavery O'Connell was an out-and-out abolitionist. He fought as vehemently in the British House of Commons for the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies as he did for the freedom of his own people. He maintained individual liberty as the right of every human being and constitutional liberty as the right of every people. He was a democrat, and he made no apology for it. When his democratic views were attacked he proudly appealed

to America as a proof of the power of democracy to found great institutions and to promote the welfare of mankind. "What country in the world is it," he asked (vol. I. p. 397), "in which the national debt is on the verge of extinction; in which taxation is reduced to the lowest possible quantity; in which peace reigns within its borders; in which abundance crowns the labors of the fields; in which commerce and domestic industry flourish and increase; in which individual happiness rewards the private virtue and enterprise of the citizens; and which in fine is honored abroad and prosperous at home? It is a democracy—America."

There was nothing commonplace about O'Connell, and his private life was almost as much out of the ordinary as his public career. At an early age he made a love match; it might even be called a hasty marriage; but in this case there was no repentance. The love of his youth seemed to increase rather than diminish with his advancing years, and the letters he addressed his wife at sixty were quite as ardent love-letters as those he wrote her at twenty-one. Outside the literature of romance it would not be easy to find anything more love-laden than this connubial correspondence, and the affection it discloses was as manly as it was tender and sincere. After thirty years of such wedded life it is not to be wondered at that the death of his wife gave the faithful heart of O'Connell a shock from which it never fully recovered. The love he lavished on his children was on a par with that bestowed on their mother. The tone of affection he assumed towards his sons was robust and boyish, that towards his daughters was gentle and sympathetic. The few letters we have in this collection addressed to his children are models of fatherly feeling and fond devotion, and they were calculated to produce the happiest impressions on the youthful minds of the recipients. The family ties of such a man must have been a constant strain upon him in his public life. O'Connell was not without his share of human vanity; he liked to have his influence recognized by men in high position, and when, as sometimes happened, prime ministers came to court his support and take counsel with him, and prominent statesmen sought his aid, he naturally enough felt flattered; but he would at any time have gladly exchanged all the honors and attentions he received for a quiet week with his family at Darrynane. His most beautiful traits of character appeared in the congenial atmosphere of home, and love of country alone made him freely sacrifice the joys of his domestic life. He was also a most enthusiastic lover

of his native Kerry hills, and whenever he referred to them in his letters he at once fell into the most pronounced poetic exaggeration.

The Liberator had from time to time misunderstandings with some of his immediate political associates; he did not readily brook opposition from such vastly inferior men, and this gave rise to the supposition that he was not constant in his friendship. Such, however, was far from being the case. Misunderstandings did not sever the bonds of his friendship, and he was the most forgiving man in the world. Malice had no place in his great, big heart. He clung to some who had shown themselves unworthy of his esteem to the last, and no pains were too great and no labors too exacting when devoted to the service of his friends, as his letters abundantly testify. In 1842 he said in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury (vol. ii. p. 286): "I do not believe that I ever had in private life an enemy. I know that I had and have many, very many, warm, cordial, affectionate, and attached friends. Yet here I stand beyond controversy the most and the best abused man in the world."

The religious side of O'Connell's character receives a new illustration from the publication of his correspondence. The depth of his faith, the warmth of his devotion, his loyalty to the church, and his trust in God constantly appear and reappear on these pages. In nothing was he more Irish than in his faith. The study of theology had a good deal of attraction for him, and he dabbled considerably in it, so that his faith was in the truest sense an enlightened faith, but it was none the less an implicit faith, and no shadow of doubt crossed its serene horizon. Fed by such a living fountain of faith, his devotional spirit was ever fervent, and he found strength and comfort in prayer and in the sacraments such as the saints themselves have experienced. He was an obedient son of the church, and his obedience was lovingly given, for his religion was dearer to him than aught else. No crusader ever took the cross and did battle for the Christian cause with more ardor than he fought for the church, and the services he rendered religion were to him the most gratifying of all his labors. He was always ready to give a reason for the faith that was in him, and in his bold and open profession and manly vindication of his religion he resembled St. Paul. He never let slip an opportunity of bearing witness to the truth, and his life in this respect was little short of an apostolate.

Charity was, of course, a conspicuous attribute of such a generous nature as O'Connell's. His income was always large,

whether from his earnings at the bar or from the Repeal Rent, but his hands were always open and his pockets always empty. His name headed the list of every deserving charity, and misfortune, under whatever guise, never appealed to him in vain. He was a landlord, and his conduct towards his tenants in times of distress was that of a father; all their wants were supplied at his expense. The best beeves were killed and the meat distributed amongst them, and clothing and fuel and medical attendance were furnished them. On one such occasion he wrote to his agent (vol. i. p. 413): "As far as I am concerned, spare no expense that can possibly alleviate the sufferings of the people. . . . If I could contribute to save one life, I would deem it a great blessing at the expense of a year's income."

The sufferings of the poor greatly affected him, and he would make any sacrifice to relieve them. His whole life was a vast scheme of benevolence. When the fearful famine came he urged and threatened and implored the government to make some adequate provision to meet it and check its ravages, but to little purpose. And when he saw the resistless advance of hunger and disease he turned away from the misery he could no longer assuage with a broken heart, and the vision of sorrow and death haunted him to his grave. His imprisonment, no doubt, impaired his health, but it was the famine which crushed his spirit.

In this review we have not attempted to go into any detail of O'Connell's life and work; we have merely touched on a few points which his correspondence particularly suggested. And these may not even be the most salient points in his career, but they seem to us to present those traits of character which are most worthy of consideration in one of the greatest men of modern times.

EDWARD B. BRADY.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

APPLETON'S Town and Country Library seems to us not greatly enriched by its first February issue, *Raleigh Westgate; or, Epimenides in Maine*, by Helen Kendrick Johnson. The book is not ill-written, and it contains some rather amusing scenes, descriptive of the hero's adventures as travelling agent for a work on the *Physical Features, History, and Religious Progress of New England, from the Time of the First Danish Visitors until the Present Day;* but the scheme of it is school-girlish—Vassar-school-girlish, perhaps, since the execution as well as the second title of the romance is a trifle pedantic. There is no harm in it, however.

Gertrude's Marriage (New York: Worthington Co.) is smoothly translated from the German of W. Heimberg by Mrs. J. W. Davis. It is a tale of married life, constructed after a tolerably well-known formula, and in the homely manner which our German brethren chiefly favor. Gertrude is rich and pretty and good; she is also anxious that her money shall not be the bait which secures the happy man on whom she is willing to bestow herself and all that is hers. Given those conditions, one naturally expects to find her masquerading as a penniless orphan long before the middle of the tale is reached, and is pleasantly surprised to find that the transformation scene has been omitted, and that nothing more unusual than a domestic duet of uninterrupted billing and cooing seems in store for the reader. But the necessary misunderstanding by which the wife shall be made to believe that she has been a mere bargain, and on account of which she shall obstinately hide herself from the husband who loves her and utterly refuse to listen to his explanations, is only deferred, not abandoned. Of course they settle their difficulties in the end, and leave one thankful, as usual, for that perennial supply of very young people, skirting about the *terra incognita* of the natural affections, who make the production of innocent, unexciting fiction a recognized and, we hope, a paying industry. The book is illustrated in photogravure by W. de Meza, but not attractively.

The Poems of Alexander Pushkin (Boston: Cupples & Hurd), done out of the Russian into the curious Russian-English of

his admiring compatriot, Ivan Panin, are likely to remind the light or careless-minded reader of a certain Portuguese-English grammar which was got out in good faith a score of years or so ago, and which professed to initiate the Portuguese youth of an inquiring turn into the mysteries of "English as she is spoke." Of course it would be an extremely light and careless-minded reader who should venture to put such a reminiscence into plain speech—a reader who had failed to observe that Mr. Panin's translation is in its second edition, and who was sufficiently inadvertent of prevalent literary fashions not to accept the word "Russian" as the equivalent of plenary inspiration. If we had on our hands the charitable task of saving such a hasty critic from his subsequent despair, we should remind him that poetry is in its essence a matter of form not less than of suggestion, an affair of sound, cadence, and rhythm, a thing so light and evanescent that it is dangerous to bring it too near the edge of that abyss where pathos tumbles into bathos. Some of these little poems would go so readily into poetic English without sacrificing one jot of their fidelity to the original—taking Mr. Panin as the judge of that fidelity—that it really seems a pity that the present translator has trusted so implicitly to his own knowledge of a tongue not native to him. The Russians are the best linguists in Europe say those who know, and we remember Daudet's lament over Turgenieff's unwillingness to write in French. Still, in the interests of Pushkin's poetry, one can but wish that Mr. Panin had felt something of the same modest reluctance to handle the edged tools of foreign speech—enough, at least, to have got himself edited and his needlessly comic inversions weeded out. He would not then have spoiled the pretty verses called "A Winter Morning" with lines like these:

"To meditation invites the sofa.
But know you? In the sleigh not orden[illegible]
The brownish mare to harness?
Over the morning snow we gliding
Trust we shall, my friend, ourselves
To the speed of impatient steed."

Ontario.

Or those entitled "Winter Evening" by this formless query:

"With melancholy and with darkness
Our little aged hut is filled.
Why in silence then thou sittest
By the window, wife old mine?"

Here is a comparatively unspoiled poem, "The Angel," one of the best in the whole collection:

"At the gates of Eden a tender angel
With drooping head was shining;
A demon, gloomy and rebellious,
Over hell's abyss was flying.

"The Spirit of Denial, the Spirit of Doubt
The Spirit of Purity espied;
And a tender warmth unwittingly
Now first to know it learned he.

"Adieu, he spake, thee I saw:
Not in vain hast thou shone before me;
Not all in the world have I hated,
Not all in the world have I scorned."

The biographical preface and the critical introduction by Mr. Panin which precede these poems is worth reading, partly for the essential truth they contain and partly for the naïve self-sufficiency and cheerful egotism which they embody. His horror of mixed metaphors, and the enthusiasm with which he brings down his critical hammer on the heads of Shakspere, Wordsworth, Shelley, Longfellow, and other offenders against "truth" in that respect is mildly entertaining.

Mr. William S. Walsh reprints from *Lippincott's* and other magazines a number of brief essays which he calls *Paradoxes of a Philistine* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.), a title whose terms he is at some pains to explain in the "Apologia" which prefaces them. "Explaining metaphysics to the nation," said Byron of Coleridge; "I wish he would explain his explanation." What I mean by a paradox is an unrecognized truth, says Mr. Walsh, and for Philistine read Anti-Prig. His essays are chatty, agreeable, pleasantly written, without salient points, and bear in all cases a strong general resemblance to that "Little Essay on the Commonplace," which the author amuses himself and the reader by embodying in the paper called "A Plea for Plagiarism." Not that we accuse Mr. Walsh of the sin which he considers so venial; it is not so much his expression which we find lacking in individuality as the whole drift of what we take to be his meaning. Possibly his meaning is one of those truths which our density fails to recognize. Don't let us be too positive, he seems to say—don't let us overcharge ourselves with convictions or with admirations. The greatest man is extremely like ourselves. Should we examine closely into that by which he seems

to overtop us, we should probably find him walking on false soles or wearing a too high hat. Nobody is infallible—"there is the Pope, to be sure, but even he claims that prerogative within the narrowest limitations, and only a small fraction of the world is willing to yield him credence." Truth is the one thing necessary—if that be necessary, which the Philistine but tentatively holds—therefore, don't let us turn up our noses too arrogantly over the mean and disenchanting details concerning our heroes which the new school of biographers are daily digging out of the sewers of the past. Have we not all secrets which we should extremely dislike to have unveiled? And is there anything but comfort in learning that our demi-gods have had just the same? Are we accused of reading and liking pernicious trash—Ouida, and Rhoda Broughton, and Amélie Rives?—though Mr. Walsh has thought well to omit the latter name from the place it originally occupied in one of these papers. Who is to be the judge of what is trash and what is not? Was it the critics of his time who most rejoiced in Shakspere, or was it the groundlings? Would we not all—we who seek to make our living by our pens—rejoice if we could get the crowd on our side? All of which insinuations, if they be not recognized as strictly true, have long been so well known as truisms eminently adapted to the use of caterers to the public taste, that when used by one they bear an unmistakable air of special pleading.

A Daughter of Eve (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) is by the author of *The Story of Margaret Kent*, a facile writer who loves the world so well, and who is so careful to avoid the flesh and the devil, that she should have a successful career before her. She seems to us a better sort of Edgar Fawcett, fond, like him, of New York "good society," and far more skilful in the avoidance of platitudes and vulgarisms. Her present story is an advance upon her last one, *Queen Money*, and though the actual benefit to be derived from reading it is imperceptible, yet as mere entertainment it can do no harm.

The untiring Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, who was writing tales for good boys and girls so long ago that the earliest generation of her readers must be grandparents by this time, has just got out another on the same old lines, *Beechcroft at Rockstone* (New York: Macmillan & Co.) There are fewer children in it this time, or, to be accurate, though Miss Yonge begins with just as many, yet they are separated by a family crisis early in the story, and the fortunes of only three of them are minutely followed. But these three are just as good and just as bad as ever;

just as preternaturally well instructed, even to the point of calling their kittens Artaxerxes and "the Sofy," because "a Sofy is a Persian philosopher, and this kitten has got the wisest face." And the same complications are gone through with to teach the great evil of concealing one's doings from one's elders, even when those doings appear on the face of them to be all that is commendable and wise. But the charm of the early tales is gone —or else we have gone too far beyond it. *The Heir of Redclyffe* still stands out as so pleasant a memory of childhood that the grateful reader is loath to believe that the kindly hand which produced it has lost something of its cunning. Still, three hundred pages, more or less, of fine print seems a good deal of space to give, nowadays, to work like this, and we doubt whether the latest generation of young folks, brought up on "Dotty Dimple" and "Pinky Blue" and the illustrated children's papers, will take so spontaneously to Miss Yonge as did those of their progenitors who passed on to her from the "Rollo Books" and "Simple Susan."

L'Immortel has been admirably translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet, by A. W. Verrall and Margaret de G. Verrall, under the title *The Immortal; or, One of the "Forty"* (Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co.) What is still more remarkable than the correct and sparkling rendition of the original, is the fact that the illustrations by Emile Bayard really illustrate the text and are an aid to the reader's imagination. *L'Immortel* is an old story by this time. It is a skit at the *Académie Française*, and, as is usual with M. Daudet, his characters are lightly disguised portraits from the life. It is a powerful book, but, like most that M. Daudet has written, it is not cheerful reading. Even *Le Petit Chose* was not that, delightfully amusing as it is in parts. M. Daudet does not gloat over vice; we have more than a suspicion that he cordially detests it. Nevertheless, the atmosphere of his books, even of this one, which is comparatively free, is, if not steeped in corruption, at least redly suffused with it. What a master of pathos he is! With what light, unerring strokes he paints the dreadful scene in which Astier-Réhu's wife unveils her true self to him after the cold intimacy of thirty-five years, strips him of the last shreds of vanity and self-respect, and drives him to suicide, that inevitable refuge for M. Daudet's disappointed heroes! He comes home from the court where, like the honest man he is, he has endured the torture of proving himself a fool that he may not be esteemed a knave, hoping for one night at least to forget himself in sleep.

"Sleep! Never had he so much felt the need of it as now, at the end of his long day of emotion and fatigue, and the darkness of his study as he entered seemed the beginning of rest, when in the angle of the window he dimly distinguished a human figure.

"'Well, I hope you are satisfied.' It was his wife! She was on the look-out for him, waiting, and her angry voice stopped him short in the dark to listen. 'You have won your cause; you insisted on making yourself a mockery, and you have done it—daubed and drenched yourself with ridicule till you won't be able to show yourself again! Much reason you had to cry out that your son was disgracing you, to insult and to curse your son! Poor boy! it is well he has changed his name, now that yours has become so identified with ignorance and gullibility that no one will be able to utter it without a smile. And all this, if you please, for the sake of your historical work! Why, you foolish man, who knows anything about your historical work? Who can possibly care whether your documents are genuine or forged? You know that nobody reads you.'

"She went on and on, pouring out a thin stream of voice in her shrillest tone; and he felt as if he were back again in the pillory, listening to the official abuse as he had done all day, without interrupting, without even a threatening gesture, and feeling that the authority was above attack and the judge not to be answered. But how cruel was this invisible mouth which bit him, and wounded him all over, and slowly mangled in its teeth his pride as a man and a writer! His books, indeed! Did he suppose that they had got him into the Académie? Why, it was to his wife alone that he owed his green coat! She had spent her life in plotting and manœuvring to break open one door after another; sacrificed all her youth to such intrigues, and such intriguers, as made her sick with disgust. 'Why, my dear, I had to! The Académie is attained by talent, of which you have none, or a great name, or a high position. You had none of these things. So I came to the rescue.' And that there might be no mistake about it, that he might not attribute what she said only to the exasperation of a woman wounded and humiliated in her wifely pride and her blind maternal devotion, she recalled the details of his election, and reminded him of his famous remark about Madame Astier's veils that smelt of tobacco, though he never smoked, 'a remark, my dear, that has done more to make you notorious than your books.'

"He gave a low, deep groan, the stifled cry of a man who stays with both hands the life escaping from a mortal rent. The sharp little voice went on unaltered. . . . 'This is more than I can bear,' muttered the poor man as he fled away from the lashing fury. And as he felt his way along the walls, and passed the passage, down the stairs, across the echoing court, he muttered almost in tears, 'More than I can bear, more than I can bear!'"

Roberts Brothers reprint, apparently from the second London edition, Miss Olive Schreiner's powerful novel, *The Story of an African Farm.* It was first published in 1882, and in its American dress has been lying on our table for several months. It is a book which, for the evidence it gives of native, individual force, as well as of first-hand observation and a first-rate capacity for recording it, we rate very high. The brief bit of personal

history which Miss Schreiner has just consented to print, in Scribner's February *Book Buyer*, indirectly confirms the impression, so strongly given by the book itself, that it is in certain ways autobiographical. "My father was a German, born in Wurtemberg," writes Miss Schreiner. "He studied at Basel, and went to South Africa as a missionary. My mother is English, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and for generations my ancestors have been strict Puritans. I was born in the heart of South Africa, on a solitary mission station. I was many years old before I saw a town. My father died many years ago. My mother has become a Roman Catholic and is living in a convent in South Africa." Rightly or wrongly—who can decide except their delineator?—one sees here the genesis of the German overseer and of Lyndall. In the next, and final, paragraph of this curtest of memoirs Miss Schreiner incidentally disposes of the report which has described her novel as the work of a girl of sixteen by saying that, although she began it "when almost a child," she left it for some years before finishing it.

To sum up the book briefly, to pack it in a nutshell and label it, is not possible. It is what a vivisection might be could it lay bare the throbbing heart, the nerves sentient with pain, the brain made the organ of a new knowledge, and then close up the gashes and let all go on again as if nothing had been disturbed. The turmoil of life is there, the repose of death seems to threaten, but the end has not come. The spectator is an intruder. Miss Schreiner's novel is like that. It is a piece of intense life, lived on the narrowest plane, selfish to the core even in what seem to be its aspirations, fighting for its desires and unable to appease them, seeking God as the great Purveyor, measuring Him now by the gauge of superstition and again by that of its own craving, and denying Him because neither foot-rule will answer. It is all this, and, notwithstanding, it is not wholly repulsive, for it is sincere. It is a cry out of the depths, as if a soul had been let down alive into hell without malice, and it fills one with a great pity. There is no posturing here, no affectation of "culture," nor dilettante second-hand criticism, such as Mrs. Humphrey Ward baited her hook with to catch the swarming mass of polite readers ready to snap at excuses for casting off such rags of faith as were still left them. What is here is personal and has been deeply felt, and hence it is respectable even in its excesses. For sincerity there is always compassion, and usually there is hope.

There is a great deal in the book, too, which interests, aside from its main drift. That seems to be to indicate the road by

which Waldo passes into hopeless atheism out of the undoubting but torturing belief in a God, who, from the day when He made men, has been sending all but a predestined few into inevitable damnation. The boy has the soul of a dreamer, and a just and kindly heart. But his beliefs are narrow, and his Bible is to him what it has been to Protestant pietism more often in the past than it is ever likely to be again, except in cases of just such isolation and ignorance as that in which Miss Schreiner has placed her hero. That is, it is not merely literally true, but every precept and prophecy in it may be "made by private interpretation." So made by the hapless Waldo, the victim of meanness, cruelty, and injustice, it breaks down completely. God does not send down a fire to consume the boy's mutton-chop when he sacrifices it to Him, nor does He stop on their road to hell that endless procession of souls which Waldo is constantly thinking of and praying for. So the time comes when the boy relieves his heart of a great secret and a great burden; when he kneels down under the full African moon, and, unable to pray or weep any longer, says:

"'I hate God! I love Jesus Christ, but I hate God.' The wind carried away that sound as it had done the first; then he got up and buttoned his old coat about him. He knew he was certainly lost now; he did not care. If half the world were to be lost, why not he too? He would not pray for mercy any more. Better so—better to know certainly. It was ended now. . . . Better so—but oh, the loneliness, the agonized pain, for that night, and for nights on nights to come! The anguish that sleeps all day on the heart like a heavy worm, and wakes up at night to feed!"

Beside Waldo, the German boy, there is Lyndall, the beautiful little English girl, cynic and sceptic, a piercer of shams, capable of compassion, yet selfish in the grain, and hence incapable of love. That is the reader's rendering of Lyndall; we doubt that it is Miss Schreiner's. The whole picture of Lyndall after she returns from school is unpleasant, and in parts it would be revoltingly crude, if certain of the episodes, and specially that called "Gregory's Womanhood," did not seem so appallingly ignorant as to demand mercy under that plea. In spite of its strength and its unique literary quality, and apart, moreover, from its atheistic tendency, the book is morbid. We suppose that it will still find readers when *Robert Elsmere* has gone entirely out of fashion; but, though it has vitality enough to keep it alive, it is not fitted for wide popularity. It is too painful. It has no panaceas to offer in place of a belief in God and His Christ. Its lesson is that there is nothing in this world that is

not cheap and tainted, there is nothing which one can gain which does not turn to ashes on the lip, there is seeming success only for mean and cruel natures; and there is less than nothing hereafter. Dreary lesson! Mrs. Ward's is pleasanter to the ear, and then there is such an air "of good society" about it, and such a noble desire to elevate "the masses" by showing them very large and highly colored maps of the "Holy Land" from which the God-Man, the too-exacting Judge, has been skilfully eliminated by repeated importations of German criticism. But in all literary values, in native, genuine force, in photographic accuracy of observation and reproduction, in humor, ungenial though it be, and above all in interest, the work of the more successful novelist is not to be named in the same category with *The African Farm.*

A Fair Emigrant, by Rosa Mulholland, is reprinted from the pages of this magazine in an "authorized edition," by D. Appleton & Co. (New York). Our readers have too lately followed the fortunes of the charming Bawn and her lover, Rory Fingall of Tor, to stand in need of any commendation of the many good points of this novel. It makes a very handsome volume.

Mr. Grant Allen has again borrowed sufficient leisure from the scientific pursuits to which he is supposed to devote his serious labors and the sincerest devotion of his mind, to the production of a sensational novel, *This Mortal Coil*, also reprinted by the Appletons. As literature it has no standing whatever, but it is plotty, romantic, full of love, blood, murder, and suicide, and will not be likely to fail of interested readers.

Mr. R. E. Francillon's *Christmas Rose, A Blossom in Seven Petals* (New York: Harper & Brothers), is more agreeable work than Mr. Allen's, though it may prove tamer to the rank and file of novel-readers. It is a rather short story of the latter half of the eighteenth century, dealing with the fortunes of the Young Chevalier, as these affected the hearts and persons of a pair of married true lovers, Rupert Cleve and Hester his wife. It does not amount to very much, but it is pleasantly written and entirely wholesome.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

STORY OF A CONVERSION.

THE son of a Protestant minister, born and brought up in the Eastern States, I passed my earlier years among good people and under Christian influences. As a pupil in the common schools I was credited with an inquiring mind and with being reluctant to accept explanations containing reservations or precluding inquiry into foundations. I recall that in nearly all my friendships there was a tinge of sadness, a fear of loss or disappointment, reminding me of the shortness of life, which science has not lengthened, and that the finer instincts reached out for something sure and satisfying, thus retarding the bestowal of full devotion upon human attachments or the love of success or gain. In my college course I was successful and honored; the classics enlarged and refined my mind, and my favorite studies were history, especially on its philosophical side, moral philosophy, literature, and, above all, mathematics, whose certainty seemed to place a rock beneath my feet. My reading and speculations upon history led me to doubt the accuracy and completeness of much that is written respecting the great movements of the past, and I gradually came to think that theories of life, duty, and justice, working under changing conditions, often through hidden channels of communication, and affecting in different degree the minds of individuals, produced at length the external change. I doubted whether the majority of historians could reproduce an epoch like that pictured in Bulwer's *Last of the Barons* in all its shadings, with entire absence of prejudice, and thus came to believe firmly that what the great man is at heart and in his motives, misunderstood at times by the world about him and often incapable of reproduction later, is fully known to God alone, and is yet the measure of the individual man. This was my first conception of the interior life. In the natural sciences, also, I found realms of mystery still existing, despite elaborate theorizing, and was not satisfied that life, electricity, volcanoes, etc., were satisfactorily accounted for or explained.

It was in college that the Christian Church came fully to my knowledge as the spring of action in all history that is pleasant reading. France, with her fine intelligence, allied to our own country by so many bonds of sympathy, excelling so frequently in producing that highest type of man, the Christian gentleman, and always, through her upheavals, rejecting Protestantism as less attractive than atheism, held my earnest attention. I doubted Henry VIII. and some of the later heads of the English Church. Luther I liked for his fearlessness, upon the accounts of his work to which I then had access; but I did not comprehend how the fixed law of God—so undoubted in its essentials and observances through centuries that the great Greek Church, departing in the eleventh century, took with it, and still retains, the Mass, the veneration of Mary, confession, extreme unction, etc.—could be repudiated because of alleged abuses, and the divine fabric and system of Christianity, which, to fulfil the promises, must needs somewhere contain in every age the Divine Voice, Spirit, and Presence that continue the Incarnation, and guide and preserve Christian society, could be overturned by a purely human revolution of reform in Germany, unsupported by a single miracle. Of the other famous men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Cromwell I disliked as a man of force and the destroyer of Irishwomen; but Erasmus

interested me, and his prediction that Luther's Reformation would make men "masters and not disciples" has since been a key to various wars, international or internecine, that appeared unnecessary and unjust. I saw, also, that the church, unlike the world, never feared or neglected strength, merit, art, or genius; that, as exemplified in the life of Hildebrand, she not only put down the mighty from their seat, but exalted, even above kings, those of low degree; that in her bosom originated the doctrine that men, being brothers in one great family, are equal; and that great heresies and revolts against her gentle rule, though strong and prosperous for a time, have yet faded away before her steady light and been forgotten.

A reader of the Bible as a classic and religious guide, I observed, though not with clearness, passages in the Protestant version that seemed dead to many Protestants: "Peter, the first of the apostles" (Matt. x. 2), to whom Jesus said: "The spirit is ready, but the flesh is weak" (Mark xiv. 38); "The Lord himself shall give you a sign: Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son" (Isa. vii. 14); the angel's salutation: "Blessed art thou among women"; and Mary's declaration: "From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed" (Luke i. 28, 48); "For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do shew the Lord's death till he come. . . . But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body. For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep" (1 Cor. xi. 26–30); "A new *commandment* I give unto you" (John xiii. 34), where Jesus spoke as the God who gave the Ten Commandments; "Love is the fulfilling of the law" (Rom. xiii. 10); "Doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it?" (Prov. xxiv. 12); "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" (Matt. xii. 34); "He which searcheth the reins and hearts" (Rev. ii. 23); to call "not the righteous, but sinners to repentance"; "In honor preferring one another" (Rom. xii. 13); "Unless ye become as little children"; "For many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not; he came unto his own, and his own received him not," etc. I saw that the Sadducees were not altogether disfavored by him, and that the Pharisees were the only men whom he pronounced accursed.

As a boy I liked good boys and men, and disliked those who were false, treacherous, or selfish. I could not believe that those who were always wrong at heart, or vacillating between right and wrong, would not some day become irrevocably wrong. I was sure that there could be no heaven for me where certain boys and men and women would feel at home. I distinctly remember that the angel's greeting (Luke ii. 14): "On earth peace, good will toward men," seemed general in its scope, not then knowing the reading: "On earth peace to men of good will." These instincts and forebodings of my future faith, though dim and inactive, were part of my youthful life, and I have since wondered whether I was not Catholic by temperament. I reverenced the Bible, and its precepts have influenced my life and the temper of my mind. I was always pained at purely mental criticisms of its verses, and "exegesis" chilled me. Of its minor characters, I pitied Dives more than Lazarus, and Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathæa, Mary and Martha were my household friends. As a student of history I saw that the church, as the custodian and interpreter of revealed truth, early declared what should be deemed authentic among the writings, thereby making the Bible, and I believe that the sacred book would not to-day

be in existence, in a form to command respect from human intelligence, had not her infallible decree guarded it from cold and irreverent criticism. I saw, too, that through the mediæval darkness, in her monasteries at St. Gall, Tours, Fulda, etc., she preserved it, and also "all the treasures of ancient lore."

Upon completing my college course I spent considerable time abroad, in travel and in observation of the peoples and institutions of civilized Europe. France, especially in the southern and rural districts, Southern Germany, Italy, Catholic Switzerland, and the Tyrol, gave rise to the belief that Catholic discipline produces the most pleasing type of character, and that convents and monasteries are better than insane asylums for those to whom the world is thorny. Returning home and entering upon the active pursuits of life, I took no positive position with respect to religion. Going about on Sundays among the churches, and making it a point to hear, at least once, all distinguished preachers, for a time, so far as the matter received attention, I considered all religions good for those who liked them. It was not until deep grief and protracted illness caused me to think seriously, and time was afforded for reflection, that I was troubled by the thought whether black can be white, and the affirmative and the negative be equally pleasing in the sight of God. Always Christian in my undefined belief, I was much impressed by the calm, sensible sermons I heard from Catholic pulpits. I procured *Catholic Belief* and similar works at a Catholic bookstore, and finally asked the Paulist Fathers to accept me. They received me with most kindly consideration. The beloved and lamented Father Hecker told me to go upon my knees and enter in.

I am now in middle life. A student of the customs of the world, and a reader of the literature of different lands, I have known for several years how good it is to be placed within the Catholic Church, which, like a great cathedral whose exterior towers dull, grave, and supreme above the city's life, becomes ablaze with holy light when seen within. I cannot doubt that through all past history, since Jesus went above, he has given to her alone the spirit of truth, and that her vitalizing power, breaking through the decay of many European customs and exhausted forms, will be the soul and conscience of the world until he comes again. I cleave to her sincerity through light and shadow, through fever and through calm; and should the old questions ever arise again, involving a choice between the kind and motherly qualities of Christianity on the one side, which has given to the world Christian charity, purity, honor, and good manners, Christmas and the Christian home, and which, by the establishment of her schools at Alexandria and other ancient cities, germinated a soul within the Undine of old philosophy, and on the other side the cold external gloss of the whited sepulchre, the meanness, cynicism, chicane, and polygamy * which have too often been the result of the Jew's belief in a distant, nebulous God, who visited earth only in the terrors of fire, the lightning, and the storm, I should prefer to die rather than live on in a relapsed and abandoned world. I believe that for this and every Christian land the Christian Church is the one thing necessary, and that the question of the day should be: What think you of the generosity of Christ in facing the ancient world, and of the ideal woman who was with him when he was in the manger, when he was waxing strong at Nazareth, and when he suffered on the cross?

* The Jewish Church, following the Talmud, appears never to have forbidden polygamy, which is said to be still tolerated among the Jews of the East as in Old Testament times.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S MEMOIRS.*

When the dispute between the American Union and the Southern States had been transferred from the hustings to the field of battle the sorest need was men who knew how to fight, loved to do it, and knew how to train others to fight. Among our officers there were more with the first capability than with the latter. One lesson of the rebellion is that if the science of war is not to be taught in vain its rules must be assimilated by men who love to fight. The warlike nature is the true matrix of a military education. Such a nature was Philip H. Sheridan's. There were officers who could teach him strategy, though he knew its rules, and who could teach him grand tactics; but the master-passion of his life was his longing to whip the enemies of his country, to subjugate them, to reduce her rebellious citizens to entire submission to her sovereign authority. This quality made his West Point training an art, and the lack of this quality would have left it an abstract science. The rules of his profession endowed Sheridan's instincts with method, multiplied his resources, taught prudence and patience. But war means harm-doing to the enemy, and fierce hatred of enemies and the bold temper to destroy them are qualities not acquired by teaching; they are innate qualities and belong to the man. War is resorted to as a science in the same way as surgery is when the patient's ulcer cannot be healed by absorbents or plasters: the first requisite for the use of the knife and of fire is that the surgeon shall have the nerve to do his work boldly and thoroughly. The capable soldier and the skilful surgeon must have a zest for their painful work.

Graduated from West Point and made brevet second-lieutenant of infantry, Sheridan was stationed on the Rio Grande early in the fifties, and at once displayed an appetite for the hostile Indians prowling and thieving and murdering along that frontier. Transferred after a time to the Columbia River, Oregon, and placed in command of a small detachment of dragoons, he had the same hunger for the punishment of marauding savages, and had some opportunities to gratify it and to display that ingenuity in circumventing an enemy which he afterwards used to his own glory and the success of the national arms in the great War of the Rebellion. One may fancy how the faint and broken echoes of the first conflicts of the war vibrated in his soul as he waited for orders throughout the summer of 1861 in the sleepy frontier post on the Pacific coast. At last the long-looked for orders came. He was ordered to the seat of war, and on reaching St. Louis in the autumn was made quartermaster of the army under General Curtis, then in Southwestern Missouri, preparing for the campaign which culminated in the victory of Pea Ridge. Before leaving Oregon he had been made captain, but indulged only a modest ambition as to promotion. "I was ready to do my duty," he says, "to the best of my ability wherever I might be called, and I was young, healthy, insensible to fatigue, and desired opportunity; but high rank was so distant in our service that not a dream of its attainment had flitted through my brain" (vol. i. p. 123). His services as quartermaster are passed over lightly in the *Memoirs*, but they were of essential bearing on the campaign, as they enabled General Curtis to subsist his army during the winter months in a sparsely settled and hostile country. By the intrigues of corrupt subordinates in his department Sheridan was forced to resign his post, and we

* *Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan, General United States Army.* In two vols. Price $6. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co., 3 East Fourteenth Street.

next find him with Halleck's great army in front of Corinth in the spring of 1862, acting as a sort of supernumerary quartermaster in charge of the headquarters camp, but "spoiling for a fight." It was the State of Michigan which placed this ardent combatant in a position to see active service.

The Second Michigan Cavalry needing a colonel, Governor Austin Blair, the "war governor" of the State, appointed him to the office, using Captain Russell A. Alger, of the regiment, as his intermediary, since well known as governor and candidate for the presidential nomination; the same Alger commanded the turning column which materially helped to make Sheridan's first battle a victory at Booneville, Miss., and furthermore, when he was transferred to Virginia and faced the chivalry of the South under J. E. B. Stuart, it was Custer's Michigan brigade which won the highest honors. Even his horse Rienzi, which he mentions with such affection and which he says he rode in all his battles, which bore him along the road from Winchester to Cedar Creek on his famous ride, was bred in the State of Michigan and presented to him by Captain Archibald Campbell, of the Second Michigan Cavalry.

While in command of a division of infantry in the Army of the Cumberland, serving under Buell, Rosecrans, and Thomas, Sheridan so conducted himself and so managed his troops as to win distinction. Such campaigns as those which resulted in the battles of Perryville, Stones River, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge were calculated to bring out the good qualities of men and officers of all grades. It was probably the achievements of the division under Sheridan's command which led to his being ordered to the East by General Grant in the winter of 1863-4 and placed in command of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac. In Grant's dreadful march from the Rapidan to Petersburg during the following spring and summer Sheridan was almost incessantly engaged in cavalry combats on the army's flanks and expeditions against the enemy's lines of supply, securing from the outset such advantages over the enemy's cavalry as gradually to give the national arms the decisive superiority where mounted troops could be made use of. Pretty nearly the whole credit of this is due to Sheridan, the skill of his officers, and the valor of his men. Neither Grant nor Meade can claim more than a negative share; they simply didn't hinder him. Indeed, it took Meade some time to find out what sort of a man he had to deal with in his new cavalry general. The following extract from Sheridan's account of the operations after the battles of the Wilderness is instructive:

"A little before noon General Meade sent for me, and when I reached his headquarters I found that his peppery temper had got the better of his good judgment, he showing a disposition to be unjust, laying blame here and there for the blunders that had been committed. He was particularly severe on the cavalry, saying, among other things, that it had impeded the march of the Fifth Corps by occupying the Spottsylvania road. I replied that if this were true he had ordered it there without my knowledge. I also told him that he had broken up my combinations, exposed Wilson's division to disaster, and kept Gregg unnecessarily idle, and, further, repelled his insinuations by saying that such disjointed operations as he had been requiring of the cavalry for the last four days would render the corps inefficient and useless before long. Meade was very much irritated and I was none the less so. One word brought on another until, finally, I told him I could whip Stuart if he (Meade) would only let me, but since he insisted on giving the cavalry directions without consulting or even notifying me, he could henceforth command the cavalry corps himself—that I would not give it another order. The acrimonious interview ended with this remark, and after I left him he went to General Grant's headquarters and repeated the conversation to him, mentioning that I had said that I could whip Stuart. At this General Grant remarked: 'Did he say so? Then let him go out and do it.'"

Meade, in fact, had seemed inclined to use Sheridan's sabers to guard his flanks and rear and act as the antennæ of the army as it advanced; but the uses of cavalry in modern warfare were better understood by Grant, and especially so by Sheridan. After detaching a small portion of his force for the purposes above mentioned, Sheridan moved his corps out and away from the army and used them on the enemy's communications as an independent command. That he was able to do it effectively was quickly proved. On May 11 he encountered the Southern troopers far in Lee's rear and fought his first great cavalry battle at Yellow Tavern. He beat the Confederates in a fair fight, killed their leader, the far-famed J. E. B. Stuart, and that night and the next day rode in front of the city of Richmond, pounding at all its gates.

From that moment till the end he was Grant's left arm, being continually reached around to snatch the coveted prize, while with his right arm he grappled with Lee; at the very last it was this deadly sinister which was flung about the bleeding form of the immortal Army of Northern Virginia, while the Army of the Potomac seized and bound it at Appomattox.

But the lovely valley of the Shenandoah was the scene of Sheridan's greatest glory. The national forces had met with little but defeat there till the autumn of 1864, when Sheridan assumed command. He made his preparations and studied the country in which he was to operate with that patience which is one of the attributes of conscious power, and then assailed the Confederate army with a vigor which would seem desperate were it not so well calculated. He won a series of victories so brilliant, so complete, so fruitful that he successfully contests with Stonewall Jackson the title of the Hero of the Valley. When the artist Kelly made his much-admired statue of Sheridan he could but choose to represent him on his famous ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek. It was fitting that the nation which was saved from ruin by the war should have a hero of the valley as well as the Southern Confederacy—that monstrous attempt to erect amid the great powers of Christian civilization a government whose corner-stone should be human slavery. It was fitting that there should be a Phil Sheridan as well as a Stonewall Jackson.

To say that the writer of these memoirs was a fighter is to summarize his character as a soldier, and to say that he was an educated fighter is to summarize his character as a general. He liked to fight and hailed a good cause that he might fight and be honest. He was certainly not of an irritable disposition, snarling with his associates and friends, nor was he treacherous and revengeful to his enemies. But his nature was such that his love of right took the form of a desire to establish it by force, and his hatred of wrong to chastise its defenders, and if necessary to put them to death—the very stuff that soldiers should be made of. Upon this temperament it was that the training of West Point acted, and this temperament it was that was most needed before the military education could do its best work. What the man is, that is the soldier. West Point has gained by the war the easy pre-eminence among all military schools in the world, but it neither makes nor unmakes the man. Yet it does much for the man. It makes him gentlemanly and graceful in his bearing, obedient as well to civil as to military superiors, develops his mind and strengthens his body, and imparts a good general education and a competent knowledge of the science and art of war. West Point made it possible that this young infantry subaltern could become a most efficient quartermaster for an army in the field, a famous leader of cavalry, a successful commander of large bodies of men of all arms in critical and hazard-

ous military operations. It also taught him those methods of discipline which are kindly and by means of which he could win the affection of the multitudes of citizens who served under him as soldiers, and were soldiers but for that one war, and ever remained more citizens than soldiers. He knew how to win their affection and get much fight out of them. But that Sheridan was what is shown by these memoirs, and by that face of his, hard in lines though kindly in expression, as reproduced in the excellent portraits in these fine volumes—a fighter by nature—is the essential reason why this work must be in the hands of every man interested in the great war.

The whole book is the plain soldier's unvarnished tale. The interest, of course, cannot be otherwise than intense from beginning to end, for the whole career is adventurous and historical and is well described by the hero himself. In the summer of 1861 he was a second-lieutenant, in the autumn of 1862 he was a general of division, and a little more than two years later he was one of the most distinguished warriors of the age—a little man five feet five inches high, weighing one hundred and fifteen pounds! The style is direct, clear as crystal, unaffected, devoid of brag, not claiming everything but yet his due, frank. In his criticisms of other military leaders he is sometimes severe, never abusive nor, seemingly, actuated by selfish motives; in speaking of Buell, Rosecrans, and Halleck he appears to be especially fair and kindly. His description of military operations and battles is intelligible, and the publishers have by means of numerous maps helped the reader's comprehension of the matters treated of. Only once or twice does the narrative fall under a political side-light, and in those instances Sheridan is entitled to leave to posterity in his own words his statement of controversies involving his own fame—questions which will never cease to be subjects of discussion. The work is supplied with a full index, which will materially increase its usefulness.

THE PALESTRINA MYTH.

In the course of the article under the above title in the last number of this magazine an erroneous statement was made, *en passant*, concerning the dismissal of Palestrina from the Vatican Chapel and his appointment at the Liberian Basilica. The facts are these: Being, contrary to the regulations of the choir, a married man, Pope Paul IV. dismissed him. He soon obtained the position of maestro at the Lateran, and after a short time was transferred to the Liberian Basilica, where he remained ten years. Pope Pius V. reinstated him as maestro of the Cappella Giulia in the Vatican in 1571. It will be seen, however, that this error, now corrected, does not in any way affect the general argument of the article.

The article has been criticised as "giving no news" in the exposition of the facts concerning Palestrina and the Council of Trent, they having been already correctly stated by some recent writers. Yet I presume to insist that it has been a popular, historical, and literary myth dating back to a very early date after the death of Palestrina; and, so far as I know, none of the writers on this subject upon whose works our English-speaking students and general readers rely for information have called attention to the existence of the myth, its historical fallacy in the face of the real facts and dates as given by them, or that any one has hitherto signalized the cause to which, in great measure, is due its industrious propagation.

Of these recent writers, two have been quoted as having been beforehand with the "news"—*A History of Music*, by Emil Naumann, and an article in Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. These writers do indeed give accurate facts and dates. But unless the student should certify the corresponding dates of the sessions of the Council of Trent the language of both these authors would unmistakably go to confirm the myth in the mind of the reader. Naumann, who, by the way, appears to have received a brief to incriminate the Catholic Church in the persons of her clergy, who are described by him as full of "jealous envy," "malevolent spite," "haters of laymen," "violent and persistent in opposition," etc., and to exalt Luther "and all his works" if not his "pomps and vanities," says in his work (*History of Music*, vol. 1. p. 505): "Perhaps the most important event of his (Palestrina's) life was the honorable commission *he received from the Council of Trent* to write a mass which should serve as a model for future Catholic Church music." Is not this writing under the influence of the myth and transmitting it as history? Neither does he anywhere correct the false impression thus given, but strengthens it by going on to speak of "the demands of the Tridentine Council" in the matter of church music, which demands, by the way, were not at all as he states them. So much for Naumann's "news in advance."

The article in Grove's *Dictionary* thus discourses: "Other irregularities and corruptions hardly less flagrant were common among the singers, and the general condition of affairs was such that a resolution as to the necessity of reform in church music, which very nearly took the shape of a decree for its abandonment altogether, was solemnly passed in a full sitting of the Council of Trent. In 1563 Pius IV. issued a commission to eight cardinals," etc. The writer does not state that the council had already adjourned in 1562, and if this fact were unknown to the student of history he would be still left under the fallacious impression concerning Palestrina's relation to the council already given by former writers.

The *Encyclopædia Britannica* (article "Palestrina") repeats the above in substance, giving the true date, 1564, when Pius IV. appointed the commission, and in another place does indeed say that the story of Pope Marcellus and Palestrina is false, yet reaffirms the unwarrantable conclusion to be drawn from the threatened exclusion of concerted music by the council, in saying that it would have been "a proceeding which, so far as the church was concerned, would have rendered the 'Art of Music,' properly so-called, a dead-letter, not only for the time being, but in perpetuity." This is one of the mythical strands in the "church music" cable which I claim to have cut in my article. The *American Cyclopædia* (article "Palestrina") thus states the case: "The subject of the improvement of ecclesiastical music having been referred *by the Council of Trent* to a committee of cardinals and chaplain singers, a discussion arose, and Palestrina, being called upon to compose a work written in a more severe, simple, and devotional style, . . . produced his celebrated 'Mass of Pope Marcellus.'" Here again is the myth!

Mr. G. A. Macfarren, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (article "Music"), says in few words: "The whole custom of composition and performance was rigorously condemned by the Council of Trent, in consequence of which Palestrina was commissioned in 1563 to write music for the Mass that should be truthful to the spirit of devout declamation, etc." This writer, who ought to be better informed, also imagined with Dr. Burney that popes and *conclaves* engaged themselves with the discussion and proclamation of conciliar decrees of reformation of church music. He says: "In the three hundred years between that time and

this pontiffs and *conclaves* have again and again enacted statutes to conserve the purity of ecclesiastical art."

So much for these recent writers and their having so presented the facts in the case as to clear up, even for students of history or for the general reader, a positively erroneous impression, which unquestionably has widely prevailed as a consequence of the false assertions made by many musical writers and repeated *ad nauseam* by orators and essayists, who had their argument for "church music" to bolster up with rhetorical allusions to Palestrina and the Council of Trent. I subjoin the names of a few of the more important of these.

Angelo Berardi (*Dialogues upon Music*, 1681); Antonio Liberati (A Letter, 1685); Pietro Polliodori (*De Vita Marcelli II.*, p. 124); Andrea Adami (*On the Regulation of the Choir of Chanters in the Pontifical Chapel*, 1711); Antonio Eximeno (*Origin and Rules of Music*, 1774); Martin Gerbert (*De Cantu et Musica Sacra*, tom iv., 1774); Dr. Burney (*General History of Music*, 1789); Chevalier Artaud de Montor (*Lives and Times of the Roman Pontiffs*, vol. i. p. 743, 1867).

All these authors, copying, probably, one from the other, agree in ascribing the reform of music to Pope Marcellus, and the composition of Palestrina's Masses to his instance, some even relating the performance of the great Mass "Papæ Marcelli" on the Easter Sunday following the coronation of that pope, a performance which never took place.

We find other writers telling the story to the effect that the council was so pleased with and influenced by hearing Palestrina's Mass that they modified the severity of their intended decree. Among these are Lelio Guidiccioni, in a letter of the 16th of January, 1637, to the Bishop of Vaison, and Pietro della Valle (*The Music of our Epoch*, 1640).

Again and again these errors have been repeated, especially by modern orators and essayists. In the October number, 1888, of THE CATHOLIC WORLD (article "Church Music, its Origin and Different Forms") the writer says: "It is said that the Council of Trent intended to pass some severe canons against the music then in vogue, but just at that time Palestrina composed his church music, which, though entirely unlike Gregorian (?), was received with such favor as to prevent a strict legislation on the part of the council." Here we have a pretty good specimen of the "myth" upon a page whose ink is hardly dry.

ALFRED YOUNG.

MORALITY AND SECTARIANISM.

The *Christian Register* of January 31, 1889, contains a number of replies from eminent thinkers to this question: Can morality be taught without sectarianism? None of the writers have attempted to construct a definite basis for the *unsectarian* code of morality, and it is evident that such a code has not yet been clearly formulated. We know what is meant by the moral teaching of the various religious denominations, which accept entirely or in part the Christian doctrines as revealed in the New Testament. Unsectarian morality, however, has no prophet, no law-giver. Where are its credentials? On whose authority does it claim recognition?

In the November, 1888, *Contemporary Review* Canon Gregory, representing the Church of England, makes this comment (page 645):

"The Education Act of 1870 practically establishes a new religion, 'Undenominationalism,' for the elementary schools of the country, which has the singular merit of being a religion which nobody who cares for religion (whatever his faith or denomination may be) would teach his own children, but which for political reasons seems to be regarded as sufficiently good for the poorer classes."

Again, on page 657 he says:

"The majority demand religious liberty for believers as well as for unbelievers, for those who have a definite faith as much as for those who have none. At present—in England—the whole school-board rate is given to schools where no religious teaching is given, or where the religion taught is so nebulous that it does not admit of being expressed in a creed, or so indefinite that it cannot be formulated into the accurate terms of a catechism. This is enforced by act of Parliament, and is not left to the free determination of the various bodies by whom school-rates are levied, and is, in my opinion, a gross violation of the principle of religious liberty."

Canon Gregory then quotes from the majority report of the Education Commission to show that all the evidence gathered by their prolonged investigation "is practically unanimous as to the desire of the parents for the religious and moral training of their children." Our American school boards make little or no provision for the wishes of parents. Let us hope that the parental voice will soon make itself heard in discussions of the educational question.

The members of the Royal Education Commission represented many denominations, and in their majority report agreed upon the following declaration, quoted by Canon Gregory:

"Whilst differing widely in our views concerning religious truth, we are persuaded that the only safe foundation on which to construct a theory of morals, or to secure high moral conduct, is the religion which our Lord Jesus Christ has taught the world. As we look to the Bible for instruction concerning morals, and take its words for the declaration of what is morality, so we look to the same inspired source for the sanctions by which men may be led to practise what is there taught, and for instruction concerning the help by which they may be enabled to do what they have learned to be right."

What has unsectarianism to offer as a substitute for this plain statement, which ought to be acceptable to all Christians? The genuine unsectarian code must be detached from every positive religious belief. Perhaps it is to be formed —for it does not yet exist—of the moral axioms, ancient and modern. According to one of the writers in the *Christian Register*, "Axiomatic morality is moral moonshine."

THOMAS MCMILLAN.

READING CIRCLES.

The movement started in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD in favor of Reading Circles has been extensively noticed by the Catholic press. Grateful acknowledgment is due to the editors of these papers for the space kindly given to this subject. It is certainly to be desired that the interest shown thus far may be continued. Editorial approval deservedly has great weight in producing conviction, because it is based on information not accessible to the general public.

With much pleasure we have read several choice paragraphs favorable to Reading Circles, penned by a sagacious writer in the *Le Couteulx Leader*, from which the following quotation is taken:

"The subject of Reading Circles is continued in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. We hope something will come of the plan, and that its benefits will not accrue to studious young women

only, if, as may be inferred from the letter of one correspondent, young men are likely to wish to share them. It seems to us that if THE CATHOLIC WORLD were subscribed for and read in all the Catholic families able to afford it a great step would be taken towards interesting 'our people' in their own literature and great men and women.

"In the pages of such a magazine the average busy man, or busy woman, has about all the reading he can find time for, beside the indispensable daily paper. He is kept informed of the best thoughts of the best thinkers upon religious and educational movements in the past as well as those engaging contemporary interest; history, biography, science, art, and matters purely literary are represented. People who have more leisure and a ticket for some public library would learn from it what books to ask for, and those able to form a library of their own would have a sure guide in making their collection. Unhappily, in hundreds of Catholic houses where the *Scribner* or *Harper's Magazine* or the *Century* are regular visitors THE CATHOLIC WORLD is scarcely known. If the proposed Reading Circles do no more than enrich some of our public libraries with such works by Catholic authors as all Catholics who can afford to buy them should have in their own libraries, they will have justified their existence. Local efforts towards the accomplishment of what the 'Circles' are expected to effect have been many, but it appears that this latest and wider-reaching scheme is likely to enlist active workers whose zeal in other and smaller plans is apt to prove spasmodic. Public libraries, as a rule, put on their shelves the books for which there is likely to be most demand. It seems to be a rule, also, in all of them that, when a book *not* on the list is asked for by a number of subscribers, to procure it at once. As all such libraries have many Catholic patrons, it follows that these make few requisitions for books by authors of their own faith. And for the most part they do not ask for them because they know little or nothing of them or their writers."

"BARRYTOWN, N. Y.

"In reference to the project of Reading Circles, I entirely approve of any movement for the dissemination and cultivation of Catholic literature. Among intelligent and educated Catholics I have observed that the reading found on their library tables and exposed to the children of the family is too much of the mere worldly order, and in two cases of the kind I have sent the *Young Catholic* for examination, that it might be adopted for the reading of children who need light as to the men and things particularly and greatly Catholic.

"The plan proposed appears to be confined to the Catholic women, but as the influence of woman for good or evil is world-wide, the plan could be extended to men, in my judgment, without affecting the general object, and practically thus render the movement more beneficial. In the case of families, the husband and father should be interested in any scheme of literary advancement in which the wife and mother may be involved. From this point of view the children would benefit from familiarity with Catholic books, magazines, and papers in union with the elders, and every household could be formed into a 'Reading Circle' in the best sense. To restrict it to single young women a partial success may be attained, and it might do to commence in that way, and enlarge the scope as the movement progresses.

"WM. J. MCCLURE."

"The proposed Reading Circle, I feel sure, will meet a great want. I have much desired something of the kind and hope for much good from it. Our young people are warned often enough against evil ways in reading; the right way is not pointed out to them. I am glad that an effort to do this is now to be made.

"It will give me pleasure to direct those under my guidance to follow 'Reading Circle.' Please find stamps for list of books in preparation. M. J. D."

"KEITHSBURG, ILL.

"I read with pleasure your appeal to the Catholic public to form a Reading Circle. Wishing to become a member, I enclose ten cents in postage to assist in defraying the expense of printing the first list of books. S. A. B."

"SUMMIT, UNION CO., N. J.

"I have read with interest the articles in CATHOLIC WORLDS on the proposed Reading Circles, and I enclose ten cents in postage-stamps toward the fund for expenses, and I will gladly give my services, if needed, to aid any Catholics who have had less facilities than myself of enjoying Catholic books. O. D. H."

"Buffalo, February, 1889.

"The actual need of a society for revealing the wealth of Catholic literature has now become a recognized fact. The plan should be broad enough to embrace all classes of society. The admirers of 'The Duchess' and 'Ouida' compose a large percentage of our Catholic working-girls, who are dazzled by these objectionable writers. Let the Circle not forget them in its outline, but if possible include directors for desultory as well as more serious reading. The only suggestion I can make is that it should be thoroughly Catholic in its broad, philanthropic principles. J. L."

"Buffalo, N. Y.

"As there never was a girl without an *opinion*, and as the greatest satisfaction she can have is the chance of giving her opinion, I suppose you, as the promoter of the excellent Reading Circles scheme, have had tons of feminine advice (I wonder whether you labelled it *good* or otherwise ?) showered upon you long before this. Please do not imagine, therefore, that I intend to deluge you with a formidable quantity of this same commodity. I shall only venture to suggest, on the chance that nobody has preceded me with the same suggestion, that our Catholic Reading Circles might be organized, at least as far as mere reading goes, for people with little time and not much inclination, somewhat on the basis of the 'Half-Hour Reading Clubs,' which are favorably known in several American cities and seem to accomplish a great deal. Their rules, as far as I have learned, are very simple. Each member of the club agrees to read some interesting book, from the list arranged by the superintendent or director of the club, one-half hour daily. Failure to do this enjoins a fine, and at the end of the year prizes are given to members who have not missed one single day's reading. Each member, of course, sends to the director the name of each book she reads when finished, with a brief summary of its contents.

"It seems to me this idea might work very well for our Catholic Literary Society that is to be in the near future, I hope. I, as well as a great many others, am anxiously awaiting its active existence. If my feeble services can in any way further that end, pray consider them at your command. Marie Louise Sandrock."

To J. G. S., of Buffalo, N. Y., we would suggest further consideration of the motives urging us to give precedence to Catholic writers. Are you aware that Protestant literature receives full and overflowing praise from other sources? Wealth has given to its books and magazines the most artistic covers, with pretty designs and colors to attract the eye of the observer. By various advertising mediums the names of its authors and their works are made known. Catholic literature, on the other hand, is neglected. Our writers and publishers need a more substantial co-operation from the Catholic reading public. Dante, Shakspere, and others are general favorites among all denominations.

In regard to our own authors we ought to have a feeling like that which prompts a man to take a reasonable pride in his own personal appearance. His coat may not be the best in the world, but he has for it a most decided preference, because it is *his own*.

We hope that many of the Catholic authors will make use without delay of the opportunity now offered to send a friendly communication to their readers for publication in The Catholic World.

Department Reading Circles.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

Who says the people can't sing? Some one who has not been at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, in New York City. Who says they will not sing? Some one who has not heard them do it at that church.

Who says they don't like to sing?

Some one who does not know how they put their hearts and souls into it after a little encouragement.

Who says that "our people do not want popular services with congregational singing"? Some one who has not seen the crowds at that church on Sunday evenings.

Why do the people go to these services? Because they are popular.

Why do they like them? Because they take part in them and join in the prayers.

Why are these devotions so well attended? Because the music is so good.

What brings so many men to them? Because they are bright, short, and enjoyable.

What makes them so enjoyable? Having a thousand or more people singing together the praises of God.

What makes them interesting? Taking an active part in them by each one who is present.

What is the object of these devotions? The saving of souls.

Is it not an imitation of Protestant meetings? No; you find similar things in the old Catholic countries; St. Philip Neri established the same thing in the city of Rome as part of the rule of his order. A. B. C.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SHORT INSTRUCTIONS FOR LOW MASSES; or, the Sacraments Explained. By Rev. James Donohoe, of St. Thomas Aquinas' Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

Here are fifty-four short instructions or five-minute sermons adapted to the use of churches which have Low Masses on Sundays frequented by the people. They range over that wide field of pastoral theology embraced under the head of The Sacraments. They are written and have been preached by the pastor of a busy church in the city of Brooklyn, and have thus been subjected to the test of experience. They are excellent little sermons, plain in their statement of doctrine, amply provided with familiar illustrations, and while, strictly speaking, instructions, they are strongly hortatory in tone. The author's style is clear, his manner direct and familiar (except in addressing his hearers as "dear *people*"), and the conclusions drawn are practical.

It would be a mistake to think that the author confines these instructions strictly within the scope indicated by the title of his little volume; he treats whatever subjects are kindred to the sacraments. Under the head of matrimony, for example, we find five-minute sermons on such practical matters as company-keeping, promise of marriage, conjugal love, duties of parents, faulty education, and bad literature—these in addition to such subjects as the banns, nuptial Mass, and the ceremonies of marriage, impediments and mixed marriages.

We commend these instructions to our brethren in the priesthood, and also to Catholic school teachers as well as to parents.

THE OFFICE OF TENEBRÆ, transposed from the Gregorian Chant into modern notation. By Rev. James A. McCallen, S.S., St. Patrick's Church, Montreal. Montreal: printed for the author. John Lovell & Sons.

Of this work as a translation of the chant into modern notation we can only say that those who know the chant would much prefer the old notation, and to those who do not know it such translations are unintelligible. It is impossible for a musician acquainted only with modern notation to avoid giving relative value to musical notes. The ordinary musician will also be sure to sing a piece noted chiefly in minims very slowly, and this would tend to emphasize and exaggerate the tedious, drawling style which has rendered the singing of chants so unpopular. To have the words of the *Tenebræ* given complete, repeated where necessary without reference, is a desideratum which the reverend author has sought and filled. We are also glad to see that it is printed in large, readable type.

During the seasons appointed for fasting, mourning, and contrite prayer, and especially so during the last week of Lent, called the Holy Week, the church puts off all possible outward display of ornament, restricting the use of that variety and brilliancy of color, as well as of pearl and precious gem-adorned vestments for altar and priest, which, at other times of a more festive character, she judges to be more suitable as a manifestation of joy and as befitting her ceremonial garments of praise and thanksgiving.

If she orders this retrenchment of what appeals to the sense of sight as a mark of festivity at such times, she does the like for our chastening of thought in the variety and expression of what affects the soul through the sense of hearing. The singular and effective simplicity of her liturgical chant during Holy Week, and especially at the offices called the *Tenebræ*, are well known, and to those who are acquainted with the nature and can appreciate the tonal effect of the church's own sacred song its wonderful adaptability to its purposes is as unquestionable as it is marvellous. Experience has shown that these services have a great attraction for all classes of persons, but especially for the poor and unlearned, who, apart from other considerations, possess but a limited capacity to comprehend or even to be touched by music of an ornate or intricate form. That Gregorian chant is "good enough and suitable for dead Masses and Lent" is the common saying of those who through ignorance or prejudice would like to be rid of it altogether. Yet these are the very persons who, contrary not only to their own expressed judgment, but to the requirements of the ritual and the spirit of the church, make use of just such occasions to display their talent in the production of music wholly foreign to all the principles we have noted, and turn the churches into rival concert halls where they "bring out," before audiences which they ought to know are in these matters generally unintelligent and morally unappreciative, the most elaborate *Misereres*, *Benedictus* canticles, *Responsories*, and sweetly harmonized *Lamentations*.

Whatever may be said of the rest of the volume before us, we enter our mild but earnest protest against that part of it containing such harmonies. They do violence not only to our sense of what is proper, but we think they are offensive to good taste. We loath all these fancy musical concerts in church, and more than all their introduction during these solemn and pathetic commemorative services of the Lord's Passion and death.

We regret that we cannot give a more cordial commendation to this work of so zealous an author, since we would go a long way about to find reasons for praising and encouraging any effort that we think might in the least aid in the study and practice of the holy chant and further its use in the divine offices of the church.

THE LIFE OF RAPHAEL. By Herman Grimm. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

This is a translation by Miss S. H. Adams of Grimm's great work, and it has the merit—rare among works of the kind—of being translated into English, not into English words with German idiom and construction. If the original is better than the translation in strength, in clearness, and in purity and ease of diction, it must rank very high.

If one has never had the happiness of spending long hours before the masterpieces of Raphael, we venture the opinion that the pen-pictures contained in this volume will go a long way in making up for the pleasure he has missed. We recall distinctly the tints, the shadows, the lights of these pictures as we read the pages that so graphically portray them. The book ought to have a large sale among all lovers of the great and true in art.

THE SACRED PASSION OF JESUS CHRIST: Short Meditations for every day in Lent. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

THE WORDS OF JESUS CHRIST DURING HIS PASSION. EXPLAINED IN THEIR LITERAL AND MORAL SENSE. Translated from the French of Rev. F. X. Schouppe, S.J. By Rev. J. J. Quin. Same publishers.

These pretty little volumes are practical aids to meditation for every day of the penitential season of Lent. Father Clarke's *Sacred Passion* is especially good, full of unction, following a concise method of arranging the matter, which has been borrowed from St. Bonaventure. We commend the author's suggestion of appropriate passages of Holy Scripture to be read with each meditation.

Father Schouppe's *Words of Jesus Christ* is an explanation in the literal and moral sense of our Lord's words during his whole Passion. It is calculated to give great assistance in preparing sermons and instructions during Lent, especially in Passion-tide.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF MRS. SARAH PETER. By Margaret R. King. 2 vols. Cincinnati: Robert Clark & Co.

These memoirs have been prepared by the late Mrs. Peter's daughter-in-law, a Protestant lady, and therefore scarcely able to treat the religious side of her character in a sympathetic spirit. Nevertheless, so many of Mrs. Peter's letters are incorporated in the work that the reader obtains a good view of that most conspicuous feature of her career. She was a widow and fifty years of age when she entered the church, moved thereto by many years of study and much travel and knowledge of human nature. The step was in no small degree facilitated by acquaintance with Archbishop Hughes, whom she met in Rome, in which city she made her abjuration.

Mrs. Peter was a type of the strong Western woman, having been born the beginning of the century in the State of Ohio and brought up in the midst of its pioneer state of society. Her parents were wealthy and gave

her what education was possible under the circumstances. But that she was an excellent musician, that she was acquainted with French, German, and Italian literature, and spoke those languages with fluency, was due principally rather to her ambition and industry than to her early opportunities. She was extremely fond of art, for which she had a correct and cultivated taste. Her letters from all parts of Europe, written during her many voyages thither, show her just appreciation and her sound judgment.

But all that Mrs. Peter was by nature or refinement would never have made her worthy of mention to posterity. It was the Catholic religion which developed in her those qualities of philanthropy and charity which have give her a real fame. Seeing human suffering and obtaining in her new religious life the deeper depths of sympathy, she found in Catholic organizations an adequate remedy. From the time of her conversion she devoted her life and fortune to the introduction and foundation of houses of charitable communities from Europe, especially in the city and diocese of Cincinnati. There, now developed and multiplied, they stand, monuments of her enlightened and wide-reaching charity, the best memoir of a truly great woman.

THE LIFE OF BLESSED MARTIN DE PORRES (a Negro Saint), of the Third Order of St. Dominic in the Province of St. John Baptist of Peru. Translated from the Italian by Lady Herbert. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

In Lima, the capital of Peru, just about three hundred years ago, a dark mulatto presented himself at the Dominican convent and begged admission to the order. He was quickly received, and after a time, by the unanimous vote of the chapter of the house, was clothed with the habit. This was to his immense joy, but to the disgust of his father. Martin de Porres' father was a Spaniard of gentle blood. He was united in lawful wedlock to a negress, and their son inherited the black face and other physical characteristics of his mother to the chagrin and disgust of his father. The latter held a high office under the Spanish crown at Lima, but when Martin had grown to be a youth he almost disowned him, and finally had him apprenticed to a barber. We may, in passing, call attention to the chagrin and disgust of many in our times who study the black citizen of the United States, who would disown him and keep him for ever in the barber-shop or the pantry. We hope that the outcome will be as favorable to our black people, especially the Catholics among them, as it was to Martin de Porres.

Martin learned the elements of surgery and medicine in the barber-shop, and there began to exercise his skill for the benefit of the poor, especially during a pestilence which desolated the city. But from his earliest childhood he had been favored with most extraordinary marks of divine predilection, which finally culminated in his vocation to the Dominican order. He had a good mind, was well educated, and might have been made a priest had he so chosen. But at his own earnest entreaty he remained a lay-brother, though he took the solemn vows.

The record of his life as briefly, and we think authentically, given in this little volume is a long list of prodigies of heroic charity. He soon commanded the purses of the rich and the hearts of the poor, while his supernatural gifts were of so astounding a character as to entitle him to the

name of Thaumaturgus. His life was a strange one, as the times were strange, the country in which he lived being in a transition state from colonization to permanent settlement. History presents a medley of humanity in the Peru of those days—soldiers and missionaries, savages and gold-hunters, more picturesque than agreeable; over them all Blessed Martin seemed to exert a supremacy which reminds us of St. Vincent de Paul in the terrible days of the Fronde. His charities were colossal, embracing whole districts of country and all classes of men. He was a poor mulatto lay-brother, yet he was in many ways the noblest figure and the most influential man in that part of Spanish America.

The introduction to this *Life*, by Bishop Vaughan, of Salford, is excellent in tone and in matter; in fact, there is no question of such present interest as What will become of the negro?—a question of critical importance, whether viewed from the political or religious standpoint. Such books as this *Life* introduce us to those supernatural elements of equality and paternal love as are alone capable of reconciling the diverse interests of races and classes.

MANUALS OF CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY—*Moral Philosophy; or, Ethics and Natural Law.* By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. New York: Benziger Bros. 1888.

The First Principles of Knowledge. By John Rickaby, S.J. New York: Benziger Bros. 1889.

The numerous philosophical errors of John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Huxley, and others have permeated current literature and exert a powerful influence in many circles, political, social, and religious. The ordinary text-books of Catholic philosophy have for their principal object the opening of the way to the study of theology, being chiefly written in view of a subsequent theological course. So far as attention is paid to purely philosophical subjects, on account of their authors being for the most part unacquainted with, or at least not deeply interested in, our English philosophical writers, that full discussion of their systems which is so important for our own people is not found in these text-books. Des Cartes and Gioberti, Kant and Hegel occupy the space which it is desirable should be given to writers more influential at home.

The manuals of Catholic philosophy which the fathers of the English Province of the Society of Jesus are now publishing bid fair to fill the vacant space and to supply this real want. The authors have all been (with perhaps one exception) professors who have had the care of the rising generation of English Jesuits, and, conformably with the practical spirit of the society, they have had in view the actual needs of the time and country. The first of the volumes mentioned above (Father Joseph Rickaby's *Moral Philosophy*), to which we shall restrict our remarks in the present notice, discusses (among other subjects) Utilitarianism, the retributive character of punishment, Altruism, and Hedonism; Landed Property, Capital, the Civil Power, and the State, and brings out in contrast with and opposition to the English theorists of name and note the received philosophy of the church based upon Aristotle and St. Thomas. The most pleasing feature of Father Rickaby's work is the fairness with which he states the position of his opponents and his readiness in accepting and acknowledging whatever is true and valuable in them. As an example of this we may quote the following: "A great point with modern thinkers is the

inviolability of the laws of physical nature—*e.g.*, of gravitation or of electrical induction. If these laws are represented, *as J. S. Mill said they should be*, by tendencies only, they are truly inviolable" (p. 131). Again, in the chapter on Utilitarianism, after stating the principle of general consequences in Paley's own words, Father Rickaby proceeds: "My contention is not with this principle,which has a certain value in Ethics, and is used by many writers other than Utilitarians, but with the greatest Happiness principle and the principle of utility."

While the principles of this work are those of the Catholic schools, Father Rickaby is able to discriminate and to reject the evil and choose the good. "The study of civil and canon law flourished in the middle ages, while moral science, which is the study of the natural law, was still in its infancy. No wonder that the mediæval jurists occasionally formulated maxims which can only be squared with the principles of the natural law by an exceeding amount of interpretation—which are, in fact, much better dropped, quoted though they sometimes be by moralists of repute" (p. 352). Again: "The censorship of opinions even in a model state would vary in method according to men and times. The *imprimatur* might be either for all books, or only for a certain class. It might be either obligatory or merely matter of counsel to obtain it. We are not to adopt promiscuously all the praiseworthy customs of our forefathers" (p. 370).

The work is made attractive and interesting by illustrations drawn from subjects with which English readers are familiar. We are perfectly confident that no better book can be placed in the hands of youthful students, either Catholic or Protestant, of moral questions, provided such students are willing seriously to study.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MOTHER MARGARET MARY HALLAHAN, O.S.D. Abridged from her *Life*. London: Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer.

Margaret Hallahan was born in London, of Irish Catholic parents, on the 23d of January, 1803. Her parents' state of life was humble, and the death of her father when Margaret was but nine years of age left her an object of charity. Three years was all the schooling she received, but her mind was naturally bright and quick and her character energetic. She could never cipher, wrote with difficulty and with errors in spelling; but she loved reading, and devoured every book which came in her way. She was placed, soon after her father's death, in an orphan asylum, and in a few months' time was left in the desolation of complete orphanhood by the death of her mother; about the same time she left the asylum and was placed at service. She was well instructed in the principles of religion and had become habituated to the reception of the sacraments.

These spiritual aids she had much need of, for she was treated by her mistress with excessive harshness, such as would have crushed her spirit if any human means could have done it. She never entirely lost the effects of this treatment, so that to the last there mingled with her high and independent spirit a certain timidity. At the age of twelve years she resolved to escape from this cruel slavery and ran away, knocking at the doors of the houses and asking if a little servant-maid was wanted. In this way she came at last to a hotel and was there taken in out of pity for her forlorn condition, only to be recaptured, like Smike, and brought back to her former mistress, to be treated, however, with much greater kindness. From this place she passed,

a year or so afterwards, into a Protestant family, and suffered from inability to attend at Mass and from the blasphemous language of her master. She ended by breaking a plate over his head. In her next place the poor girl was subjected to indecent proposals, but, seizing a knife, she threatened to kill her insulter if he did not instantly leave her presence, which he at once proceeded to do. But her worst trials as a servant came to an end on entering the family of a distinguished physician, in which and in those of his married children she remained as a nurse and sort of confidential servant for upwards of twenty years, fifteen of them spent in Belgium.

While with these kind souls, full of good qualities as they were, and worthy to be her friends, Margaret had leisure to think of God and to attend to the deep problems of her soul. She became conscious of the secret touches of the Holy Spirit, and with the courage of a finely-constituted nature set herself resolutely apart for the divine service. She adopted a black dress and a strange-looking cap, and not without more of a motive than a desire for simplicity of attire; for Margaret possessed unusual personal attractions of which she could hardly remain, or be let remain, quite unknowing. Even in later years she retained traces of a peculiar noble beauty and an extraordinary dignity of manner, "which," as her biographer says, "always left the impression that she was one of nature's queens. These personal gifts often drew on her a kind of admiration exceedingly repugnant to her and to which she manifested her dislike with characteristic impetuosity. When one visitor at the house thought fit to address her some foolish compliment she rejected his advances with so sound a box on the ear that he retreated and complained that Peggy had a heavy hand and had used it in return for his civilities." To set all question of company-keeping and of marriage at rest, she finally took a vow of chastity, being at the time about the age of twenty-two.

The story of her sojourn in Belgium is extremely interesting, dealing as it does with her progress in the spiritual life and the development of her vocation into a distinct and settled resolve to devote herself entirely to the service of God in works of charity. Her plan was to remain in Belgium and to establish a humble little community of Dominican Tertiaries, and to care for invalids and instruct the ignorant. But after many sufferings, borne with courage and indeed cheerfulness, and after much blind groping about for guidance, she was led by the Spirit of God back to England. She was established in her labors and introduced to the necessary requirements for her future foundation by the venerable Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Ullathorne, at that time pastor of the little Catholic flock in Coventry.

We must beg the reader to get this sketch and to study for himself Mother Hallahan's subsequent career of founding and carrying on schools and convents and various centres of charity among the Catholics of England. We have dwelt particularly upon the early part of her life, because to us it is by far the most interesting and instructive. It tells who she is, and what she is—the woman who, when she died, was the spiritual mother of so many noble-hearted souls devoted to a life of high perfection and of heroic charity. She was a poor servant-girl, true to her natural instincts of purity, industry, integrity; loyal to her faith and its teachings; great of heart and wide of mind; taught better of God than of man; and chosen out of many to be the special friend of God, and a leader of choice souls.

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE. Translated into English verse, with notes, by John Augustine Wilstach. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We have read and we have tried to read many translations of the Divine Poet. We have turned quickly from some; from others we have risen tired and weary as one feels after making some great effort. Others again have roused our anger at the ignorance or stupidity of the translator, mingled, we must say, with a sort of contemptuous pity. But from this translation we turn with love; we rise strengthened and refreshed; we come away with thoughts of peace, for here are learning, fairness, and piety, instead of ignorance, bigotry, and blasphemy.

And first we speak of the translation. It is a good one. Its merits are these. It is made into English verse: not into pedantic Latinized English. The words chosen suit the subject. The good solid Anglo-Saxon which stands out so boldly in the Inferno gives to it that fierceness which it needs.

Mr. Wilstach is not afraid of seeing two or more words of one syllable in a row as so many authors are. These think that unless every third word takes five or six motions of the vocal organs to speak it the English is poor. Thus:

> "And I, who stood intent to view the same,
> Saw muddy people in that bog effete,
> Naked and angry each when each would meet.
> And each the other would with fury smite
> With hands, head, chest, and feet; their rage so sore
> Each with keen teeth the other maimed and tore."
>
> *Inf.*, *Cant.* viii. 109.

> "His beard was long, and lined with white hairs shone,
> Like as his tresses, whereof on his breast
> A double stream his dignity high confessed."
>
> *Purg.*, *Cant.* i. 34-37.

> "As in a fish-pond pure whose wavelets rest,
> The fishes draw t'wards that which food they deem,
> As there they see it through the crystal beam,
> So drew a thousand splendors, then, and more,
> Our place towards, and words each uttered glad."
>
> *Paradiso*, *Cant.* i. 100-104.

We see from these specimens, taken at random, that there are enough Anglo-Saxon words, and good, to show what we mean without constantly tripping over the French and Latin fences, which for many a writer ought to have the notice "No trespassing" posted up.

The transition of the style in the translation from heavy, grave, and severe to clear, cutting, sharp, and, lastly, to lightsome, reverent, and lofty, in the Paradiso, Purgatorio, and Inferno respectively, is a master-stroke, and assures the reader that the translator has endeavored to enter into the mind and spirit of the author who conceived and brought forth the poem. We think that Mr. Wilstach has done all this well. We like, also, the division into verses. The long lines without a break which are found in blank verse are tiresome. The rhyme is good; and altogether, as an English work, we have the greatest praise for it.

Dante was a Catholic, and though he may have said bitter things about the Roman pontiff in his capacity as temporal ruler, nevertheless he had, as all good Catholics ever have had, the utmost devotion to the See

of Peter. This fact, which other translators and commentators have at tempted to cover up or pass by, is most emphatically brought out in the notes.

For this reason, if for no other, these notes in Mr. Wilstach's translation are of great worth. The vindication of St. Celestine V., and the manner in which it is shown how one must distinguish when considering Dante and his feelings towards the Papacy as a divine institution, and the temporal power and the human policy which directed it.

Dante was no Protestant, nor had he any leanings in that direction. As a politician he was intensely bitter against Boniface VIII., but his devotion to the Holy See must have been ardent if we read the mind of the man in the poem.

We hope that every Catholic that reads good books will have on his shelves a copy of Mr. Wilstach's Dante. It is well printed and bound, and for a present at Easter we could not recommend anything better.

LEAVES FROM ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM. Selected and translated by Mary H. Allies. Edited, with a preface, by T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

From the great store of St. Chrysostom's writings Miss Allies has selected and translated such parts as are deemed useful and edifying. This great saint, so renowned for his eloquence and for his witness to the Catholic faith on points of modern controversy, has left to posterity a larger mass of writings than any other Greek Father, and in the original has a majesty of style which makes him worthy of the name he bears. These cullings from his works are made with good taste and appear in excellent English. Mr. T. W. Allies, the father of the translator, and well known from his historical and controversial writings, contributes a preface which is a sketch of the saint's life and a summary of his works. It is well written, full of unction, and, though all too brief, conveys a good general view of St. John's life and of his place in the turbulent era in which he lived. It is a fitting and, in a sense, a necessary introduction to the book, which itself is well adapted for spiritual reading, for the preparation of sermons, and for students of history and literature desirous of becoming acquainted with St. John's method and manner in treating his topics.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE RT. REV. JOHN MCMULLEN, D.D., First Bishop of Davenport, Ia. By the Rev. James J. McGovern, D.D. With an Introduction by the Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria. Chicago and Milwaukee: Hoffman Bros.

This is a memorial of a sturdy character, honest, true to himself, loyal to his church and his country. Whoever knew Dr. McMullen would say that he resembled General Grant. He was taciturn, but not morose. He was earnest, but not obtrusive. He was a lover of peace, but not afraid to fight for the right, and when he fought he won. Conscious of more than ordinary gifts, he was conspicuous for true humility. When oppressed by tyranny he was at once patient, silent, and determined to have justice done for justice' sake. His career as a prelate was so soon cut off by death that it looked as if Divine Providence had caused him to be made bishop rather to vindicate his integrity than to employ for the divine glory his undoubted ability for governing a diocese.

We are tempted to reproduce in its entirety Bishop Spalding's eloquent introduction to this useful work. "Much had he endured," says the bishop, "which can only be hinted at—trials, disappointments, labors, suspicions, false imputations, ingratitude, heartaches, and at last a shadow settled on his face and

marked him as one who had known sorrows. . . . His deeply religious nature sustained him, and if he worked less joyously, he did not work less faithfully than in earlier and happier days. He was still the zealous priest, the watchful pastor, the true-hearted, strong man who found comfort in giving it to the poor and the wretched. . . . His religion was one of deeds rather than of words; he lived in God's presence; he loved Jesus Christ and his fellow-man; he was an obedient son of the church, a loyal citizen, a true friend, and an upright man; but his life and not his speech made all this manifest. Not a faultless man, indeed; not one whom either the world or the church would canonize; not a great orator, nor a master of style, nor a profound thinker, nor an enthusiastic reformer, nor a skilful organizer of philanthropic schemes, but a plain, brave, and genuine man, the best type of the kind of men the West rears; men who saved the Union, and who may yet save our religion and Christian civilization. More brilliant men, more learned, more popular, more fortunate, possibly, have given their lives to the service of the church in America, but among them all there was not a nobler character, a greater heart, or a braver soul than John McMullen."

This biography has not only been a work of love, a tribute to a departed and beloved friend, but bears evidence of painstaking literary work. Much of the author's difficulties arose from the destruction of material in the great Chicago fire, but he succeeded in great part in remedying these difficulties by writing during the life-time of many of Dr. McMullen's contemporaries and intimate friends. Of course the people of the dioceses of Chicago and Davenport will be most interested in this memoir, but it is also a valuable contribution to the Catholic literature of the country.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

THE SERMON BIBLE: 1 Kings to Psalm lxxvi. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

RECORDS OF THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS OF 1715. Compiled wholly from original documents. Edited by John Orlebar Payne, M.A. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

PRIMARY WRITING. An Ingenious Method of Teaching the Elements of Penmanship to Young Children. By Mara L. Pratt. Boston: Eastern Educational Bureau.

TWELFTH-TIDE AND ITS OCTAVE. In Eight Meditations on the Calling of the Gentiles and the Epiphany of our Lord. Translated from the Italian of the Very Rev. Father Ventura, formerly General of the Theatines. By Alexander Wood, M.A. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

EUCHARISTIC JEWELS. For Persons living in the World. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

AN EASY LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. For Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass, and Organ. Composed by L. Bouvin, S.J., Choir-master at Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. New York: J. Fischer & Bros.; Toledo, O.: Ignatius Fischer.

BY THE POTOMAC, AND OTHER VERSES. By Henry Collins Walsh. Published in honor of the Centenary of Georgetown College, 1889, and in aid of the Building Fund. Philadelphia: MacCalla & Co.

THE STATE AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT OF NEW YORK, WITH THE TEXT OF ITS CONSTITUTION. By Orlando Leach. An Appendix to *Our Republic*. Boston and New York: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.

SCIENTIFIC RELIGION; or, Higher Possibilities of Life and Practice through the operation of the Natural Forces. By Laurence Oliphant. With an appendix by a Clergyman of the Church of England. Authorized American Edition. Buffalo: Charles A. Wenborne.

THE DIGNITY AND DUTIES OF THE PRIEST; or, Selva. A Collection of Materials for ecclesiastical retreats. Rule of Life and Spiritual Rules. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE BOOK OF THE PROFESSED. Vols. II. and III. By the Author of *Golden Sands*. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE INNER LIFE OF SYRIA, PALESTINE, AND THE HOLY LAND. From my private Journal. By Isabel Burton. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. (New York: For sale by Benziger Bros.)

GLEANINGS IN SCIENCE. A Series of Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects. By Gerald Molloy, D.D., D.Sc., Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland. London and New York: MacMillan & Co. (For sale by Benziger Bros.)

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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EASTER.

BENEATH the prisoning bark, below
The cruel chains of ice and snow,
A stirring, striving, restless thing,
It wakes—the Spirit of the Spring.

Held down by forces of the air,
Opposed and hindered everywhere,
A throbbing, longing, eager thing,
It wakes—the Spirit of the Spring.

Resistless are its energies;
Through cold and storm it shall arise,
To pulse new life along the limbs,
To sing its resurrection hymns—
The struggling, climbing, soaring thing,
Unconquered Spirit of the Spring.

Ah, Life, thou fetter on the soul!
Ah, Death, thou winter full of dole!
Ye cannot bind or hinder me,
The call shall come to waken me.
These cravings, hopes, activities
Set free at last, I shall arise!

ALICE WARD BAILEY.

Amherst, Mass.

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RELIGION IN SPAIN.

I.

IT is not the exaggeration of our southern temperament, nor yet the parade of patriotism, which prompts us to assert that Spain has been, in past times, the most religious nation of Europe and, of all those who had received from the Apostles the light of the Gospel, the most devout. The famous councils of Toledo occupy a foremost rank in the canonical records of the church. The wars of Christian Spain for the extirpation of the Moors and the reconquest of Spain from that invading race represent the greatest efforts that have ever been made by any nation to shake off the yoke of Mussulman impiety. Her record in the history of Catholic civilization forms admirable and monumental pages therein. Her *savants* are the glory of science, her poets were bards of the faith, and their talent and skill extended even into embodying this faith into devout theatrical representations, known as the *Autos Sacramentales*, inspiring a piety which filled the highways of provincial districts with crosses. The streets of cities were adorned with niches within which were placed images of Spanish saints who had lived most edifying lives, and whose language was so impregnated with sanctity that Charles the Fifth declared the Spanish tongue most befitting of all others for addressing the Almighty. The monastic orders of Spain were Christ's own militia, body-guards of the faith, bulwarks against heresy, pillars of the church; and so widely had they extended themselves that around their convents arose numerous villages, which in time grew to be districts and cities, becoming afterwards the most prosperous in all the realm. Thus it happened that when Providence thought fit to open the new world to the light of the faith it placed the standard in the hands of Spain, which carried to that virgin soil the fruitful seed of the Gospel. But, alas! modern revolution, the fruit of so-called free thought, the compendium of all the ancient heresies, penetrated into Spain with the bayonets of Napoleon I. Not only thereby was the religion of our fathers threatened, but there was set on foot the beginning of a struggle adverse to Christian institutions and the dogmas of the faith, the result of which was that venerable traditions fell to the ground, dragging down in

their fall a very important part of the grand Catholic edifice in our country. To narrate the actual state of this struggle, explaining the causes which have led to the decadence of religion and pointing out the elements of resistance which still remain to promote its restoration, is the object of this article, which, destined as it is to be read among a new Christian people, may contain profitable lessons of experience, in whose school nations must educate themselves. We shall begin by setting forth the causes of this decadence, and defer for future, more hopeful articles mention of the elements upon which rest the future regeneration of the country.

II.

The first and principal of these causes was the introduction of a new *régime* in the government of Spain, one imbued with the spirit of revolution which has lorded itself over modern nations, and which responds to the materialistic and rationalistic tendencies denominated "new rights."

The so-called Liberal government in Spain began by copying the laws and institutions of the French Revolution, and as, in the words of Debonal, this was "an abortion of hell," its fruits as a consequence have been persecution and war against the glory of God. It had recourse to doctrinal pretence in some cases, and to the mere brutal violence of demagogism in others, but always with the perfidious designs of satanic Voltairianism. This government despoiled religion of all its vital elements by depriving it of its goods or wealth in order to reduce it to the service of the state; by dissolving its defenceless monastic communities in order to destroy its most powerful corps of vindicators and defenders; by demolishing temples and convents so as to erase with these hallowed homes of the faith the aureola of its artistic grandeur; by giving free rein to infidelity through the institution of professorships against the teachings of the Gospel, and, in short, by promoting corruption of the customs of the people through the enactment of laws which, while restraining salutary institutions, co-operated with the introduction of others pestilential and demoralizing.

We should require more space than we can here afford to enlarge upon the history of this work of the Liberal government, but, avoiding minute details and presenting the facts upon their most notorious side, we have only to call to mind, first, the laws in regard to ecclesiastical property, which, in presenting church

livings, compromised many consciences and created large fortunes under the protection of anti-Christian rule; secondly, the secular laws of teaching, which, by depriving the church of its rights in this respect, created new official schools where errors were propagated; thirdly, the laws against Christian marriage, which, in destroying the basis of the family, the cradle of good customs and the school of sacred duties, opened a wide field for the demoralization of the people and gave to concubinage the privileges of a legal institution, thus making castaways of the modesty of the woman and the future of her children.

The entire legislation has suffered from the ravages of these new ideas. The penal code extenuates transgressions against morality and religion. Rules and regulations are made calculated to interfere with the church's action. The political *régime* appears, in fact, to be on the high road to tear up religion and the faith in Spain.

III.

The logical consequences and natural fruit of this new current of ideas has been the displacing of the wealth which before was in the hands of princes of the church, ecclesiastical corporations, and those noble ancient houses and permanent institutions whose munificent charity relieved their subjects, their dependants, and the poor. In the present day, by reason of the mortmain and public credit, the greater part of these riches, formerly so beneficently applied, have passed into the possession of *parvenus* without conscience, who feel themselves neither restrained nor in any way bound by the self-imposed obligations of the former owners, and who employ their abundant means either in some instances for purposes of corruption, or of domination in others, and generally in satisfying the caprices of senseless vanity and unbridled, scandalous luxury. These rich upstarts, more or less refractory to the church, because so many of them have waxed fat on her despoiled good things, withhold their influence and co-operation from religious societies; and consequently the confraternities and brotherhoods consecrated to the service of God and to the assistance of the sick and poor are left with very scant means to do good. But it is a striking fact, proving the fruitful influence of religion, that despite this abstention from good work on the part of so many of these *nouveaux riches*, old charitable institutions are still sustained, and new ones, more in harmony with the needs of our times, are continually springing up. The general situation in this matter

is, however, plain enough; the greater part of the wealth of the country is lodged in the hands of the Liberals, who spend it in dissipation, while the Catholics, who are most anxious for the glory of God, nearly all lack that social influence which money alone can give. Accordingly, we see that in Spain the Catholic press is worse remunerated, of more precarious and humble existence than any other; while, on the other hand, the revolutionary and ungodly press, which tolerates, nay, approves, of the dissipations of sensuality, keeps on extending itself, increasing in prosperity, and carrying to all quarters its original sin. This new distribution of wealth is the cause of many obstacles to the church's action, and has brought about so many sad deteriorations in the customs of Spain that these alone suffice to account for the decadence of religion. In a nation whose peasant population is miserably poor and has to struggle with the scarcity of natural productions, and with foreign competition from all quarters of the world, the rich can effect a great deal, but in Spain their influence is so much greater because the poor there have been ever accustomed to live under the wing of the powerful.

IV.

We have already stated that the ungodly press is widespread and has numerous resources. Now this is another of the causes of the decadence of religion in Spain. We wish it to be understood that by a godless press we imply not only that which attacks openly the dogmas of the faith, but that also which, under the guise of indifference to Catholic questions, encourages ignorance in matters of religion, which last is the root and foundation of all the evils the church suffers from in these times. To exaggerate the ravages caused by these newspapers is hardly possible. Constituting themselves masters of all classes of society, they disseminate daily, far and wide, a darkness which clouds the understanding and renders the already debilitated minds of the men of our century more and more inclined to apathy. Modern journalism of this sort is a plague. How is it possible for grave questions, which formerly took up in their solution the entire lifetime of learned men, to be properly treated in an article hurriedly tossed off for a daily paper, on *à priori* reasoning, under the flag of a determined party whose interest depends on maintaining, by no matter what means, the integrity of their programme? And yet by such teaching are being educated today the intelligences of the rising generation. Of this character

are the professorships now raised up in opposition to Catholic pulpits, and thus ignorance is diffused, so to speak, throughout all ranks of society, and opposition and obstinate resistance are aroused to the action of the church. In Spain the ravages have been great—Spain, the home of *Autos Sacramentales*, or passion-plays of olden times, when theological acting was not only understood but applauded even by the lower classes. Then the poorest peasants knew by heart the whole of the Christian doctrine and were fair judges of the profoundest sermons of scholastical doctors in a country which Veuillot calls "*theological par excellence.*" Ignorance in religious matters has increased everywhere, but to a supereminent degree among the highest classes, which, it may almost be said, are in this respect almost on the verge of idiocy. It is really quite startling to hear in literary gatherings, on the floor of parliament, at the meetings of social life the explanations ventured upon regarding ecclesiastical questions even by people who pass for pious; their ignorance is incredible. Some oppose fasting as a custom of a barbarous epoch; others despise the Mass as only one among many ceremonies enjoined by the church; others again speak of the pope as merely a bishop like any other, and laugh at the idea of his infallibility; some get quite mixed on the sacred mysteries and dogmas of the faith, jumbling men and doctrines together as if they were treating of the mythology of India or China.

It is, however, true that we are not without a few Catholic newspapers, but our means of defence are never equal to those of the attacking forces, because habitual readers of bad newspapers never care to see what good ones contain; these being themselves dragged on by the force of the current of political events, cannot consecrate themselves exclusively to the defence and promotion of Catholic interests. In short, the harm done by the press is immense, and the remedy, humanly speaking, very difficult.

V.

Another cause of the decadence of religion in Spain is the sensuality introduced with modern customs. In this country they have been copying for the last century French customs, and, as nearly always happens, have hit upon the worst. The dramas and novels of the school called realistic, the pestilential doctrines of modern sensualism, are imported into Spain, are lowering inevitably the noble condition which makes man the

image of his Creator and putting him on the level of the brute, nay, even below it, by making the gratification of the senses the sole end of existence upon earth. How immeasurable, then, must be the harm which flows from the causes above explained! They stifle in the heart that charity which St. Paul describes as "patient, generous, long suffering," and they create ferocious antagonism between those who fiercely contend in the struggle to get that gold which is the apple of discord, the means they look to for satisfying all their desires. Their minds, thus brutalized, become hostile to the spirit of Christianity and to the supernatural mysteries of the church. Souls are drawn away from religious worship and the frequentation of the sacraments, and society is ruled by the laws of the passions, which are, as a matter of course, the germ of permanent war and crime. Suicide, so rare in Spain in olden times, is to-day unfortunately very frequent. Men and women take their own lives upon slight pretext, and, what is still more horrible, in the young of both sexes crime has increased within a few years in about equal proportion with the introduction of materialistic doctrines from France, which avail only for the destruction of the ancient empire of Christian morality. And it is to be observed that the ravages of modern sensualism have, like most physical maladies, two most trying stages, in which the malady develops high fever and convulsions, the former upsetting the patient and the latter bringing on a prostration which leaves him in a state of stupor in which he has not even power to endeavor to preserve the remainder of his life; similar to this by analogy is the weakness brought on by the decay of moral force. The capital sin of spiritual sloth is also another main cause, and leads multitudes to evil, notwithstanding their desire to be good. By this spiritual inertness we mean religious indifference, which deserves the appellation given to it, because that indifference in general embraces in its characteristics all the manifestations of the moral and religious debility of our times. Let us see in our next chapter how this sickness of the soul shows itself.

VI.

The English Protestant societies are under a great delusion in imagining that they are making proselytes. The Spanish people are not easily moved to change their religion. They may fall into religious indifference, but to turn round in hostility to the religion of their forefathers is an event utterly improbable.

The Protestant propaganda in Spain, notwithstanding the money it has cost and still costs (although the pecuniary sources are being dried up), produces indifference, but not Protestants. After twenty years of hard work, dating from Prim's unfortunate revolution of September, 1868, it may be stated with certainty that there have been no real conversions, more properly termed perversions. By dint of money some few have been gained over, but the perverts thus obtained have remained as indifferent as before, so that it is fair to assert that in their case Luther's doctrine has penetrated no deeper into them than the lining of their pockets. This terrible plague of religious indifferentism results, as above said, from the various causes already enumerated; it is spread among all classes, manifesting itself in a variety of forms, but always of the same type.

We are not now speaking of indifferentism solely in connection with religious matters, but also of the havoc it makes in the natural order of things. There is indifferentism on the part of the judges of the land in regard to their decisions; the teachers in the schools are indifferent about teaching the truth; fathers of families offend in this regard in the education of their children; men of business in not keeping their transactions free from the taint of fraud; the rich in not using their means according to righteousness, and the poor in lack of resignation to their lot. Indifferentism is to the Christian soul what frost is to physical nature; it kills, or at least weakens, all the elements of life and converts society into cemeteries of corruption. Indifferentism is causing great ravages in Spain now that the immense treasures left by our ancestors to beneficent societies are nearly all gone. There is scarcely a parish in our country where in proof of this one does not find venerable ruins, the foot-prints, as it were, of a grand past. The degradation of our customs caused by this indifferentism is on the increase; narratives of the most horrible crimes are listened to with a curiosity similar to that excited by a novel or drama, but without the horror awakened in olden times and without any of the just indignation which ought to arise in a Christian community. French manners, so frivolous in their development, so capricious, are entirely changing our character, erasing almost completely the proverbial gravity of the Spaniard, and making him resemble his superficial neighbor's one unfavorable side of character. The ancient piety of Spain tended to asceticism, as evidenced by many old gloomy cathedrals, with their bleeding crucifixes representing the dolorous agony of the Son of God. These proclivities are

at variance with the fashions of to-day; in the matter of piety people now please themselves with new devotions, new feasts, elegant penances, much external pomp—all of which, if not actually bad, compared with the ancient piety of Spain, are mere novelties not in keeping with the character of the people, and as a consequence not acceptable to that part of it which is, after all, much more independent and discriminating than the so-called illustrious and distinguished public. In this way religious indifference day by day becomes more enervating in its influence, and though more apparent in large towns, it also makes its way into the country districts of Spain, where it weans the people from the practices of their religion without their having the power to resist the influence of fashionable example. But if indifference propagates itself and is found in all classes and conditions in life, there is yet one spot which it fortunately rarely reaches, viz.: the bedside of the dying. In Spain deaths without the consolations of religion are extremely rare. Death-bed conversions, edifying and peaceful, are of daily occurrence. Since the civil cemeteries have been opened, now twenty years ago, there have not been even a dozen burials in them, and even these took place because the will of the living, not of the deceased, prevailed. Certain cases are well known of free thinkers in the agony of death whose bedsides were beset by their fellows in unbelief, colleagues who would not permit the family to interfere, thus endeavoring by a most horrible tyranny to adorn the free-thinkers' banner with the name of one more recreant; but, as above stated, in Spain cases of final impenitence are extremely rare. Spaniards, even if thus disposed, when they feel their last moments approaching open their eyes to the truths of eternity, and the most bitter free-thinker calls to his aid the Christian religion, which like a loving mother opens her arms, and after lavishing upon him ineffable consolation in the hour of death, lays under her loving shadow his mortal remains, which were the abode of the Holy Spirit. These observations will serve to prepare the way towards the next article, in which we shall examine the elements which still remain and which open the heart to the hope of better days for the church, the state, and society through the restoration of the church in Spain.

Madrid.

MANUEL PEREZ VILLAMIL.

SLIGHTED GRACES.

I ROSE at morn and looked abroad
  Across the dreary view;
And lo! the footsteps of a God
  There chronicled in dew.
"The gems from off His sandal-shoon,"
  Methought, "are lying there.
Perchance He dropped them as a boon
  To lighten my despair."

But I was in that sullen mood
  Which turneth from the light,
And will not look on any good
  Lest darkness should wax bright.
Howbeit, when noon o'erflamed the blue
  I walked the meads upon
To lave my forehead with the dew:
  Alas! the dew was gone!

O churlish earth! O ingrate man!
  Thus ever doth it fare.
God's sandals pass within our span
  And drop God's jewels there.
And when that we, too proud to bend
  At once, stoop half-ashamed,
We marvel if the slighted Friend
  His bounty have reclaimed.

FRANK WATERS.

Cornwall, Ont.

EXTINCT REPTILES AND MAMMALS OF NORTH AMERICA.

IN studying the history of the earth we find it difficult at first to change the perspective, if we may use such a phrase here, and to accustom our vision to the light, not of historical but of geological time. The former is a period so very brief compared with the latter that it seems to take up little more than the space of a day. We are now going to speak of times far beyond the twilight of history, and we shall divide our subject into two parts, namely, the era of reptiles and the era of mammals.

A picture of North America in the era of reptiles would show us the Gulf of Mexico extending far up the Mississippi valley, as far almost as the head-waters of the Missouri. Neither the Rocky Mountains nor the Alleghanies had yet attained to their present elevation; the climate was milder than at present, and all the conditions were favorable to the wonderful creatures which then ruled the sea, the land, and the air. A generation ago the distinguished geologist, Professor Dana, discovered in the coal measures of Pennsylvania the tracks of a four-footed crawling animal, the impression of whose tail was also plainly visible on the surface of the slab, together with ripple bars and rain prints. This amphibian, whose fossil skeleton was afterwards found, has been named Labyrinthodont, on account of the labyrinthine structure of its teeth. It had lungs as well as gills, its hind legs were much longer than its fore legs, its head was three feet long and two feet wide, the body was partly protected by large, bony plates, and one of its teeth projected three inches and a half beyond the jaw. In general appearance the Labyrinthodont was not unlike a salamander. Since then other Labyrinthodonts have been discovered, some of them serpent-like in form; but none are frog-like or without a tail, as they are made to appear in the text-books. In the Labyrinthodont we have the most ancient representative of the class of amphibians on this continent, the forerunner of the true reptile. A very singular, lizard-like reptile was the Dicynodon, which had the head and horny beak of a tortoise, and two curved, overhanging canine teeth from the upper jaw. Its head was twenty inches long and eighteen inches wide. The Dinosaur, whose remains can be traced in a narrow belt of strata for

several hundred miles along the Rocky Mountains, possesses a peculiar interest to the anatomist; for although in its chief characteristics it was reptilian, it showed unmistakable affinities to birds, while in some features it was closely allied to mammals. Dinosaurs walked with a free step like quadrupeds, instead of crawling like reptiles. They were also able to walk on their hind legs alone. Their length was not less than thirty feet, while some fossil specimens measure sixty feet. The bulk of the Dinosaur was several times greater than an elephant, it fed on grass, and the best opinion is that its habits were like those of a hippopotamus. We may add that a field party of the United States Geological Survey discovered in Montana during the past season some new Dinosaurs of uncommon interest. They were thirty feet in length and armed with a pair of horns very like in form and position to the horns of some of the hoofed mammals. Close by were found some large dermal plates that indicate a well-ossified armor. The armor and the horns must have given these reptiles a singular appearance. Another reptile, not quite so large as the Dinosaur but more formidable, was the Dryptosaurus, or Lœlaps, which replaces here the Megalosaur of Europe. It was carnivorous, with jaws full of curved, sabre-like teeth. But, although by no means the largest, perhaps the most extraordinary of all reptiles was the Pterodactyl. In the Pterodactyl we see combined the long, flexible neck and hollow, air-filled limb-bones characteristic of birds, with the head and jaws of a reptile, together with the membranous wings of a bat. But, unlike the bat, it had only one elongated finger to support the wing; its other four fingers being free and armed with terrible claws. Fossil specimens have been found in Wyoming which measure twenty-five feet between the tips of the wings. Some American Pterodactyls had teeth, others were toothless. Their food was probably fish. The Mosasaur, which replaces in America the Ichthyosaurus of the old world, was a gigantic swimming lizard, some specimens of which measure sixty feet. It had four well-developed paddles. The remains of the Mosasaur are abundant in the Rocky Mountains. Professor Marsh says: "On one occasion, as I rode through a valley washed out of this old ocean bed, I saw no less than seven different skeletons of these monsters in sight at once." An interesting reptile-like bird of this era was the Hesperornis Regalis, discovered in Kansas, and which measured six feet from the toe to the tip of the bill. It was evidently a water bird, and from its diminutive wings incapable of flight. But instead of the horny beak char-

acteristic of birds it had long jaws full of conical teeth, twenty on each side, and strongly resembling the teeth of reptiles. It had also a vertebrated reptilian tail, composed of twelve vertebræ. The Hesperornis Regalis is supposed to have been a carnivorous swimming ostrich. Its brain was very small compared with later birds, it being only one-third the size of a loon's brain. Another toothed bird living in this era, but very much smaller, was the Ichthyornis. The teeth of Ichthyornis, unlike those of Hesperornis, had the highly specialized feature of being set in distinct sockets instead of in grooves, while its wing-bones show that it possessed great powers of flight. As the remains of fishes have been found in great abundance near it, it probably fed on fish. Like Hesperornis, its brain was very small compared with modern birds. It is strange that in the same fossil beds with these two ancient toothed birds have been found the Pterodactyls without teeth. Very few fossil serpents have been found on our continent, and these were all in Monmouth County, New Jersey. The largest was a Boa thirty feet long.

The last reptile which we shall mention is the Atlantosaurus, discovered by Professor Marsh in Colorado. Judging by its remains in the Yale College Museum, the Atlantosaurus when alive must have been one hundred and fifteen feet long, and its height not less than thirty feet. It was a species of crocodile, and was by far the largest land animal that has yet been discovered. What a sight it must have been to see all these strange forms swimming and crawling along those ancient shores! Here we behold a huge water-lizard paddling towards an Hesperornis Regalis that has trespassed on its feeding ground. The ostrich swims slowly away and at the same time opens its jaws and shows its teeth at Mosasaur. Feeding on the rank grass not far from the shore is a Dinosaur; we might take it for a hippopotamus only that in bulk it is larger than an elephant. A formidable creature, we should imagine, and yet it suddenly stops eating and retreats, for a Glyptosaurus has appeared; it is inferior to the Dinosaur in size, but is armed with terrible teeth. Yet, fierce and dangerous as Glyptosaurus is, it presently comes to a halt; something is rising up out of the rushes in front of it; from the crocodile's head to the end of its tail is almost forty paces, and when Atlantosaurus stands erect it is as high as a small house. Atlantosaurus is the king of reptiles. He may go and do what he pleases. Then when evening approaches we hear a loud flapping of wings and the air be-

comes full of unearthly cries. We look up and see a host of Pterodactyls—flying dragons—trooping towards the shore to fish. Ghostly sight!

Let us now pass on to the era of mammals. The first mammals that we shall speak of are Marsupials. Marsupials are very unlike ordinary typical mammals. Their young are born in an imperfect condition and then placed in an abdominal pouch (marsupium), where the fœtus completes its embryonic development. Kangaroos and Opossums are marsupials, and all the earliest mammals belonged to this class. Judging by their fossil remains, Marsupials were abundant during the reptile era. But as they were wholly unable to cope with the monsters among which they lived, the latter have justly given their name to that early period of our earth's history. It was not until the great reptiles finally disappeared and mammals more highly developed than Marsupials came upon the scene that the era of mammals may be said to have fairly commenced. And here, too, what may be called modern geological history commenced. The cause which brought about this extraordinary change in the life-system was probably a continental movement, accompanied by a change of climate, which grew colder. The land slowly rose upward, the sea retired into what is now the Gulf of Mexico, and left behind it in the interior of the continent several extensive lakes of brackish water, the shore lines of which may still be traced. A few reptiles, of course, remained, but they were pigmies compared with those which had gone; the new rulers of the continent were henceforth mammals. But if some of the reptiles which we have mentioned were remarkable creatures, we now find mammals no less remarkable. Perhaps the most formidable and singular mammal was the Dinoceras, found by Professor Marsh in Wyoming. In a single lake basin he found two hundred individuals. The Dinoceras was a tapir-like animal, as large as an elephant, and armed with three pairs of horns and a pair of tusks. The first pair of horns was on top of its head, the second pair just above the eyes, and the third and shortest pair grew sideways on the snout. The brain of the Dinoceras was proportionately smaller than in any other known mammal, recent or fossil; it was even smaller than in some reptiles. Here let us observe that the progress of mammalian life in America is well illustrated by the brain growth. It furnishes the key to many other changes. The earliest mammals all had small brains.

In the "Mauvaises Terres" of Nebraska have been found the

remains of the earliest horse, Eohippus, about as large as a fox, together with the remains of the Rhinoceros, Elephant, and Mastodon; but this Mastodon was smaller than the Mastodon of a later period. The brain of this early Rhinoceros was only one-eighth the size of the brain of a modern Rhinoceros. The same gradual increase is observed in the brain of the Mastodon. As time went on the great interior lakes were drained off and new mammals came upon the scene. We now find the horse increased in size, and it has only one toe, or hoof, instead of four, and the rudiment of another on each forefoot, and three behind, as in Eohippus. Camels also appear. Indeed, both the horse and camel seem to have originated in North America. To quote Professor Dana: "The large number of camels and horses gives a decided oriental character to the fauna."

At this period mammals fairly swarmed. It was the culmination of the mammal era; and across the bridge, where is now Behring's Straits, the horse, camel, and rhinoceros—originally true American types—migrated to Asia. Professor Marsh says: "An elevation of only one hundred and eighty feet would close Behring's Straits and give a road thirty miles wide from America to Asia. We thus see how this migration might have taken place. That such a bridge did once exist we have much independent testimony."

With the herds of horses and camels were Bison, whose horns measured ten feet between the tips. There were also true Tapirs, Stags as big as the extinct Irish stag, Lions not unlike the present African lion, Elephants, Mastodons, and Llamas the size of a camel. In the Bigbone Lick, Kentucky, the remains of twenty Mastodons and one hundred Elephants have been dug up. Perhaps the finest Mastodon was the one found near Newburgh, New York. Its legs were bent under it, and its head was thrown back, as it vainly struggled to escape from the mire into which it was sinking. In the place where the stomach had been were half-chewed twigs of spruce.

The Mastodon Americanus, which was thirteen feet high, was the largest living mammal on this continent, and it differed from the Elephant chiefly in the character of its teeth.

As far north as Georgia lived a remarkable beast, the Megatherium. It was a huge Sloth. Several excellent specimens have been found, near the mouth of the Savannah River, which measured eighteen feet in length. The Megatherium had an exceedingly massive skeleton, and from its ponderous hip-bones and tail it is supposed to have been able to support itself on its

tail and hind legs, while with its great fore legs, ending in claws thirty-six inches long, it tore down the branches of the trees on which it fed. In Utah and Oregon Professor Marsh found recently several curious extinct Rhinoceroses with a pair of nasal horns set side by side, and not behind each other, as in the two-horned Rhinoceros of our day. These animals were of small size.

Another curious animal existing towards the end of the mammal era was the Oreodont. It was the size of the existing Peccary and bore not a little structural resemblance to the deer and camel. The Oreodont has been termed by Professor Leidy "a ruminating hog." It was exclusively American, having been found nowhere else but in North America.

Thus far no remains of the Giraffe or Hippopotamus have been discovered on our continent.

The first fossil monkey in North America was found in Nebraska, and near it were the remains of an animal called the Brontotherium. The Brontotherium was almost as large as an Elephant, but had much shorter legs. Its feet were like the feet of the Rhinoceros, and its nose was probably flexible as in the Tapir, but it had no true proboscis. It was armed with a pair of powerful horns.

We have now arrived at another period of change in the life-system; by no means so radical a change as between the era of reptiles and the era of mammals, but nevertheless it was a marked change. Camels, Horses, Tapirs, Elephants, Lions, Rhinoceroses, Llamas—all became extinct in North America. Now, we cannot but believe there must have been some physical cause for the disappearance of these animals, and it must have been a cause acting over a great part of the continent. This cause is believed to have been the Glacial epoch. This epoch was a blank period so far as animal life is concerned. Not a trace of any quadrupeds can be found in North America until the end of the ice age, and then the Mammoth appears covered with long, woolly hair to shield him from the cold. It is not our purpose to discuss the ice age, which in geological history was comparatively brief; it was a mere episode. Mr. Belt, one of the most recent and a very able writer on the subject, believes that the cold period was simultaneous in both hemispheres. We may thus, he says, explain the late discovery of ice action in Central America and in the highlands of Brazil. He likewise explains the phenomena of raised beds of Arctic marine shells in temperate latitudes by the weight of the north polar ice-cap having caused

parts of our hemisphere to be flooded with water from the Arctic regions. Be this as it may, the era of wonderful mammals certainly came to an end at a no very remote period in the past.

Wallace says: "We live in a zoölogically impoverished world, from which all the hugest and fiercest and strangest forms have recently disappeared; and it is no doubt a much better world for us now they have gone." Yes, it is a much better world. But we may see the fossil remains of all these extinct reptiles and mammals either in the American Museum of Natural History in the city of New York, in the Museum of Columbia College, enriched by the collections of Professor Newberry, or in the Museum of Yale College, New Haven, where are preserved the interesting discoveries of Professor Marsh.

WILLIAM SETON.

WILL CONGREGATIONAL SINGING PROFIT FAITH AND MORALS?

IF the various pleas lately made in these pages for congregational singing met with no better success than to set a few earnest, zealous people thinking about the matter, I would deem the words as not written in vain. Since those articles were published my attention has been called to the fact that many non-Catholic magazines and newspapers were occupied about the same time in discussing the subject, as they still continue to do, bringing forward the most forcible arguments in its favor, and also presenting many interesting statistics in order to show the present condition of collective, common singing in their churches and exhibit results by which it may be compared with their efforts in preceding years. Altogether the most exhaustive and instructive work devoted to this object which has come under my notice is one in two volumes, entitled *Studies in Worship Music*, by J. S. Curwen, published in England (London: J. S. Curwen & Sons). Mr. Curwen is the son of the well-known musicologue and teacher, John Curwen, to whose efforts the Tonic Sol-Fa movement owes so much for its widespread popularity. A glance at the contents of this work will not be out of place here.

The first volume is divided into historical, practical, and descriptive sections. Under the first heading the author gives a

sketch of the rise and progress of what may be called "Psalmody" among Protestant denominations. It will be seen from a perusal of the titles of the subjects given under the head of "practical" that there is much to interest the friends of congregational singing. They are as follows: "The Organ in Divine Service; The Harmonium and American Organ; Chanting; The Style of Harmony proper for Congregational Music; The Rhythm and Notation of Hymn-tunes; The Old Fugal Tunes; The Training of Boys' Voices; How to Train a Congregation; The Argument for Congregational Singing." The descriptive section consists chiefly of criticisms of the singing in various London churches. The second volume is mainly made up of similar critical notices, written after personal visits to the famous choir-schools of London; the Chapel Royal, conducted by Mr. Helmore; Westminster Abbey, by Dr. Bridge, and St. Paul's, under Dr. Stainer. These are followed by sketches of singing in Wales and a dispassionate review of the singing by the Salvation Army, at the Moody and Sankey meetings, the Spurgeon Tabernacle, and others, not omitting a visit to the London Oratory, concluding with a very instructive article on "Singing in Sunday-schools."

All through these two volumes one finds many and cogent arguments in favor of congregational singing. There are also excellent hints concerning a proper style to be adopted in organ accompaniment. One point is quite noteworthy. It is taken for granted, both by Mr. Curwen and by all persons whom he has visited and whose opinions he quotes, whether musicians or clergymen, that congregational singing should be encouraged because it secures an increase of personal intelligent devotion in the worshippers, and that, of course, it is a question entirely of the praise and glory of God, and not one of "success as a musical performance." This is an edifying truth, which it is to be owned with regret is not universally acknowledged. There are too many churches in which it would seem to be rather a question of the praise and glory of the choir and the pleasure to be given to a musically cultivated audience.

I flatter myself that those who have perused former articles on this subject in this magazine are in no need of being disabused of the ignorant prejudice which, for lack of experience, leads some to identify the practice of congregational singing with Protestantism as a heresy, and to regard its advocacy as a departure from the true Catholic standard, or at any rate as tending to bring in a fashion which is extravagant and vulgar and likely to

deprive the church of much that adds splendor and impressiveness to her ritual. This last objection might appear to be of some weight were it not for the fact that there is a widespread and growing conviction in thoughtful minds that where splendor in the services of religious worship is unaccompanied with an increase of intelligent devotion among the masses, and is, in fact, not unfrequently achieved at the expense of such devotion, all this magnificent ritual display is but an empty show, an exhibition, at best, of faith without charity, "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

The solemn services of the church were never instituted with a view to their performance in presence of a limited class of people who happen to live in large towns and cities, and who can afford to wear fine clothes and rent a high-priced pew, as the experience of many in our day might justify them in supposing. One might as well suppose from a similar experience that the church intended that sermons should only be preached to the same class. Thank God, the pastoral solicitude of the bishops has shown of late that they are not unmindful of the promise of our Lord that the poor should have the Gospel preached to them. But the too common custom, not confined wholly to our American and other English-speaking churches, which has practically drawn an unchristian and uncatholic line of demarcation between the rich, or those who pass for such, and the poor, giving High Mass or other solemn celebrations of divine worship to the former and Low Mass to the latter, must soon give way before the oncoming tide of increased popular education with its evident accompanying popular struggle for intelligent faith. We are not far from the opening of an era which will be marked by a great restoration of faith and morals, to which not only the Catholic Church, but the great mass of the church-deserted and church-deserting world not so directly influenced by her action, will be provoked by the insane and malodorous efforts of infidelity to destroy the foundations of all true knowledge and the basis of all moral responsibility. *Science* and *Progress* are the names of its new Adam and Eve from whom it hopes to propagate a new race, "who shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." It is plain to us that they are both fallen from that high, divine estate in which they were constituted by the Catholic Church. It is simply the old story of Genesis told over again, and probably the days of another Babel are not far distant. Already, indeed, is heard the "confusion of tongues" in the agnostic deification of doubt and the marvellous increase of what we may call

the intellectual enjoyment of the absurd in literature, and of the prevalent erotic thirst for the coarse and obscene in art and the drama.

It has ever been the proud and worthy boast of the Catholic Church that her work has been the regeneration of mankind in all human relations. She is unquestionably the mother and mistress of what we know and prize as "Christian" civilization, the prophet and protector of human liberty, and the records of her life-work amply prove that she promulgated, fostered, and often at bitter cost protected, principles of doctrine and morals lying at the very foundation of society. He who would affirm that she is or ever was an enemy to true science and true progress is simply a liar. The science which she encourages and the progress she stimulates are, however, based upon her efforts to realize quite another ideal than that which feverishly agitates the modern demagogues who have assumed these terms as their watchwords. In the fulfilment of her divine mission the church seeks to realize a divine ideal founded upon the new life which the revelation of Christ affirmed as possible and necessary for the salvation, not only of this or that man or class of men, but of the whole human race, and of which revelation she is the accredited messenger. It was, therefore, her aim and her right to present this divine ideal, to proclaim its supreme dominion and enforce its realization in all human relations. Science, progress, literature, the arts, the education of the masses, the powers of the governing and the rights of the governed, the obligations of the family—all were subjected to a criterion of *divine* faith and *divine* morals. The supernatural destiny of mankind was ever taken for granted. Man does not find his end in himself, and any progress which ignores the pre-eminence of the supernatural is not in the eyes of the church a true progress. The science of the Knower must ever take precedence over the science of the Known, with a title of supremacy not only of honor but of jurisdiction. "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth from the mouth of God."

Is it any wonder, then, that the church, having this universal presence of a divine ideal always before her mind, should more or less explicitly direct all human effort towards an end which offers what theologians call the *formal object*, an end which inspires the motive of one's act? This formal object is plainly the glory and praise of God. The thesis is, Man is saved, if by his acts God be glorified. In so far as this divine ideal is realized, just so far does man advance in the regeneration and ultimate perfection of his nature.

That the very contrary to this divine thesis is the ideal sought by those whom our Lord tells us are led by the spirit of the world, of the flesh, and of the devil needs little demonstration to prove. Human nature is their only deity, all-sufficing for its own perfection (regeneration being nothing but natural development) and the only worthy object of adoration and praise. You may talk of divine faith and divine morals if you please, provided you know and acknowledge no other divinity but man, to whom alone all honor and praise are to be ascribed.

What application have these thoughts to congregational singing? They are most pertinent, the question of church singing being one which concerns that duty which, of all others, cannot be doubted must conform to a divine ideal, whose due performance involves the purest progress of man, his advancement in spiritual life, *viz.*, his duty of divine worship, in which the *formal* object, the *praise of God*, is, and ought to be, first, last, and all.

Congregational singing realizes most decidedly the divine ideal of worship-music. Lacking this common, collective, united song of praise offered solely to the supreme glory of God, I need not attempt to show what experience has taught us, how the sacred assembly for worship has come to present the realization of anything but a divine ideal. That the church provides in a thousand ways for the private worship of God we all know, but all her public official services of worship are essentially congregational. They suppose a common assembly of the faithful united as a worshipping body, not in one of their own houses, nor in a hall of sufficient dimensions, which is no better than one of their own dwellings, but in a House of God, in a consecrated sanctuary of the Divine Presence. Why does the church so convoke the people? Because there is something more than an individual act of praise to be rendered to the Divine Majesty. They are there to offer common, adoring homage, made deservedly *divine* worship by their union with the church's act of divine Sacrifice.

Now, all the public services of the church are services of song. Her divine worship is singing worship from beginning to end. That the people be assembled for a common congregational act of worship, and that such an act be worship by singing, is what I call realizing a divine ideal of worship. "Young men and maidens, old men and children," all singing, all united in pouring forth one common, joyful, humble hymn of devout praise; the tone of whose theme is, and is forcibly so emphasized by being congregational, "*Non nobis Domine, non nobis, sed Nomini*

tuo da gloriam"—Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thy Name only be the glory!

The congregation are a body of worshippers. Are they a singing body? The worship is all song. Then in what are they a body of worshippers if they have no lot or part in the song? Worship is certainly the soul of the body which they form by their assembled presence; and not their own private worship, but the public common act of worship which the church provides for them as an assembled body of worshippers. When the church says to them, This is the worship ye shall here offer, she also says, And this is the song ye shall sing. Therefore, I do not hesitate to draw this conclusion: Only when a Catholic congregation is a body of singing worshippers can it be said that the highest ideal of Catholic Church worship is realized. The less there is of it, the more silent the people, the more prominent does the human ideal present itself—the entertainment of a listening audience, the pleasure derived from hearing singing performed for its own sake, or as an exhibition of vocal art, ending as it must and does in the people losing their autonomy as a worshipping body and shrinking back into a collection of individuals, losing all intelligent appreciation of the act of worship and thrust upon their own resources to make private acts of worship (saving the infallible distractions of spirit) which, however good in themselves, have but an indefinite and general bond of union with the worship of either the church or of their assembled brethren.

More intelligent worship, more hearty, soul-stirring, popular worship, is not only desirable, but let any one take the trouble to test the sentiment of our people in this matter and invite a candid expression of their spiritual preferences and yearnings, the common verdict which he will be sure of hearing ought of itself to be quite enough to convince him that the question of congregational singing is not one of superficial interest, but one which lies very near the foundation of the people's attachment to their faith and their spiritual subjection to the church's moral guidance. Make the church's worship popular and attractive, make it arouse to enthusiasm the deepest emotions of the soul, and faith will be popular and the spirit will yield with joyful readiness to the invitations and admonitions of divine grace. Why? Because, I say again, it will bring the standard of the divine ideal of religion to the front, *For God and his praise alone!*—a watchword which, through the public acts of divine worship, will most powerfully influence all other acts of life.

If, then, the present writer has endeavored to make an urgent and earnest plea for reform in church music and presumes to argue for a good effort to regain the true norm of the solemn services of divine praise, he does so more as a priest who, in the course of his study, has caught faint glimpses of the splendors of the City of God in those days when men lived and enjoyed to the full the holy sweetness of that life which knew and loved God as the first and the best, and is convinced that an almost fundamental reformation of manners is not only desirable, but is to be aided in an extraordinary degree through the purification of the art of music as used by the church, than as a musician, to which title he lays little claim further than that which enables him to comprehend the mighty influence for good or evil this art has in attracting the soul towards or away from the Christian standard, not only of spiritual perfection, but even of Christian civilization.

"*Finis musicæ pulchri amor*"—The end of music is the love of the beautiful. It is the sentiment of Plato, who finds all truth, goodness, and beauty in the "unique cause," and adds: "It is that beauty uncreated, imperishable, independent of all time and of the judgments of men [so much for the modern plea of *taste*], pure, holy, without mixture and without shadow, perfect, absolute—in a word, *divine*." It would ill-become a Christian philosopher or a Christian artist to depreciate, either in doctrine or in work, this sublime definition. To say nothing of more profound æsthetic reasons, it is because the tonal art owes its conception and birth to religious inspiration, and its development in the expression of the nobler sentiments of the heart to the nurture it has received in the sanctuaries of religion, that music has merited the unique title of "the divine art." Eliminate this divine ideal (which the true artist will never do in music of any sort), and ignore its expression as the end of music for the church, beauty can no longer be predicated of it, and the love which it inspires is but little better in kind than the blind, sensual passion aroused by the presence and blandishments of the unclean in heart.

What, then, is the vaunted, miscalled beauty of such music to the true artist? What can it possibly be to the hungering souls of the musically uneducated multitude which crowds about the altars of religion, craving for that nourishment which it innocently takes for granted the church will, with true maternal instinct, give to her children, and will give it neither adulterated nor poisoned? They take the church at her own word of doc-

trine: "Which among you, if his son ask of him bread, will give him a stone; or if he ask a fish, will hand him a serpent?"

But what, in fact, do they get? I prefer to make a reply in the words of the Abbé Henri Perreyve. It will be better. There are some through whose mouths the Holy Spirit seems to have spoken, and whose simple, straightforward language has therefore more power than the same truth upon whose expression others may have exhausted all their resources of diction:

"What do you see? The theatre is dragged into the church. The consequences are most serious and far-reaching. Let us go to High Mass in one of our churches some great feast-day. Do you hear it, that animated, brilliant, impassioned duet floating to you from the distance? Evidently the singers are first-class artists. An orchestra completes and enriches the harmony. Now a full chorus takes up the melody and brings the *morceau* to a grand *finale*. There is nothing left to be desired. Nothing? Look around you. What are the people, the worshippers, doing? There they are, not a few on tiptoe, the head turned round towards the organ-gallery, giving their opinions to each other of the merit of the virtuosi, speaking of them by name, regretting that they have so soon finished, and finding very long and tedious the solemn moments of the Divine Sacrifice during which 'one has nothing to do'! Behold the worshippers whom this worldly music in our churches educates! Behold their indifferent air, their listless, disconcerted countenances! What a despicable aspect of the concert-hall or of the parlor the church presents!—rich ladies with widespreading garments seated at their ease in the prominent pews of the great nave, to whom a few idle amateurs in evening dress are paying personal attention, and who 'find it well done,' or 'not quite so good as it was last Sunday, or as the same was produced at St. ——'s,' etc., etc. But the poor—where are they? Nowhere; or I hardly know where, huddled together down there behind the barriers! It is impossible, I say, to deny the importance of congregational singing in order to maintain in the temple of God the equality of all souls in his sight. The same song must go up from every breast and every voice must join in singing the same melody if you would have all hearts prostrate alike before the same God. However much pleased, charmed, ravished be the crowd just now coming out of church whom you have intoxicated with your 'beautiful' music, what have they done, and what have you, who gave them such music, done, *if they have not prayed?* Sad but grave question, but one to which I suspect more than one organist and priest to be cordially indifferent, and not a few of them, I am sure, would be astonished at my impudence to put it in such a fashion. But I say it is an essential question, a fundamental one, if we recall the words of our Lord: My house shall be called the House of Prayer, but ye have made it —?"

This is talking like a man who gives himself time to think, and realizes the serious moral aspect of this question, and like a priest whose thought is for the salvation of the people, and whose soul is fired with zeal for the honor of God's house of worship. But the musician, laic, and even Protestant, has about the same

to say in other words. Mr. Curwen, in the first volume of the work we have noticed, presenting the argument for congregational singing, thus discourses, p. 331 :

"The argument is not artistic, it is devotional. It is, in fact, very hard to sustain that elevated mood which draws spiritual good from listening to others singing. The thing can be done, but it cannot be done for long, it cannot be done constantly. We are always tempted to shrink from worshippers into critics. No one can worship if he is criticising. This is as impossible as it is for a river to flow backwards and forwards at the same time. Even if we do not criticise, we are apt, in listening to a choir, to think that its object is to give us pleasure. But the sound of voices all around us, uttering the same words and sounds as ourselves, moves us by a force of sympathy which is well-nigh irresistible, and incites us most powerfully to worship."

He quotes at length from the pages of the *New Englander* (New Haven, 1849), from which I cull the following sentences :

"The meeting together for united acts of devotion is an acknowledgment of a common nature, of common relations to God, of common wants, and of a common destiny. Now whatever shall, at this time, call the mind off from the great truths which encompass all alike, and fix attention on what is circumstantial and characteristic of individuals only, is at war with the very soul of worship, and, as far as it prevails, defeats its highest end . . . not negatively merely, but occasioning a positive distraction and constituting a virtual prohibition of all hearty and united praise."

From what Dr. G. F. Root, of Chicago, has written on the subject the following is quite apt to the special point I am making :

"Do you say, 'Our choir sometimes sing with so much pathos as to bring tears to the eyes?' That may be of the sensibilities only, very near the surface. A novel or play will do as much. Were an angel to sing us a song of heaven, it would be only a passing enjoyment, unless it caused us to do something for ourselves. Do you further say, 'I can't sing,' or, as some one has said, 'I can't sing fit to be heard?' I reply, you do not sing to be heard. That's just the point. You sing for your own benefit. I you are a sincere worshipper, your voice will be reverent, and, in the preponderance of correct tones, your imperfections of time or tune will probably not be observed. But supposing they should be, you are not in a concert-room, where entertainment is the main thing. You are where people are bound to offer praise and worship to the Lord. And you come just as you are, and give him the best you have."

I have now a plea to present in favor of congregational singing which I am sure will appeal most forcibly to the mind of every preacher. Who has not *felt* the increase of his own spiritual proximity to the people and the degree of their receptivity when he rises in the pulpit after the singing of the *Veni Creator*, though by the choir only, if by the custom of the church *all the people knelt devoutly* during that invocation of the Holy Spirit,

and thus were in some measure drawn into a closer common bond of fellowship with God, and were moved to humble acceptance of himself as the accredited messenger of the divine word?

It seems to me every preacher will at once seize the point I desire to make, and realize the deep importance of it in reference to the unquestionable advantages that would result if before his sermon the whole congregation could rise upon their feet, or kneeling sing together the *Veni Creator*, or a hymn pertinent to the subject he is about to discourse upon. I find this consideration remarkably well put by a Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., as quoted by Mr. Curwen. He says:

"We urge hearty, united congregational singing as a means of raising the aggregate devotion of the Christian assembly to its highest point. It is not without purpose that Providence has set Christians in companies for worship, instead of leaving them to render it privately or individually. Men, like coals, kindle best in the mass. Each serves as a radiator to throw heat upon his neighbor, and so the zeal of the whole is quickly raised. . . . Now singing is a means of spiritual radiation. Truth and love and fervor are easily contagious where singing is the medium of intercourse. As the people sing to each other in psalms and hymns there is a rapid circulation of the currents of devotion. The pulse of song beats quick and full, and the glow of worship is easily attained. One has little idea who has not experienced it of the help which it gives to the preacher to have a high average of fervor in the congregation. If only a few are kindled in the service of God's house, their warmth is absorbed and becomes latent in the inert mass about them. But if the majority are stirred so that the general level of feeling is high, a preacher with any sensibility can feel the fact the moment he comes into contact with them. We must recognize the value of communion in all worship. No man can be an independent unit here. What he brings to church with him of interest, of desire, of earnestness, he brings to put into the common fund, and *the best circulating medium of worship is singing*. Hence I appeal to your sense of fairness. If you, the people, expect the preacher to stir you to duty by his sermons, ought you not to put yourselves in the best possible condition to be stirred? The preacher cannot furnish both incitement and susceptibility. If any fact has been made clear to me in my pastoral experience it is this: that the people that enter heartily and enthusiastically into the worship as earnest participants by uniting in the singing can be inspired with interest and moved to duty with half the labor which would otherwise be required. What preacher cannot feel the difference in the touch of a congregation that has risen just before the sermon and poured itself out in an inspiring and hearty hymn of praise from that of a religious audience that has been quietly sitting and listening to a musical performance? There is a kind of spiritual elasticity in the former case which gives the preacher's words back to him in a responsive echo, while in the latter it is like the dull thud of a stone let fall into a stagnant pool."

One might go on and quote largely to the same effect from

both Catholic and Protestant sources, and it is a noteworthy fact that it is difficult to find any arguments alleged against the superiority of congregational singing to all other methods, saving a few adverse criticisms based entirely upon an *artistic* criterion, requiring, according to the view of these writers, a standard of musical culture which, in point of fact, is not attainable for even the limited number who compose the church choir except in very few wealthy congregations. Time and again one is compelled to hear "singing by the choir," in many of our churches, of the most ludicrous character, and as well both contemptible and offensive because the horrible medley of inharmonious sounds is evidently a work of the performers in which the vanity of personal display is so painfully conspicuous. This irreligious and spiritually profitless motive is the bane of all so-called church choirs. The unhappy organist is for ever trying to steer clear of a Scylla of petty rivalries and animosities only to fall into a Charybdis of open revolt and rebellion. Miss A. is jealous of the praise she hears bestowed upon Miss B., and Miss C. sulks and won't sing at all because *her* solo has been given to Miss D. A writer in a recent New York journal, comparing "mixed" choirs with "boy" choirs to the advantage of the latter, makes some amusing observations:

> "In the first place, the change to boy choir eliminates the danger of jealousy and scandal; there are no flirtations to take up the time and attention of the singers. The hymns are not interlined with 'asides' concerning Mrs. Jones' new bonnet or the cut of Mrs. Brown's new dress. It is notorious that for bitter feuds you must look to a church choir. The young man who, wishing to break up the intimacy between two ladies, induced them to join the same choir knew what he was about. There seems to be something about the atmosphere of an organ-loft which leads to strife, etc., etc."

Do these people ever reflect that they are there to sing to the praise and glory of God? I will not deny that many do. But who does not know how many sing to their own praise and glory? Singers of this sort are keenly alive to the impression they make. More than once I have heard the remark from such singers, who failed to perceive that their singing attracted any marked attention from the listening audience, that in his or her opinion "those people were not worth singing to."

"Singing to" any one but God is not likely to be a motive where congregational singing prevails, and that all the singing will then, in fact, be done to him alone is an argument in its favor which it is impossible to overthrow or set aside. Those who seek that only worthy end (and who is there that will confess to seeking any other?) will not only advocate it, but will be sure to

prefer it even if from an artistic point of view the singing is not of a high order. Those who sing for personal display and those who listen for their own sensual delectation are the only ones who would think of opposing it or find it distasteful. A few minutes' conversation with any one in order to draw out his opinion and reasons of preference will very soon show the truth of this. Shirking all responsibility about it as being a matter of little consequence is not uncommon, but then you will generally find that your interlocutor frankly owns to not knowing one note of music from another; or he will close all amicable discussion of the subject by telling you that all musicians are cranks, and proverbially belong to the *genus irritabile*.

But I think it has been plainly shown that this is not a mere artistic question, to be left wholly to one's musical taste upon which to form a reliable judgment of the comparative merit of congregational singing, or make a decision whether the adoption of it should be encouraged or even discussed. The argument, Mr. Curwen says, is, in his opinion, one of devotion. I would say that it is one of *intelligent* devotion. It is a matter of faith as well as of piety. It is a question of God getting what, without it, he most certainly fails to get—the praise of his own children united in the divine communion of the church with his own beloved Son, their Redeemer. It is a question whether the chief purpose for which the Divine Wisdom has instituted a public, common assembly of the faithful for worship shall be fulfilled or well-nigh frustrated. The voice must give utterance to the convictions of faith and the sentiments of love, or all the good will in the world will fail to deepen the one or inflame the other. Human nature demands that this utterance shall be made in tones that stir the inmost spirit to enthusiasm and awake all the fervor of which the heart is capable. This means *singing;* and, as the occasion is one of a common assembly, it means a *common, united song* of the assembly, pouring forth in accents loud and sweet the hymn of praise and psalm of love divine.

I cannot refrain from presenting and urging the claim this common song of intelligent, devout hearts and minds has as the strongest aid to faith and surest antidote to the insidious spirit of unbelief and sensual indulgence so urgently called for in our day. I am deeply convinced that nothing can compare with congregational singing as an effective agency in this respect—not a gorgeous ceremonial, nor sublime discourses by great orators; not the building of imposing and beautifully adorned churches, nor the frequent repetition in them of services liturgi-

cal and non-liturgical. All these have their place and do their own work for the glory of God and the conversion and sanctification of souls; but a congregation of people assembled in church, who are there as only silent worshippers—and as such will infallibly be chiefly so as hearers and observers and not doers—are to me like a family gathered about a fireless hearth. They are all there. Oh, yes! And they sit and think and wish well to one another. No doubt. But where is the cheery flame, the sparkling firelight dancing up the chimney, throwing out its ruddy beams to put a glow upon all faces and spread a genial warmth around, to be a focus of enlivening rays in which the company of the loved and the loving are encircled and bound in one? Alas! no wonder they are all silent, each one moodily nursing his own thoughts. But now light up the fire; throw on the logs and make a big blaze. Behold the marvellous change! *Congregati sunt in unum!* Oh! most surely this blessed and happy union of hearts and minds is one which, if secured, is so strong, so attractive, so mutually delightful and encouraging that, to say the least, it is a bond from which it is hard to break away, and against whose unitive power of love temptations to desert the charmed circle have but little force.

But I must change my metaphor to illustrate better the special point I wish to insist upon. You, my brother-priests, have many fair and goodly trees under your care as husbandmen in the garden of the Lord. The fruit appears in the aggregate to be plentiful, but you know and lament with me that despite your unceasing labors many a tree shows signs of weakness and threatens to wilt and die. You sigh to see so much fruit fall to the ground rotten or unripe. Many young saplings from which the fruit-garden of the Lord should be renewed in numbers of healthy trees you do indeed save, but alas! how many are stunted and will surely come to nothing! What is the matter? You prune and water and dig about them day and night—and of a truth the world can show no such laborers as you for hard and faithful work—but too many trees are dying, and too much fruit fails of coming to maturity. How is the garden of the Lord to be restored, as it must be and surely will be? From whence comes the blight under which succumbs so much that is carefully nourished?

Permit a Crank who has been down on his hands and knees and groping about the roots of the trees to speak a word. If he has not so much knowledge as you in the science of pruning and watering and digging, he at least knows a *canker-worm* when he sees one. Such a worm this Crank sees is fast girdling

the trees; and it will soon cut off all the avenues by which the healthy, life-giving and fruit-producing sap may rise to the heart and branches of the trees unless some measures are taken to arrest its ravages. "Shall he who planted the tree not eat of the fruit thereof?" Yet God, who planted the Christian tree, is surely not getting the fruit thereof as abundantly as one might expect from the untiring and watchful care of his husbandmen. That fruit is and can be none other but faith and hope in and love of *the divine*. In vain is the growth of all other fruit, be it never so fair to the eyes and seemingly good to eat. To many a wiser man than the Crank it has long been seen with no little alarm and sorrow that popular indifference to the production of that fruit is on the increase, especially among those over whom the church has lost influence, and no less a popular ignorance that God expects any such fruit at all. Meanwhile, the canker-worms of human self-conceit and self-love are busy at work down at the roots of all our fair and goodly trees. No wonder so much of the fruit shows the rot of unbelief, worldliness, and sensuality. Some of you may have heard of that trenchant little French brochure against infidelity entitled *Salve for the Bite of the Black Serpent.* The author, I believe, received many votes in his favor as a Crank. Lo! another Crank has also a Salve to sell, warranted to destroy the "canker-worm" at first touch, but of marvellous virtue for the healing of all wounded and failing trees, and which will powerfully aid in the production of a full, healthful flow of life-giving sap. That Salve is the *Singing of the Divine Praises.* My metaphor is fully justified as apt and not "mixed," as a glance at the word "*Trees*" in your Biblical concordance will show. The great prophet of the Christ could write: "The mountains and the hills shall sing praise before you and all the *trees* of the country shall clap their hands." And the royal Psalmist not only calls upon the "fruitful *trees* and all cedars to praise the Lord," but he finds as well a voice attuned to song in every creature, animate and inanimate, and does not hesitate to summon them all to unite together as in a mighty congregation of nature and pour forth unto the Lord a joyful psalm of never-ending praise. If in the question of congregational singing one would wish to get at what "seemeth good to the Holy Ghost," the best and most conclusive of all arguments, let him peruse the inspired songs of the Singer of Israel of old, whose accents of divine praise the Catholic Church, the New Israel, finds none better to make her own.

ALFRED YOUNG.

A GLORIA.

A VARIED and beautiful landscape, an Italian landscape, with a dry torrent-bed curving whitely through the green plain, and a mountain-wall built along the north and east, was shining in the afternoon sun of a September day.

Here and there from the great procession of mountains some lesser height pushed itself out into the plain with an old castle, or *rôcca*, on its gray summit, and a rolling smoke of olives, or the fretted green of vineyards, or a small walled city climbing its lower steps.

Seen from a distance, the mountain seemed to have taken the sunny little town onto its knee.

One of these cities looked southward and had the full sunrise and sunset, it was so far advanced into the plain, and there was not a dark street nor a sour, damp alley within the walls. Outside the walls bright little *casine*, all white and pink and gold-colored, were scattered among the *vigne* and the laurels and the ivy.

A lady and gentleman issued from the gate of one of these villas and sauntered slowly up the tree-shaded avenue leading to the town. They were two artists, old friends, who had met in this city partly by arrangement, partly by chance, and were getting sketches here, the lady for charming bits of color, each of which should have a story to tell; the gentleman for some form of modern plastic life that would refresh his mind after a long study of the antique.

He was idealistic, discontented, and somewhat sceptical; she was religious and full of enthusiasm. They called each other Elizabeth and Alexander, and were happy together in that most ideally delightful of friendships, where no jealousy intrudes to embitter it—the friendship of artists. Next to a purely spiritual and religious sympathy, such as that of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Clara, or St. Francis of Sales and Jane Frances Chantal, there is no earthly association so exquisite as that of two artists enthusiastically devoted to their art. Nor can the religious element be entirely wanting if they are true artists. It is impossible that man or woman should strive with all their hearts to embody noble ideas in beautiful forms without having, sooner or later, some consciousness of a supreme source from which all beauty is derived.

The lady wore a black lace veil on her head, and carried a gold-lined parasol in one hand and a pomegranate in the other. She looked up to the town, and let her glance sweep to right and left of it over the crowded heights.

"How peaceful it all looks!" she said. "There is such a suggestion of trustfulness on the one side and protection on the other in one of these small cities snuggled up to a mountain-side."

The gentleman had been looking straight ahead, his large blue eyes having the expression of one who sees only his own thought. He took off his hat, ran his slender fingers through the mass of blonde ringlets that covered his head, and glanced upward somewhat unwillingly. He had wished to prolong a discussion which his companion was setting aside.

"Liberty! Liberty!" he said. "That is what the mountains always suggest to me. They rise into the pure air far above the lower earth, they stretch themselves out, and nothing can break them down."

"Your description would serve equally well for tyranny," the lady said with a slight smile. "But perhaps that is your idea—it is the popular idea—of liberty, a glorious freedom to say and do whatever you like, regardless of the natural consequence that you will thereby prevent others from doing what they would like to do."

"'O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!'" she added after a moment, her companion not having recovered from her dampening remarks.

He still remained silent.

She looked at him with a smile, gave him her parasol to hold, and went to a flat stone beside the road to crack the pomegranate she had brought from the villa.

The gentleman watched her somewhat dreamily, wondering how he could put that easy stooping posture into clay without losing the grace of it. "Stay as you are a minute!" he exclaimed. "Let me see how you have got the other arm. I never saw so much swing in a stoop."

"I shall soon swing over onto the ground if you don't let me up," she said laughingly. "I am a top. My right toe just touches the ground. I rest on my left foot. My left arm and knee make an X."

He took the half pomegranate she gave him, and sucked the mild, fresh juice as they walked on, catching a leaf-stem from a tree in passing to pry out ruby bunches of the glowing seed-

grains. "Pomegranates are more for the eye than the taste," he said. "But I like to eat them."

"This is for something more than the eye," she said lightly. "See!" holding up her half of the fruit, "I am going to use it as a text. Remember whom I follow. Christ said: 'Consider the lilies of the field.' Solomon said: 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways, and be wise!' I say, then, Consider the pomegranate, my friend."

A man was passing with a donkey laden with straw—that is, a huge mass of straw was moving up the road before him with four little hoofs tick-tacking underneath it. The lady caught one of these straws and began to push up carefully the grains of the pomegranate and separate without breaking them.

"How pretty the yellow straw looks against the ruby pulp!" she said. "But that isn't the lesson I wish you to consider."

"Elizabeth," said the gentleman, gazing after the man and the donkey, "behold one little quadruped which cannot be beaten. He couldn't feel a blow. He is packed all round a yard deep with straw."

At that moment the man before him uttered a stinging "Ah-h-i-i!" and, inserting the stick he carried into a hole in the straw where a donkey's tail might be discovered in dim perspective, used it with such effect as to notably accelerate the tick-tacking.

"I give it up!" sighed the sculptor. "And now for your sermon."

She held the pomegranate toward him, pushing the grains about with her straw. "Look at the shapes of the grains. I don't suppose that any two are alike. Some have three, others four, five, or six sides. Some are faceted like a brilliant-cut gem. All are angular. Yet if left quite free they would naturally have followed the shape of the seed, and been very nearly oval. But there were a good many white, strong seeds in this little walled city of a pomegranate-shell, and no space to throw away between curved lines. Perhaps, too, the life of each was vivified yet more by contact and pressure. So each oval has given a tiny space here and taken a tiny space there, adjusting its tender skin and soft pulp to circumstances, submitting to have angles instead of curves for the sake of living harmoniously with its fellows. But the pressure is only an outward one. The seeds are all perfect and untouched. That is my lesson from the pomegranate. Social liberty, to be just, means the having a good many little snips taken out of what we would like to do."

She began to eat her text as they walked on. Her companion smiled, but said nothing.

"I am two years older than you, Alexander *mio!*" she said, tossing away the empty pomegranate-shell. "Study over my lesson till you reach my present age of thirty-one, then tell me your conclusion. I used to have that bull-in-a-china-shop idea of liberty, but I have given it up."

They reached the city gate, and entered a sunny, empty piazza, all grass-grown, before a church. The only person visible was a woman seated outside the door of a rough stone house. At her elbow was a table with a flask of white wine, a dozen or two of walnuts, a few apples, and a loaf of bread. It was her shop, and while waiting for customers she was knitting a beautiful long stocking of pure crude silk of a pale, gleaming gold-color as it came from the cocoon. She was a famous knitter, and these stockings were for the bishop, whose mother would color them a rich Tyrian purple by a process which she kept secret.

As the two artists entered the gate a confused sound of childish voices reached them from a street leading into the piazza, and a little boy came running toward them, pursued by half a dozen others. He turned his head from time to time to fling back at his pursuers an inarticulate babble of defiance or expostulation, but without stopping; and when he reached the two strangers he caught the lady's arm and hid his face in her dress, trembling as he clung.

"Shame on you, you bad boys!" cried Elizabeth, suffering the child to cling to her while she poured out reproaches on his tormentors.

"We weren't going to hurt him, signora," said one of them.

"Isn't it hurting him to frighten him so?" she demanded.

"He keeps following us, and we don't want him," said another. "He can't play nor do anything, and he gets in the way. He's a deaf-mute."

"I wonder if any idea of compassion ever enters the heart of a child, unless it is put there by some older person?" said the lady to her friend. "It is such nonsense to call children angelic! They are oftener egotistical little fiends!"

"*Pian piano!*" said the sculptor, smiling at her impetuosity.

She turned to the children. "You drive this poor little boy away from you because he is unfortunate," she said. "Well, wait till it comes your turn to be driven away by the holy angels. What should they want of such company as yours, you

ignorant, cruel little—" she paused in search of a word which should strike terror into them—" little Protestants?"

" We an't Protestants!" came in an indignant chorus from the boys.

Elizabeth lifted the child's head from her arm and spoke to him soothingly. He had a pretty, intelligent face, but terror seemed to have been impressed upon it as a habit. Shut in from all the soothing and joyous sounds of nature by that awful silence of the deaf, knowing nothing of danger till it fell upon him, orphaned, and missing the kind and reassuring word which sometimes atones for an indifferent expression of countenance, worse than all, shunned or derided by almost every child he met, his life might well have been to him an evil dream.

He looked about when the lady lifted his face, saw that his pursuers had gone away and where he was. A light sprang into his face, and he turned quickly in the direction of the knitting-woman.

" Maria!" he called out distinctly, and, breaking from his protectress, ran toward her. But when half-way across the piazza he stopped as suddenly as he had started, and began to cry, looking helplessly from one woman to the other.

The woman with the knitting called out: " Come here, Pio!"

He went slowly forward, but looked back. The two artists followed him and explained what had happened.

The woman had risen with instinctive politeness at their approach, and they saw that she supported herself on a crutch and begged her to sit down again.

" The children always tease him," she said; " and I can't keep him away from them. You see, I have but one foot. The other was crushed by a cart-wheel, and I had to have it cut off. Then there is no one here but mother and I, and mother is very old and half-blind. My husband died long ago, and I have no children."

" The boy is not yours, then?" said Elizabeth.

" No, signora; his mother died last month. They had a room here. Nobody knows where his father is. He went away before Pio was born."

" Who takes care of the child?"

" He lives with me, signora. We hope to get him into a deaf-and-dumb asylum. But he is too young now. He is only six years old. Besides, the asylum is very poor. Pazienza!" She sighed and smiled. " He is welcome to the little that I can do for him. But I can't keep him off the street."

Elizabeth looked at the child with a troubled face. "He is deaf," she said, "but he is not dumb. He called out 'Maria' quite plainly."

"It is the only word that he can speak, signora. It was his mother's name. How he got it into his mind I do not know. I suppose the Madonna put it there."

"It must be that he was not always deaf," the sculptor said. "Probably before he was able to speak, but while he could hear, the name of his mother became familiar to him, so that it broke out involuntarily afterward when he had need of such help as she would have given him."

He stopped, disconcerted by a swift, frowning glance from his artist-friend. The cripple was looking at him in a puzzled way.

"Yes, sir," she said politely when he paused.

"Maria had begun to teach him something," she said, addressing the lady.

She called the child to her, and taking a rosary that hung on the back of her chair, showed him the crucifix.

He looked at it a moment, then blessed himself, making a little moan where each sacred name should be.

Then she reached down a small picture of the Madonna from the wall and held it before him.

"Maria!" he said. And then he touched the Divine Mother and pointed up to the sky, and touched the Divine Infant and again pointed up to the sky.

But the lesson had sharpened again his dulled sorrow for his lost mother.

"Maria! Maria!" he cried, with a wild, searching glance around the piazza.

Elizabeth took him into her arms and he clung to her. She took his face in one hand, and with the other pointed up to the sky.

He glanced upward weeping, then looked at the picture. Oh! how could she teach him that she meant his mother, too? She caught him to her breast, pressed him close and kissed him; then putting him back, pointed upward.

He looked at her with wide, startled eyes, then stretched his arms upward and broke out with a sobbing "Maria! Maria!"

He understood! Not only the pictured Madonna was there, but the only one who had ever loved him was there too.

The lady and gentleman pursued their way.

"What did I say that was wrong?" asked the sculptor.

"You did not even know!" she said. "Cannot you under-

stand that the rosary hanging on the back of the chair and the little crucifix and Madonna on the wall are emblems of all which interposes itself between these poor creatures and despair? You would not let her think that the Madonna had a care over that unhappy child. It seems to you a folly. Can you believe that their heavenly Father did not provide that consolation for them when every other hope fails?"

"I did not mean to take the hope away, Elizabeth," the sculptor said seriously. "You know I have the habit of speaking from the scientific basis; but I am scarcely the materialist you think me. All the patience in poverty and sorrow that I have seen here in Italy, all the self-respect which seems to flow from the very respect which they show to those of superior position, and their sure looking forward to heaven have not been thrown away on me. I do not quite believe, yet I do not disbelieve. There must be somewhere a great fountain of sweetness that they can draw upon."

"Oh, Alexander!"

"I know," he went on, "that science frequently does no more than call things by another name when it seems to explain, and leaves the mystery unsolved; and that, as you say, when we shall have gone round the whole circle of the sciences, and tried them in the alembic to find what supreme result they were to give us, it may be that the most precious jewel of all will be that simple faith and charity which childlike souls knew from the first. But have a little patience with me."

"I will never lecture you again," she said.

The cripple counted over the money they had given her, and smilingly put it into a little silk purse she carried hidden in her corsets. The boy wandered about the piazza with a disconsolate air, then went and sat down on the church steps.

The bells of the church were ringing for the death of an infant. It was the custom there, on the death of a child under seven years of age—that is, incapable of having committed mortal sin—to ring the bells, not *a morto*, for the dead, but *a gloria*, for a pure soul entering heaven.

There were four small, silver-toned bells in this church, and they were ringing joyfully. The child sat thinking. He remembered that once when his mother was with him a little girl had been carried past to the church. She was asleep, all dressed in white and covered with flowers. His mother had pointed at her, then to the sky. The lady to-day had told him that his mother had gone there. Then it must be that the little flower-

crowned girl had gone there. He used to see her before that day, but he never saw her again. How did people get there?

He looked upward. To his mind the skies were a great, blue-walled house, and the moon and stars were the lights that shone out at night, as he had seen lights shining by night from the campagna.

How did people get there?

He looked at the mountains rising against the blue, and stretching out like a gigantic highway. It must be by way of the mountains.

He sat and studied over the matter while the *gloria* rang out above him. He thought of it till he went to sleep, and it was his first thought in the morning.

As soon as he had eaten his piece of bread and drunk a cup of goat's milk in the morning he set out. He had no sense of wrong-doing. He could ask no permission and hear no denial. His protectress allowed him to go where he pleased, sure that he would come back when he was hungry or sleepy.

His road led him first under the city wall. It was a quiet road, and the wall was set with flowering caper-vines. The child stopped and looked up, wishing that he could reach one of the lovely purple-and-white blossoms.

Suddenly he felt himself caught by the shoulder and set roughly aside. A diligence with four horses had been drawn up suddenly close behind him as he stood in the middle of the road, hearing nothing.

The driver mounted to his seat again, shook his fist at the frightened child, and drove on. Pio stood trembling till the diligence was out of sight, then pursued his way. But reaching a turn of the road, he started back and hid himself behind a bush.

Just beyond the turn there was a shrine of the Madonna set in the high wall of a *vigna*, and some of the boys who had driven him from them the day before were cleaning and decorating it for a *festa* the next day. The pastor of the nearest church had entrusted them with the work and given them the key of the glass door before the picture. It stood open now, and one of the boys, mounted on a short ladder, was dusting the inside of the shrine. Another was sweeping the ground before it. Another was washing a pair of little vases at a near fountain. A fourth was pouring oil and water into a rose-colored glass cup, and arranging the floating wick; and a fifth was tying up flowers from a basketful brought down from the town. All their faces

were full of serious, earnest pride in their task. They were silent, or spoke but a few words in low tones.

In a few minutes the vases were filled with flowers, and the lamp lit and in its place, where it shone with a soft, glow-worm lustre.

The boys stood back to take in the effect before locking the door. It seemed to them very beautiful. Then they knelt down on the grass and said an Our Father and three Hail Marys, as the parish priest had bidden them.

Little deaf-and-dumb Pio watched them from his hiding-place. To him they seemed most wonderful and happy boys. What the matter was with himself that they would not have him with them he did not know. He watched them with fixed and melancholy eyes, feeling as alien from their free and happy childhood as if he had been some little wild beast hidden there in the bush, yet with such a sick longing for their society as only a human heart could feel.

When they had gone away he came out of his hiding-place and went and knelt on the grass as they had done. He blessed himself and said "Maria!" and at that word he cried again, just one little sob between his absorbing terror of the boys and his instantaneous recollection of what he was about to do. It came up like a hidden brook that bubbles up above the ground at some chance opening and sinks out of sight again in a moment. But both the brook and his sorrow were stirring all the same, though silent and out of sight.

Pio went on his way. The road he had taken led round under the walls, and was but little frequented. It made a slight rise, then turned and plunged down into the luxuriant campagna as into a bath. From this turn a rocky path led upward, clinging still to the walls. The laborers from above had already gone down, and the child met no one. If any one were going up the mountain at that hour he would take a better path from the town, which Pio did not know.

Presently the rocks ceased. Some of them retained blood-marks from the little bare feet that had gone over them. Soft, dry turf and mossy ledge replaced them. And here the mountain air began to do its work on the traveller. It was as though some thick cloud which had enveloped him felt the sun shining through its folds. An electric, flitting breeze touched him lightly. Birds flew by. He saw their fluttering wings and open beaks and felt the song he could not hear. The melancholy and terror of his face gave place to a wondering half-smile. Some

perception of that heaven which he had never heard of stole over his mind.

The path he followed, lightly traced, made a curve around the mountain just before reaching its summit. The child hesitated, looking upward. A loftier peak was visible over the little hamlet and ruined castle above him. No; the entrance he was in search of could not be there.

He followed the curve, and entered on a lofty isthmus that stretched out to the side of a gigantic mass, two twin heights thrust together in primeval days and cooled into many a dimple and hollow far up in the sky. This was a mountain with a name, famous in that region, and often visited by tourists. There was a flag-staff on the highest point of the broad summit, and a tiny, yellow-washed cabin under it. This yellow object, rounded at the top, shone like a golden portal in the sunlight.

At last! There it was! At last! For the child was tired and hungry. He had left the town at seven o'clock in the morning, and it was now afternoon.

From the lofty neck of land where he stood, a solitary creeping mite in all that vastity, the mountains crowded thickly at one side, and ran and faded off, ever smaller and ever more faintly colored, till they melted into a dim, silvery horizon before him; and at the other hand the plain, with its scattered dwellings, its rich green, and its silvery torrent-bed, stretched and faded in its turn till the flashing band of the sea was interposed between it and the sky.

And here the little traveller came upon a treasure.

A company of tourists had come up the night before to see the sun rise on the neighboring height, and on their return had left the remains of their breakfast securely tied up in a coarse napkin for any poor wight whom chance might send that way. The boy ate and was refreshed. Then he went on with the remains of the luncheon in his hand.

The way grew more weary and more beautiful every moment. There were no rocks on this strange, heavenly mountain, but its summit seemed ever to recede as he toiled on. The sun sank in a flood of golden light that turned rosy, and the stars began to come out. Pio's weary feet sank deep in soft, fine grass, as in a cushion. He cried lowly with fatigue as he went on. The shades of night came down, and in the pure, transparent darkness the little traveller reached the cabin and the flag-staff. He was too much exhausted to feel the disappointment which confronted him. His head was drooping toward his shoulder

when he reached the open cabin-door; and even as he sank onto the heap of dried grass inside deep sleep fell upon him.

Only a weary child could have so long and deep a slumber. At midnight he turned on his fragrant bed, sighed, and became motionless again. He did not see the east grow white and the purple shadows of night mass themselves into a wall as they crowded down the west. He did not see the east grow golden, and peak after peak and the sea catch fire from it.

It was a sense of joy all about that wakened him. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, and murmured his one word, "Maria!" Then he blessed himself and went out, recollecting where he was.

The sun was just blazing on the horizon, its palpitating orb scarcely detached from the serrated line. All the world shone. The mountain-top was shaped like a wide, immemorial crater, its dimples and hollows waving with fine, thread-like grass a yard high and brilliant with flowers. Out of this exquisite verdure and color, tossing into the air on every hand, sprang the larks in an ecstasy of song. They rose from the flowery earth, hung on their fluttering wings, and poured out a liquid gush of music; tossed themselves higher, hung and sung again, another toss and another roundelay, and so upward till the wings grew weary.

The child laughed to see them, and felt their joy beating against the impassible silence that shut him in. He ate the rest of his food, then looked about him, a new thought dawning on his mind. The portal that he sought to that great palace where the pictured Mother and Child, and his own mother, and the little girl with her white dress and her flowers dwelt could not be here. The peaks were no longer against the sky. Besides, he reasoned, you do not enter first the upper rooms of a house. You go in below and climb the stairs.

A momentary pang of disappointment came over him. It seemed an age since he had seen a human face. He knelt down in the flowery grass, with the larks singing around him, and blessed himself; and remembering the medal and crucifix that hung about his neck, he drew them out and kissed the faces on them. They were no more dumb to him than all other faces were. They comforted him, the dear, familiar faces, and drew him on to finish his quest.

Just back of the mountain where he was two or three strange peaks rose almost like obelisks into the air, all gravel and stone from their sharp points down to their narrow bases, eaten away by torrents, and through a rift low down between these peaks was visible a dark stone arch through which a light shone.

"Maria!" cried the child, starting up. Oh! it was near. His mother and the Mother with her Child were there! There was the mountain to descend. No matter! He must cross the torrent-beds, and his feet were sore. He would cross them! He must pass those rocky peaks. He was not afraid! He would call "Maria! Maria!" all the way, and perhaps they would come out to meet him.

He gathered a handful of the bright flowers for Maria's Child, and set out undoubting.

Meantime, in the town below a great search had been made for the deaf-and-dumb boy. Some one had seen him go outside the gate, and some one else, whose house overlooked the city wall, had seen him in the road below.

A search, carelessly begun, but growing ever more anxious, was made all about the campagna. Night came, and there was no word of news from the child. No one had seen him go up the mountain-path.

The second day telegrams were sent about, and the hamlet above the town was searched. The boys whom he had watched at the shrine found their hearts, now that they could no longer be of any use to him, and searched minutely all day long.

As the second night came on two items of information, which might mean something, reached the town. A gentleman in the campagna had seen the day before a small, dark object, which might have been a goat but that looked like a child, moving along the isthmus of land they called the *loggia*. And a *contadino* just down from the heights said that as he was working that morning on a bit of land made by the torrents he had heard what seemed to be a loosened stone roll down the mountain near him, and listening then, had seemed to hear some one close to him whisper, "Maria! Maria!"

It had startled him so, not having believed any living soul to be within a mile of the place, that he had come away immediately.

The artist friends had been among the first and most anxious searchers for the missing child, and when they heard this first note of hope the lady protested that she could not sleep till she knew more.

"We can make our projected expedition to see the sun rise from the mountain and hear the larks for to-morrow morning," she said. "Can we have donkeys and four men ready to start at midnight?" she asked of their landlady.

Yes, everything would be furnished them.

Her plans were quickly laid. They would start at midnight, with four men. Two of these men would leave them at the base of the next mountain and make a circuit of it. It would then be early dawn. At the *loggia*, which they would reach just before sunrise, the other two men would start on the search, leaving them to go on by themselves. They would wait on the summit till the men should bring them news or nothing.

Everything was prepared—breakfast, with a little wine for the child, who might be faint, and a bandage and bottle of sal volatile slipped into the basket with trembling fingers.

Quite a company gathered in their boarding-house when the project was known, and some of the visitors waited to see the little party set out.

"You must watch the flag-staff on the mountain to-morrow," said Elizabeth to one of them as she settled herself on the wooden saddle of her donkey. "You can see it plainly with an opera-glass from the lower piazza. We will signal you the news, if we have any to give. If you see a red cloth, the child is alive. If you see a white one, go into the church down there and tell the sacristan to ring the bells *a gloria*."

There was something magically solemn and sweet in that shadowy ride over the heights under a starry sky. The men swung their lanterns about in the dewy darkness, the donkeys picked their way with sure, strong feet, and not a word was uttered.

When the air whitened toward dawn two of the men left them, and when they had crossed the *loggia* the other two tethered their animals and set out also to search. The two artists went forward on foot and were wading knee-deep across the thick, fine grass and brilliant flowers when the sun showed its first spark of fire above the horizon, and the larks began to sing. They seated themselves on a bank and gazed about them in silence. The sun came up. The scene was heavenly.

Elizabeth got up and wandered about, listening and looking in every direction over their crater-like, flowery nest. She went into the hut, then came out and unpacked their basket, taking out two scarfs, a red and a white one. She laid them down and looked up at the flag-staff, tears dropping from her eyes. Then she went to the sculptor, who was gazing fixedly off at the sea.

"Alexander," she said, "see what I have found!"

It was a little blue cloth cap, a boy's cap, and like one they had seen Pio wear. "Isn't it almost incredible that he should have been here?"

"I have been thinking as we came along," the sculptor said, "that perhaps the child came up here searching for his mother. And that led me to thinking what pure love can do. And then I thought of your compassionateness; and while I thought the sun rose before my face."

"Only before your face, Alexander?" his friend asked gently.

"I think it shone through me," he answered. "That sun seems to me the image of Christ."

"And you do not think us bigoted and severe?" she asked. "You do not think us too touchy about our faith?"

"How could you allow that which is holy to be insulted?" he said.

"And our Blessed Lady?" she said tremulously.

"No one can really believe in Christ and not reverence that tender, stainless being," he replied. "Don't fear for me, Elizabeth!" He looked at her with a smile. "Our faith is the only solution of the problem of our existence."

"*Our* faith!" she repeated with delight. "*Ours!*"

A sound behind her attracted her attention. She turned quickly. One of the men had come up unseen by her from the other side of the summit, and he was raising her white scarf on the flag-staff. She sank onto the bank and covered her face with her hands. "Oh! oh!"

"He fell and struck his temple," the man said. "Poor little one! he is out of his troubles. They are bringing him up."

The two artists followed him to the other side of the summit and saw the men coming up. They had made a litter of green branches, and the child's waxen face showed like a lily against them.

They came slowly up the steep way, their hats in their hands, reciting prayers as they came. The man on the summit took his hat off and blessed himself. The sculptor, feeling himself but an ignorant neophyte in their presence, followed their example.

The lady retreated as they approached, and signed them to a little knoll in the midst of the summit. As they laid their burden down there, there was a faint, sweet sound of music in the air. Soft, silvery, and fitful, it came and went.

Their signal had been seen down in the town, and from the church-tower in the grassy piazza at the city gate the bells were ringing *a gloria* for a child's soul entering heaven.

Poor little Pio had found the palace gate, and he was deaf and dumb no longer.

M. A. Tincker.

THE EUCALYPTUS CULTURE AT TRE FONTANE.*

OUTSIDE the walls of Rome, about two miles from the splendid basilica of St. Paul, is the church and abbey of San Paolo *alle* Tre Fontane, built on the very spot where the great Apostle of the Gentiles was put to death under Nero. The land there belonged to the patrician family Salvia, and was known as *Aquæ Salviæ*, or *Massa aquæ Salviæ*, because of the abundance of its water, which, on account of improper drainage, made the place very unhealthy. The tradition is that there, on a block of marble still preserved in the church, St. Paul was beheaded; that three fountains sprang up where the head of the apostle bounded three times from the earth, pronouncing in Hebrew at each bound the name of Jesus. According to an epistle of St. Clement, Nero, in a spirit of revenge against the illustrious martyr for having converted one of his concubines to Christianity, chose to be present at the execution. The fountains, now comprised within the church, differ in the temperature; the first is soft and almost tepid, the second is cool, and the third still colder. A vault is shown near by in which St. Paul is said to have been imprisoned during the short time which preceded his execution. After the miracle above narrated the spot became known as *Tres Fontes ad aquas Salvias*, and from the earliest times the faithful have resorted there in a spirit of devotion, as they do in our day, to drink the waters and carry some away to their distant homes. The present church edifice was rebuilt in 1599 by Cardinal Peter Aldobrandini after the designs of Giacomo della Porta.

The Aquæ Salviæ became in the year 299 the scene of another great martyrdom, ordered by the emperors Diocletian and Maximian. Ten thousand two hundred and three Christian soldiers, headed by the military tribune Zeno, were selected, because they would not deny Christ, from the ranks of the legions to which they belonged and condemned to work at building the baths of Diocletian. After the completion of these colossal edifices these Christian soldiers were taken, by order of Diocletian, in chains to the Aquæ Salviæ and there every one of them was

* *L'Abbaye des Trois Fontaines, par le Rev. Père Dom Gabriel, Abbé d'Aiguebelle* (Landerneau, 1882). *Culture de l'Eucalyptus aux Trois Fontaines (près Rome), par Auguste Vallée, ingénieur agricole, membre de la société des agriculteurs de France, etc.* (Landerneau, 1882). *L'Eucalyptus à la Colonie Agricole des Trois Fontaines (près Rome), par E. Meaume*, published in the *Revue des Eaux et Forêts* (Landerneau, 1882).

butchered. Their precious remains were gathered together near a fountain, then called *Gutta jugiter manans*, and a church, which later got the name of *Scala Cœli*,* was built over them and was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Near the main and sole altar twelve steps lead down to the catacombs of St. Zeno and his martyred companions.

The head and body of the great apostle were buried in a field belonging to St. Lucina, the site of the present basilica of St. Paul without-the-walls, rebuilt in place of the splendid one destroyed by fire in 1823.

That the basilica, as far back as 531, was in charge of the monks of St. Benedict seems to rest on sufficient historical authority. In 604 St. Gregory the Great gave to the basilica all the territory of the *Tres Fontes ad aquas Salvias.* In 626 Pope Honorius founded at the latter place a Benedictine monastery dedicated to the holy martyred monks Vincent and Anastasius. In 1140 Pope Innocent II. withdrew the monastery from the Benedictines and confided it to Cistercian monks whom St. Bernard, at the pope's request, had sent from Clairvaux. Their first abbot, Peter Bernard of Paganelli, was elected pope under the title of Eugene III. The monastery of Sts. Vincent and Anastasius, with the possessions connected with it, remained in the hands of St. Bernard's order, under the government at first of regular and afterwards of commendatory abbots, until 1809, when, the city of Rome having been annexed by a decree of Napoleon to the French Empire, the entire property was forcibly placed under the sole control of two imperial commissaries. During their administration all the large silver reliquaries presented by Charlemagne and other munificent donors disappeared for ever, and, with the exception of *Tor de Specché*, all the property in Rome belonging to the monastery was confiscated. The last abbot witnessed the entire ruin of his monastery, and died in helpless dependence on his former cellarer.

After the fall of Napoleon Tre Fontane remained just as spoliation had left it until Leo XII. went there and, shocked at finding no one in charge to receive him and the three sanctuaries in a most filthy condition, gave the shrines in the care of Brothers Minor of St. Francis, commonly known as Franciscans.

But the place had become so dreadfully unhealthy that it was called "The Tomb"; no community could live there, nor could

*St. Bernard is said, while one day celebrating Mass there for the dead, to have had a vision of a ladder reaching from earth to the skies up which angels were leading souls freed from purgatory by the holy sacrifice.

services be held in the three churches. The monastery was in charge of a single lay brother, whose business was to show visitors through the several shrines, and who, as evening came on, through fear of the fever withdrew to the Church of St. Sebastian. During the season for pasturing cattle and sheep a priest, by order of Pius VII., attended the Church of *Scala Cœli* to celebrate Mass on Sunday for the herdsmen in the neighborhood, and to teach them catechism.

This sad state of things continued until 1867, when Count de Maumigny came to Rome to be present at the festivities of the Eighteenth Centenary of St. Peter. He was deeply moved at seeing the scene of the martyrdom of St. Paul in such a state of abandonment. He wrote to the cardinal-abbot offering a sum of money, which was gratefully accepted, toward the restoration of the Church of Tre Fontane. A few months later two vicars-general of the reformed order of Citeaux, commonly known as Trappists, came from France to Rome on business of their order. Their attention was called to Tre Fontane, and they made up their minds to take it, if it were offered them, and with it the risk of fever consequent upon living there. Negotiations were entered into, and Pius IX., by bull dated April 1, 1868, removed the Franciscans, and, on terms agreeable to both parties, placed the Trappists in possession of the Church of St. Vincent and St. Anastasius, with the adjoining monastery and the two churches of Scala Cœli and St. Paul.

As no reference was made in the bull to Trappists of any particular observance, monks under the rule of De Rancé and of the original constitutions of Citeaux both came from France to take part in the undertaking, and began a community life. The house, bare of everything, was soon equipped with the needed instruments of husbandry, tools, and necessaries for divine worship, and the next endeavor was to make the place healthier by building an aqueduct to carry off some of the surface-water. This did a little perceptible good, and the general aspect was also improved by cleaning up the avenues and inner court-yard, which latter, under the direction of the cardinal commendatory, had been beautified by trees planted in it. The work of improvement progressed satisfactorily until July following, when severe trials began. Every one in the community was stricken with fever, some unto death. Nor could the removal of the sick to the monastery of St. Sabina, a healthier habitation provided by the tender solicitude of Pius IX., be accomplished. Then Dom Timothy, abbot of La Grande Trappe, brought from

France a reinforcement of monks to fill the place of those whom it might be judged necessary to take back home. His presence inspired the fathers with new courage. He took an active part in looking up and securing a temporary abode to serve for the summer months, until the Tre Fontane lands could by cultivation be made sufficiently healthy to reside in at all times. Proper and permanent regular government, under the authority of a regularly appointed abbot, was also felt to be imperatively needed, and Dom Eutropius, founder and first abbot of the monastery of Gethsemani in the United States, although sixty years old and in very feeble health, was sent from Melleray, where he had sought a retreat and hoped to end his days. At his first audience with Pius IX. the Sovereign Pontiff remarked to the persons surrounding him: "That American abbot is bound to succeed"; and when Dom Eutropius replied, "Holy Father, I am not capable to do all that will be expected of me; you do not know me," Pius IX. insisted, saying, "Yes, you will succeed." He subsequently paid the monastery and the shrines a formal visit, which gave great consolation to the inmates. Shortly afterwards Divine Providence sent a powerful and devoted protector in the person of the late Mgr. de Mérode, grand almoner of the pope, at one time his minister of war, and then entrusted with the supervision of prisons in the Pontifical States. As there was a great deal of work to be done without delay and no laborers to be had, Mgr. de Mérode supplied the want with convict labor; he also took a very active part in planning and helping to carry out sanitary improvements.

The *Agro Romano*, in which Tre Fontane lies, is largely of volcanic origin, well adapted for the culture of cereals, somewhat rolling, studded with low hills, but so subject to malarial fevers that the people who till it, as soon as the crops have been harvested at the end of June, all leave for the Alban hills and do not return until the end of October following.

The soil of the lands belonging to the abbey of Tre Fontane is mostly of three kinds—clayey, clay and sand, and an alluvium containing clay and silex and much more organic matter than the other two. Where tillable it ranges in depth from eight to sixteen inches. It is pretty fertile, but, unfortunately, the subsoil is nearly throughout a tufa of stoney structure called *capellacio*, impenetrable to the plough, and therefore a seemingly insurmountable obstacle to tree-planting. This stratum varies in thickness from eighteen inches in most spots to six and a half and even nine feet. Under it is found the *pozzolana*, a volcanic

sand, which, when mixed with lime in a certain proportion, forms a very hard and durable cement, the only one used for building purposes in Rome and throughout the Roman Campagna.

Tree-planting having been adopted by the fathers as the main feature of their plan for fighting the malaria, they concluded in 1870, on account of its reported febrifuge qualities, to make trial of the *Eucalyptus globulus*, although it was then but very little known in Europe. They began in a small way. Seed was scarce and dear, and they had to contend with many experimental failures, which, however, did not discourage them. Their first attempts were made around the monastery and within its precincts.

The eucalyptus is a native of Australia and belongs to the myrtle family. There are over 150 varieties, nearly all differing in their foliage. The leaves of some are long and oval, others almost round, but nearly all have a glistening surface, and, when bruised and rubbed together, give out a strong aromatic odor. The foliage does not become dense, and is readily penetrated by the sun's rays. Its bark, which it sheds annually, leaving a smooth surface underneath, is useful for tanning purposes. Its growth is quite rapid, surpassing in that respect nearly all resiniferous trees; in eight years it commonly reaches a height of fifty-two feet and a trunk circumference of thirty-six inches. The specific gravity of its wood is 0.836, almost equal to the average of oak. Its timber is suited for shipbuilding, and makes excellent railway-sleepers. Besides the essences obtained from the leaves, the tree, when tapped, also yields a resinous gum, called in commerce gum of China, to the extent of one *litre* (about a quart) per tree. Its power to absorb water from the soil is marvellous. It has been ascertained that it can absorb and evaporate in the space of twelve hours a quantity of water equivalent in weight to from four to five times that of its foliage, and that in some places water, always before found quite close to the surface of the soil, after two years' growth there of eucalyptus trees had sunk downward over three feet. The leaves have an abundance of respiratory organs, as many as 350 *stomata* having been counted on one *millimetre* (one-twenty-fifth of an inch) square of inner surface of one leaf of a young tree of the globulus variety.

But no tree-planting could be carried on unless the *capellacio* could be penetrated in some way. When broken up fine and mixed with the soil above it, it improves the latter, imparting to it qualities very favorable for culture. The Trappist fathers hit upon dynamite, never before used for that purpose. They first

tried to drill the holes for blasting with hand-drills, but soon found it too slow and too hard work. Then one of the community invented a boring-machine worked by hand, and got it made by machinists in Rome. It answered the purpose and greatly facilitated rapid blasting.

Of the abundant and minute particulars about the culture of the eucalyptus, given by the two French experts who had plenty of time and facilities to observe and study them, there is room here for only a very few.

The seeds of the eucalyptus are planted, usually in the autumn, in pots or in boxes, filled with earth carefully prepared. The young plants germinate after a few days, must be kept clear of weeds, well watered, and protected from excessive heat and strong winds. When they are four inches high they are transplanted into other oblong boxes large enough to hold forty plants, and where they remain until the following spring, by which time they have attained six or eight months' growth and are ready to be set out in the plantation, about six and a half feet apart. The plants require constant care and culture for three years. A too great abundance of water in the soil, particularly if stagnant, is unfavorable; nor can they stand a very low temperature. One day in the winter of 1875-76, when the centigrade thermometer fell to nine degrees below zero (nearly 16 degrees Fahrenheit), one-half of the plants planted that year were killed; one species, the amygdalina, which is of slow growth, stands cold better than all others.

Of the many varieties of eucalyptus tried by the fathers up to 1879 complete success has been attained with only eleven, viz.: *E. Globulus*, *E. Resinifera*, *E. Rostrata*, Red gum, *E. Urnigera*, *E. Teritricornis*, *E. Coccifera*, *E. Viminalis*, *E. Melliodora*, *Gunii*, *Stuartiana*. Some do well in moist, others in damp soil, but the globulus seems to thrive almost anywhere. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that no drainage of the land has been necessary; many drains, open and covered, have had to be made.

The results of the labors of the Trappist fathers, the pioneer and model growers in Europe of the eucalyptus, may, up to 1882, be summarized as follows: First, as regards progressive sanitary improvement: from 1868, when they took possession of the premises of Tre Fontane, to 1874—although towards evening they all withdrew to temporary lodgings in Rome, near the little Church of St. Nicholas des Lorrains, let to them by the French government—twelve of the community died of malarial fever. As soon after their small beginning in 1870 as they had got

one *hectare* (2½ acres) planted with trees, from five to six years old, a beneficial effect on the sanitary condition of the inmates became apparent. In 1874, at the close of which Dom Eutropius died after several months of great suffering, the fathers abode permanently in their monastery, day and night, and no more deaths occurred. They are seldom ill, and cases of fever, if any, are of a mild type and are becoming more and more rare. It may be said without exaggeration that the health of the fathers and brother-laborers, notwithstanding the rigorous dietary to which they are subjected, is as satisfactory as possible.* In March, 1882, their nurseries contained 55,000 young eucalyptus trees and covered 67 hectares (167 acres). They were looking forward to have in October following 100 hectares (250 acres) planted with 90,000 trees. Nine hundred trees per hectare are believed to suffice for obtaining all sanitary effects needed.

The cultivation of the vine is also carried on successfully at Tre Fontane, and the wines produced (in most cases 60 *hectolitres*—1,590 gallons—per *hectare*), viz., Grenache, Carignan, Espar, Clairette, and Trebbiano, although somewhat lacking in alcohol, and hence not keeping very well, are of as good quality as the wines sold in Rome under the designation of *vini di Castelli Romani*, and that culture, besides being profitable, is also conducive to bettering the unhealthfulness of the soil.

The successful labors of the Trappist fathers and the merits of their work have won for them appreciation and special favor from the Italian government, so notorious for its ruthless and tyrannical oppression of the religious orders. To this end, the election in 1875 of Dom Joseph Marie, an Italian, the first postulant that had persevered from the beginning, contributed somewhat. In October, 1879, the Italian government leased to the Trappists of Tre Fontane by an emphyteutic lease, which implies a very long term, a low rent, and a special obligation to improve the land demised, 495 hectares (1,238 acres) of national land in the *Agro Romano* adjoining theirs, upon the condition that there is to be planted and grown on one-half of same, at the expiration of ten years, 125,000 eucalyptus trees. The remainder of the leased land is also to be put under cultivation, but in such manner as

* The monks of La Trappe live on vegetables, boiled in water with salt, but without butter. They rise at 2 A.M. and go to bed in winter at 7 and in summer at 8 P.M. Never, save in cases of sickness, do they eat fish, meat, eggs, or butter. Nevertheless, all are vigorous, and each one has to work eight hours a day either in the fields or at house-work.

the lessees may consider best. This leased land is probably a confiscated estate, formerly belonging to the Ladies of the Holy Sacrament, who could not be persuaded, despite earnest endeavors of Pius IX., to allow the Trappists to cultivate it, but preferred to let it lie in fallow.

The Italian government has not only permitted the continued employment of convict labor, first tried by Monsignor de Mérode, but has organized and regulated it with a view to bring about reformation. Only convicts sentenced to confinement or to hard labor for less than ten years, and having served half their time, were selected, and they earned on an average one *lire* per day, of which they were allowed to receive only a small portion, the accumulated remainder being held back for payment to them when liberated. Such as had a very good record for good conduct and disposition were lodged in the spacious monastery buildings, all others in a temporary one which they were made to erect. At all times they are under the surveillance of well-armed keepers. This out-of-door farm-work, being more congenial and less degrading than what they might be put to elsewhere, whether in prison or out of it, is particularly agreeable to the convicts, who consider it a favor to be sent to Tre Fontane. The influence of the religious, the kind and considerate treatment experienced not alone from them, but also from the government employees in charge, have had a very beneficial effect on the prisoners. In three years only one attempt to escape has been made, and successfully, by two long-term convicts. A striking instance occurred, showing the reformation operated in the general spirit of the convicts. A keeper in charge of a gang fell from a height where he was on guard, and was so badly hurt that he could not use the fire-arms which he had. The gang, instead of improving the opportunity to further disable him and run away, picked him up and carried him with his weapons to the monastery. In short, it could be said of the 237 convicts employed in February, 1882, that they worked far more conscientiously and with better will than could be expected of that class of laborers.*

Senator Torelli, the friend and patron of the agricultural colony at Tre Fontane, where his bust appears conspicuously in one of their principal rooms, made, in the beginning of 1880, a

* The present writer, who visited Tre Fontane in January of last year, was told by the religious who showed him the place that they then cultivated in all 800 *hectares* (2,000 acres), employed 300 convicts, and grew seventy varieties of eucalyptus.

report to the Italian Senate on the subject of the cultivation of eucalyptus considered as a means to render feverous localities healthy and habitable. His views met with some opposition in the Italian Parliament, but finally prevailed, and legislative measures were adopted for the general purpose of extending the culture of this exotic tree, and of establishing a normal school for its acclimation. This implied, of course, continued assistance and encouragement to the experiment successfully conducted at Tre Fontane. Ultimate success there will demonstrate the possibility, by the use of the same means, all others having proved failures, to render healthy, or much less unhealthy, such fever-stricken tracts as the Tuscan Maremma and the Pontine marshes on the Mediterranean, and others on the Adriatic coast. So very fertile is the soil of the Maremma that men are found willing to undertake its cultivation even at a risk of life. It is a popular Italian saying that "in the Maremma a man can make a fortune in a year if he does not die in six months." The subject is also of the greatest importance to railway companies having lines on the Mediterranean and Adriatic coasts, particularly the former. They now experience great difficulty and are put to inordinate expense in keeping their stations, inspection cabins, and crossings properly manned, being compelled to keep on hand a force twice or three times more numerous than is ordinarily required for such purposes. The increased outlay from this cause is estimated by Senator Torelli to amount in aggregate, for the lines on the Mediterranean, Adriatic, Sicilian, and Sardinian coasts, to 1,500,000 *lire* ($300,000).

How to render the Pontine marshes salubrious and habitable is the object of persistent eager study by the *savants* of Italy. Professor Thomasi submitted to the academy of Lincei in Rome a paper in which he claimed to have discovered, with the assistance of Mr. Klebs, that the malarial ferment is produced by a schizomicetes of the genus *bacillus*, to which he gave the name of *bacillus malariæ*. He describes it as an organism living mostly in the atmosphere; that in miasmatic places the development of its spores into sporigenous bacilli goes on under the three following conditions, but not if any one of them be wanting, viz., a temperature of about 20 degrees centigrade (68 degrees Fahrenheit); a moderate degree of permanent humidity; direct action of the oxygen of the atmosphere on all parts of the miasmatic surface. Professor Thomasi establishes the fact that these scientific data are confirmed by the observations of popular experience.

But in the Pontine marshes the eucalyptus cannot do its work until the abundant stagnant waters there will have been first drawn off by canaling and draining. That this last method was extensively practised, in that locality and elsewhere, by the Romans in earliest times is evidenced by the *cuniculi* discovered in 1878 by the civil engineer Di Tucci, who was afterwards followed in his explorations by M. de la Blanchere, formerly of the École Française at Rome. The *cuniculi* are very ancient drains, about five feet deep and from twenty-seven to forty inches wide, forming a widespread system of general drainage; in the case of the basin of the Tiber and the Anio these are so numerous as to give it the appearance on a map of an immense rabbit-warren. Their existence, in olden times, in the Pontine marshes has been ascertained by M. de la Blanchere, who spent for that purpose three years in the very heart of the infected district, part of the time at Velletri and afterwards at Terracina, running the risk of contracting the fever, from which he did not escape unscathed.

The fathers make out of the eucalyptus, besides other preparations, an elixir in the form of a *liqueur*, resembling Chartreuse, for which they claim valuable febrifuge and antiseptic qualities.

The Trappists are a reformed branch of the Cistercian Order, founded at the monastery of La Trappe, in France, about 1662, by Armand Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé, at a time when the parent order had fallen into great relaxation and consequent decay from many causes, but principally "in later times by the system of *commendation*, which gave the name and emoluments of abbot to some non-resident layman or ecclesiastic." De Rancé introduced and enforced at La Trappe the rule of what was called the "strict observance" of the Cistercian Order. Under his impulse and direction the new order soon became a model of monastic virtue, and practically demonstrated that the penitential life of the middle ages is not unsuited to modern times. Notwithstanding the many difficulties it had to contend with, it maintained itself faithfully and with favorable prospects up to the time of the first French Revolution, when, despite the remonstrances of the neighboring populations, it was suppressed by order of the Republican government. It was saved from complete extinction solely by the intelligence, courage, and energy of one of its members, Louis Henri de Lestrange, in religion Dom Augustin, who has deserved to be considered

"the truly great man of La Trappe." He had been appointed in 1780 coadjutor of the diocese of Pompignan, in France, and entered La Trappe in order to avoid the burden of episcopal responsibility. He was master of novices when the storm of revolution burst upon France, and, realizing the full extent of imminent danger to his order, obtained from the senate of the Canton of Fribourg in Switzerland permission to establish a home in its territory. He set out with twenty-four religious, in a miserable wagon, without provisions, with hardly any money, and under police surveillance, and at last, after a weary journey across France, reached Switzerland, and on June 1, 1791, took solemn possession of the monastery of Val-Sainte, assigned as a habitation for him and his companions. There they not only resumed practice of "the strict observance," but added to it other austerities unknown to the early fathers of Citeaux. Pius VI., in order to reward their heroic fidelity, by his brief dated Sept. 30, 1794, enjoined upon his nuncio at Lucerne, invested with the powers of legate *a latere*, to give by apostolic authority approval to the new foundation, and to grant besides other favors needed to insure its firm and complete establishment. A short period of prosperity then began for Val-Sainte. Postulants applied in such numbers, and from such various quarters, that Dom Augustin was enabled to send out, at short intervals, religious colonists to Spain, Piedmont, Belgium, England, and even to America. He also established in Lower Valais an asylum for female religious forcibly exiled from their native lands, and founded a third order for the education of youth. But in 1798, the French armies having invaded Switzerland, the Trappist colony at Val-Sainte, which then comprised monks, female religious, and the teachers of the third order, with their pupils, in all two hundred and fifty persons, had to leave their home. Divided into three bands, they traversed Suabia, Bavaria, Austria, and Poland, and after sufferings unheard of arrived in Russia, where the Czar Paul, out of regard for Sister Mary Joseph, who was a princess of Condé, gave them a gracious welcome.

But eighteen months had hardly gone by when an order came for their expulsion, and in their wanderings after leaving Russia they had to endure greater hardships than any experienced before. Repelled from every country where they sought admission, they were driven to seek refuge and a resting-place on a small, unclaimed island in the middle of a river, and

at last, after very singular adventures, they arrived at Dantzic and thence at Lubeck. Shortly afterwards the Trappistines, or female religious, were divided into two parts; one went to England and founded the house at Stape Hill, in the present diocese of Plymouth, the other settled near the monastery of Darfeld, in Westphalia. The monks were divided and sent to divers destinations; some went to Darfeld, others to Westmale, others again founded the monastery of St. Liborius, near Driburg, and of Valda, in the heart of a Prussian province; and, after they were driven by the Prussian government out of its territory, part of them sailed for America, and the others, after seven years of exile and wanderings, returned joyfully to Val-Sainte. Then followed a period of nine years' quiet (1802–1811), during which not only were they free from persecution, but they were protected by Napoleon, who favored them as he had other exiled members of their order elsewhere. But when, in 1811, he found that they chose to declare their fidelity to Pius VII., whom he was persecuting, and refused to take an oath which violated their consciences, the emperor's good will was suddenly turned into hatred; he decreed their suppression, and a price was set upon the head of Dom Augustin, who fled to America. Almost immediately after the fall of Napoleon, Dom Augustin returned to France with his exiled companions and took possession of La Trappe, from which he had been away twenty-five years; other houses were opened at other points, and the order of Citeaux was then re-established in France. But a severe trial not long afterwards arose for Dom Augustin, through whose energy his order had been saved from perishing. He was cited to Rome by Leo XII. to answer charges brought against him by false brethren, who were countenanced and supported therein by very respectable men, by prelates, and even by cardinals misled on the subject. He left for Rome in July, 1825, and after a stay there of two years vindicated himself so entirely that when he left to return home he had obtained from the Sovereign Pontiff, besides the papal blessing for himself and all his congregation, an abundance of presents and favors. But, worn out with toil, old age, and the constant daily practice of austerities, he died, very soon after reaching France, on July 16, 1827, aged seventy-four years. At present, by a brief of Pius IX. of February 27, 1847, the two observances are entirely separate and form two distinct congregations, one having the name of "The Old Reform of Our Lady of La Trappe," which follows the rule of the Abbé de

Rancé, and the other is known as "The New Reform of Our Lady of La Trappe," which is under the rule of St. Benedict and the original Cistercian constitutions approved by the Holy See. Both comprise in aggregate fifty-four monasteries and over three thousand religious, some houses of which are for female religious. The monasteries of Our Lady of Gethsemani at New Haven (Kentucky), and of Our Lady of New Melleray in the diocese of Dubuque (Iowa), both follow the original constitutions of Citeaux, as does also the monastery at Tre Fontane. At Nouméa, in the French penal settlement of New Caledonia, there is a monastery under the constitutions of the Abbé de Rancé, founded in 1877, under the title of Notre Dame des Iles (Our Lady of the Islands). In that field the edifying example of lives of great religious mortification and austerity should be of great value and greatly needed.

As is well known, the eucalyptus has been cultivated in fever-stricken sections of California with results similar to those mentioned in this article. There seems to be no reason why this culture should not be extended; if properly managed, it could be made available for the sanitary betterment of many regions more or less afflicted with malarial fevers. And perhaps it may develop the property of absorbing mosquitoes as well as water! What a blessing that would prove to our friends in Jersey!

The successful demonstration at Tre Fontane of the peculiar and valuable properties of the exotic above named forms an evident instance of the beneficence of God, which, while permitting a source of disease to rise from the earth for the affliction of man, has provided an antidote it left to human intelligence, energy, and industry, in time, to discover and apply.

L. B. BINSSE.

THE SUPERNATURAL.

THE term "supernatural" is used in so many senses, and becomes in each of these senses a predicate of so many different and distinct subjects, that it is necessary to define and distinguish clearly what is meant by this term, before proceeding with the exposition of the precise topic of the present article.

And first, what is meant by "nature," as that which presents the notion logically prior to the notion of something which is above nature. This term, in its widest sense, includes all being. We speak of the divine nature as well as of the nature of things which are diverse from the divine nature. In this sense, there can be nothing above nature. In a more restricted sense, the term is used in reference to the essence of all existing beings in the universe which are not God. "Essence" denotes what they are. "Nature" denotes their capacity for receiving and exerting action in conformity with their essence. In this sense, God is supernatural, and all the relations of creatures to God are relations to the supernatural. Among the principal relations of this kind are those of origin and end to God as First and Final Cause. From these proceed the relations of dependence and subjection to God as preserver, provider, and sovereign lord. It is in this sense that the term "supernatural" and its cognate terms are most generally used. Then again, the terms "nature" and "natural" are often restricted to some specific kinds or states of being, *e.g.*, to mankind and their present environment. This leads to the designation of all which is above human nature in its present condition, as supernatural, in this limited sense; meaning not that which is above all nature, but only what transcends some particular kind and condition of nature.

It is obvious that so long as we remain within this circle of thought and language, we can have no notion of the possibility of a purely natural order which is consistent with Theistic philosophy. For the notion of nature which ascribes its origin, its laws, its end, to no cause which is superior to the universe, excludes all relation to God as first and final cause.

Nevertheless, Catholic theology does mark a distinction between the order of nature in the universe, including all the relations specified above, as existing between the creation and the creator; and the supernatural order which constitutes intelligent

creatures in an entirely new relation to God, in which the whole universe, in a certain sense participates. It is plain that in this connection, the term "supernatural" must be used in a peculiar sense, quite different from those which have been already noticed as in more common use.

It is of "The Supernatural" in this theological sense that I propose to treat, briefly, but as clearly as necessary brevity will allow, in the present article.

The topic is of great importance. A right understanding of it opens the way to rational conceptions of several dogmas of Catholic faith which cannot otherwise be obtained. The apparent anomaly of miracles, religious teaching of mankind by revelation, and of all else which is like an intrusion of the supernatural into the domain of nature and natural laws, is removed; when the idea of a complete, supreme, all-embracing supernatural order becomes clear. These apparent anomalies are seen to be only seemingly anomalous, and to seem anomalous because the real order and its laws into which they fit harmoniously is not apprehended. Moreover, the doctrines of the Incarnation, Original Sin, Grace, the two opposite Eternal States in the future world, cannot be understood in a rational manner without this first preliminary and architectonic idea.

From what has been already said, it is evident that the predicate "supernatural" divides the divine essence from all created essence. All created essence is within the boundary of nature, separated by an infinite distance from the divine essence. The notion of a supernatural elevation of a created being must therefore denote the transfer of the creature across this infinite distance, from his own proper plane of being to that plane of being which is proper to God alone by his essence. The being, the excellence, the life, the beatitude of God, is primarily infinite intelligence. To say that a creature is elevated to the plane of the divine being, is, therefore, equivalent to saying that it is raised to the plane of the divine intelligence. A supernatural order in the creation is an intellectual order, in which only intellectual beings can be included, as subjects of the elevating action of God upon their nature. Inferior natures, although they may be raised to a high degree of perfection, and even receive a certain glorification, on account of their connection with the intellectual and spiritual order, can never transcend their natural limits.

The possibility of the elevation of a created intelligent spirit to a plane of intellectual being above that which essentially

belongs to it by its nature, can only be known by divine revelation.

A created, finite intelligence cannot have for its direct, immediate, intelligible object, an essence which infinitely transcends its own essence. The object must be proportionate to the subject. An intellect can see nothing which it is not capable of receiving ideally in itself, as a mirror receives the image of a visible object. The natural knowledge of God which is proper to a created intelligence is only that which is virtually contained in the knowledge of the creation and of the self-evident truths which are expressed in its existing beings. The immediate contemplation of the divine being, as he is, one in essence, subsisting in three persons, is the proper act of only divine intelligence. The complacency which follows this vision, that is, the beatitude of perfect, infinite possession of being which is infinitely good and infinitely beautiful, belongs only to God. There is a natural love corresponding to the natural knowledge of God, by which the felicity of an intelligent creature who has attained his due perfection can be crowned and completed. But this love between the creator and the creature, infinitely distant from each other, is not the love of friendship properly so called, of intimate union and fellowship in the same life, in one beatitude.

If such an union be possible, it can only be effected by raising the creature to a kind of equality with the creator. To pure human reason such an elevation does not seem to be possible, unless by a false philosophy, the infinite transcendence of God in respect to the creation is obscured or denied and the true concept of the relation of creatures to God is altered.

Revelation discloses the possibility and the reality of this elevation, so that it is an object of divine faith resting on the veracity of God. It is a mystery of religion, above reason, but not contrary to reason. Its possibility cannot be reasonably questioned, much less can its impossibility be demonstrated by rational arguments. More than this, reason can get some glimmering of the splendor of the revealed truth, and dimly apprehend its congruity with all that is knowable respecting God and the intention of his creative act.

The shortest and quickest way of attaining a clear and distinct concept of the supernatural is to ascend at once to its most sublime height in the incarnation of the Son of God. All who believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ in the literal and true sense, must admit that in him human nature is raised above what created nature is or possibly could be, by virtue of the creative

act, in its simple essence and intrinsic exigency, as intellectual or rational nature. The genuine doctrine of the divinity of Christ is: that he is one Person subsisting in two natures, the divine and the human; the divine nature communicated by eternal generation from God the Father, the human nature received from the Virgin Mother miraculously quickened by the Holy Spirit. He is the Only-Begotten Son of God, and, as conceived and born of the Virgin Mary, the Son of Man. The union of the two natures is hypostatic, that is, in unity of *hypostasis*, as the Greeks express it, or *persona* according to the Latins, without any alteration of either nature. The human nature of the Lord is a singular, individual, perfect nature in respect both to body and soul, finite, created, and having no more and no less in its pure essence, properties, and exigencies, than the essence of humanity which is in all men. The human soul of the Lord has in it the principle of sensitive life, intellect, will, and self-consciousness. But, at the summit of intellectual consciousness, instead of being completely in possession of being by itself, of the last complement of self-subsistence, of ultimate dominion over itself, it meets by its human consciousness the divine consciousness, and is aware that it belongs to a divine person to whom all its acts are referred as the principle of imputability. The incarnation is the assumption and elevation of a human nature to be the nature of God. It is the Only-Begotten and Eternal Son who is born of Mary, baptized by John, who becomes obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, rises again and ascends into heaven, where he reigns in glory and will subdue all things to himself.

This is the doctrine of all who believe in the real divinity of Jesus Christ; although with many their belief is more or less obscure and implicit.

No one can suppose or imagine that a created human soul can, by its nature, subsist in hypostatic union with the divine nature, or merit such union, or be worthy of it, or have an exigency for it, or in any way have it for its natural end. It is purely supernatural. It is a gratuitous gift proceeding from the infinite goodness of God, which is not, and cannot be due to any specific nature, in general or in particular, or to the universe as a whole. There is a wonderful fitness and congruity in the sublime fact of the Incarnation, but not a congruity of such a kind, that its absence would leave any positive incongruity in the state and order of the universe. It transcends all that the most sublime intelligence of a created being could con-

ceive as possible, unless manifested by a ray of light from God, and supernaturally revealed.

Let us consider what is involved in the hypostatic union. A human soul is placed in the full blaze of divine intelligence and the full heat of divine love. The Son of God to whom this soul belongs, possesses by eternal right all uncreated and created good. His human nature is the recipient of good in so far as this is possible within the limits of a finite essence. The manhood of the Lord is irradiated and inflamed from the Godhead, endowed with all possible perfections, and raised to the acme of glorification.

Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory, is not alone, although he is supreme, in his glory. His glory is a possession belonging to him as the Only-Begotten Son of God. But he is, in one sense, the first-begotten and first-born Son, having many brethren, who share in his filiation, by the grace of adoption. The angels and saints in glory are not united to the Godhead by a hypostatic union. Each one has his own distinct and separate personality, which is the natural and finite complement of his created being. But all are united to the Godhead by a union which is an assimilation in its degree to the union of manhood with the divine nature of the Second Person in the Godhead. The intuitive vision of the divine essence, the corresponding, immutable love, the beatitude and glory, and the consequent natural perfections, in the intellectual and moral qualities, in respect to man in the corporeal properties also, together with every kind of enjoyment of congruous created goods, are given by grace to all the blessed, in various degrees, both angels and men. The Lord Jesus Christ is the head of an entire and vast supernatural order, including countless millions of intelligent beings, to which all the rest of the universe is subordinated, and thus, in its measure, participating in the glory of the Incarnation.

The state of probation, which is now confined to the human race on the earth, the probation of angels having long ago been finished, is an inchoate, preparatory state, in which initial grace is given for attaining by the due exercise of free-will, and by acquiring merit, the final end of human life, which is everlasting beatitude. This initial state must correspond to its term and lie in the same order. Physical training cannot give science and wisdom. It must be intellectual. Merely intellectual training cannot give virtue. It must be moral. Purely rational and moral development in the natural order cannot elevate the mind and will to the level of that knowledge and love of God which

properly belong to the sons and friends of God, who are co-heirs with Christ, the Son of the Father by nature and equal to him in respect to his divinity, though inferior in respect to his humanity.

It is in this inferior state of being, to which the Son of God has descended in order to come into close contact with his creation, that he is the model of all those rational beings who are predestined to glorification. The supernatural state to which they are called and finally exalted, is most clearly seen in its most perfect specimen and ideal exemplar, the humanity of the Word Incarnate. This deified humanity participates with the divine nature in all that which constitutes the effulgence of its glory, through the hypostatic union. The immediate point of contact in this union is in the summit of the soul, viz.: the intellect, where consciousness not merely, as in us, makes the rational soul self-luminous to itself, but makes the divine essence, in which the human is immersed, self-luminous and giving to the human the last word of self-affirmation in unison with the divine, the affirmation of personal identity. Union of will to will follows union of intellect to intellect, of consciousness to consciousness. Union of essence and nature throughout, of the entire substantial being composed of soul and body, to the divine nature in the Person of the Son, in whom both subsist, is the result of the act by which this Divine Person, instead of completing the human child he has created from the substance of the Virgin by a human personality, has given it his own and assumed it for his own. The Word was in the beginning, *i.e.*, eternally, with God, and was God. In time, the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. One and the same Word exercises divine and human intelligence, divine and human volitions, divine and human acts. There is one thinker, one willer, one actor, one lover and redeemer of mankind, one Sovereign Lord, one Person, acting through two distinct natures, in two modes, the divine and the human, for the same Object. The primary and final object is God. The object of divine intelligence is the divine essence, and the object of the divine will is the same, in which it rests with complacency. By his human intelligence the Divine Word contemplates and rests in the same object. All the terms of divine intelligence and volition which are external to the divine essence have in it their foundation and reason. To behold God as he is in his essence, and to be blessed in this vision, is therefore the ultimatum of intelligent life and beatitude. To this ultimatum the Divine Word has chosen to elevate the human nature

which he has assumed, in that mode and degree which are the highest possible for created and finite being. And he has also chosen to elevate many created beings in that mode which is next to the highest, and in various degrees, the lowest of which is incomparably superior to the highest degree attainable by any creature through its natural powers.

The virtuality of the essence of finite beings is contained in the divine essence. That is to say, the divine essence is imitable in an infinite number of ways as archetype and exemplar, by the divine omnipotence. All these possible beings, and all which are made real and actual by the divine power, with their relations and acts, are the terms of the divine intelligence and will which are external to the divine being. They are also the natural terms of the cognition and volition of created rational beings. As the sky is reflected in little rain and dew-drops, so the infinite perfections of God are reflected in diminuted images in created intellects, which are multitudinous little mirrors imitating the pellucid mirror of the divine intelligence. These created intellects, by their innate or acquired ideas, can have knowledge of the creation, and of the author of nature, in so far as he has represented himself in his works. A natural love of God as the author of nature necessarily follows this knowledge. Perfection and stability in this kind of life is the end which properly belongs to a rational nature, and is proportioned to its exigency and capacity. This state has an analogy with beatitude in the strict sense, and may be called, after the example of the Greek Fathers, beatitude in a certain inferior sense. It receives the qualifying predicate "natural," to distinguish it from that absolute beatitude which belongs to God alone in its plenitude, and in which the glorified sons of God, in their measure, participate.

In order that human nature may be made worthy and fit for this participation, it must receive new qualities and a new vital power by which it is elevated and transformed into the likeness of Jesus Christ, and raised to a kind of equality with God, such an equality as is required by the filial relation. The providence which conducts mankind to its final end must be supernatural, and this is what is meant by predestination, in the writings of St. Augustine and St. Thomas. The entire plan and arrangement of things in view of the final consummation in the kingdom of heaven is the Supernatural Order.

And now, it becomes evident that the genuine and true conception of the supernatural in respect to human destiny, makes

a clean sweep of all *a priori* and metaphysical objections against the credibility of Christian facts and doctrines. They are all based on an assumption of pure naturalism and rationalism, of a movement from some given origin and principle, under the control of purely natural laws, to a merely natural end.

When the end is apprehended as supernatural, not by suppression of the natural end but by transcendence and elevation, and the order is apprehended as supernatural, not by subversion of natural law but subjection to a higher law, and grace as supernatural, not by the destruction or essential alteration of nature but by its exaltation, the harmony between the natural and the supernatural becomes manifest.

The negation of separate personality does not deprive the human nature of our Lord Jesus Christ of any of its natural perfections. It has a better personification by being taken up by a divine person, is immeasurably enriched and adorned by the communication of good from the divine nature. Corporeal nature is made better when it receives a vital principle, organic nature is made better when it is taken up to a share in the life of a rational soul. The whole natural order is ennobled by being elevated to the plane of the supernatural, with no loss but a great increase of the perfections which are properly natural. There is no clashing, discord, or incongruity produced by the overruling of natural law and development by a higher law, tending to a more sublime end.

The application of this higher law, with its array of supernatural media, revelation, prophecy, miracles, gifts of grace, to a mere development of nature in view of a natural end, would indeed be incongruous. Above all, such a stupendous act as the coming of the Son of God in the form of man to repair the damage of nature by dying on the cross, is utterly incredible. There is no proportion between the end and the means. It is like employing a locomotive to draw a baby-carriage, or an ironclad warship to tow a row-boat. On the hypothesis of a merely natural end and order for mankind, there are causes and forces and laws in nature which suffice, under that ordinary providence which has formed and regulates the solar system. Progress in science, art, social and political economy, civilization, philosophy, natural religion, virtue, earthly felicity, in prospect of a better state in a higher sphere, do not need a divine Christ, the grace of the Redeemer, and the church and religion of Christ, by reason of what they are in themselves, but only be-

cause of their actual relation to and dependence from a higher and supernatural order.

The manifest deficiency and failure of mere naturalism is a proof that the end and order are really supernatural. Mere naturalism cannot provide a reasonable philosophy, or an adequate religion. If the real order were purely natural it would do this. The notion of the supernatural would never have occurred to the mind of man, the aspiration for it would never have stirred his heart. Whereas, all ages and all forms of religion bear witness to the common, glorious hope, which God has awakened in the universal human consciousness, that he would come down to man, and raise man to himself. Naturalism is absurd and degrading, because it must suppose that mankind have always been victims of an unreasonable and unnatural illusion.

On the other hand, there is no theory of what commonly passes under the name of supernatural religion, among non-Catholics professing to be orthodox Christians, which is self-consistent and logically complete, and at the same time consistent with natural theology and rational philosophy. The only logical system which the Reformation has produced is the Luthero-Calvinistic. Its doctrines are incredible. The revolt of reason and the moral sense against them has driven a multitude of persons to regretfully renounce Christianity, if not formally, yet virtually, and even, in some cases, all rational philosophy which deserves the name.

The genuine and veritable concept of the supernatural, and that alone, makes possible a rational harmony between nature and grace, reason and faith, philosophy and revelation, the ethics and dogmas of Christianity with the dictates of the human conscience and the truths evident or demonstrable to the human intellect. That alone reconciles the facts and miracles of Christianity with history and science, its spirit and action with the culture of art, literature, social and political well-being, genuine civilization in the temporal order, everything in the world which is really good and noble. The Calvinistic doctrine of the total depravation of nature by original sin, and the inability of unregenerate men to do anything which is not sinful, if its spirit be fully imbibed, and its consequences logically deduced and reduced to practice, is hostile to all these natural aspirations and efforts. Happily, those who hold it theoretically are not consistent, and are much better than their theory. No philosophy, no ethics, no enlightened view of history, no science of jurisprudence and politics, is possible; unless based on the axioms and

maxims of the competence of reason, the authority of conscience, the essential goodness of nature, and the capability of men as free agents to conform to the moral law by virtuous actions.

On this basis, the need of the redemption, of grace, of divine revelation, of justification by faith, must be referred, not to a total ruin of nature, but in part to its intrinsic incapacity to attain a supernatural destiny without a correlative elevation and assistance in the same order, and in part to the loss of the original state of grace by the Fall. The true concept of the supernatural is therefore a necessary prerequisite to the construction of a rational Christian theology in harmony with a rational philosophy. So far as the right apprehension of original sin is concerned, enough has been said in former articles.

The same concept of the supernatural which enables a theologian to explain original sin in a manner conformable to principles of reason and justice, is equally efficacious in respect to the other Christian doctrines which have been above specified.

The supernatural culminates in the Incarnation. The Son of God coming on the earth in the form and nature of manhood is a revealer of God. His coming is a revelation, a transcendent miracle, a grace of the highest order, and is accompanied by the other transcendent facts of his divine conception by the Holy Spirit and birth of a Virgin, his death on the cross and resurrection. He became man, that man might primarily in his person, and secondarily, through him, in many men, become united to God.

The mystery of this divine Incarnation could be made known only by a revelation. The Blessed Virgin, indeed, knew that the conception of the holy Child and his birth were miraculous, but others could know this only by her testimony, which would have been insufficient to attest credibly such an extraordinary fact, unless there had been revelations and miracles preceding, accompanying, and following, to make it fully credible. But, even the Virgin Mother could only know that her Son was more than an extraordinary man, except by divine revelation. All others who saw and heard him, who witnessed his miracles, stood by his cross, conversed with him after his resurrection, could only perceive by their senses and reason that he was a holy and wonderful man, with whom God was present and through whom he was doing divine works. His humanity alone was visible, his divinity was invisible. The only evidence of it was his own testimony and the prophecies of his precursors. The motive of

assent to this sublime truth was his veracity apprehended as identical with the veracity of God, and the assent of the mind to the truth of the Incarnation was the assent of faith.

With the Mystery of the Incarnation the Mystery of the Trinity is indissolubly associated. The Father sends the Son, the Holy Spirit consummates his work. The end of man is the vision of God as he is, One Essence in Three Persons. The due preparation for the clear contemplation of vision is the obscure contemplation of faith. Therefore a divine revelation is necessary, in view of the supernatural destiny of mankind, and these Mysteries of the Trinity and the Incarnation are its substance *par excellence*, with other articles pertaining to its integrity. A divine revelation, culminating in the Mission of the Son of God and of the Divine Spirit, introduces a new law and a supernatural order, in which miracles, inspiration, positive institutions of religion having a divine sanction, have a normal place and relations in harmony with natural law, and all that belongs to the regular course of the human and historical development of mankind.

The necessity of supernatural grace in order to produce the faith, hope, and charity which correspond to the revelation of a supernatural end, and to create the character of sanctity which is requisite for attaining it, is very easily proved to be a consequence from the first principles of the supernatural order.

The human soul comes into its subjective relation with the divine revelation, and the supernatural object, primarily through faith. The act of faith is an act of the intellect, and the habit of faith is in the intellect as its subject. The elevation of a human soul from the purely natural sphere of life into the supernatural sphere, when it is consummated, is radically and in principle a transfer of the intellect across the infinite space dividing the Uncreated Essence from all created essence. Its connatural immediate object is created essence. Its supernatural immediate object is the uncreated essence. Faith is between the natural knowledge of God derived from his works, and the direct vision of his being in the glorified state. It mediates between the natural and the glorified states, and therefore partakes of both. As partaking with the light of glory it is superior to the light of reason, and therefore not derived from it, although not disconnected and separate. It must be infused by grace, because it is not a property or quality springing from nature, but superadded, and as such can only be given by the Creator of the soul. As partaking with the light of nature, *i.e.*, with intelligence and rea-

son, it is preceded, accompanied, and followed by rational acts, which are associated with it, somewhat like the way in which intellectual and sensitive cognition are associated together in the rational acts of human nature.

Human reason can attain a sufficient knowledge of natural theology to make a certain judgment that veracity is an essential attribute of God. Reason can apprehend the motives of the credibility of the Christian revelation, and draw the conclusion that all its contents are divine truths. Further, a man may attain by the use of reason a conviction that the Catholic Church teaches unerringly the genuine doctrine of Christianity, and understand what that doctrine is. He can know what is meant by the Trinity, the Incarnation, the supernatural beatitude of heaven. He can be convinced, therefore, that all these doctrines are true, because they have been revealed by God. In fact, an inquirer not yet in possession of the truth he is seeking for, must have the conviction that it is reasonable to assent to the Catholic faith, before he can be justified in determining his mind to yield that assent.

Moreover, it is reasonable and natural to hope for the fulfilment of promises made by one who is both good and powerful, much more then, when it is God who has made these promises.

It is natural to love that which is good, in proportion to its excellence. It is, therefore, possible, without grace, to make acts of the love of God above all things.

The question is therefore at once suggested: Why is grace necessary in order that men may believe, hope, love God, and merit heaven? Why is not the doctrine of Pelagius true, instead of being a heresy? And, *a fortiori*, how can the Semi-Pelagian doctrine, that grace is not necessary for initiating the work of salvation, but only for completing it, be a heresy?

The answer of the Lutheran and the Calvinist is suggested by their principle that nature is ruined and helpless through original sin, and must therefore be restored by grace. Having denied the principle, the answer which is its logical sequence must be rejected. Admitting that nature is good, if its line of progress and its end are within the natural order, it needs only means and aids for development, improvement, ultimate perfection, which are proportioned to its natural powers and can be made use of by these powers, that is, by the exercise of reason and free-will, without any grace which in its entity is supernatural. On this supposition, there is no basis for opposing the Pelagian doctrine.

But, according to this view, human reason, left to itself, ought to prepare the way directly for revealed religion by philosophy and natural religion, to welcome it as the completion of philosophy. Christianity ought to have been proclaimed in a philosophical manner, and to have made its way by argument.

Now, in fact, although it is possible for human reason to admit the credibility of the Christian facts and doctrines, history proves that there has been an obstacle in the way, practically insurmountable by any power short of supernatural grace. Pagan philosophy was an irreconcilable enemy to the gospel. The apostles placed all their reliance on the grace of God for bringing men to faith. Why is this? It is because men who are confined within the sphere of naturalism and rationalism recognize an incongruity between Christianity, and particularly its central doctrine that the Son of God became man and was crucified, and the entire theory of the universe which they regard as philosophical. Their eyes are shut to evidence, and their ears to argument. Suppose, however, that a man, exercising his faculties with perfect rectitude, attains a rational and philosophical conviction of all the revealed truths. Why is this rational assent not that faith which is capable of germinating hope and love, contrition and good works, the righteousness which suffices for justification and salvation? Why must grace precede and animate his first salutary acts, and all those which follow? How is it that he needs regeneration, sanctifying and actual grace? how is it that faith is a gift of God, and charity an infused habit?

It is because faith is the principle of a new intellectual life which is perfected in the immediate intuition of God. Because love is the inchoate union with God on terms of a kind of equality in a truly filial relation. The intellect has for its object in the act of faith something which to a created intellect is the Unknowable, the will in hope and love attains to the same object, which is naturally unattainable. The unknowable can be made dimly and indirectly apprehensible to the intellect by inference and analogy, through a revelation rationally credible. The unattainable good can be appreciated under the generic concept of good. But this does not suffice to effect the transit of the soul from the ground of mere natural knowledge and love to the heaven of divine contemplation and complacency, the supernatural life which is begun here in grace and consummated hereafter in glory. Created nature, even if pure from all sin, is not fit for the intimate communion with God, which is a diminuted

participation in the communion of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, in equality and unity of nature. It must be made fit by a change and elevation which make it like God in character, intelligence, and will. In respect to men, who receive their being through natural generation, which in the state of original righteousness carried with it a right to the gifts of grace, and who have lost the first gift of grace by original sin, this change is properly called regeneration. The acts which positively prepare a soul for this gift must proceed from grace, which shuts out the Semi-Pelagian doctrine. The permanent habits and capacities for eliciting the vital acts of the new, divine life in the regenerated subject, are included in the gift of regeneration. The Holy Spirit is the sanctifier of the soul, and it is from his light and inspiration, with his aid and concurrence, that all acts of faith, hope, and charity are elicited. It is the divine quality of these acts which makes them meritorious of eternal life in God.

It is not, therefore, because the mind of man is not naturally capable of science even in the higher philosophy, that a supernatural light of the Holy Spirit is necessary. It is because man is called to ascend to a region of contemplation above reason and philosophy. It is not because his nature is essentially bad that grace is necessary to sanctify it, but because he is called to a sanctity superior to all natural rectitude. It is not because his will is inert and powerless in the moral order, that grace is necessary to enable it to do salutary works. It is because he is called to a state in which, by the use of free-will, he may do works which have a merit of condignity with a supernatural reward.

The entire supernatural order in which created intelligences and created wills are exalted into the sphere of the divine life, is purely gratuitous; transcending all rights and exigencies springing from the creative act. The entire series of means by which creatures are conducted to this sublime end, is therefore of grace. The culminating point is the Incarnation; involving the miraculous conception and birth from a Virgin of the Son of God; and because of the irruption of sin, involving his redeeming work consummated in dying upon the cross, and his resurrection. All other facts and events belonging to supernatural religion are of minor magnitude compared to these and demand no special reasons for their credibility, if their connection with the grand and fundamental principles and facts of Christian-

ity is proved with certainty. The true and clear concept of the supernatural casts a flood of light upon all parts of revealed religion and rational philosophy, and manifests their mutual harmonies, obscured by false or defective notions both of nature and of grace.

It is not mere theory, purely transcendental speculation, unverifiable by rational evidence. The resurrection is the guarantee of its truth and reality, and the entire fabric of the supernatural rests on the ground of nature.

The illustrious scholar Delitzsch,* presenting the fact of the resurrection as the corner-stone of Christian theology, quotes the acknowledgments of two rationalists to this effect: "With melancholy frankness did Alexander Schweizer, who died on the third of July last, put this question in a kindly notice of my *Apologetics*, which appeared in the *Protestantische Kirchenzeitung* for 1862:

"'Are we then, by assuming this one event, to abandon the entire modern view of the world?' And Heinrich Lang, in the *Zeitstimmen* for 1861, confessed honorably: 'So soon as I can convince myself of the reality of the resurrection of Christ, this absolute miracle, as St. Paul seems to declare it, I shatter the modern conception of the world. This breach in the order of nature, which I regard as inviolable, would be an irreparable breach in my system, in my whole world of thought.' . . . He who acknowledges as history this one miracle will also find it not improbable that this is the conclusion of miraculous premises and brings miraculous results in its train. . . . The whole work of grace, whether in the experience of individuals or in the history of mankind, even where it is hidden, is supernatural, and therefore miraculous."

The fact of the resurrection is one which is attested and proved in the most irrefragable manner, so that no great fact of history is more certain. The order of nature, in respect to the laws of evidence and rational demonstration is as inviolable as it is in respect to physical laws, and even much more inviolable. There is no breach in the order of nature when it is overruled in its positive and contingent modes by the supreme power. But there is a terrible breach in it, when those first principles of the intellectual and moral order which are founded in a necessity inviolable even by God himself, are invaded by scepticism. Reve-

* See *The Expositor*, January, 1889, article "The Deep Gulf between the Old Theology and the New," by Rev. Professor Franz Delitzsch, D.D.

lation is so firmly based on reason, and the natural order is so inextricably intertwined with the supernatural that neither of them can be overturned or eradicated without the destruction of the other.

The highest science cannot be attained without a synthesis of the truths of faith with those of reason. Partial theories may be evolved by philosophers on the one side, and theologians on the other, which are partially true, and each side can bring sound arguments to prove their partial truth and refute the errors of the other side. Delitzsch and other orthodox Protestants defend many portions of the supernatural order in a solid and convincing manner. Yet, it is surprising to see how he can maintain so unhesitatingly those Lutheran conceptions, by which the true idea of the supernatural is deformed, and which cannot be defended against rationalists. This defect is common to all Protestant theology. It is true, likewise, that some Catholic theologians have failed in clearness and consistency, to a lesser extent. Nevertheless, the genuine idea of the supernatural lies at the basis of all Catholic theology, the genuine idea of the natural lies at the basis of all Catholic philosophy. All the materials for the synthetic science are at hand, and the most clear-sighted exponents of philosophy and theology have so presented the relations between the natural and the supernatural, that we may say, calmly and fearlessly, Faith, seeking the understanding of the ways of God to man, has not only sought but found the solution of all the great problems in the divine science.

AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT.

PAUL RINGWOOD: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PAUL RINGWOOD IS ASKED TO USE HIS INFLUENCE.

SHORTLY after New-Year's, on one of my visits to Hethering's house, Robert asked me to go into the little parlor, his mistress would like to see me before I went up to Harry. Even while he was telling me this Mrs. Hethering came slowly down stairs—she was in wretched health, poor woman!—meeting me at the parlor door.

When we were seated she said: "I am afraid, Mr. Ringwood, I am taking too much on myself, but you have been so kind to my boy I feel it my duty to speak to you."

Her preface annoyed me. Whenever people say they are performing a duty in speaking to you it is pretty safe to conclude that they are going to make themselves disagreeable.

"Pardon me," she continued, "but you are not in correspondence with your brother?"

I said that we were not, offering the lame excuse that our ways of living were necessarily so unlike that we would not know what to write to one another.

"I am sorry," she said. "Then you have no influence with your brother?"

"No," I replied, "none whatsoever."

"Then it is useless, my troubling you," said Mrs. Hethering, trying in vain to conceal that something troubled her. I suggested that were she to tell me what she wanted done, I might be able to help her. After thinking a moment she asked: "Do you know, Mr. Ringwood, that Mr. Hethering wishes your brother and his sister to marry?"

Surely, I thought, she is not going to ask me to further Hethering's wishes. I merely bowed my head, intimating that she was to proceed.

"Such a marriage could bring nothing but the greatest misery to—Miss Hethering; can you not induce your brother to see this?" Mrs. Hethering spoke very excitedly. I controlled myself sufficiently to say calmly: "But suppose Miss Hethering is—attached to my brother?"

Mrs. Hethering's face flushed, and she exclaimed: "She dislikes him beyond measure!—that is, in the light of a husband. Pray, forgive my warmth."

Mrs. Hethering need not have asked for my forgiveness.

"My brother, is he very anxious—for this?" I faltered.

"This is what I do not understand," returned Mrs. Hethering. "I do not believe that he *loves* her, yet he writes urging this marriage. Elsie is altogether dependent on her brother; she has nothing of her own. She has put Mr. Ringwood off for a long while. Were she to say decidedly no to him, I fear it would cause trouble of a very serious nature. It pains me much to speak of this, but were there to be a falling out between Elsie and my husband, I would lose the best friend I have. She would not be permitted to come here. It is for my sake she has not long ago put an end to this affair. Of course, Miss Hethering is not to know that I have spoken to you; but cannot you influence your brother, Mr. Ringwood?"

I told Mrs. Hethering, sadly enough, that my speaking to my brother would only make matters worse; that—and who was to blame I would not say—we were on anything but friendly terms; and then I spoke very earnestly for myself of Elsie, hinting at the state of my feelings.

"I understand," said Mrs. Hethering, "and I am very sorry for you. Even were it not otherwise hopeless, Mr. Hethering would never consent. Perhaps I have not been altogether candid. There *is* a certain sum of money for Miss Hethering, provided she marries as her brother wishes. You would not wish her to be a pauper? Put this thought aside, Mr. Ringwood. Shall we go to Harry? He is waiting for you." And she rose from her chair.

"This is all, Mrs. Hethering?" I asked.

"Yes, I think so; no—there is nothing else."

Then I went to Harry.

Mrs. Hethering never again spoke to me as she had spoken on this day. I worried much, and every time I went to see Harry I dreaded an announcement of a marriage to take place.

I frequently saw Elsie, though there was a month when she was away on a visit—a visit she said she did not wish to pay. This visit was the cause of my first confidential conversation with her. Mrs. Hethering was not in the room, Harry had fallen asleep in his easy-chair.

"You know that I am going to New York on a visit?" she

broke a silence to ask. Yes, I knew it, I said, and wondered would she meet Elbert there.

"It is a very painful thing to speak of, but I have a favor to ask of you," she said thoughtfully. I ventured to hope that she did not find it painful to ask a favor of me.

"Please do not!" she protested. "I thought you were above idle compliments."

I had certainly never given her any.

"You know from poor Harry," she went on, "that my brother is not a good husband to Mrs. Hethering. He is not expected home, but if he does come I should be here. He is gentler with poor Ethel when I am by. What I wish is this, Mr. Ringwood: should my brother return whilst I am away, please let me know. Do not write; telegraph for me. Ethel is in no state to bear up against any new harshness. Sometimes I think she will die before Harry," she finished sadly.

I promised eagerly to do as she asked, adding timidly that there was nothing she could ask of me I would not do. My words were unheeded. She was writing an address on a card, which, when written, she handed me. Mrs. Hethering just then returning to the room prevented further confidences.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE DEATH OF HARRY.

When the winter was gone, and the first days of spring had come, Harry went back to bed, this time to stay. To use Dr. Stancy's hackneyed metaphor, the flame no longer burned steady and low. It flickered and flared. There would be days of brightness, followed by days when the light seemed about to go out for ever. One glorious Thursday in May the flame flared up very high indeed. Harry was raised on his pillows, gazing with great content on a bowl of daisies Foley had sent up to the sick-room. His mother was telling him how beautiful the park must now be, and, with what wild hope in her heart I do not know, was planning an excursion to the oak groves, an excursion in which Harry was to be the central figure.

He patiently acquiesced in all his mother said. He never spoke to her of dying. To do so, he knew, would make her sad. But to-day he spoke of heaven, speaking of it as a place where one does not get tired. "You know, mamma, I always get tired when we walk in the park," he said.

Mrs. Hethering turned from the bed with so white a face that I hastily offered her some iced water from the cooler standing by. She drank it, trembling. Harry watched her, and when she was putting down the goblet he said that he was thirsty.

"I'll get some fresh water," his mother said.

"No," he said eagerly, "that'll do!" When he had drained the glass he proceeded: "Don't you remember, mamma, the picture in the history, the knight and lady drinking from the same goblet? Now, I'm your knight." And he laughed merrily at his conceit.

Presently he began to croon very low "Jerusalem the golden," his mother standing behind him to hide the tears running down her cheeks.

"You sing it, mamma," he pleaded.

To my great surprise, in a low, clear voice, and sweetly, Mrs. Hethering sang the melody of the grand old mediæval hymn. While she sang he fell into a peaceful sleep, and his mother sat by him, her head bowed in her hands. There came into the room at that moment Elsie Hethering, and going to where I sat gazing sadly at Harry, she took my hand in hers and entreated with much earnestness, her face very sorrowful, "Pray, pray God to spare Harry to his mother!"

As she held my hand the door opened, and Hethering stood on the threshold, smilingly looking at us. Elsie dropped my hand, and the mother hurried noiselessly across the room, saying to him under her breath: "You must not go near Harry!"

"And why not?" he asked, still smiling.

"He is dying."

There was no outward sign of what it cost Mrs. Hethering to pronounce those words. She stood erect, her arms outstretched to bar his entrance.

"He has been dying for a long while," he said with a sneer; "perhaps it is not so bad as you say."

"Mamma! mamma!" came in interruption from the bed. In a moment the mother was by her son, her arms about him, his about her neck, Harry frightenedly sobbing, the mother moaning and calling on God not to let her boy suffer. I was trying to think of a way to get the man away from the room when he said, as courteously as if he were asking me to take a glass of wine: "Mr. Ringwood, can you spare me a few minutes in the library?"

I bowed my head slightly in assent and followed as he led

the way, not in the least wondering what he had to say to me. In my mind was no room for any thought but that of pity for the suffering of those poor women.

"Let us go into the alcove," he said when we reached the library; "it is pleasanter there."

Lazily throwing himself into an arm-chair, Hethering begged me to be seated. He gazed so long and so smilingly at me that, out of patience, I exclaimed roughly: "Well, what is it you want of me?"

He laughed as if I had said something witty. "You are a sad dog, I fear, my friend," was his rejoinder.

"I am not your friend!" I cried honestly.

"Don't you pronounce too hastily on that score," he returned sharply.

For the moment I was positively happy at having made him show his temper. He impatiently bit his nether lip, then asked sweetly: "When I entered my son's room a few moments ago was Miss Hethering extolling my virtues?"

"She was asking me to pray to God that Harry be spared to his mother," I answered bluntly.

Raising his hands and joining the tips of his fingers, Hethering said admiringly: "Upon my soul, Mr. Ringwood, you and Miss Hethering are wonderfully sly—"

Beside myself, I cried out "You scoundrel!" and aimed a blow at his face, which he dodged, and my fist came full force against a Parian statuette, sending it to the floor, where it broke to pieces. The library door opened, and Robert discreetly put in his head to see what could be the matter.

"Something has been upset, Robert; come in when I ring, and you can clear away the litter," said his master, who, though slightly pale, was perfectly self-possessed. Robert closed the door after him, and Hethering turned to me. "You are very violent," he remonstrated. "Don't you see that your behavior is apt to cause a scandal? Be seated and listen to what I have to say, I beg of you."

His coolness cowed me. Besides, he spoke the truth. I sat down and waited to hear what he had to say. After a short pause he spoke with an audacity that was simply appalling.

"If you were my sister's gallant," he said, "it would not trouble me in the least. In fact, you are her lover, and perhaps you are the cause of her not seeing the fitness of certain plans I had for her welfare. If she wishes to be a pauper, I'll not lay a straw in her way."

He paused here, and I said, disagreeable as it was to speak to him of it, that it was true his sister was very dear to me, but no word of my love had ever been spoken to her.

Hethering laughed. "*He* never told his love—a new version!" he said; continuing, "I did not ask you here to talk of that. I wish to speak to you about your brother Bert. A charming fellow, Bert; an admirable penman."

Hethering moistened his lips, as if they needed to be made more pliable to shape the words he had yet to utter. I can recall distinctly the sickening feeling I had of evil to be told, and how to my sight Hethering's face became blurred, and how I strove to believe him a liar and could not.

"A short time ago," he proceeded, "Bert took it into his head to write my name on a check. It may gratify you to know that he made a very good imitation of my signature. He could not borrow, his principal cannot be touched for two years, and I was bothering him for money he owed me. So he took a strictly original way of paying his debt. That is, he forged my name, and I was to pay myself. He has paid me out of his own pocket, Mr. Ringwood, but I hold the forged check."

He again paused, and, as the full meaning of what he had said came to me, I felt myself shrinking before his steady gaze, the malicious cruelty of the man's nature staring at me in his eyes.

"Mr. Ringwood," he went on to say, "you grossly insulted me a few moments ago. It would give me much pleasure to hear you beg my pardon."

Beg his pardon! I could not speak. He took my silence for a refusal to do what in reality he had commanded; for, whatever his words were, his tone and manner were imperative, and all the brute in him came out in force.

"You, a penniless pedlar of A, B, C, the brother of a man who has but my mercy to thank that he is not a convict—you want to marry my sister?" he said insolently and deliberately. "You should be made beg my pardon on your knees. I deal easily with you, but as for your brother, I'll drain him of every cent he has."

In the interval made by his stopping to adjust his cravat, which had come untied, it came to my mind that his anger and melodramatic way of speaking was, in part, assumed for a purpose. Before I had time to determine whether I was right or wrong in this conjecture he proceeded: "Now, no whimpering; you've got to! Begin: Most humbly—"

At this moment came a fearful cry, the running of many feet, and then the library door was burst open by a trembling, weeping maid-servant, who cried: "O Marster Ringwood! Mars' Harry am dead, he am dead!" Then she went away, still crying.

"Death is a great softener of men's hearts." I think for a moment Hethering was softened. I bent over him and said in a husky voice: "Your boy was very dear to me, Mr. Hethering; may I go to see him, dead?"

"Why not?" he asked bitterly. "The servant informed you, not me. Yes, go; and if there is anything to be done, I wish you would see to it." Then he cursed his "luck" for bringing him home that day.

A group of weeping servants were outside Harry's door. As they made way for me to enter, one of them, it was Robert, whispered me: "Mrs. Hethering takes it very bad, sah."

Elsie was trying to comfort the mother kneeling by her boy at rest, gently smoothing back his hair. Mrs. Hethering looked up at me with dry eyes and said: "Almost at the last he asked for you, Mr. Ringwood. I could not tell him where you were. You know he murdered Harry! Yes," she cried out, helplessly wringing her hands, "let all the world know it, put it in public print, Tom Hethering murdered my boy Harry—" She stopped abruptly, her eyes falling on the bowl of daisies. It would have been better to see her weep than to see that wistful smile on her face as she said: "Elsie, was he not glad, this morning, of the daisies? See, I'll put them all about him." And suiting the action to the word, she put the flowers about his pillow and between his hands. "Pretty boy! Mamma's darling!" And stooping she called softly: "Harry! Harry!" stopping bewilderedly to turn to Elsie and say: "They said he'd give me money, a grand house, and save my father, but they didn't tell me he'd kill my child, take away my all—he died before he was born, killed in his mother's womb. The flowers will wither before we bury him. Robert! Robert!" she called, and when he came in haste, "Robert, fresh flowers for Master Harry—quick! quick!"

She leaned exhausted in Elsie's arms, shedding no tears, looking vacantly before her.

"Has any one gone for the doctor?" I asked of the old negress who had been constantly with Harry during his sickness.

"No, marster," she answered, drying her tears with her long apron.

"Send for him immediately," I ordered. Then I asked Elsie

if she could not get Mrs. Hethering to go to her room. To my surprise, Mrs. Hethering made no difficulty about doing what Elsie asked of her. "Yes, yes," she said, "I'll do anything; I'll obey; only don't let him come near me. I can't bear now to hear *him* say Harry is dead, for he'll be glad." Then she let Elsie lead her away. When I looked for Hethering he had left the house. As he had asked me to, I saw to the making of the immediate preparations for the funeral.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DOCTOR STANCY.

Then I hurried to the college to let Father Lang know of Harry's death. He was not surprised; he had seen the boy in the morning and had done what he could to prepare him for the end. "The fact is, he needed no preparing; he was ready," said Father Lang.

Having told him of the state Mrs. Hethering was in, how I had been left the management of affairs, I took up my hat to return to Hethering's house.

"It is all very odd, Ringwood," said Father Lang; "I don't understand it. However, if you are needed, let me know; I'll have some one take your class for a day."

I thanked him warmly for the favor he showed me, and asked him if he would officiate at the funeral.

"I suppose," he answered, taking his breviary to resume the office I had interrupted. My first question to Robert when he admitted me into the house, in the fortunes of which I had so strange a part, was, had Hethering returned.

"Yes, sah," Robert answered. "He consultated with the doctah, and made his depa'tchur agen. He am debarrassed very much, am Marster Hethering."

"Is Doctor Stancy here now?" I asked.

Scarcely had I spoken when the doctor poked his head out of the door of the little parlor and beckoned me to him. Doctor Stancy was tall, raw-boned, the owner of one of the kindliest of faces, now with a troubled and severe look on it. He was much looked up to by physicians at home and abroad. Like myself, a convert; a widower of long standing; rich, though, as the saying is, he gave away with both hands. He was gradually giving up his practice, and some people said he was about to enter a religious order. The truth is, he was devoted to his science,

and wished to have more time for his experiments. He had a sister who was "as like him as two peas in a pod."

"Young man," the doctor said when he had closed the door and we were seated, "what is the meaning of this new trouble between Hethering and his sister? You seem to be at the bottom of it."

Not inclined to confide in Dr. Stancy, not liking the manner in which he spoke to me, I said: "If Mr. Hethering has been complaining of his sister, all I can say is, I am sorry that he has not more delicacy."

"You are very young!" exclaimed the doctor contemptuously. "Hethering has not complained to me; he has simply asked me to remind you that he has put his affairs into your hands. He's off, and good riddance. Nice brute, refusing to be present at his son's funeral!"

"Doctor," I began.

"Don't interrupt me," he cried irascibly. "Do you know that Mrs. Hethering is very ill?"

I answered that I did, that it was I who had sent for him.

"Do you know what is the matter with her?" he asked.

No, I said, but I feared for her brain.

"It is her brain," he rejoined. "She is down with brain-fever, and, from what she says, a nice muddle you have gotten Elsie Hethering into with her brother."

"It cannot be," I exclaimed; "there is some mistake."

"Yes," he retorted, "there has been a mistake made. You need tell me nothing"—I had made an attempt to speak—"Elsie cannot marry you; it is a great pity that you have permitted yourself to become infatuated with her. What have you to offer but a life of struggling with poverty, a life her training has not fitted her for? She's a good girl, has intelligence enough, and, had she been put in leading-strings, would make a well-balanced woman"—the doctor was given to mixed metaphor. "It is a great pity no one warned you before you lost your head altogether."

"I had been warned, I knew my danger, and I went on seeing her, my eyes wide open."

"And, with your clear vision, did you not perceive that you might as well hope to marry the Princess of China as Elsie Hethering?" he asked dryly.

I began to protest with much heat, when he interrupted me peremptorily. "Stop! My advice is—you won't take it, no one ever takes advice—to forget Elsie Hethering. Your coming here

can only make more trouble for two much-tried women. I'll attend to things here; don't you think me capable?" I hypocritically pretended that as Hethering had asked me to attend to the arrangement of the funeral, it would be better for me to try to please him.

"If Tom Hethering has any other reason in asking this of you than to get a handle to plunge these women into deeper trouble I'll be hung!" exclaimed Dr. Stancy. To do Hethering justice, I believe the doctor was wrong. Hethering wished to rid himself of an unpleasant duty, and for this purpose made use of the first person at hand.

The occurrences of the day had upset me. Dr. Stancy's interference in my affairs appeared a piece of impertinent meddling, and I said roughly: "I do not see how it can interest you whether I marry Elsie Hethering or not."

"Don't be a consummate ass, Ringwood," he retorted. "You want the whole truth; you shall have it; and it's a consolation to know that it won't be palatable. Elsie Hethering has said to me, and very positively, too, that she'll never marry you, and she is much annoyed that any one supposes such a thing possible— There! there! Don't mind her; forget her; no woman is worth that! Fie! Paul, fie!"

I had turned my back to him, and much more distinct to my sense of hearing was the clipping of Foley's scissors cutting flowers for Harry than any words of the doctor's. Just then Robert came in to tell the doctor that his coupé was at the door.

"All right, coming," he said shortly, and then proposed taking me with him to the college. "Brother Gordon is sick, needs watching at night. You don't rest well"—I wondered did he know things by intuition—"suppose you sit up with him? There are any number of things to be done; it will make you forget yourself."

Liking the idea, I thanked him for it, and said that I would take the night watch.

"Now, Paul," said the doctor as we drove down Charles Street, "try to be reasonable about this affair. Forget it all. Believe me, in a year from now you will wonder what there is in Elsie Hethering to have made you fall in love with her."

I assented for the sake of peace. I was tired of hearing him talk. He reminded me of the dentist who had assured me that extracting my tooth would not hurt me. I don't suppose a pagan priest of Mexico thought much of the torture he inflicted

when he tore the heart from the living body of his quivering victim.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A COMMENCEMENT AND AN ENDING.

The hours of class were blessed to me; they went quickly, and the wonder to me is that men call work a curse. Doing my share of watching the sick brother helped the other hours. In the rest I had to strive, not very earnestly following Dr. Stancy's advice. One day I met Father Lang coming from a visit to Mrs. Hethering. He stopped to tell me that she was slowly recovering, adding: "That sister of Hethering's is a noble girl. Her devotion to Mrs. Hethering is something beautiful. If ever a girl was fond of pleasure, Elsie Hethering is fond of it; yet all her time is spent in the sick-room of a wretched, broken-hearted woman, whose only charm now is her great patience. How the death of little Harry has changed that house!" he exclaimed before going on his way.

I blushed with pleasure because of his praise of Elsie, and would gladly have questioned him concerning her; but then I was trying to forget, and so denied myself.

There was nothing I dreaded so much as the vacations. There were moments when I could scarcely restrain myself from giving vent to the anger I felt towards my poor lads for looking so eagerly to the holidays. There were times when I was not so cruel as to grudge them their innocent happiness. They were good lads, very patient with me, and they needed to be, for I pushed them very hard. Not that I regret this pushing. They profited by it.

I was told that nothing had been heard of Hethering during this time. As he had absented himself from his son's burial, so he left unanswered the letters he received informing him of his wife's illness. His staying away from home caused no one to wonder. His time for years had been spent in the Grain City; it was supposed that he gambled in stocks. In thinking of him there was room for naught but thankfulness that he left his wife so much alone. Commencement day, for a faithful teacher, is full of business of the pleasantest kind. Like a fresh baby, which is superior to each and every baby born before it, the new commencement day surpasses all preceding ones. We all said that the Latin play and the scene from "Hamlet" were magnificent performances. There is no doubt that they were no worse than

college boys' performances usually are. Bobby Osborne, who graduated A.B. that night, made a remarkable Hamlet. Jealousy rankled in the bosom of many of the fellows because of the many flowers Bobby received. Lane, the champion pitcher of our Y. A. B. B. C., said Osborne must be "flush of tin" to procure so many bouquets. Lane is of a sour disposition, and Jimmy House quite shut him up when he cried: "Osborne bought hardly any! Guess I ought to know; I got 'em for him."

The awarding of prizes and conferring of degrees was a grand success. Provided none of the prizes be forgotten, as I once knew them to be, no matter how it is gotten through, this part of a commencement always is a success. The "banquet" after the play the boys declared to be tip-top. I have no doubt but that it was. There were any amount of good things, and the gravest pretence at having wine—two kinds, if you please. Each of the young gentlemen had two thimbles of wine-glasses, which at long stages were twice filled. "Quite a heady wine, this," one oldster of fifteen declared. A wild rumor spread that the cellarer had not been allowed to baptize the wine; but one of the chemistry class, a youth of prodigious learning, infallibly and, which is the same thing, scientifically proved that the wine had been, disdaining our slang, watered. Wilkes was his name, and Jimmy House said to me in confidence: "I'd like to punch Wilkes' head off."

Osborne, the big man of the evening, remarked that he was under great obligations to Mr. Wilkes for his lecture, and that had he, Osborne, the time, he'd prove Mr. Wilkes' brain to be watered. Immediately good humor was restored, and the youth of the heady wine, who had been somewhat abashed by Wilkes' science, again found pleasure in holding his glass between the light and his merry eyes.

"What do you see to smile at in your glass?" I asked him.

"I was thinking how glad mother'll be I've got this." And he laid his finger on the medal pendent at his buttonhole. Our boys in Terra Maria are proud of their mothers.

The banquet is ended, "Laudate" is sung, and the echoes are sweet and plaintive up among the refectory rafters. For all, and by all, three cheers and a tiger are given, and farewells are said to Manresa for a time, and for ever. On my way to my room I heard some one calling my name. It was the porter, with a letter for me. "The colored man left it, and I could not see you till now," the porter said. Before I could inquire what colored man the porter was off. Not that I needed to ask. I knew the

handwriting of the address, the irregular, straggling letters. Lighting the burner above my table, I hastily tore open the envelope. It enclosed but a line:

"If you can conveniently do so, will you call on me between five and six this evening? ELSIE HETHERING."

This was all it said. It was quite a while before I remembered that "between five and six this evening" had passed hours ago. I determined to go to her as early on the morrow as I decently could. That night whatever sleep I had was taken in my chair, and I no longer strove to forget Elsie.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A PATIENT WOMAN.

I was dressed and ready to go out when the milkmen were blowing their horns; still waiting, nervously, when the ice-carts were abroad. A hot, sultry morning, the sun already at his work of brick-baking, trying to make an impression on the monument. When at last the sprinkler came along the street, with its refreshing splash of water—later in the day it would make the bricks hiss—I started on my way to Hethering's house.

Robert showed himself very glad to see me. "You ah a stranger, sah," he said. "Mighty lonesome heah, now Marster Harry am gone, an' missis melancholy like she goin' to die herse'f, an' never seein' no one; no one comin', nohow, 'ceptin' Doctah Stancy; he comes reg'lar." Not caring to meet the doctor, I asked at what time he generally made his visits.

"He an't got no reg'lar time, sah," said Robert; "sometimes mawnin'; jus 's like evenin'."

I waited in the little parlor for her, and when she came in and held out her hand to me I saw in her face that something was making her wretched.

"Breakfast is still on the table," she said when we had shaken hands; "perhaps you have not breakfasted?"

"Oh, no! thank you," I replied, not very lucidly. Adding, "I know it is very early—"

"I did not mean that," she interrupted; "I would have been glad had you come earlier, I am so anxious. You could not come yesterday?"

I told her at what time I had gotten her note, and how it came that it was so late before it was delivered.

"Shall we sit down? I did not know it was commencement day at the college." She hesitated a moment, then went on to

ask: "Why did you send Mrs. Hethering that message? Why not come and tell her or me?"

"Message?" I faltered.

"Well, letter, note—anything. Oh! why do you worry me so?" she cried helplessly. "Tell me what you know about it."

I began to think my wits were leaving me. Could I have written Mrs. Hethering without knowing it? "I am sorry," I said lamely, "but I don't know what you mean."

"Why do you take pleasure in mystifying us? I thought you were our friend," she said with subdued emotion.

I did not say that she was making me miserable, I did not ask her to explain herself. I only said: "I am your friend." She was searching for something in her pocket. Having found it, she handed me a folded sheet of note-paper. "This letter," she said, "tell me what it means." Taking the letter from her, I opened it and read, in what appeared to be my handwriting:

"Are you aware that your husband is obtaining a divorce? It is a great shame, but as he is a registered citizen of Grain City, he can do this without consulting you. I take the trouble of telling you this because I hate your husband. Stop him, if you can."

It was abominable in all things, even to being unsigned.

Handing it back to her, I said: "I know nothing of this. You cannot think I wrote it?"

"It is in your hand," she said.

She looked so woebegone that her casting a doubt on my word did not hurt me in the least.

"No," I said gently, "I did not write it, nor do I know whether the writer is correct in what he says. I can tell you who did write it—my brother Elbert; our hands are much the same."

"Your brother! I thought he and my brother were great friends."

Of course I did not think so. Neither did I think it needful to speak then of my brother's shame. This miserable letter was shame enough. I merely said: "Probably they have quarrelled. Need I tell you how sorry I am that Elbert has written in this way?"

"There is nothing to be sorry about," she rejoined, trying to smile. "Mrs. Hethering should know. Who has a better right? I am glad, though, you did not write it. Do you believe what he says to be true?"

I did think Elbert told the truth, and said so.

"Can he—is it possible for him to divorce her in this manner?" she asked, nervously twining and untwining her fingers. My knowledge of the laws concerning divorce was but hazy. I believed that in South Carolina divorces were not granted, and I knew that in Illinois and some of the New England States there was a frightful laxity in the granting of divorces. I did not think it possible for Hethering to get a divorce for no other reason than that he wished one. When I had told her all this she said simply: "I don't know how he could find any cause of offence in poor, patient Ethel. My brother is bad enough, but I don't believe he could find it in his heart to disgrace his wife."

Having no confidence in Hethering's heart, I could say nothing that would afford her any consolation. I was silent for so long a time that Elsie said gently: "I am waiting for you to speak; can you suggest something to be done, if what this letter says be true?"

"A lawyer might be seen," I said; "he could investigate the matter. But if it is true that Mr. Hethering is seeking a divorce, only a lawyer can help Mrs. Hethering. Does she know of this letter?"

"Yes; and if my brother succeeds in what it is said he is attempting, his wife will go mad. You look surprised; I am not romancing when I say this. Her brain has been so weakened I dare not think of the consequences of a shock that would be greater than that of Harry's death."

Then there settled on her face a shadow that aged her, and the occasional twitching of her nether lip showed the pain she was in. Softly she beat with one hand on the arm of her chair, and once she sighed deeply. Seeing her in this distress, I quite lost all control over myself, and cried, "Elsie, dearest Elsie, I will help—"

She put up her hand to hush me, a faint glow of color suffusing her face. Staring at me with large eyes that pitied me, she said: "I am very sorry for this. You were right, you cannot help in this matter. It would only irritate my brother the more against his wife and myself did he hear of your interfering with—his plans."

Striking my hands together softly, I repeated that I would help her all I could. It was then that I asked Elsie if she could not find it in herself to consent to be my wife.

She told me simply, in few words, that she could not think of marrying. As long as Mrs. Hethering lived she would be

needed by her. I told her that I would wait. Could she give me no hope?

"I cannot tell you to hope," Elsie said. "And now I'll have to go to Ethel. Indeed I am sorry if I cause you unhappiness. You will forget all this, and then it will be as before. Good-by," and, smiling, she put out her hand. I held it tight for a moment, and then hurried back to the college; glad to get away from my fellow-beings, I locked myself within my room.

Next day I went to a farm-house on the bay, before leaving Cecilsburg sending my address to her should it be needed.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JACK GREENE'S VENTURE.

The pretty Severn flows by Richard Greene's farm, where I had gone to spend the summer. A row to Miller's Island, or around the points to St. Margaret's, or a drive to Arnold's store for mail which seemed never to come to any one, helped to quicken the spending. Sometimes of a moonlight night we, young Jack Greene and myself, would row far out into the bay to see the beauty of silver sails at sea, to follow for a while the track of the Annapolis boat, tossing in the little tempest raised by its wheels.

On these longer trips in Jack's boat, *Elizabeth*, the name a gorgeous scarlet on ultramarine, we would take with us a basket of provisions, seek some quiet inlet where we could land, and take our supper. One evening we were stretched on a sandy bank taking a moonshine bath, after what had been a most satisfactory meal of cold chicken and bottled cider, sparkling as champagne. Gazing at the blinking stars, I was beginning to blink myself when Jack roused me by asking what I could tell him about New Mexico.

"All that I can tell you, Jack, is not much. It has a fine climate, I've read, and sheep-raising is the principal occupation of the inhabitants," was my answer, partly in the jargon of the class. "Are you interested in the Territory?"

"I'm goin' to live there," responded Jack sententiously.

"What on earth are you going to do there?" I exclaimed. Jack gave his athletic body a roll over, bringing his head up, resting on his palms, his honest face turned to mine.

"You see, Mr. Ringwood," he said, "dad's got four more boys 'sides me, an' what's that bit of a farm of his'n worth, any-

how? Some of us have got to make tracks, an' it an't no more than fair I, bein' the eldest, make a start. Bill Sanders made a good lump off sheep less'n no time, an' he wrote Jim Blake up to St. Margaret's they want likely fellows out there. I don't believe as there's any likelier nor me." And Jack, with innocent vanity, glanced sideways at his outstretched form, that looked uncommonly well in the moonlight.

"But what will you do there?" I persisted. "Turn shepherd?"

"That's better'n loafin'," retorted Jack. I could but agree with him, and said so.

"After a bit," Jack continued, "I might get a ranch of my own—they call farms ranches—out there lan's cheap, an' for the matter of that, so's sheep. They sell 'em at a big profit to the Eastern markets; that's where the jingle comes in. Dad, he's offered to help me, but I an't sure's I'll let him; it's tight enough with him as 'tis. *Elizabeth's* my own; I'll sell her." And Jack sighed and affectionately eyed his boat stretching her chain and bobbing on the water.

"I don't just suppose you want to buy her, do you, Mr. Ringwood?" he asked with much hesitation; adding, "I'd like some one as 'ud not knock spots out of her to get *Elizabeth*." I did not want a boat, but I thought of my little fortune lying idle, and began to consider impulsively if I could do better than lend Jack a part of it. After a short pause I said: "I don't want to buy your boat, but I might be able to help you in another way."

Americans are generous as the sun, and yet they are particularly obtuse when there is a question of any one helping them with money.

"Getting faxs about the country? Well, if you would," returned Jack, not very enthusiastically.

I assured him that I meant nothing of the kind. "Pecuniarily, Jack," I explained. For all that Jack sneered at what he called a jaw-breaker, he understood the word I used. "I don't just think, Mr. Ringwood, I'd better begin on charity," he said.

"If you talk in that way, Jack Greene," I cried, grasping his arm, "I'll toss you head over heels into the water." As if to show the absurdity of my threat, Jack threw off my hand as lightly as if it were one of the bay mosquitoes.

"When I ask for money it's time enough for them as has money to offer it," Jack grumbled.

He made me take the best medicine in the world, a good

laugh. My laugh out, I explained that I would lend him money to buy and stock a ranch, saying, to quiet any scruple he might have about borrowing, that such a likely fellow as he would be no time paying me back. And I firmly believed that he would. It was so long before Jack spoke that I was about to repeat my proposition, thinking I was not clearly understood, when he said dreamily: "It's so sudden! I don't right away know how to say I'm thankful. I just think, Mr. Paul Ringwood, you'll understand if I tell you, that your doing this 'll make it pos'ble for me to marry Bessy Worth in a year or so. I 'most thought I'd have to give her up; not that I'd ever!"—this last with a snap of his teeth.

"You must not sell the *Elizabeth*, Jack," I said in a sentimental mood. "You should keep it for your children."

He said that was a boss notion of mine; he'd stick to it. Then, still talking of Jack's venture, we got ready for our row home. As we passed a lonely farm-house on our way up the Severn Jack sung in stentorian tones "Little stars are brightly shining," stopping in his song to give a loud halloo when, for a moment, a light was shown in a window.

"Bessy's folks live there," said the serenader. That night I slept like a top, rising next morning long after the family had breakfasted. Whilst I was taking my coffee Mrs. Greene came in, ostensibly to see if I needed anything. When she had wiped some purely imaginary dust from a plate and had remarked, "There's one thing about our dust"—Terra Maria dust, not the dust of the Greenes'—"you knows when you swallers it, it's thet gritty," I asked her would she sit down for company's sake.

Mrs. Greene was a portly old lady, with the placidest of eyes and whitest of hair. Fidgetting about it, she seated herself and blurted out after an inward struggle, making itself seen in the redness of her face and heard in her gasps for breath: "Mr. Ringwood, Jack has been tellin' me an' Richard of the noble promise you hev made him. He's mighty awkward, Jack, but he's grateful, sure's you're settin' there, an' Richard and me's the same—"

Interrupting her, I begged her to say nothing more about thanking me. "Jack will do well in New Mexico," I said; "it's a fine country, I'm told."

"Of course, Mr. Ringwood," rejoined Mrs. Greene, "I don't care for Jack to go off, but I knows it's just as well all the same. I'm glad it's t' a place where the's a church. In some of them

wilds, I've heard tell, they have no priests no times. I wouldn't want a child of mine in none of them places. We're of English dissent"—Mrs. Greene was unconsciously ironical—"an' I've heard how our folks on his father's side an' mine suffered for the old church, an' I an't of a mind to see Jack lose anything of what they shedded their blood for. An' just to think of Possun Trombill's wife a-settin' there an' tellin' me an' Richard as how we Catholics was persecutin' them there Protestants. I couldn't jus' stan' it, an' I out an' tole her how our ancesters suffered, an' what they had done for Protestants in this here lan', givin' 'em peace which they wouldn't have nohow 'twixt themselves, an' how ongrateful she was to talk so. 'Did you never hear tell of Fox's martyrs?' ax Mrs. Trombill, cross as two sticks. Richard—he will hev his joke, that man—he laughs an' says: 'Foxes hev red hair, an't they?' An' Mrs. Trombill, she says: 'En' if they hev, what's that got to do with it?' An' Richard says, 'Everything, fur you mus' mean Queen Bessy; she'd red hair, an' thet fox made a sight of martyrs.' Then Mrs. Trombill says as she sees my Richard an't littery. I warn't goin' to hev my Richard run down before my eyes, an' he eddicated in the porridge school, learnt readin', writin', figgers, Latin for servin', an' a heap besides, an' I says, 'Oh! ma'am, I believes in Protestant martyrs; it's the poor possuns, always a-gettin' nagged'—an' it's well known she leads Possun Trombill a life—an' up she gets and goes. I'd scruples for speakin' so sharp like, an' had no peace till her twins hed mumps en' measles—a conglommeration, the doctor said—an' I help'd nurse them, thereby peace bein' made. An' thet brings me back to say it's the blessedest thing Jack's set on a place where he'll have his church, which is the same in all lan's."

By this time Mrs. Greene had talked herself out of breath and had to stop from sheer exhaustion.

"Jack's goin' over to Arnold's; would you like a bit of a ride, Mr. Ringwood?" she asked when she was helping the one servant to carry away the remains of my breakfast. I saw that it was a fresh, pleasant morning, and answered: "I don't know anything I'd like better."

HAROLD DIJON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FORGOTTEN CATHOLIC.

William Byrd, Composer and Musician.

You will search in vain through the pages of Gillow's invaluable and scholarly *Biographical History of English Catholics* for the name of William Byrd, and yet among the Catholic recusants of the reign of Elizabeth and James I. there was probably no one of them so well known to his contemporaries; not, it is true, from his Catholicity, which he held most firmly amid the trials and temptations of two hostile courts, but from his rare ability in church music.

Peachan, in his quaint and amusing book, *The Compleat Gentleman*, says of him: "In Motets and Musicke of pietie and devotion, as well for the honour of our Nation as the merit of the man, I préferre above all others, our Phœnix, M. William Byrd, whom in that kind, I know not whether any may equall. I am sure none excell, even by the judgement of France and Italy." Dr. Burney, writing of a musical manuscript now in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, sometimes incorrectly called *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book*, says: "Crowded and elaborate as is the harmony, and uncouth and antiquated the melody, of all the pieces in this collection by various composers, there is a manifest superiority in those by Byrd over all the rest, both in texture and design. In a later age his genius would have expanded in works of invention, taste, and elegance." Sacred music was without doubt his proper vein, although he composed many songs for keyed instruments, and was one of the first to use the madrigal as an expressive musical form. And it cannot be denied that he was a musician of the highest order, a composer of marked ability, and a song-writer of great sweetness.

William Byrd, born about 1538, was a native of Lincoln. He studied music under Tallis, by whom he was much beloved. Became in 1554 senior chorister of St. Paul's, London; organist of Lincoln Cathedral in 1563; Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1569; and in 1575 Queen Elizabeth granted him and Thomas Tallis a patent, giving them the sole right to print and sell both music and music-paper for a term of twenty-one years.

Sacred music, for some time after the suppression of the monasteries, held its own in England by sheer force of Catholic tradition preserved by the musicians of the Chapel Royal, who were mostly schismatics secretly attached to the old faith; but it eventually succumbed to the Puritanic fanaticism of the seventeenth century and remained prostrate from the blow dealt it by that enemy of culture and refinement until the Oxford revival of 1832.

It is hard to understand how Byrd could have held his place in the Chapel Royal, receiving favors from the court, and at the same time remain in union with Rome. That he did so remain is a fact, even in the reign of James I., in spite of having been excommunicated as a "*papisticale recusant*" by the archdeaconal court of Essex. The entry stands: "[Parish of] Strandin Massie [contra] Williehium Byrd et Elenam ejus uxorem. Præsentantur for Popish recusants. He is a gent. of [the] King's Majesty's Chapel, and as the Minister and Churchwardens do hear the said William Byrd, with the assistance of one Gabriel Colford, who is now at Antwerp, hath been the chief and principal seducer of John Wright, son and heir of John Wright of Kelvendon, in Essex, gent., and of Anne Wright, the daughter of the said John Wright the elder; and the said Ellen Byrd, as it is reported, and as her servants have confessed, hath appointed business on the Sabbath days for her servants, of purpose to keep them from Church; and hath also done her best to endeavour to seduce Thoda Pigbone, her now maid-servant, to draw her to Popery, as the maid hath confessed.—And the said Ellen refuseth conference; and the ministers and churchwardens have not as yet spoken to the said William Byrd, because he is from home, etc., etc., May 11, 1605." Moreover, his wife, Ellen Birley (by whom he had five children), was known as an ardent Catholic and as having made many converts to the faith.

That he once fell under the displeasure of Queen Bess we know. The occasion was the conversion and flight of one John Bolt, who was "held in great request by Elizabeth for his voice and skill in music." The "Queen having heard of his departure fell out with the Master of Music [William Byrd], and would have flung her pantofle at his head for looking no better unto him" (*The Troubles of Our Catholic Forefathers*, vol. i. page 297). In all probability it was in consequence of this conversion that Byrd had to give up his office, for Father William Weston, S.J.,

who knew him, says: "For his religion he sacrificed everything, both his office and the court and all those hopes which are nurtured by such persons as pretend to similar places in the dwelling of princes, as steps towards the increasing of their fortune." On the death of Elizabeth he once more became one of the Gentlemen of the Chapel.

It is evident that the queen cared not so much for Bolt's change of religion as for the loss of his voice from among her musicians, from the fact that when he fell into the hands of the cruel pursuivant, Topcliffe, he was set free and offered his old place at court, where he was to live "without any molestation for his conscience." "He liked better to live in the Court of Christ, and therefore coming to St. Omer's, he studied in the college there and afterwards was made priest." He became one of the chaplains of the Augustinian convent of St. Monica at Louvain, and lived there under the assumed name of "Johnson" for twenty-eight years, teaching the sisters music and acting as their organist.

Our composer died at the ripe old age of eighty-five; his death is noted in the *Cheque Book of the Chapel Royal* in these words: "1623. William Byrd, a Father of Music, died the 4th of July." He left behind him a large number of works, many of which were published, and hundreds of others in manuscript are to be found in museums, libraries, and private collections throughout England. It is said that his well-known canon, *Non nobis Domine*, is preserved in the Vatican, engraved on a plate of gold. The Musical Antiquarian Society reprinted in 1841 one of his masses for five voices; and Dr. Burney, in his *General History of Music*, gives us one or two examples of his lighter works. The first collection of his compositions was published by William Byrd under the title of *Psalmes, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie*, wherein he gives among other reasons "to persuade every one to learn to sing" the following: "The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour and serve God therewith; and the voyce of man is chiefly to be employed to that end. Omnis Spiritus laudet Dominum."

All through his works he inculcates precepts of faith and piety in quaint, epigrammatic verses, showing that he fully realized that "man that is born of woman is of short continuance and full of trouble," standing sorely in need of the grace of Heaven to carry him safely across the tempestuous sea of life. Addressing his soul, he says:

"Retire, my soul, consider thine estate;
And justly sum thy lavish sin's account:
Time's dear expense, and costly pleasure's rate;
How follies grow, how vanities amount.
Write all these down in pale Death's reck'ning tables,
Thy days will seem but dreams, thy hopes but fables."

The burden of his songs, however, was not always sad, as he himself tells us in one of his epistles to the reader: "Benign Reader, here is offered unto thy courteous acceptation musicke of sundrie sorts, and to content divers humours. If thou be disposed to pray, here are Psalmes; if to be merrie, here are sonnets; if to lament for thy sinnes, here are songs of sadness and pietie." Nevertheless, there are few of his own verses, even the merriest one, which do not contain an exhortation—his love-songs always carrying a lesson of purity; his epigrams are quaintly witty in their skilfully pointed moral. As an example in proof of the last, the following lines are as ingenious as they are pretty:

"Crowned with flow'rs I saw fair Amarills
By Thirsis sit hard by a fount of Chrystal;
And with her hand, more white than snow or lilies,
On sand she wrote, *My faith shall be immortal.*
When suddenly a storm of wind and weather
Blew all her faith and sand away together."

His last work, which he calls his *ultimum vale*, was published in 1611. It is entitled: *Psalmes, Songs, and Sonnets, some solemne, others joyfull, framed to the life of the words, etc.* Herein, with quaint simplicity, he wishes "all true lovers of musicke all true happiness both temporal and eternal."

Among his last writings we find these beautiful lines:

"Let not dull sluggish sleep
Close up thy waking eye;
Until with judgement deep
Thy daily deeds thou try.

"He that one sin in conscience keeps,
When he to quiet goes;
More vent'rous is than one who sleeps
Midst twenty mortal foes."

We trust that these notes and quotations will inspire an abler hand to make us better acquainted with William Byrd—an

almost forgotten English Catholic poet, musician, and composer —whose works come down to us marked by a rare artistic excellence, and breathing the sweetness of a singularly pious and cultivated mind. It will be seen from the foregoing that there is abundance of material from which a critical study of his musical and poetical ability may be drawn, and no doubt there is other material in England from which a full biography might be written.

CARYL COLEMAN.

SANCTA CATHARINA.

"*Sponsabo te mihi in sempiternum.*"

THROUGH silence of the midnight deep
  He draweth near, the Lord of all;
The fringes of his vesture sweep
  In splendor through the heavenly hall;
His breath hath touched me—faint and dim,
My soul with longing longs for him.

The veil is rent, the depths divide,
  The universe is hushed with awe;
The Bridegroom cometh to his bride—
  Ye Seraphim and Saints withdraw!
Alone within his holy place
Must I even meet him—face to face.

Words—thoughts—expire; with fire divine
  I kindle as I clasp thy feet;
Enfold me close; on thy heart's shrine
  The holocaust of mine complete.
Lord of my love! prolong for me
This instant to eternity!

CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

THE LATE FATHER HECKER.

FATHER HECKER had something new to tell the world. I hardly think that he had new views of doctrine, for he had no appearance of a mission as a doctrinal teacher, nor had he the education generally necessary for such a mission. Concerning the doctrines which are the usual subjects of discussion he had great independence of view, paying reverence, indeed, to leading minds and addicted to no school, yet respecting all. With regard to St. Thomas he made an exception, venerating him most religiously both as his personal patron and name-saint and as his teacher. Yet he did not follow him as a schoolman would follow his leader, though he read him incessantly. But St. Thomas he looked upon as the best aid accessible for understanding the Scriptures, for fully grasping truths dogmatically defined, and especially for assistance in solving the philosophical problems whose discussion and solution was Father Hecker's life. If he did not recognize St. Thomas as a leader, he was to him all that any man could be to another struggling with problems not explicitly encountered.

It was these very problems that made Father Hecker remarkable. The difficulties of these times are owing to the fact that the interior life of man is all awry; there is confusion, there is deep-seated disease in men's minds. The epidemic of our day is that malady of the interior life called by the general name of Scepticism. It is the inability to make equation between the aspiration of the soul and what seems to be its object. Scepticism and disobedience, more the former than the latter, are the evils now to be considered and remedied by men of zeal and enlightenment.

The cure of scepticism is that truth embodied by Father Hecker in the proposition, "Life is real." Catholics, above all others, need to appreciate that this is a problem and to assimilate the proposition named; for, having the truth as a primary element of their existence, it is hard for them to sympathize with sceptics, or so much as to understand how they can be honest or even sane. To them the nexus between the inner religious life and the objects—whether persons or things—of its aspiration is never questioned or so much as thought of. They are not bound to God even by a link: the touch is immediate. And this truth is

so elementary that in childhood and youth all the teachings of parental or ecclesiastical authority but embed it more and more deeply in the soul; and the products of experience are daily confirmation of it throughout life. And so the very possession of a truth so elementary, as that the interior aspiration is brought into being and characterized by external reality, hinders many enlightened Catholics from appreciating the state of a mind without it; nay, makes them incredulous of its existence; nay, more, has excluded its discussion from many Catholic philosophies.

So that Catholics will discuss philosophical questions and miss the point at issue; proving, for example, the existence of God by the principle of causality, oblivious to the state of mind of their interlocutor, which can admit a first cause *thought* and deny a first cause objectively *real*. The Catholic philosopher proves that the door is a door, is of good wood, well put together, and fits its place; while what the other party really wants to know is how the door opens. You think that what he does not understand is doors; and as a matter of fact his difficulty is about hinges. He cannot get from the subject to the object, from the inside to the outside of his mind. He is tethered within the circle of Kant's categories of pure reason, or imprisoned within the walls built up by the products of sensible experience as laid out by Spencer's *First Principles*.

But when you have learned how a mind is formed which never knew any external authority in parent or church, teaching the truth in childhood and youth, and has been relegated for its whole religion and philosophy to an extremely puzzling book, you have got at the diagnosis of the mental malady of these times. Scepticism is the child of Protestantism. The genuine Protestant is a disciple of Luther, the master who taught that human reason is *stercus in lanterno*. The Protestant may not apprehend his mental attitude towards absolute truth. But so low a view does Protestantism take of the *native* powers of the human intellect that a Lutheran can take on scepticism and not be conscious of inconsistency: just as we meet Protestant church members every day who are Spencerian agnostics.

Although Father Hecker was never a Protestant church member, nor anything like it, he was born of and trained by German Lutheran parents, and that is why he started life as a sceptic. He could not believe that his mind generated error by nature, and such is the logic of the Lutheran doctrine of total depravity. Yet his training led him to suspect the witness of his inner experience, and in searching for peace he came across

Kant. The theories of that writer made him as much a sceptic as so plain a man and so direct a thinker could ever become. Hence his whole after-life, as shown in his intercourse and conversation, was a vigorous, often a violent, protest against the essential Protestant error of total depravity; and his books, *Aspirations of Nature* and *Questions of the Soul*, have a two-fold character. They are a protest against the degrading error of total depravity, a presentation of the elevating force of religion; they are a protest against scepticism and its gospel of despair, a presentation of the reality of life and its hopefulness.

So far we consider Father Hecker's mind on the philosophical difficulties of this age, which are also its religious questions. There are no philosophical questions which are not religious in their present bearing or final outcome. But when its questions concern the noblest aspirations of the heart, philosophy is the handmaid of religion in the strictest sense. If I am considering the philosophical problem of matter and form, I need not think of God as my last end and destiny, and its solution is but subsidiary to deeper questions. But when Father Hecker became conscious of the question, What is the worth of my interior life in relation to the object of its aspiration? he touched bottom. The subject, the object, and their relation; man, God, and human thought—these terms, with an interrogation point after each, were what Father Hecker started with. That he could not continue in doubt shows that the end of philosophy is the real. That he could not embrace any form of Protestantism—and he honestly tried them all—shows that the end of philosophy is the rational. That his philosophy led him to the Catholic Church shows the need of revelation to solve the problems of reason, and revelation in a concrete, organic form.

To understand Father Hecker's philosophy is to understand his spirituality. He loved God the same way he knew him. He never could love God till he knew why and till he could tell why; and he was so finely made a nature that until he could love God he was in torment, and he was so rational a nature that love was conditioned on the fulness of knowledge. Doubt sickens other men's minds, but it sickened his heart. Any one who knew Father Hecker well and intimately, as was the privilege of the writer, knew that prayer was so vital a part of his life that the word habitual but feebly describes his practice of it. Now this was either innate in him, a natural religiousness, or it was a grace given so far back as to be counted as the initial one. This state of prayerfulness was so instinctively inter-

changeable in him with philosophical investigation as only to be explained by a reasoning faculty entirely impregnated with active love. Father Hecker's life was the ideal projected on reality. It was the very opposite of the state of mind in which Kant would leave a man. That writer divorces the mind from truth and divides truth in twain, leaving truth not one but two, abstract and experimental; offering the mind a criterion of truth different in both orders. This makes man a house divided against itself and brings him to desolation—to agnosticism. Not only does Kant put asunder what God has joined together, the practical and the ideal of life, but he leaves the soul of man at war with itself. Philosophy which does not harmonize and unify breeds confusion, postulates doubts. It is the gospel of despair. It makes chaos of the cosmos. Kant must beget Spencer and Schopenhauer, and they are not illegitimate children. But Father Hecker agonized out of Kant and into that "wholeness of manhood"* which characterized him.

This leads us to speak of his characteristic trait of liberty. If he was a free man it was because he was a whole man. He was true to himself. His spirituality was true to his philosophy. With him to be right meant to do right; or, better said, to be right meant to be courageous. Having a doctrine of freedom, he lived it out. He could not understand the claim of Europeans to be good Catholics who took to novenas when they should go to the ballot-box.

Father Hecker communicated freedom to all who learned him well. Among these many prominent laymen and ecclesiastics in Europe are to be numbered. It is the European who can best value true liberty, for he suffers from tyranny, and the liberty offered him is very frequently a false one. The conservatism of Europe is largely reaction, which is not real conservatism; and the liberty of Europe is largely revolt, which is frequently anything but true liberty. Now, men whose whole lives had been spent in looking at civil liberty with suspicion and even with aversion were charmed with Father Hecker's ideas of human freedom; those ideas were Catholic and were plainly so. They postulated liberty for good men and liberty to do good. If you want a guileless man to be at his best, let him alone; and the promises of the Gospel will secure him the guidance of the Holy Spirit in his interior life. This was, and to a great extent is yet, a novelty in the old world. To have a guileless man at his best,

* I quote these words from a letter of condolence by one who knew Father Hecker well and appreciated him.

they think, let him be provided with the greatest possible amount of guidance by the authority of God in the external order. The good Christian not only benefits by a spiritual director, but he *must* have one, and he *must* belong to a sodality, and he *must* practise this or that external devotion. And this is carried so far that the grade of obedience to one's director, and the observance of society rules, and the enthusiasm for certain devotions are watched-out for as the only tests of orthodoxy and spirituality. These things make up the solid substance of Christian character. If you have them, not only are you safe, but you have got the best the church has to give you. If you think that you can get along without them, there is something the matter with your Catholicity.

Now, Father Hecker maintained that free men, citizens of a free nation, would like to be free as Christians. What the authority of God commanded in church or state the free man would gladly obey, but would prefer that that authority where it touched the interior life should be kept at its minimum, and this in order that the influence of the Holy Spirit might there be at its maximum. Such was his preference; but he was not nervous or anxious about it, nor did he say that all men were fit for it. But when any man was fit for it he maintained he should have it; that his possibilities for good were better secured by liberty than by subjection to authority, or by the external aids of directors, confraternities, and other such methods. For other men other methods; other times, other manners. The influence of civil liberty upon religious character as thus explained by Father Hecker met the enthusiastic approval of men high in authority, whose lives had been spent in battling against the extravagances of European radicalism. Ecclesiastical and civil officials to whom authority and obedience seemed the breath and blood of all life not only approved his ideas, but could see in them the best guarantee of authority and the most perfect form of obedience. They insisted upon no other conditions than he did; guileless and enlightened men to assimilate such principles and make them efficacious. It was only because Pius IX. and Cardinal Barnabo believed in these principles that they suggested their realization by Father Hecker and his original associates by a free religious community in free America. Legitimate authority sits easy on its throne and sees in rational liberty its most efficient associate for attaining the ends of God in the world. Authority appeals to liberty, and, if liberty be rational, never appeals in vain. Father Hecker used often to say that the Holy Spirit

acting in a guileless soul would reveal himself as an external criterion in external authority.

"The action of the Holy Spirit, embodied visibly in the authority of the church, and the action of the Holy Spirit, dwelling invisibly in the soul, form one inseparable synthesis." "The Holy Spirit in the external authority of the church acts as the infallible interpreter and criterion of divine revelation. The Holy Spirit in the soul acts as the divine life-giver and sanctifier. It is of the highest importance that these two distinct offices of the Holy Spirit should not be confounded." "The Holy Spirit is the immediate guide of the soul in the way of salvation and sanctification; and the criterion or test that the soul is guided by the Holy Spirit, is its ready obedience to the authority of the church. This rule removes all danger whatever, and with it the soul can walk, run, or fly, if it chooses, in the greatest safety and with perfect liberty, in the ways of sanctity" (*The Church and the Age*, pp. 33, 34, and 35).

During the past three hundred years, the conspicuous point of attack having been the external order of God in the church, the interior dispositions of good men and women have been adjusted by the Holy Spirit with a view to defence. Hence, authority and obedience became the two poles of the interior life, producing by discipline, order, conformity, marvels of sanctity. But those whose experience of the better class of souls in these times is wide and whose perceptions are quick see a change. They see that what was once a harness is becoming a chain and a manacle. The effect is to repress, to suppress, to annihilate the instincts, aspirations, and capacities God-given to human nature; whereas the order of God in society and in religion demands that there shall be such an assimilation of primary principles as shall elevate these gifts of God, expand them, and put them practically to the divine service in a freer way. That way is under the guidance of the Holy Spirit acting upon the individual soul by interior touches and illuminations, utilizing its every natural and supernatural force personally, as well as in conjunction with external organic life in the church.

This is very clearly expressed by Father De Caussade, S.J.:*

"It [the divine will] pleases me in itself far more than all its instruments and its effects, since it permeates all things, renders them divine and transforms them into itself. It maketh heaven for me everywhere, all my moments are purely filled with the divine action; and, living or dying, it is my sole contentment. Yes, my Beloved, I will cease to prescribe thee hours or methods; thou shalt be ever welcome. O divine action,

* *Abandonment; or, Absolute Surrender to Divine Providence.* By Rev. J. P. de Caussade, S.J. Revised and corrected by Rev. H. Ramière, S.J. Translated from the eighth French edition by Ella McMahon. Imprimatur, M. Augustine, Archbishop of New York. Benziger Bros.

thou seemest to have revealed me thy immensity. I will but walk henceforth in the bosom of thy infinity. The tide of thy power flows to-day as it flowed yesterday. Thy foundation is the bed of the torrent whence graces unceasingly flow. Thou holdest the waters thereof in thy hand and movest them at will. No longer will I seek thee within the narrow limits of a book, the life of a saint, a sublime thought. No: these are but drops of that great ocean which embraces all creatures. The divine action inundates them all. They are but atoms which sink into this abyss. No longer will I seek this action in spiritual intercourse. No more will I beg my bread from door to door. I will depend upon no creature. Yes, Lord, I would live to thy honor as the worthy child of a true father, infinitely good, wise, and powerful. I would live as I believe, and since the divine action labors incessantly and by means of all things for my sanctification, I would draw my life from this great and boundless reservoir, ever present, and ever practically available" (pp. 108–9).

H. E.

THE EDUCATIONAL GRIEVANCES OF CATHOLICS.

THE excitement arising from the recent school troubles in Boston, Pittsburgh, and elsewhere once more directs attention to the educational problem. The question suggests itself: Are we nearing a solution of the school difficulty? It is hard to say. Certain it is, however, that there are indications that point to an affirmative reply. Not the least of these favorable signs of a great change in public sentiment is the recognized fact that the subject is at last fairly open to discussion. A writer or speaker no longer runs the risk of being fiercely arraigned for lack of patriotism or set down at once as an enemy of republican institutions should he venture to express an opinion adverse to our public-school system of education. That is quite a step in advance. Nay, it is even safe to say that he will find attentive consideration should he go so far as to criticise and point out the serious and radical defects of the system.

It can no longer be asserted with truth that it is Catholics only who complain and formulate grievances. There is a large and increasing class of citizens, far removed in thought and sympathy from the Catholic religion, who boldly avow the belief that on the school question the Catholic position alone is correct; that it is unassailably right. To the more thoughtful and conservative of our people who make an honest profession of Christianity the evil of an irreligious system of public education is almost self-evident. Whilst among those who wait the practical workings of a system before pronouncing a judgment

on its merits the number of reformers is steadily increasing. Popular errors, heretofore existing and deeply embedded, on the subject of education, its meaning and aim, are fast disappearing. It is becoming daily more and more apparent to the public mind that any system of education that aims only at developing the intellect to the neglect of moral and religious training is, at best, but an imperfect and mutilated system. The public mind is rapidly taking hold of the idea that to have good and useful citizens the intellectual and moral growth of our children must go hand-in-hand; otherwise education becomes narrow and fragmentary, proving in most instances a curse instead of a blessing. Now, the day-school is exactly the place where that sound, healthy, vigorous growth must be promoted. The home, Sunday-school, and church will not and do not meet the requirements of this constant, steady development of the intellectual and moral faculties of the young. No sensible person any longer maintains the sufficiency of these means standing alone as moral instructors of our youth. It is not necessary here to indicate why home and church influences, when left to themselves, fail to supply the moral training the people must have. The fact is generally recognized that these agencies do not reach the proposed objects. The proofs are all around us. The increase of crime, the growth of scepticism, the laxity of public morals, the frequency of divorce, the disregard of justice and the first principles of fair dealing and honesty, the corruption of politics, not to speak of the materialism and indifferentism in religious matters so prevalent in our day—all go to show that the moral and religious training of our children is lamentably neglected.

It is a sad fact that there is not a single nation which makes any external profession of Christianity that so totally sets aside the moral and religious element in the education of youth as does the United States. That this glaring defect bodes mischief to our country and endangers the stability of our institutions is quite manifest. If this danger is to be averted the religious element in the educational system must be restored.

"To make popular education truly good and socially useful," says Guizot, the eminent Protestant writer, "it must be fundamentally religious. . . . It is necessary that national education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious expressions and religious observances should penetrate into all its parts. Religion is not a study or an exercise to be restricted to a certain place or a certain hour; it is a faith and a law which ought to be felt everywhere, and which, after this manner alone, can exercise all its beneficial influence upon our mind and our life."

The American people have yet to learn the important lesson of these plain and earnest words of the Protestant historian and statesman.

It is not proposed to deal in this article with the general subject of education; nor to treat of the necessity of the moral and religious element in popular education; nor to expose the defects and dangerous tendencies of our American public-school system. The writer merely wishes to direct public attention to the crying injustice that is being done to Catholics under our present school system; to make known some of their grievances, and to plead for justice and fair treatment. It is to be hoped that the sense of fair play and honest dealing, said to be innate in the American character, will in our own day assert itself by a generous acknowledgment of the wrong done to the Catholic body and a ready disposition to make due reparation.

In the meantime Catholic citizens and taxpayers must cry out and make public their grievances. Weighty, indeed, are the educational burdens imposed upon them. The greater portion of Catholics who so cheerfully support their own schools, besides paying their due share of the public-school tax, are ill-fitted to bear this double burden of taxation. Gladly, however, do they make the sacrifice in order that they may preserve to their children the precious gift of faith. Of their limited means they freely give the money necessary to build, furnish, and equip the schools of the parochial system of education, a system which to-day flourishes in every Catholic diocese throughout the land. They want their children to receive an *education* in the true sense of the term. Catholic parents are not satisfied with having their children's intellects bright, but they want their hearts to be intelligently Christian; Catholic parents desire their boys and girls to be not only educated and cultured, but religious also; they would have them not merely fitted for the proper discharge of duty in this world, but trained also to walk securely in the way that leads to the higher and better world to come. It is such motives as these that explain the efforts and sacrifices made by the friends and supporters of Christian education.

It is, indeed, strange that so few men in public life have the courage to refer to the educational grievances of Catholics. President Cleveland, at the Georgetown Centennial the other day, complimented the institution on the signal services rendered to the country by the long roll of distinguished men who received their training in that Catholic school. Mr. Cleveland is entitled to all praise for this manly acknowledgment. The

centennial celebration of the Jesuit college was not the time to refer to grievances. Who knows but that the ex-President would, under other circumstances, have boldly referred to the injustice from which Catholic citizens suffer? Such a reference would be eminently proper at any time from an American statesman.

But why, it might well be asked, do so many of the Protestant clergy and laity remain silent on this subject? Surely they do not all hold with Drs. Fulton and Joseph Cook that "Romanism," "with all its works and pomps," is essentially evil and a constant menace to the stability of the Republic. There are many sensible men in the ranks of the Protestant clergy who agree that the Catholic stand on the education question is alone tenable. Why, then, do they not speak out their mind? Why do they not give honest utterance to their convictions, as did the late Dr. Hodge of Princeton College? The last great service rendered by this Protestant clergyman, not alone to the Presbyterian body, but to the country at large, was to call attention, through the pages of the *New Princeton Review*, to the false ideas and principles that underlie our public-school system of education. He, moreover, in the article referred to, took occasion to add his testimony, which had great weight with those who knew him, in favor of the Catholic idea of education. This, he maintained, was the only correct idea for a Christian people to accept and act on. He paid a fitting tribute to the Catholic Church for the services it has rendered the whole nation in keeping the true idea of education before the people; and he recalled the fact that the present system of public schools differs radically from the system as originally established in New England. The original system was based on sound principles; it made due provision for moral and religious instruction. That system furnished the country with eminent men of letters; it imparted sound scholarship; it produced great statesmen and faithful public officers; it supplied the Protestant church with distinguished theologians and eloquent preachers; it helped to fill the Protestant churches with devout worshippers, which our modern irreligious system has more than half-emptied. Under that early system the criminal classes did not increase at the rate they do to-day; there was a better tone to public morals; crimes against the person and property were proportionately low; there was not, in those days, any great hegira across the Canadian border of absconding clerks, bank officials, and "boodle" aldermen. Our jails, reformatories, and charitable institutions were not as crowded then as they are to-day, making due allowance for the increased population.

Many think that the change in our educational system from that early condition with its moral and religious element to the present godless scheme accounts fully for the present unhealthy symptoms that appear in the social body.

Surely this subject of educational grievances is every way worthy the attention and thought of our statesmen. When, it might well be asked, will one arise who, having the courage to brave adverse criticism for a while, and possessing integrity enough to discard the schemes and devices of the politician, will be prepared to offer for the acceptance of the American people a just solution of the educational problem satisfactory to all? This is certainly a matter of as weighty interest to the sixty millions of our population as any other question of practical politics. There is no end to the debates and discussions about lightening the burdens of taxation, about the reduction of the tariff, removing the internal revenue tax; proposals are made to get rid of our large national surplus; plans are suggested for the improvement of the ballot system; new States are admitted to the Union; American interests in Samoa and the Isthmus are diligently cared for; the interests of our people abroad are duly protected; local needs and wants are regarded as proper subjects for legislation; in fact there is nothing, however small or great it may be in reality, provided a plea is made for it in the name of any large body of citizens, that does not readily command the consideration of our legislatures, whether State or national. The educational claims of twelve million of Catholic citizens are alone ignored!

No one seriously believes that these grievances do not exist; nor can it be said that the Catholic grounds of complaint are unreasonable; nor can it be maintained that there is no way out of the difficulty, that there is no means of righting the wrong. It has been frequently pointed out how proper adjustment of views and interests may be brought about and how practically applied.

Since Catholic parents cannot conscientiously use the public schools when Catholic ones are accessible, no fair-minded person should object to the following propositions: All Catholic parents who thus support parochial schools from motives of conscience should be exempt from the school tax; or else the parochial schools ought to receive—under proper safeguards and conditions, of course—their fair share of the public-school fund. If the first proposition, Catholic exemption from the education tax, does not commend itself to public approval, it is difficult to

see on what grounds the latter demand, Catholic or parochial schools sharing in the public-school tax, can be resisted.

Cardinal Manning has recently furnished fifty reasons why the voluntary schools in England should have a due share of the public funds. The present writer has selected the following, out of the whole number, and, by changing places and figures, made them applicable to the claims in behalf of the parochial schools here in the United States. These reasons will, doubtless, furnish food for reflection to all those interested in this burning question.

Parochial schools should have a due proportion of the public school funds:

"1. Because all who pay taxes ought to share in the benefits of taxation.

"2. Because to compel payment of taxes and to exclude from participation is political injustice.

"3. Because to offer education either without Christianity, or with indefinite Christianity, to the people of the United States—of whom the great majority are definitely and conscientiously Christian—is a condition that ought to be of impossible acceptance.

"4. Because to confer the exclusive control and enjoyment of the school funds on the public schools alone is to create a grievance of conscience which is especially foreign to our constitutional system. A large class of our people—the Catholics—who conscientiously refuse to accept education without Christianity, and schools of indefinite Christianity, are compelled to pay taxes for the support of such schools.

"5. Because the parochial schools save annually the public revenues $10,000,000.

"6. Because, if the parochial schools were extinguished, it would cost the people of the United States a vast sum of money to buy sites and build the schools necessary to replace them, and an annual increase in the school tax necessary to maintain them.

"7. Because the parochial schools are the only safeguard of the rights and conscience both of parents and children.

"8. Because they embody the freedom of the people to educate themselves in opposition to the pagan and revolutionary claim that the sole educator of the people is the state.

"9. Because such education is the worst form of education, fatal to the independence of national conscience, energy, and character.

"10. Because the effects of a purely secular or state education have proved disastrous wherever it has had a trial.

"11. Because no reason is apparent for excluding parochial schools from a share of the school taxes but that they are Christian.

"12. Because the efficiency of the parochial-school system is fully equal to that of the public schools.

"13. Because parochial schools sell good and efficient secular education to the state for which they receive not a dollar of payment."

MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

St. Mary of Mercy, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A SEIGNEUR OF HEARTS.

We all have our heroes. Carlyle, in his gruff and blind sincerity, found at least this much of truth and held to it. Whether we be of the happy number who are spurred on in their well-doing by "that spear which the gods use—enthusiasm"; or of those unfortunates whose well or ill-doing is but a differing state of the same dull apathy; or of those, more unfortunate still, whose souls the mood spirit sways hither and thither, we still have our heroes. And from what *we* are shall be known what and who *they* are, for the ideal in ourselves is but the hero reflected. Happily for us who are Catholics, our ideals are tangible ones, and our heroes their no less tangible, living realities. Diversity enough there is in the ranks of these heroes of ours. There are studious, learned men, "doctors of the schools"; kings and queens and high-ranked nobles are also there. The cowled and veiled forms of the cloister and the cell, and coarsely clad hermits from the Thebaïd are among this band. Half-grown youths, delicate maidens, and even tiny children stand bravely there, side by side with mail-clad warriors. There, too, are long lines of humble artisans, at whose head stands the Carpenter of Judea. There are peasants; beggars even; pilgrims and homeless wanderers. We have a right to be proud of this noble band, and we call them our heroes and—our saints.

Great-hearted men were they all; men with the clear, deep sight that is the characteristic of all heroism. They were men who knew how to love and about whom there must always have been something lovable, even about the solitary pain and silence of a Simon Stylites. Therefore it is that the title of "the most lovable of saints" is an honorable one, and that the man to whom it has been given must be especially beloved. Beloved in his day and generation he was; beloved he still is, for the saints are of all times. So high a place had he in the affections of his countrymen that at his death three cities, Lyons, Geneva, and Annecy, disputed the honor of possessing his mortal remains.

Not far from the latter city, in the ancestral home of his Savoyard family, Francis de Sales, the subject of this sketch, was born on the 21st of August, 1567. His family was one of the oldest and most illustrious of Savoy, and his birthplace one of the most beautiful spots of all that beautiful country. Of the Château de

Sales itself one of his biographers, his nephew, Charles Auguste de Sales, gives us a charming and most affectionately detailed picture. While we are reading his description the old château, feudal-looking in its strength and majesty, rises before us, the massive gateway overshadowed by the beautiful linden-tree which, travellers tell us, still remains. We see the paved court-yard of the château, whence one viewed the surrounding villages, with here and there a distant castle and near at hand mountain and vale and the glimpse of a rushing mountain torrent. We enter the beautiful chapel where the youthful Francis was so often lost in prayerful ecstasies. We admire the silken hangings, the altar-cloth, the priestly vestments which the clever fingers of Françoise de Sionnay, our saint's mother, covered with such deft embroidery. We pass from one lofty, tapestried room to another, till finally we reach the chamber where the most famous member of the noble Savoyard family first smiled upon the world which owes so much to his benignity. This room, so fraught with sanctity, has been converted into a small chapel, which is always on the feast-day of our saint crowded with pilgrims, not only from his beloved Savoy and from every part of France, but from distant lands as well. It must always be a subject of keen regret to us that the ancient château itself has been allowed to fall into ruins. To-day not even the ruins remain to us. Nothing is left but the little chapel and the grand old linden-tree.

What a tale it could tell—this old linden-tree—if voice were but given to it! It is only the gray old olives in the Garden of Olivet that could have told us a story more thrilling. The linden-tree saw the little Francis, whose heart was so gentle, whose nature so violent and impetuous, pass daily to and fro, learning of his tender mother all sweetness and ardent piety, learning of his gallant and erudite father the duties of a brave, God-fearing gentleman. Under its branches the child sometimes paused to raise his innocent heart in fervent prayer to God, or to shed bitter tears when no alms were given him for the beggars at the gateway. "The development of a soul; little else is worth study," says Browning. It was this that the old tree saw when the child, grown a youth, tall, well formed, of noble face and courteous voice, comes again to dream under its shadow. College and university honors "lie thick upon him," but his dreams are not of fame but of sanctity. Military glory he leaves to the pursuit of his brothers; for him, the conquest of souls under the standard of the cross! Joy and pain, the conquest of all the

hasty impulsiveness of his nature, the crushing out from it, through penance and prayer and prompt obedience to the divine will, prompt furtherance of divine graces, of all earthly elements —all this, and infinitely more, the linden-tree read in the soul and on the face of the youth, the young ecclesiastic, the young but venerable bishop. Unfortunately, however, the old linden-tree has never turned chronicler, and we have still to depend on the information given us by the several biographers of the saint.

They tell us that, after finishing his preparatory studies in the College of Annecy, he went to the University of Paris, where he very successfully completed his studies in rhetoric and philosophy. Afterwards, for six years under the most eminent masters, he applied himself to the study of theology. At the end of that time his father recalled him from Paris and sent him to Padua to pursue the study of law under the direction of the celebrated Paneirola.

College life was probably in those days not very different from what it is at present, and "wild oats" were then as now a recognized harvest of youth. Francis, therefore, met with all the temptations that young men usually encounter, but over him they had no power. The known sanctity of his life provoked scoffing, perhaps, but it commanded respect. In spite of his goodness Francis had hosts of friends, thanks to his undoubted cleverness, the nobility of his birth and bearing, and the suavity of his manner. He was one of those people who are born to popularity, who are endowed with a certain inexplicable magnetism that draws all hearts to theirs. People so endowed are almost invariably destined to do great good or great evil in the world. Even in his student days Francis clearly showed himself to be one of these.

From Padua, after completing his law studies, the young Savoyard went to Rome. There God's graces seem to have been most abundantly showered upon him, and we can easily fancy that the days he spent in the Eternal City were very happy ones.

The Count de Sales, his father, was an energetic and ambitious man, who had hoped that his eldest son would take a place even more important than that which he himself had held in the affairs of his country. So far the jealous eye of his paternal pride and affection had not been disappointed in the youth. When Francis finally returned home after his prolonged absence from Savoy, his father hastened to procure for him the honorable appointment of counsellor of the parliament of Chambéry. But

the long hours of prayer and meditation in Rome had taught Francis what he had often dreamed before, that the field of his vocation was to be the ministry of the laws of the Gospel, not those of Savoy. His father patiently argued with him, and finding him immovable in his decision, perhaps silently grieved—more probably stormed indignantly, for I doubt if even a gentleman of the *ancien régime* did not generally forget his polish in his anger. In whatever manner the disappointed count expressed his feelings, they were of no avail. Francis persisted in his refusal of the proffered dignity, and, after some difficulty, finally received his father's consent to enter holy orders. Accordingly, on the 18th of December, 1593, he was ordained priest, and soon after received the appointment of provost of the cathedral of Geneva. The next year his real apostolate began.

Sixty years before this time the province of Chablais had been forcibly obliged to accept Calvinism as the national religion. So effectually was it forced upon the people that Catholicity seemed to have entirely vanished from among them. In 1594 the reigning Duke of Savoy wrote to the Bishop of Geneva, Claude de Granier, asking his assistance in the holy work of restoring Catholicity in this province. The idea was everywhere regarded as hopelessly impracticable, but the young provost immediately volunteered for the work.

With his cousin, Louis de Sales, a young ecclesiastic, Francis arrived in the autumn of 1594 at the city of Thonon, the capital of Chablais. A chapel has been erected on the spot where, from what was then the Château des Allinges, the young priest first gazed upon the scene of his labors. He did well to call this city, that looked so fair and so peaceful in the soft light of that first autumn evening, his "battle-field." Thonon had become, for the Duchy of Savoy, the centre of Calvinism. Francis de Sales and his young assistant found when they entered the city that there were but seven Catholics in the place. With inconceivable bitterness the Protestants threw themselves into mortal combat with the young missionary. They circulated everywhere the most infamous calumnies against him. They represented him as a seducer of the people, a hypocrite, a false prophet. Centuries before his Master had also been so represented. Since then slander is the weapon with which every great and good man, from Paul to Lacordaire, has been attacked. While cowards remain in the world the followers of the Master will not escape it. During his lifetime Francis de Sales was never free from these contemptible attacks. Nor was this all. The Calvinist

ministers resolved upon his death, and hired assassins were set upon his path. Many hair-breadth escapes the saint had, but his manly courage and unconquerable meekness disarmed his assailants in every instance. The attempts against his life and his fair fame were alike unsuccessful. The churches of Thonon were closed against him. Undaunted, he erected a pulpit on the public square. Crowds assembled around him, for the people soon discovered how earnest and enthusiastic, how amiable and practical in his goodness, was the young missionary. His eloquence always found its way to the hearts of his listeners. From the very first he proved the truth of what in after-years was said of him by the famous controversialist, Cardinal Du Perron: "I can *convince* the heretics, but it takes the Bishop of Geneva to *convert* them."

Conversion was indeed his mission. During the course of his apostolic labors it is estimated that he succeeded in bringing back to the fold the almost incredible number of seventy thousand heretics. Providence seems to have intended him for the strongest rampart of the church against Protestantism. Living as he did in an age that followed so closely the outbreak of Protestantism, and that preceded the philosophical and revolutionary excesses of the eighteenth century, St. Francis seems to serve the double purpose of remedy, through his life and his preaching, for the existing evils of his own time, and of shield, through his writings and his place among our heavenly protectors, against future dangers. It was his opinion that Calvinism, unless checked in time, could have but one issue—infidelity; that in the future it would no longer be a struggle of Protestant against Catholic, but of Catholic against atheist. In the light of the events of our own days, does not this opinion seem fit to be regarded as a heaven-inspired prophecy?

In 1599 the Calvinist ministers acknowledged themselves defeated, and Catholicity was formally re-established in the province of Chablais, to the profound satisfaction of its people. While Francis was still among them a terrible pestilence broke out at Thonon, and the young missionary, just risen from a bed of sickness, went forth to minister to the spiritual and physical needs of his flock with that untiring and heroic charity which is always a characteristic of sanctity.

The news of the devotion and wonderful eloquence of the "Apostle of Chablais," as Francis began to be called, came to the ears of the Bishop of Geneva and inspired him with the idea of having Francis appointed coadjutor in his episcopal labors.

The saint's humility protested, but his obedience submitted. After having passed the customary examinations in Rome so satisfactorily that Pope Clement VIII. eulogized him in the warmest manner, Francis was consecrated bishop.

For three years he filled the office of coadjutor to Bishop Granier, administering the affairs of the diocese with all his accustomed zeal and energy. After the death of the bishop Francis was installed his successor in the see of Geneva on the 8th of December, 1602. The title of Bishop and Prince of Geneva was held in high honor, but the honor was as unsubstantial and as bitter as one of those famous apples of Sodom. The Calvinists had confiscated almost all the revenues of the diocese of Geneva, and the bishop was not even allowed to occupy his episcopal palace in that city, but was forced to take up his residence in Annecy. There he rented a spacious and handsome house, in which he reserved for himself a sombre little room which he called "Francis' quarters," while he designated the elegant apartments in which he received his visitors "the bishop's." Of his episcopal revenues but twelve hundred dollars a year remained to him, and as he had given up his portion of the family estates to his brothers and sisters, it was a problem to his friends how the good bishop contrived to keep up on so meagre an income the state and grandeur required from his position. To those who asked him how he managed it he would say: "Why, it is God multiplying the five loaves"; or, "Is it not a good deal to have been left twelve hundred dollars of revenue? Are they not handsome leavings? Indeed the Apostles, who were far better bishops than we, had not so much."

Henry IV. of France, hearing of the limited state of his income, directed that a pension of a thousand crowns should be offered to the bishop in his name. "Tell his majesty," replied Francis, "that I feel too much honored by his gift to refuse it, but that, not being in immediate want of money and being utterly unable to keep it, I beg his permission to leave it in the hands of his treasurer, to be drawn as necessity shall require." The king appreciated the delicate tact of this courtly answer, for on receiving it he said to his ambassador: "I have never been better thanked for a pension than by the Bishop of Geneva."

The friendship constantly shown by the most amiable of kings to the most amiable of saints is one of the most admirable traits in Henry's character. The Bishop's brief sojourns at court, where sometimes the affairs of his diocese led him, were oppor-

tunities of which the monarch eagerly availed himself to show the esteem in which he held the Bishop of Geneva. On the occasion of their first meeting Henry was so fascinated by the pure charm of the bishop's conversation that he said to him with a sweet simplicity worthy of Francis himself: "You make me a better man. I am no longer surprised at what they tell me of all the conversions you have made." Another time, the king having remarked the affectionate intimacy existing between his secretary, Deshayes, Governor of Montargis, to whom he was much attached, and the Bishop of Geneva, asked the former whom he loved best, his king or the bishop? Deshayes endeavored to evade the inquiry, but his courtier-like answer did not please the monarch, who insisted on a direct reply. When Deshayes admitted, with great embarrassment, that the deepest affection his heart could feel was given to the Bishop of Geneva, the king, with the greatest kindness and sincerity, asked permission to make the third in this friendship.

Wishing to have the Bishop of Geneva always near him, Henry offered him the greatest inducements to remain at court, but was unsuccessful. Francis was not to be caught with worldly bait. Neither the honor of being made coadjutor of the see of Paris nor the prospect of soon obtaining the honors of the cardinalate tempted the faithful bishop to separate himself from his beloved Savoy. He writes to Madame de Chantal from the court, assuring her that, having made his novitiate of court life, nothing would induce him to make his profession. He says that he (this man of such holy simplicity, such entire unworldliness!) has learned at court to be "more simple and less worldly." He tells her: "On Christmas eve I preached before the queen, but I assure you that I preached neither better nor more enthusiastically before all these princes and princesses than I would have done in the chapel of our little Visitation at Annecy."

I fancy the good bishop was often mightily amused at "all these princes and princesses" of the court, at worldly people wherever he found them, for our saint knew how to aim a delicate little shaft of harmless sarcasm when necessity required it, and he had a keen perception of the humorous side of life. Was there ever yet a great man, or good, or genial, lacking such perception—lacking the power of hearty laughter that is so true a balance for all of life's small miseries?

The saint's brother, in holy orders as already mentioned, once craved his pardon for some hot words, saying that he feared he had never made anybody happy, so testy was his temper.

"Oh! yes, you have," answered Francis; "you have certainly made one person very happy." "I am glad to hear it," was the reply, "but who can it be?" Francis smiled and said: "The lady whom you did not marry."

After all, our test of a man's worth is as largely in the opinion his friends have of him as in our own knowledge of those friends themselves. This test applied to St. Francis is best shown in the work entitled *The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales*, written by his life-long friend, John Camus, Bishop of Belley, who was consecrated to the episcopal dignity by the Bishop of Geneva. This book has all the quaint simplicity of an antique chronicle, and is written in a spirit of loving reverence that shows us what entire truth there was in the author's naïve remark that St. Francis was his "beau-ideal in everything." His endeavors to model himself after his ideal were sometimes amusing, particularly when, on one occasion, they led him to imitate the Bishop of Geneva's quiet, forcible, unaffected style of preaching. His own style was impetuous, rhetorical, glowingly enthusiastic, withal only less effective than the quietness of his model, which, lacking the sweet kindliness, the unction of piety that animated every word or action proceeding from the Bishop of Geneva, would have been very ineffective. The combination of styles in the Bishop of Belley's oratorical efforts was so grotesque that his congregation listened to him in open-mouthed wonder, and probably with many a giggling doubt of his entire sanity. But a smile and a word from St. Francis brought the over-zealous bishop back to his own style of preaching, much to the comfort of his hearers.

As in his preaching, so in his entire life Francis was the determined enemy of singularity. In the hope of discovering the secret of his friend's extraordinary sanctity, Bishop Camus adopted an amusing device. While the Bishop of Geneva was paying the Bishop of Belley one of the visits that the two friends annually exchanged, the latter had some peep-holes bored in the wall that separated his room from his guest's, and whenever his friend was alone he took observations that resulted in the conviction that the Bishop of Geneva prayed, and meditated, and read, and slept just as other people did. What the visitor thought of this loving espionage I do not know, but I am certain that Bishop Camus was too ingenuous not to have made a clean breast of the whole matter. Replete as the book is with such bits of biography and autobiography, it is also, for St. Francis de Sales, the best compendium of his doctrine.

In all the narrations of his life we meet with charming things

concerning our saint. We are told of his gracious hospitality, and of the various ways in which, with his unerring gift of making people happy, he strove to interest and amuse his guests; of his charity and humility, his moderation, his unobtrusive penances and mortifications, his evangelical love of his enemies, and his constant practice of a thousand other virtues, for with the saints the virtues are the rounds of a ladder, from one of which they mount steadily to another. He had the greatest love for "the little virtues," those rough diamonds that pave the road of ordinary, commonplace people, and which are so often kicked aside as so many worthless pebbles. Kindness and amiability he could never extol sufficiently. We all know his maxim that "a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a thousand barrels of vinegar." We all know, too, his opinion that a truly humble person is not the one who has most ill to say of himself, but the one who entirely ignores himself. To adopt this criterion would go far towards convincing us that we are all Uriah Heeps at heart. By way of persuading ourselves of the unwiseness of airing our grievances against ourselves, it would be well to remember that St. Francis always took a certain humorous pleasure in gravely accepting the exaggerated self-depreciations of mock-humble people and treating them as the most matter-of-fact of truths. Self-love, with all its ingenious defences, he thoroughly understood and knew always how to detect. Indeed, it was a saying of his that "our self-love only dies a quarter of an hour after we do."

None of his biographers fail to tell us of his kindness to his servants. He had a favorite valet, who was so devoted to his master that he bubbled over with indignation at the saint whenever the latter ventured to make his toilet without waiting for the valet's assistance. It was to this young man, of whom he was very fond, that the saint one day, for reasons that had common-sense decidedly on their side, gave some excellent anti-Matrimonial advice, ending with the remark: "Matrimony is an order wherein profession precedes the noviceship. Could there be a year of probation, as in cloisters, few indeed would profess."

And yet, incredible though it may seem, the valet was actually assisted by his master to take the plunge into matrimony he so much desired. How? Well, let me tell you the story. It happened one day that the bishop rang several times for his attendant without getting any response. Wondering a little what could be the cause of his unusual tardiness, the amiable prelate determined to make inquiries personally, and so went on tip-toe

to the valet's quarters, where he found the delinquent seated at his table, surrounded by blotted and crumpled sheets of paper, his face wearing that indescribable look which has but one of two meanings, either that a man is losing his reason, or—that he is writing a love-letter. The saint's profound knowledge of human nature probably assured him that his valet was in the latter plight, and, after quietly watching the luckless scribe's frantic attacks upon the unresponsive ink-pot, he gently inquired the cause of all this agitation. In a moment the valet was on his knees, the picture of confusion and humiliation, and the bishop was heartily laughing as he held out his hand for the letter, after hearing the youth's incoherent explanations. After some demur the valet, reassured by the tone of his gentle master, stammered out that it was a letter to his dear one, and gave the blotted testament of his affection into the bishop's hand. St. Francis, after reading it, smilingly shook his head and said: "Ah! but this will never win her. Let me show you how to set about it." Accordingly, he seated himself at the table, and wrote such a letter that the valet's happiness, if he was right in supposing marriage-bells could assure it, was evermore secured.

A trait as admirable in the good bishop's character as his fatherly kindness to those in his service was his tender affection for little children. Whenever he appeared in the streets of Annecy he was instantly surrounded by children, who formed themselves into a body-guard to escort him wherever he was going, much to the disgust of the dignified and decorous ecclesiastics who sometimes accompanied their bishop. It is easy to believe that the saint who was so fond of Christ's little ones had a corner of his capacious heart specially reserved for the holy attachments of friendship. In truth, numbers of friends, devoted, true, and sympathetic, he had, but Grief was a frequent visitor to his affectionate heart. Not only father and mother and several brothers and sisters did he follow with sorrowing soul to the grave, but many well-beloved friends were also numbered among those for whom he mourned. Not of those who preceded him to the tomb was the friend whose soul was most akin to his, who is most indissolubly connected with his life and work. A grand and noble figure is this Jane Frances Frémiot, Baroness de Chantal, whom St. Francis called *friend* and whom the church calls *saint*.

The restrictions of space, not those of inclination, forbid my lingering over the details of the life and character of this holy widow who shares with Francis de Sales the honor of having founded the order of Visitation Nuns. For brevity's sake

adopting the cold and superlative terms which we are so fond of using where superiority, particularly the superiority of sanctity, is in question, let me describe her merely as a most remarkable woman. Never was there an earthly friendship more devoid of all earthliness than that which united her to the Bishop of Geneva. Its beginning was the result of heavenly inspiration, and its continued influence upon both souls was no less heavenly. I never read more charming letters than those written by the bishop to Madame de Chantal. In them, delightfully and unaffectedly mingled with spiritual counsel and comfort, are dainty bits of description, quaint philosophy, charming drolleries. These letters show us the paternal care with which he watched over the spiritual and temporal welfare of Madame de Chantal's children, the story of whose lives is as sad as it is interesting. The eldest of these children, the beautiful-souled Marie Aymée, ended her innocent life a short time after her marriage to Bernard de Sales, the brother who was dearest to Francis' heart, and whose death upon the battle-field left his young wife desolate as a flower broken from its stem. The letter to the Baroness de Chantal in which the saint deplores the death of these two beings so dear to both of them is a model of tender and saintly condolence.

And what his letters to this dear friend were, that, in scarcely less degree, were the letters written to his numerous other friends, to the many other souls that found in his guidance the way to peace and true happiness. Many were the passionate, unhappy hearts, consuming themselves with wretchedness and unrest, as such hearts have a foolish way of doing, who found rest and soothing in his counsels. He simplified the means to a devout life. By his help the narrow road became, not indeed less narrow, but more attractive and more flowery. With St. Francis the reign of the Beatitudes seemed about to establish itself on earth. It could have been said of the souls under his direction as it was of the early Christians, "See how they love one another!"

He firmly combated melancholy in all its forms, from fierce depression to languid sadness, with the incidental evils of worrying and hurrying. The "blue devils" of our nineteenth century he would have had little patience with. The sunshine of his words and spirit would have sent them scurrying off from us. His aim was to enforce content and courage and cheerful patience in the path of daily duty. Just as constantly did he endeavor to implant in the souls under his care the seeds of that divine joy, of all gifts the most blessed, which was ever burning

in his heart, animating his gentle voice, illuminating his amiable countenance. It was also his endeavor to kindle in these souls a love for the beautiful devotion to the Sacred Heart, at once the most practical and poetical of all devotions, which he was the first to publicly advocate, but which these latter times have the honor of having brought to its full development.

Of his devotional writings, the most comprehensive and best known are the *Introduction to a Devout Life* and the treatise on the *Love of God.* The preface of the letters answers the purpose of a brief literary autobiography. These two books caused almost as much of a sensation in the world of letters as in the devotional world, for the literary style of the Bishop of Geneva, the best French critics have decided, serves as a model of clearness, elegance, and simplicity. Pope Pius IX. was indeed nobly inspired when, in 1877, after raising St. Francis de Sales to the honor of a Doctor of the Church, he pronounced him the patron of Catholic writers.

After twenty years of faithful and unremitting work among his people, Francis began to think more earnestly of the design he had long cherished, of resigning the cares of his episcopate and retiring to some quiet spot where he could follow in the footsteps of the Fathers of the Desert, and devote himself unreservedly to his literary labors and to the contemplation of eternal things. It was the dream of solitude that has always been the pet vision of the saints, and that has been realized by very few. St. Francis was not to be of this number. His song of rest was not to be sung till his voice blended with the music of the eternal harmonies.

In November, 1622, the bishop accepted the invitation of the Duke of Savoy to accompany his court to Avignon, where they were joined by Louis XIII. and the French court, and then set out together for Lyons. In that city Francis did not join in many of the festivities of the court, but divided his time between good works of every sort and preaching. His strength began to grow less, though his exertions did not diminish. On the 27th of December, after saying Mass, preaching, and following his ordinary round of duties, he made several visits of ceremony devolving upon him and returned to his apartments, but had scarcely exchanged a few kind words with his faithful valet when he fell to the floor in a swoon. It was the beginning of the end. He never again rose from the bed on which he was tenderly laid. On the evening of the next day, the 28th of December, he rendered back his pure soul to its Creator.

The news of the illness of the Bishop of Geneva had scarcely spread through the town before the solemn ringing of the great bell of the cathedral told the people that this seigneur of hearts was dead. Even the deep tones of the bell seemed to vibrate with a throb of grief that the beloved of the people had gone from among them. There were sad hearts in Lyons that night, and when the news reached his own dear Savoy there was weeping and crying aloud for the lost bishop who had been to his well-beloved people of Annecy and to his loved but ungrateful Geneva a friend and a father.

It was not till the 29th of January, a month after his death, that the mortal remains of Francis de Sales were interred at Annecy, much to the jealous distress of the people of Lyons, where the bishop had always been a favorite, and the people of Geneva. The occasion of his interment was also the occasion of a last proof of his friendship for Madame de Chantal. We are told that when she approached the bier the right hand of the dead saint raised itself as if to bless her.

It seemed, in truth, as if the spirit of the good bishop still lingered lovingly among his people, as if, not having known how to refuse a request during his earthly life, he could not, from his heavenly home, learn to look less kindly upon his suppliants. During his lifetime miraculous powers had sometimes been given him, as when, during his apostolate of Chablais, at his prayer a Calvinist widow's child had been brought back to life. After his death an extraordinary number of well-authenticated miracles spread the news of his sanctity abroad and increased the popular love and reverence in which his memory was held.

In October, 1661, Francis de Sales was beatified by the decree of Alexander VII. Four years afterwards the same pontiff ordained that the ceremony of the bishop's canonization take place, and that his feast-day be celebrated throughout the Catholic world on the 29th of January of each year.

Let us not only salute St. Frances de Sales, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church, as patron of Catholic writers, but as patron of all of us who are within the pale of the Church; for the lesson we need most is that which poet and saint alike teach:

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

ELWARD EU.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE late Laurence Oliphant was a man who, in addition to a singularly versatile genius, seems to have possessed in an exceptional degree the courage of his convictions. An Englishman of wealth and excellent position, shrewd, observant, practical; an adventurer in the best sense of that word; a diplomatist, a suggestive and entertaining novelist, his interior life, as revealed in his latest work, *Scientific Religion* (Buffalo: Charles A. Wenborne), the American edition of which appeared soon after his recent death, seems to have had an intimate correspondence with this varied exterior. In his "sub-surface consciousness," to adopt one of his own expressions, he was also an adventurer, an explorer, a seeker-out of things new and strange, and finally, as he professed and, we doubt not, as he most sincerely believed, a commissioned reconciler of difficulties and bearer of messages from on high.

The account he gives of the genesis of a book which we find interesting in spite of its prolixity, right in intention in spite of frequent vagaries, and abounding in true things, juxtaposited though they are with glaring errors and fantastic dreams, is substantially that he received its contents by inspiration, through the instrumentality of his first wife, who died about a year before it was written. Mrs. Oliphant is said by those who knew her to have been a woman of great force of mind and elevation of character, and the brief account given on page 60 of this volume of the nature of the discipline to which the pair voluntarily submitted themselves during a period of years, with the single hope of thus rendering themselves "more available instruments in God's hands," inclines the reader to believe their testimony. The total inference to be drawn from this and other books of its author is that the relations between the pair differed radically from those of ordinary marriage. The union between them was what Mr. Oliphant describes as

> "a condition of moral and intellectual affinity which was the result of a long and arduous effort, extending over many years. . . . The effect of this internal connection was to mitigate to an inconceivable degree the sense of loss which at first threatened to overwhelm me when she passed into her present sphere of usefulness; for she was soon able to reach me through the internal tie which had been formed by this interlocking of our finer-grained material atoms while in the flesh, and it was only during the short interval consequent upon their dislocation from the atoms of ordinary matter that my suffering was acute."

The obvious inference to be drawn from such a statement would seem to be that Mr. Oliphant was a spiritualist. But though, prior to 1865, he had devoted a good deal of time to investigating the phenomena of mediumship, he appears to have ended by holding no belief with reference to the world of unseen intelligences substantially different from that common to all nominal Christians, though intensely realized by few outside of the Catholic Church. He denounces all attempts to open communication with the unseen by means of spiritualism and experiments in hypnotism, as dangerous in the highest degree, simply because they open the door to invasion from the infernal forces. His book begins with the statement of his belief that a final struggle is now impending, so far as our planet is concerned, between these forces and the heavenly ones, while in the unseen universe it is already raging. In common with many another seer who differs from him in what seem fundamental respects, he holds that the present is the age of the Holy Spirit, of individual enlightenment and responsibility, and of intense interior, and, very possibly, of exterior, warfare as well, in which all that opposes itself against God and his Christ will be finally and for ever overcome. Such a conflict, as he says truly enough, "is anticipated in all the existing forms of religion, down to those which may almost be called heathen superstitions—anticipated by a dumb instinct in the minds of men who cannot be said to have any religion." It is for this reason that he urges, and believes himself divinely inspired to urge, upon all who become aware of a call from above to this warfare, the necessity of self-discipline, and purity of life and motive.

It would be impossible to condense into the space at our disposal any fully intelligible account of this bulky volume. The first part comprises a discussion of the nature and value of inspiration; an effort to justify the title of "scientific" by showing what a tangible basis the atomic constitution of the universe furnishes for communication between the unseen and the seen; a rapid study of various religious systems, and a more extended one of Christianity, as Mr. Oliphant gathers that from his private study of the Bible and his "inspired" penetration into its hidden sense. These occupy nearly half the volume. The second part is devoted, in the first place, to an unfolding of the hidden sense thus discovered, especially in the books of Genesis and the Revelations of St. John. Mr. Oliphant finds no difficulty in being dogmatic, and we find none in believing his expressions of humility about it to be genuine, even when the matter of his

statements causes a smile of amusement or a frown of indignation. As he very naïvely remarks:

"It is not because I imagine myself to be any better than others, or more favored than others, or, so far as I am aware, have any personal feeling in the matter, that I enter upon this task, but simply because I feel it imposed upon me as a sacred duty, from which I dare not shrink. If I am obliged to make statements dogmatically, which are incapable of proof by a process of reasoning, it is because, when one is absolutely certain of a fact, it is difficult to speak of it otherwise than dogmatically, even if it is not susceptible of proof. Thus I may be conscious of having pain in some part of my body in consequence of a remedy which I had applied, and state it as an absolute fact; though it may be quite impossible for me to prove it except by saying to those who doubt me, 'Apply the same remedy and you will feel the same pain.'"

It should be remarked, just here, that Mr. Oliphant does not believe his experiences to be exceptional, save so far as they may be narrowly individual. To make one's self a channel for the Holy Spirit, or, as he usually prefers to say, the Holy Pneuma, or the Divine Feminine, he holds that all that is necessary is a rigid discipline of the lower nature, protracted through years, an ardent love for humanity, and a profound faith in God and in Jesus Christ,

"Who was such an incarnation of divine inspiration as was never manifested upon the earth, either before or since, and who is now the radiative centre of the seen and unseen worlds. . . . All inspirations which ignore Him as their source, through whatever channel they may come, degenerate into speculative theories."

But in spite of this avowal, and also of his belief in the miraculous birth of our Lord, and the absolute necessity of a vital, actual connection with His Sacred Humanity for those who would live His life, Mr. Oliphant denies His essential divinity. And his training, his lack of real knowledge, shown elsewhere in his discussion of the doctrine of the Trinity, which we think he misapprehended rather than disbelieved, and his prejudices, combining to blind him concerning that true communion with His humanity which our Lord provided for, he is compelled to recur to the atomic theory for his proof that the blood of Christ was shed for man's salvation in order that its atoms might become an integral portion of our earth, and so be distributed throughout its length and breadth for ever.

However, all this is but preliminary to Mr. Oliphant's true theme, which is an endeavor to show what is the real nature of the "earth malady," whence it proceeded, and how alone it may be cured. He begins his exegesis of Genesis with the bold

statement that the "man" whose "creation" is recorded in the first chapter of Genesis, who was made in the image of God, and to whom all dominion was given over creatures, "was called Adam, or Adam Cadmon," and that he was immeasurably superior to the Adam who was "formed out of the slime of the earth" and into whose face the Lord "breathed the breath of life" before he "became a living soul," as recorded in the second chapter. The first earth, says Mr. Oliphant, was likewise far superior to its successor, on which we live, and Adam Cadmon, having fallen, through a perverse exercise of his free-will, became Satan. He was

"invested with powers almost equal to the Deity—could control all the principles represented in the nature by which he was surrounded, and possessed the divine attributes to such a high degree that, when his will became perverted, he imagined himself to be equal, if not superior, to God. On this insane delusion taking possession of his mind, and the Divine Feminine principle within him having become perverted, he represented instead the infernal feminine or lust principle, as his name Satan implies. . . . Henceforth the object of the infernals was to close the creation which was about to come into existence—and which is our world—to the operation of the Divine Feminine, and to substitute for it the infernal feminine; and the struggle between the . . . unfallen and the fallen angels has been carried on in man over this principle ever since" (p. 226–7).

Concerning this exposition, and others which bear a strong resemblance to cabalistic teaching, Mr. Oliphant remarks that they are such as have been "shown" to him, and that though they are "to some extent supported by the Kabalah, they are in nowise drawn from it." He felt bound to begin by them "for the purpose of explaining the origin of the moral malady from which this world is suffering, in order to elucidate the nature of the remedy to be applied." That malady he declares to be the perversion of the sex-principle, introduced by the disobedience of "Adam Cadmon" into the world described in the first chapter of Genesis, and which transcended the present one in ways not possible for the limited intellect of existing man to comprehend. Of him and his companions, who, "like all beings in their essence, were bi-sexual," he says:

"They were patterned closely after the divine image, with an absolute freedom of will, and powers of a stupendous character. In accordance with the divine method of rule, there was one among them in whom supreme authority was vested. His faculties transcended anything of which we have any idea, and in him originated the idea that his will, which was free, was his own, and not God's freedom acting in him. The consequences which resulted to humanity from this false conception we shall see later.

It produced a conflict in the 'Day-Star,' to use Isaiah's nomenclature, and there was 'war in heaven,' Michael and those who clung to the true conception of free-will rebelling against the authority of the Prince of Darkness, who is since known as Satan. It was the supreme position with which the latter was endowed which gave rise to the tradition, recorded in Jude, that Michael, disputing with Satan 'about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation,' but could only say, 'The Lord rebuke thee!'

"This passage is deeply interesting, as throwing light upon the relations which subsist between the fallen and the unfallen parts of the preceding, or Elohistic, universe. Though divided into two hostile camps, and though it underwent a violent atomic dislocation on the occasion of the conflict which took place between the opposing will-principles, it still forms but one universe, and the collision continues between the antagonistic forces; nor can the magnetic contact by which they are united be severed. This contact is both direct and indirect. Direct as between the two hostile portions in the region they occupy, and indirect through both the visible and invisible portions of our universe. And here I feel compelled to make a statement which it has been necessary thus to lead up to, but which does, in fact, furnish us with a key to the mystery of our complex earthly existence.

"Races are generated through a primal pair. The primal pair, in the case of the world preceding our own, were called Adam, or Adam Cadmon. And it was the perversion of the will-principle by this Adam Cadmon, who was supreme in his universe, which produced the catastrophe. In other words, the first Adam mentioned in the Bible has become the Devil, or Satan, who wages perpetual war against his Maker, and whose rebellion was succeeded by an atomic dislocation in his outer organism, which involved a divorce from his own feminine complement; and by a conflict between the male and female principles in that region of the fallen universe in which he still exercises rule."

In our own planet, which, according to Mr. Oliphant, emerged from the destruction of the primal abode of Adam Cadmon and his race, and which, owing to its formation from the "physical *débris*" of its predecessor, is still "atomically interlocked" with it, the "grosser and far more material" Adam who is our ancestor, was "formed out of the dust of the ground," and is "closely allied in atomic structure to the nature by which he is surrounded." That there was not found for Adam "a helpmeet for him," and that God formed one from one of his ribs, beholding whom he said: "This is bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh. . . . Wherefore a man shall leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife,"

"signifies that these principles" (the male and female) "are absolutely inseverable, and are inherent in every man and in every woman long before the moment of birth. Though neither may know in mortal life who the complementary being is, each person is born with an atomic structure, the

particles of which are interlocked with those of the complementary being, and must be so to all time. . . . It is not possible, however, for two beings who are thus interlocked to pass into two opposite regions; for inasmuch as an internal attraction is constantly drawing their souls together, though their bodies may be far apart, and inasmuch as the atomic quality of their affections or passions is essentially one, they always develop in the same direction. The upward or downward tendency is common to both, because they are essentially not two but one" (p. 234).

We have quoted enough—more than enough, possibly—to give a suggestion of Mr. Oliphant's drift. To give more than a suggestion of a very full book, of which much the greater part is devoted to clearing up the ground in the way we have tried to indicate, is impossible. What he was driving at, as a point which to his mind it seemed practical to reach, and use as a fulcrum from which to move the moral and religious world from its stagnation to a healthier life, was his doctrine that the new descent of the Holy Spirit will manifest itself through such of these "complementary beings" as are not only developing upward, but have arrived at the consciousness of their dual nature. They may, in rare instances, according to the new seer, be living on this earth at the same time, but that they should know each other here is improbable. The one who is still in the flesh will become conscious of its mate on high, and the consciousness, if real, will testify of Jesus Christ. It will come to none who are not pure, with an ideal purity, in both heart and life. Hence the book is in part a healthy protest against that view of marriage, too common, as every one knows, which sees in it more than a means to the divinely appointed ends of chaste union and the perpetuity of the human species. We do not recommend its perusal for various reasons, of which one is the fact that it would be extremely unlikely to interest the general reader, and another is that its denials of truths which Catholic Christians hold sacred—denials totally unnecessary in view of its general bearing, and as often as not caused by sheer misconception on Mr. Oliphant's part—would be sure to cause a righteous repugnance in their minds. Nevertheless we have found it in many ways useful and suggestive. Not only does it deal with subjects which fourteen centuries ago interested the average Christian perhaps more profoundly than their manuals of instruction and devotion do their successors of today, but it is the sincere work of a sincere and able man. But he lacked the fulness of revealed truth, the sure prop and guide of Holy Church, and the strength drawn from the Supersubstantial Bread without which he truly felt that man cannot live the new

life, and the want of which he tried to supply by means of a hypothetical "atomic connection" with the shed blood of Him whom he called his Master and his Lord.

The first number of a series called "Gleanings from Foreign Authors," published in New York by John Delay, seems happily selected. It contains a trifling but pleasant sketch called *A Love Match*, by Ludovic Halevy, the well-known author of *L'Abbé Constantin*, followed by an extremely bright and amusing novelette by a better writer than Halevy, Victor Cherbuliez "of the French Academy." *King Apepi* is the title of the latter, the endeavor of the hero to make out to his own satisfaction that "the Pharaoh under whom Joseph became minister was indeed Apophis or Apepi, King of the Hyksos," being the slender, elastic thread on which are strung his misadventure in falling into love and his good fortune in falling out of it. A good engraving of Jean François Millet's "Sower" adorns the cover of the volume, which is well printed on good paper.

A Happy Find (New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.) is another entertaining and innocent translation from the French of Madame Gagnebin. It is the work of a Protestant, and the *very* good person in it is "Aunt Martha, the Huguenot." It is she that adopts Aimée, the "happy find" of little Roland, who develops later on into an Americanized hero. But there is no religious discussion in the story, which is simply told and likely to be interesting to young readers whose palates are yet unspoiled by too highly seasoned fiction.

The sixth novel of "George Fleming," which is the pen-name of Miss Julia Fletcher, is called *The Truth about Clement Ker* (Boston: Roberts Brothers). The truth about that eccentric gentleman and execrable husband, which at times the reader begins to hope may be properly blood-curdling and yet full of explicable mysteries, seems on the whole to be that he was addicted to opium-eating as a means of escape from ghostly terrors. The ghost is not well managed, as ghosts go in these days of Psychical Societies. A ghost really capable of killing two men at a blow, but which, after the most excellent chance to escape from its hiding-place, would permit itself to be fastened in by a piece of tape with Sir Clement's seal affixed, and never budge one unsubstantial foot on its errand of destruction until somebody broke the tape, is just the kind of a ghost the novel-reader cannot get up an honest belief in. And a ghost that cannot be believed in is evidently worse than no ghost at all. "George Fleming" is an agreeable writer. She manages the strictly human part of

her story well, paints a landscape charmingly, and can give an hour's easily forgotten pleasure which leaves no ill-taste behind it. But "clever" is a sufficiently comprehensive adjective for any book of hers which we have seen.

For the first time Professor Hardy secures all our suffrages. His romance, *Passe Rose* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is altogether charming; neither in plan nor execution, neither in scenes, in characters, nor in style, would we have it other than it is for our own pleasure. And yet the time chosen is the time of Charlemagne, more than a thousand years back, therefore; and he who compasses a space so great, and so adjusts it to the view that his reader, while conscious both of the strangeness and the charm, is neither repelled by awkward modernisms nor irritated by cheap and ill-chosen archaisms, cannot be less than a consummate artist. The story is not one to be talked about and discussed in parts, for, although it has both well-contrived plot and incident in plenty, it yet remains in memory as a series of charming pictures, so delicately conceived and finished that they seem to rise spontaneously, like a mirage, and one's impulse is simply to enjoy, and to call others to enjoyment. Yet the workmanship is substantial and masterly, and the characters stand out clear cut and full of life. Who will ever forget Passe Rose again, her beauty, her vigor, her pure love and sane, sweet womanliness, after once making her acquaintance?

Lovell's International Series opens its career with an old-fashioned story by Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid, called *Miss Eyon of Eyon Court*. There is a terrible old lady in it, who will not forgive her brother on his death-bed, and who locks up the poor little heroine in a barred chamber with stuffed walls in order to persuade her by such means to marry a good-looking scoundrel who turns out to be the grandson of the old lady, hitherto supposed the most rigidly respectable of maiden ladies. Then there is a middle-aged, rather plain, and twice-rejected lover, who turns up just in time to rescue the young lady from a Clarissa-Harlowe-like position after she has escaped from the barred room and got into still worse difficulties in a lonely cabin on a desolate moor, and who is properly rewarded by being accepted with thanks on the occasion of his third proposal. But the story is rather tame reading, notwithstanding.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLIC MORALITY AND THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

The following paragraph recently appeared in the Pittsburgh *Press*:

"If Father Sheedy would follow up the crusade which he opened yesterday in his sermon against unlicensed resorts of evil in his parish until every one of them was wiped out of existence, this city could afford to present him with the handsomest school-house in the commonwealth."

The framer of that sentence builded better than he knew. He unconsciously formulated the solution of the difficulty between the Catholic Church and the state. If you put down the saloon, says the citizen, I will put up your school. It means this: if that is the sort of thing you priests and people of the Catholic Church can do, "this city can afford to present you" with a school-house. If I pay for a prison in which to punish crime, why can't I pay for a school in which to prevent it? If the priest who puts down dives and saloons puts up a school, it is likely to train children to become worthy citizens. If you affirm, says the citizen to Father Sheedy, that *this* school is calculated to prevent crime and *that* school is not thus calculated, your opinion is entitled to consideration, for it is manifest that you hate crime and know how to put it down.

It is very fortunate that Father Morgan M. Sheedy's fierce quarrel with the public-school bigots of Pittsburgh happened at the same time as his quarrel with the dive-keepers in his parish of St. Mary of Mercy. No doubt the mass of his parishioners are good average Christians, yet the saloons and dives in his neighborhood must be supported in great part by men and women who acknowledge him as their pastor. The children of such people, and of all who are subjected to the same danger, need moral and religious schooling, and all that they can get of it. The commonly assigned purpose for building a Catholic school is the preservation of the faith. Now, how many born Catholics are lost for want of faith? Not very many. How many are lost on account of drunken parents? Vast numbers. In discussing the school question, the conspicuous place given by the Catholic side of the controversy to the office of the school in regard to sound doctrine has misled many honest Protestants. They do not want to give their taxes for any such school. In their minds the school question is strictly and solely a question of creeds. The scope of state education cannot embrace a school whose only great purpose is to produce orthodox Catholicity. Citizenship the state can pay for and ought, but in this country religion as such is entitled to respect and fair play, and nothing more, unless in some of its particular functions it contributes directly to good citizenship. The parochial school-building is eloquent of the faith of a priest and people, and of their fear of doctrinal error; their pulpit should be, like Father Sheedy's, eloquent of their hatred of vice and their love of morality. Where priest and people work together for good citizenship even in their church, much rather will they do so in their school. The long hours and chief work of the parish school are devoted to training in the secular branches; they are the proximate preparation for the secular life. Religion is necessary, then, not only for sound doctrine, but as the only reliable influence to secure moral cleanliness in the secular life. It is as a moral influence that it

recommends itself to the state—good sense and experience bear testimony to its effectiveness—and makes the state its debtor.

Every priest who, like Father Sheedy, is a fearless and outspoken enemy of vice and corruption in his neighborhood is the most potent advocate of Christian education.

A correspondent asks for direction in examining the topics of papal infallibility and devotion to the Blessed Virgin. On the first topic, the following works may be recommended as perhaps the best among many good ones: *De Religione et Ecclesia*, by Cardinal Mazzella, published at Rome, and probably to be had through the Benzigers; *Petri Privilegium*, written in English, by Cardinal Manning, London, Longmans, 1871; *The Pope and the Church*, Part II., "Infallibility," by F. Paul Bottalla, S.J., London, Burns & Oates, 1870; *Cathedra Petri*, by Mr. Allnatt, 3d edit., London, Burns & Oates, 1883, a work specially rich in authorities and critical notes on the same. The series of volumes by Mr. Allies, under the general title *The Formation of Christendom*, are not in the category of controversial writings, but they cast much light of historical information on the topics of controversy.

An excellent work on Marian devotion is the *Virgin Mary*, by F. Raphael Melia, Longmans, 1868. A. F. H.

READING CIRCLES.

Those who have perused the various communications lately published under the head of Reading Circles in THE CATHOLIC WORLD will be especially interested in this letter from the honorary secretary of St. Anselm's Society, Very Rev. Provost Wenham, from which we quote as follows:

"I have read with great interest the papers you have been good enough to send to me on Reading Circles. I wish your movement all success, for indiscriminate reading is one of the greatest dangers of our time. If I can help you in any way I shall be glad to do so.

"We go on the plan of not aiming too high. We cannot expect Catholics to read only Catholic books, but we select the best of the Catholic books, and the best and safest non-Catholic standard works, so as to give plenty of interesting reading and leave them no cause to complain that they are debarred from a reasonable amount of intellectual recreation.

"Hoping to hear from you again, etc. J. G. WENHAM."

In response to the invitation extended to authors, asking for their views on Reading Circles, one of our correspondents writes: "Certainly if authors have an interest in their own productions they will offer their assistance now. It ought surely to be a mutual benefit. The increased demand for their works will naturally follow."

Much can be claimed for the financial assistance and encouragement liberally given to American writers by THE CATHOLIC WORLD. In its pages many of the best recent stories have been first published, among which may be mentioned *A Woman of Culture* and *Solitary Island*, from the same hand which wrote the following letter:

"As a Catholic writer I am thoroughly interested in the idea of the Reading Circles. In this country the author who writes a Catholic story has no audience and no publisher. Secular publishing houses will not take his books, and religious ones cannot afford to take them. They do not pay the publisher, even when the author has paid half the expenses of publication.

"By a Catholic book I mean not a professedly religious book on religious topics, but one in which Catholic principles must appear in one shape or another, whatever the subject-matter be.

"With few or none to read his books, the Catholic author must either become his own publisher or suppress himself, alternatives which mean the same thing.

"The Reading Club may have many aims, but this one result it will surely have: it will give the poor author his readers and his admirers, his little checks and some healthy applause. He will no longer feel bound to apologize to well-read Catholics for writing a book of which they know nothing, and his friends will not be afraid to introduce him to others by his literary name. The happy publishers of his second and third editions will bless him and shave him, and though he may die poor, he will still be richer than Augustus, who had to ask at the last moment for final applause.

"Author and publisher will thus be benefited by the Reading Clubs.

"John Talbot Smith."

Space will not permit us to print all the letters received. As showing that an interest is manifested for the success of the Reading Circles in many localities, we mention only the initials of the writers and their place of residence. Letters have come from J. C. J., Cleveland, O.; E. A. McM., Roxbury, Mass.; M. G. H., Summit, N. J.; M. A. S., Cincinnati, O.; L. M. C., Cincinnati, O.; T. G. R., Haverhill, Mass.; F. E., Cambridgeport, Mass.; A. M. E. H., Buffalo, N. Y.; F. S. P., Mobile, Ala.; M. M., Cincinnati, O.; J. P. L., Boston, Mass.

This letter contains valuable suggestions:

"An attempt was made here a few years ago to form a class in church history by a lady who is deeply interested in this matter. It was unsuccessful in spite of her zealous efforts, owing partly to the fact that the reading was done together instead of at home, as is now intended. Too much time was expended for the results attained. I think, however, occasional meetings would be beneficial. They might be necessary in case readers exchanged books, as Catholic works are not easily obtained by the generality.

"We have in —— a good public library, to which I am a frequent visitor. The Catholic World and the local Catholic newspaper are in the reading-room. Knowing there were a number of Catholic works in the circulating department, but wishing to be more accurately informed, I laid the case before the librarian. I met with the utmost courtesy, and was given all possible aid by the librarian and attendants.

"Unfortunately for my purpose, the library is in a transition state between the old and new catalogues. The Catholic books are generally new ones. It will be about eight months before the new catalogue is ready, as they have only reached 'K.'

"I was allowed to see the prepared cards, and found titles of fifty-five Catholic works, aside from twenty volumes of O. A. Brownson. There are more than this number registered, but, not knowing the authors and not then having time to examine them, I cannot vouch for them. Others still that I have drawn are not on the cards. This number does not include poetry or fiction (which is fairly well represented by Christian Reid, Lady Fullerton, Mary Agnes Tincker, Kathleen O'Meara, Mrs. Lillie, Mrs. Martin, Gerald Griffin, Banim, F. Marion Crawford, and others, besides many translations), but treats of history, biography, and doctrine.

"The librarian promises to recommend for purchase to the board of managers any list of books needed by our Reading Circle. He is not a Catholic, but a liberal-minded Protestant, as you may infer from the following:

"He says there are at least a dozen books he could name, strongly anti-Catholic in tone, which are gotten up to please the general public. These books are in constant demand. He asks as a favor that I name an equal number of Catholic books that will offset them to place in the library. He will make out the list this week; one of the books is *The Dawn of Liberty* in "The Building of a Nation" series. He also says there is a great need of a popular *Catholic History of England*. Lingard does not attract the popular taste.

"I gratefully accepted the offer, feeling my own inability, but determined to do my best to find those capable of assuming such a responsibility. Therefore I ask your help, and that of such readers as will co-operate if you think best to lay the matter before the Reading Circle. Whether or not you invite the readers' assistance, I beg yours most earnestly. It seems to me an opportunity too good to be neglected. If the books are placed in the library they will be circulated, for two of the attendants are Catholics. J. O. M."

From St. Xavier's Academy, Westmoreland County, Pa., two letters have been sent, conveying good wishes and words of approval for the Reading Circles. The letters are signed by Misses Genevieve E. Reid and Grace M. McElroy. The latter mentions some practical examples which came under her own observation of the good caused by a knowledge of Catholic authors.

A plan has been proposed at Rochester, N. Y., with a view to the speedy formation of a Reading Circle. For the benefit of all interested it is submitted with our hearty approval:

"I propose an initiation fee of fifty cents and an annual fee of one dollar. With this amount to select, with great discrimination, a sufficient number of books. Each will contain on the fly-leaf a printed list of members, arranged according to residence. To every lady will be sent one or two books, which may be retained two weeks, and must then be passed to the one whose name follows on the list. All books to be passed the 1st and 15th of the month, and the dates when received and when passed to be noted by each member.

"We seem, as a class, most unfamiliar with our own literature, and, therefore, in *forming* a Book Club it is necessary to avoid too heavy reading, which would soon discourage all but those above the average literary taste. Many timid persons might be deterred from joining a club in which too much individual effort would be required, and my object being in the start to interest all, I consider this a cogent reason for suggesting this plan, which will give each one an opportunity of becoming conversant with Catholic literature without the necessity of frequent discussion or public reading. However, I hope from this beginning will emanate many *local* clubs for critical study and research.

"Any one desiring to purchase a club book may signify such intention by writing her name therein. At the close of the year it will be sold for half the original cost. Books of fiction will be circulated with a more solid work. Emilie Gaffney."

Wherever it can be done, we would suggest that the books gathered by a Reading Circle be reserved to form the nucleus of a parish library instead of being sold at half-price to individual members. In places having a parish library already established the expense may be very much lessened.

In the June number of The Catholic World we hope to make a summary of the suggestions obtained from the letters received; and also give an outline of the course of reading to be recommended in the first list of books, which is now almost ready for publication. This list will be forwarded to all who will have sent ten cents in postage-stamps.

Department Reading Circles.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DISSERTATIONES QUÆDAM PHILOSOPHICÆ. Elaboratæ a P. Engelberto Gey, O.S.F., Ph. Prof. in Colleg. ad S. Fr. Sol., Quincyæ, Ill. Benziger Fratres. 1888.

Any student of philosophy who can understand these dissertations at one reading deserves a gold medal; and one who can understand them after any number of readings deserves a silver medal. Not that they are totally unintelligible, but that the author, who has undoubtedly a remarkable metaphysical talent, has studied condensation and brevity of expression to such purpose, that his nutshell is a hard one to crack. His great master, Duns Scotus, would have smiled approvingly on a pupil who produced a specimen of metaphysical argument in a style so like his own. The subject of the first dissertation is *The essential composition of an angel.* The subject of the second is *The form of corporeity as an essential principle in the composition of man.* The precise aim of the author is a comparison between the doctrine of St. Thomas and that of St. Bonaventura respecting the first topic, and between the doctrine of St. Thomas and that of Scotus concerning the second. If we understand him, he wishes to show that these great doctors do not contradict one another, but present different phases of metaphysical doctrine which can be harmonized with each other. To give an account of his argument in a brief critical notice is impossible, and to write an article on such topics would throw the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD into a panic. We refer those who are interested in the composition of angels and men to the pamphlet of Father Engelbert. If it will give consolation to him to know the opinion of the writer of this notice, we are quite ready to say that we agree with him on both points. Moreover, we think there is a great deal in the philosophy and theology of that prodigy of genius, John Duns Scotus, which can be brought out with great advantage, to blend with and complete the doctrine of the Angelic Doctor. A. F. H.

RECORDS OF THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS OF 1715. Compiled wholly from Original Documents. Edited by John Orlebar Payne, M.A. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This volume adds one more to those works of research into the lives of their forefathers which the present generation of English Catholics is showing such praiseworthy zeal in publishing. It is not Mr. Payne's first work, he having, with the late Canon Estcourt, brought out a larger volume on the English Catholic Nonjurors of 1715. The first half of the present volume consists of an abstract of nearly four hundred wills and letters of administration. The main interest of this part is genealogical, and for the descendants of the families mentioned will undoubtedly be great. An admirable index will render it easy to carry out any such investigation. But the interest of the work will not be confined to students of genealogy. There are many quaint and curious bequests in these old wills, many things

which edify and some, on the contrary, which are far from edifying. Here, for example, is a picture of a stanch, humble, and pious Catholic:

"Charles Eyston, of East Hendred, . . . being by God's grace steadfast and certain in the integrity of that Faith which his ancestors have received and learned from the wholly [*sic*] Roman Catholic Church, the head of all churches, in which faith, and in obedience to the Apostolic See of Rome, he professes to have always lived and desires to dye, and that he may be able to accomplish this his desire by the great goodness and mercy of God through the merits of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and may persevere to the end in the same faith and obedience, earnestly begs the assistance of the suffrages and prayers of the Ever Blessed Virgin Mary and the universal Church of Christ, triumphant and militant, with fear and trembling beholding himself and his great unworthiness, yet so far confiding in the grace and mercy of God as to have a firm hope and expectation of the salvation of his soul and everlasting life through Jesus Christ . . . names his wife, etc."

Care of the poor and regard for faithful servants are noteworthy features in these wills. Anne Fitzwilliam desires to have "six poor Catholics for her bearers, to have a guinea each; and two hundred poor people, each to have sixpence, each to say before taking the money, God be merciful to her soul." Dennis Molony wishes to have two guineas divided amongst the poor begging at the chapel door when the service and office for the dead is being said for him. There are many other interesting points to be found in this first part.

The second part is devoted to the Records of the Forfeited Estates Commissioners. These documents, which are now published for the first time, show in a clear light the risks to which the Catholics of the first half of the eighteenth century were exposed. The age of imprisonment and martyrdom was past; the property of Catholics was now made the object of attack. Mr. Payne prints the letters to the commissioners of those who either wished themselves to take possession of this property, or to receive a reward for giving information. Many letters are given of the apostate priest Richard Hitchmough, and it is satisfactory to learn that the wages of his iniquity were not very great.

The attachment of Catholics to the house of Stuart, however chivalrous and noble it may have been, brought upon them many temporal misfortunes and sufferings. It is interesting to learn that the conduct of the English Catholics in this respect did not meet with the approval of the Sovereign Pontiff. Mr. Payne has found in the British Museum, and publishes in his preface, a letter in which it is stated that Mgr. Santini, nuncio at Brussels, "is ordered by the pope to publish that English Catholics may and ought to promise fidelity and entire obedience to the present government, but to make no mention of the pope's authority." It would have been better for the church in all ages if Catholics had had something of that political wisdom for which the Holy See is distinguished.

HARPER'S EDUCATIONAL SERIES OF READERS. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Harper's new readers represent the latest effort of a firm of eminent publishers to produce a series of perfect reading-books.

The type, page, paper, illustrations, and binding show that they have expended a large sum of money in giving form to the fruits of their long experience in book-making. The publishers evidently believe that a clear, bold type is of prime importance; that script letters should be used spar-

ingly; that marked letters are intolerable, except in the reviews and vocabularies; that artistic illustrations may be made a subordinate feature and still serve the double purpose of educating the eye and illuminating the text; that the margin should be broad enough to insure a flat surface for the printed matter, and that the binding should be of cloth.

In these respects this series is in strong contrast with the miserably small pages, cast-off cuts, inferior binding, and pasteboard coverings of some other readers.

The editorial work is of a high order. The editors have cast aside the foreign accumulations so long vaunted as *excellences* in certain readers. They have omitted the elocutionary essays and filled the space with more important matter. The craze for sound-marks has been resisted, and the so-called definition and composition exercises eliminated. The rejection of diacritical marks rests upon the fact that the most complete system cannot cope with the anomalies of our orthography. Their use for *effect* is dishonest.

The limit which the editors have placed upon the introduction of script will meet the approval of most teachers, but they are at fault in directing its exclusive use for blackboard exercises. The transition from Roman letters to script is not so marked as that from artistic pictures to the type representations of the same objects. But children should not be required to do *off-hand* what is more difficult than to express arithmetical processes in algebraic form.

The editors make no pretension to novelty of method in teaching reading. In the *First Reader* may be found the leading features of several methods. Pictures, familiar names, frequent repetition of words and phrases, and the early use of the sentence are made the basis of progressive instruction. The attractiveness of the cuts and the freshness of the texts are depended upon to fix attention and sustain interest. The mental process appealed to is "the association of ideas." The analytic method of teaching the first steps in reading is entirely discarded, although acknowledged authorities on both sides of the Atlantic have recently declared in favor of a return to it.

In the succeeding numbers the grading is accomplished more by the presentation of suitable material than by attempts at simplifying and adapting weighty and unfamiliar selections. Acting on the principle that the power to think carries with it the impulse to use appropriate words, they have made the advanced readers a store-house of choice language.

They have drawn largely from the literature of current periodicals, thereby allowing themselves to discard the well-worn stories, fables, and scientific writings of commonplace authors.

After some slight revision the series will be an ideal set of readers.

THE CRITICAL PERIOD OF AMERICAN HISTORY, 1783–1789. By John Fiske. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This sketch of the political history of the United States from the end of the Revolutionary War to the adoption of the Federal Constitution is one of the most valuable, interesting, and well-written pieces of historical composition among recent works of the kind by American authors. It must take its place among the standard works of our best historians. That period, so justly called "critical," of which it treats, is one over

which the minds of most Americans, even though they may be familiar with our preceding and subsequent history, pass with a skip. Our notion of it has been hazy, and we have not clearly apprehended what a dangerous crisis we passed through, or duly appreciated the truly wonderful nature of the great work which brought order out of chaos, consolidating the nebula of the Continental Congress into a central government which controls without absorbing the distinct States organized into a Republic by the Federal Constitution. The result is thus summed up in a terse and pregnant sentence by Mr. Fiske: "Thus, at length, was realized the sublime conception of a nation in which every citizen lives under two complete and well-rounded systems of laws—the state law and the federal law—each with its legislature, its executive, and its judiciary, moving one within the other, noiselessly and without friction. It was one of the longest reaches of constructive statesmanship ever known in the world" (p. 301).

When we consider the different views, interests, and schemes represented in the Federal Convention, and the resolute, even violent, opposition to the Constitution, it is a wonder that it was ever framed, and another wonder that it was ever adopted. We cannot find any other sufficient cause of this great event than the overruling providence of the Sovereign Ruler of the world. The more closely we consider the great revolution which separated this country from England, and the great constructive work which organized it into a republican empire, the more plainly does it appear that both were accomplished by the hand of God, working through events beyond all human control, and through a small number of men who were very great in capacity and virtue, and fit to take advantage of the circumstances which gave them their opportunity. There was so much wrongheadedness, blundering, and slackness among the lesser leaders and a great portion of the people, during and after the war, that we are astonished at the conquest achieved by the great heroes and statesmen over the difficulties which beset them. The greatest and most difficult of these successes were achieved by Washington, Hamilton, Jay, and their colleagues, after the campaigns in the field had been finished. Of all these momentous events Mr. Fiske has given a succinct but thorough narrative, in a charming style which fascinates while it instructs. To a certain extent he avails himself of his opportunity to inculcate some of his political opinions, in regard to which different readers will make different judgments. Saying nothing of these, we have no hesitation in expressing our opinion, that as a history this is an invaluable work, which we wish might be read by every intelligent American.

In conclusion, we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a humorous incident which is a very piquant illustration of the frequent assertion of Father Hecker, that the doctrine of total depravity is incompatible with the principles underlying our political Constitution. In the Massachusetts convention the Rev. Samuel West, arguing in favor of the proposed Constitution, said that the opponents seemed to take for granted that the federal government was going to be administered by knaves. But, said he, "May we not rationally suppose that the persons we shall choose to administer the government will be, in general, good men?" On the other side: "General Thompson said he was surprised to hear such an argument from a clergyman, who was professionally bound to maintain that all men were

totally depraved. For his part he believed they were so, and could prove it from the Old Testament." "I would not trust them," echoed Abraham White, of Bristol, "though every one of them should be a Moses" (p. 323).

May the hopeful auguries of Mr. West be justified by the course of events!

CONTEMPLATIONS AND MEDITATIONS ON THE HIDDEN LIFE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, according to the method of St. Ignatius. Translated from the French by a Sister of Mercy. Revised by Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

These meditations are worthy of much praise from the simplicity of their arrangement and the dignity of their matter. They are not, indeed, provocative of study; the use of such matter does not suggest self-sermonizing. No fine-spun subtleties either amuse or annoy the mind, which is occupied with the direct statement of those elevating facts and doctrines embraced in and suggested by the hidden life of our Lord. The best feature these meditations have is their practical bearing. The daily duties of life are kept before the mind according to each one's vocation. Their tone, too, is kindly, breathing a spirit of holy familiarity with Jesus and with his Mother, Mary, and his foster-father, Joseph.

The author of the original French work is unknown, and will probably never become known, though the conjectures inserted in the preface to this translation may go for what they are worth, resting nearly altogether on that rather illusory class of testimony called "intrinsic evidence." That best form of evidence adducible in the case of spiritual writings—repeated editions and large current sale—bears abundant testimony to the value of this little volume as an aid to mental prayer.

The publishers' work is well done.

EUCHARISTIC JEWELS. For Persons living in the World. By Percy Fitzgerald, A.M., F.S.A. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

This beautiful little volume is worthy of its title. Down into the rich mine of literature touching the Blessed Eucharist patient search has been made, and critical taste has discovered to the reader some of its most precious jewels. It is rare to find a layman in these busy days using his leisure in a work of this character; it is rarer still to find in such a one not only a keen appreciation of literary beauty, but just as keen a perception of what will best feed the spirit of devotion, best quicken the pulse and warm the heart of faith.

The book is divided into six chapters, named "The Tabernacle," "The Communicant," "The Holy Eucharist a Power on Earth," "The Eucharist and the New Testament," "Spiritual Dryness," and "Prayers of the Saints." It will be seen from this that the compiler has edification, instruction, and devotion in view. He gives us not a large but a very select assortment of matter for the use of the lovers of our Lord before the altar, in many instances unfamiliar to the general reader. He has presented to people in the world, to whom he specially addresses himself, a useful accompaniment to their devotion, as well as a gentle and reasonable stimulant.

The printing and binding are very creditable to the publishers.

AALESUND TO TETUAN: A JOURNEY. By Charles R. Corning. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

This is a breezy and rather entertaining book of travel. The author saw a good deal, and has no hesitation in pronouncing prompt judgment on

all that he saw. Though his judgments are superficial, his impressions are vivid.

It took him two years to cover the ground from Norway to Northern Africa, but he hurries his readers over the greater part of the journey as rapidly as if he had made the tour in two months.

Mr. Corning does not seem to have much of an eye for natural scenery or capacity to describe it; his descriptions of cities and their populations and public monuments are, however, above the average. His opinions on European politics and religion are not worth the very excellent paper on which they are printed.

INSTRUCTIONS AND DEVOTIONS FOR CONFIRMATION CLASSES. By Rev. P. J. Schmitt. New York: Joseph Schaefer.

This excellent Manual of Confirmation, by one who is now a rector and was formerly a professor, will supply a need long felt by those in charge of children, especially the teachers of Catholic schools. Part first contains a very lucid and complete exposition of the doctrine; part second gives a choice collection of devotional prayers to the Holy Ghost.

Chiefly from motives of convenience, the first Communion and Confirmation are often administered the same day. In our opinion this custom, wherever it exists, can be justified only by necessity. The fitness of things requires a distinct preparation for Confirmation. According to the injunction of the Catechism of the Council of Trent the *twelfth year* is the proper period of life when children should be prepared to receive the fulness of the gifts of the Holy Spirit, after having been instructed and admitted to First Communion.

By practical experience the writer of this notice has found that parents generally are of the opinion that children need not study Christian doctrine after Confirmation. To convince them that this is an erroneous opinion is by no means an easy task. As a safeguard against parental negligence, there is good reason for insisting on a strict examination of candidates for Confirmation. They should be made to realize that by the reception of this sacrament they assume the obligations of a soldier to fight the good fight and be loyal to their public duties towards the church.

THE SERMON BIBLE. Vol. I., Genesis to 2 Samuel; Vol. II., 1 Kings to Psalm lxxvi. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

The sermons, of which the outlines are here given, are almost without exception Protestant, a few preached by Cardinal Newman after his conversion being the only Catholic sermons for which room has been found. Every form of Protestantism is, however, amply represented—High-Churchmen and Ritualists by such preachers as Canon Liddon, Dr. Pusey, Dean Church, Canon Knox-Little; Broad Churchmen by Dean Stanley, Bishop Colenso, Charles Kingsley, F. D. Maurice; Low Churchmen by Bishop Ryle, Canon Melville, and others. Outside of the Episcopalian fold, the most prominent Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and Unitarian preachers appear in large number.

The work follows the order of Holy Scripture. Not, of course, that there is a sermon for every text. For example, on the first chapter of

Genesis the outlines of four sermons on the first verse are given, of one sermon each on the second, fifth, fourteenth, twenty-eighth, and thirty-first verses, with two on the twenty-seventh verse. On this chapter the sermons are more numerous than on other chapters. These outlines take up about a page, and references are given to works where the text is more fully treated.

Outlines, of course, are dry and cannot give more than the bare thought, and in sermons the authors of which represent so many varieties of teaching, every kind of opinion will be found. This may be for Catholics the chief utility of these volumes. They will form a convenient work of reference in order to ascertain the opinions of the religious teachers by whom they are surrounded. Doubtless, too, considering that many of the sermons here analyzed are written by men of great ability, these volumes will assist the preacher in presenting the old truth in new ways.

THE INNER LIFE OF SYRIA. By Mrs. R. Burton. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York.)

This is a new and cheaper edition of Mrs. Burton's Syrian travels which was published some years ago. It is a woman's book, chatty and cheerful, and it does really tell a good deal about the *Inner Life of Syria*. As wife of the English consul at Damascus, Mrs. Burton had exceptional opportunities of observing the manners and customs of the picturesque peoples that to-day inhabit the ancient land of the Patriarchs, and she seems to have taken every advantage of her opportunities. She takes her readers into her confidence at once, and points out everything to them from her standpoint, and she expects them to enter into her views. There is, perhaps, too much that is purely personal introduced in the book, but it is all the more real on that account.

THE LIFE OF ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA. By Father Genelli, S.J. Translated from the German by M. Charles Sainte-Foi, and from the French by Father Meyrick, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

The French translator of this admirable life says in his preface that the secret of St. Ignatius' greatness lay in his power to discern the wants of his age. Nothing could be truer. He became the providential leader of his time. If we could see and understand the operation of the Divine Spirit in all ages, we should comprehend how in the face of all difficulties and dangers which have threatened the church in the past there has always been a way out of them, and faith assures us that there always will be one.

In the study of the life of the saintly founder of the Society of Jesus one realizes in a special manner the work of the Holy Spirit in the church. Within the church and through the church men become affiliated to God. How can the church accomplish her mission among men to-day? We know that it will be by men of sanctified intelligence like St. Ignatius. We need men with eyes to discern the special workings of the Divine Spirit in the church to-day as he did in his day. St. Ignatius is a model for one who would learn adaptability to the providence of God.

We desire especially to recommend Father Genelli's life as one which brings out prominently the interior life and motives of this great saint.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, Apostle of the Indies and Japan. From the Italian of D. Bartoli and J. P. Maffei. With a preface by the Very Rev. Dr. Faber. Tenth American from the last London edition. New York: P. O'Shea, Agent.

WHAT IS RENT? How Should the Irish Land Question be Settled? By J. O. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

ELEMENTARY CHEMICAL TECHNICS. A hand-book of manipulation and experimentation for teachers of limited experience, and in schools where chemistry must be taught with limited appliances. By George N. Cross, A.M., Principal of the Robinson Female Seminary. Boston: Eastern Educational Bureau, Silver, Rogers & Co.

HENRY VIII. AND THE ENGLISH MONASTERIES. An attempt to illustrate the history of their suppression. By Francis Aidan Gasquet, Monk of the Order of St. Benedict, some time Prior of St. Gregory's Monastery, Downside, Bath. Vol. II. London: John Hodges. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York.)

THE BOOK OF ISAIAH. By the Rev. George Adam Smith, M.A. In two vols. Vol. I., Isaiah i.–xxxix. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF SUPERIORS. By the Author of *Golden Sands*. Translated from the ninth French edition by Miss Ella McMahon. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE SECRET OF MARY UNVEILED TO THE DEVOUT SOUL. By the Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort. First American Edition. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

THE HISTORY OF CONFESSION; or, The Dogma of Confession Vindicated from the Attacks of Heretics and Infidels. Translated from the French of Rev. Ambroise Guillois by Louis De Goesbriand, D.D., Bishop of Burlington, Vt. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

LIVES OF THE FATHERS. Sketches of Church History in Biography. By Frederick W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., etc. In two volumes. New York: MacMillan & Co.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF THE REV. FRANCIS A. BAKER, Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul. By Rev. A. F. Hewit. Seventh Edition. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE PSALM, MISERERE MEI DEUS. By Fra Girolamo Savonarola. Translated from the Latin by the Rev. F. C. Cowper, B.D. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co.

THE EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS. By the Rev. Prof. G. C. Findlay, B.A., Headingley College, Leeds. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

FIVE HUNDRED CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM PROSE AND POETRY. For Grammatical Exercises and Memorizing; with a Drill Book for review in English Grammar and Analysis. By Frances W. Lewis, A.B., of the Rhode Island Normal School. Boston: The Eastern Educational Bureau.

MANUAL AND OTHER APPROVED PRAYERS OF THE ARCH-CONFRATERNITY OF THE GUARD OF HONOR OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Translated from the French. Second edition, revised. Approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Brooklyn. Brooklyn, N. Y.: Monastery of the Visitation.

INTEMPERANCE AND LAW. A Lecture by the Most Rev. John Ireland, D.D. New edition. Published by St. Paul's Guild, Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, New York.

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A DIALOGUE ON THE SALOON.

"A quiet evening's talk with an intelligent friend or two often does more towards clearing up a doubtful question than hours spent at books."

NEXT to taking part in such a chat is the being privileged to sit by and enjoy it. This was the writer's good fortune not long since. After tea one evening he had dropped in to see a respected friend, whom he found seated with an old acquaintance at the fireside, engaged in earnest conversation and the very comforting pastime of toasting toes—the evening was a misty, freezing one, that promised slippery walking and gray-frosted trees for the morrow. The conversation, disturbed for a moment by his entrance, was immediately resumed. That it may be easily followed, and without complications of "said he," and "continued the other," etc., the writer designates his venerable friend by the letter *H* and the other speaker by the letter *R*, setting down the talk in dialogistic form.

H. There is a rather queer comment here [looking up from a blue-covered magazine in his hand] on Total Abstinence, occasioned by a letter of our Holy Father approving that movement. Here is the way it runs: "Drunkenness is a sin, but teetotalism is not a virtue. *In se* it is no more meritorious than it would be to confine one's self to mutton all the year round to the exclusion of beef, or to white bread to the exclusion of brown. This is Catholic doctrine." What do you say to this?

R. The proposition calls for some "distinguishing"; it would not be a bad example for practice in the class-room for the *Fallacia a dicto simpliciter ad dictum secundum quid, et vice versa.*

H. It is, indeed, the veriest sophism. One might as well say: "Gluttony is a sin, but abstinence is not a virtue. *In se* it is no

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more meritorious than it would be to confine one's self to water all the year round to the exclusion of tea, or to codfish to the exclusion of haddock. This is Catholic doctrine." One proposition is as correct as the other; and from the latter one might as well conclude that abstinence is not a virtue.

R. Which inference is to be admitted, is it not?

H. A word in explanation: If by *virtue* is meant something that of its very nature, independent of motive in the subject, is positively good, certainly neither abstinence nor teetotalism, no, nor poverty, nor almsgiving, are virtues. If, on the contrary, these actions are virtues which, though of themselves neither good nor bad, yet on account of the motive behind them take on positive goodness, then surely teetotalism, as well as abstinence and the rest, is a virtue. And actions indifferent *in se*, when prompted by good motives, do become good actions, approved of by right reason; and good actions that have become of habit are, though not in the strictest sense, withal virtues. You may not belittle mortification and fasting because *in se* they are not virtues. In the present instance, moreover, the pope speaks of total abstinence societies as an "*opportunum planeque efficax remedium*"—"a timely and very effectual cure for the sin of inebriety." What cures a sin is near enough to being a virtue. It is to be wondered at (the remark may be facetious) that a theologian of the day does not rise to remark how Cardinal Lavigerie, in his earnest efforts to tear up slavery root and branch, should be careful lest he go a little *too* far, since slavery is not *in se* sinful. However, I do not mean to assert that in total abstinence lies the only cure for the abuse of liquors. Indeed, the various solutions of this difficult problem which up to this I have run across do not satisfy me. In my own way of looking at the question I see a clear path to a certain point, and arrived there, I am at the sea-shore, with no safe boat at hand in which to venture out on the waters.

R. Well, let us have a *résumé* of your views. For myself I acknowledge the subject to be a tiresomely tangled one. One day, after reading *The Tongue*, I am a Prohibitionist out and out; the next, a speech in favor of high license by an eminent advocate is heard, and I am voting "yes" in *its* favor; a third day, a magazine article convinces me that the road out of the labyrinth is to give low license for beer-selling and boycott distilled drinks. My own light-headedness, no doubt, is a chief reason why every wind moves me; still, there is another influence at work in causing this weather-cock changing of base; namely, that

solid reasons can be urged on every side of the question. I think that in forming your opinions you will have given each side of the question its due. I have that much confidence in you. Besides, it will be a treat to hear another than a crank discuss the matter, for I am tired of their philippics and—oh! call it dithyrambic nonsense.

H. You speak with feeling on the subject. Has some *crank* been stepping on your toes? And what assurance have you that in my own way I am not a crank? Do you not know the inestimable good cranks have done to the world?

R. I do indeed know it; you must needs be deaf in these times not to know it. However, an "*intimus sensus*" makes me feel, and common sense puts its *imprimatur* on the feeling, that the present-day axiom, "Every earnest man with an idea to push is necessarily a crank to the rest of us," will not hold water. A crank will do any good cause harm; and, therefore, when a cause is directed by one, or many, of this class it cannot but suffer in the estimation of sensible men. In a well-balanced mind "moral force corresponds with an equal degree of intellectual force; and in such correspondence is the completeness of power." A lecturer of twenty years ago is to the point: "There are men whose conscience is beyond suspicion, one might almost say beyond temptation, who yet, from want of mental ballast, fail in moral wisdom and do not rise to the higher order of virtues. The very source of their excellence is also in a certain sense the source of their weakness; so they become obstinate, or bigoted, or intolerant, or fanatical, or contentious, or meddlesome, or visionary. Prostrated under a mistaken sense of obligation or puffed up with an overbearing zeal, they often only irritate when they mean to improve, and with the best intentions are most mischievous in their actions. A man of weak understanding may be a good man; but his goodness should be active humbly within the sphere of his capacity in mind as in means. To be a great man as well as a good man there must be a strong understanding." This I consider the orthodox idea of a crank. Do I, then, go too far in declaring that it is a bad thing for a cause when such an one has a guiding hand in its management, or that an earnest man pushing enthusiastically an idea loses nothing by having brains enough to keep his moral forces within wise bounds?

H. You have put the matter in a shape I, and no doubt others, have not been wont to consider it. Maybe I'll overthrow your judgment, however, that I am not of the crank class by my first

assertion on the temperance question. What do you think of this?—The damnable saloon system must go!

R. God bless us! When you make such an assertion as that you need logic in plenty to prove that your moral force has not run away with your wits; if it is not, indeed, a contradiction in terms to suppose that logic, plenty or scarce, could live whence issues such an alarming dictum!

H. Just listen. My indictment of the present saloon system as damnable includes three counts·

First count: The saloon as run in the United States is *a proximate occasion of sin to the saloon-keeper himself.* That I may not define to favor my own position, tell me what is a proximate occasion of sin?

R. An occasion, if I remember rightly, in which the common run of men when so placed for the most part fall into sin.

H. And is it lawful to place one's self in such occasion?

R. Not only is it not lawful, but it must be shunned at all hazards. Moreover, should there be an absolute necessity of placing one's self in such occasion, extraordinary means must be used to prevent sin in order that the proximate may practically become a remote occasion.

H. And if such means become inefficacious, at whatever cost or inconvenience the occasion *must be* shunned?

R. I grant you the authorities, with St. Liguori, if I mistake not, at their head, so teach.

H. Very good. Now, if I understand matters aright, the moral law requires a saloon-keeper to observe the following rules under pain of grievous sin (and the ecclesiastical law emphasizes these requirements, as you may see by the acts and decrees of the last Council of Baltimore): 1st, He must not keep open house on Sunday; 2dly, He must not permit his saloon to be a place for obscene talking, singing, reading; for cursing, blasphemy; for disseminating infidelistic, communistic views; 3dly, He must not sell to drunken men, nor those who are about to become drunk, nor to those whom he knows to be spending at his bar the means necessary for the support of their families; 4thly, He must not sell to minors, at least to those who are not *sui juris.*

R. But these regulations are by no means absolute. For instance, by not selling to a man whom you foresee to be about to drink to excess you will injure your custom, or he will raise a row if you persist in refusing. Presto! charity does not bind under such grave inconvenience; what, then, becomes of your third regulation?

H. I have simply laid down the general rules; under special circumstances, as in nearly every case of co-operation, exceptions can arise. And suppose that you do injure your custom; is it not already illegitimate from the fact that to support yourself you have to constantly countenance selling to common drunkards? As to selling to avoid the row, the fact is it commonly happens that *too much* selling is the cause of the row. However, I repeat, unless in exceptional cases, the rules laid down hold good. So much for theory. Experience, moreover, emphasizes (as just hinted at) this fact: in not more than one saloon out of fifteen—nay, twenty-five—is any regard had for the right or wrong way of running the business. The problem for the saloon-keeper to solve is to make his business pay. And to do this, as things now go, he must override the moral restrictions. Therefore is saloon-keeping for the common run of men a proximate occasion of breaking the moral (as well as the civil) law; hence a proximate occasion of grievous sin; consequently is the system a damnable one, since it is an occasion of damnation—eh?

R. I was simply about to remark that what is the occasion of sin is not in itself necessarily damnable.

H. The *in se malum* is well enough theoretically; but do you not think that whatever is for weak human nature a constant, unfailing occasion of evil comes near enough to being an accomplice in the sin, an auxiliary cause?

Anyway, the proximate occasion is to be shunned, and saloon-keeping as at present conducted is for the men that keep saloons such an occasion. However, this is but one count in the indictment; here is the second:

The saloon as now run is an organized temptation.

There are free and salty lunches, billiards, pool, dice-shaking which holds out the chance of a drink without having to pay for it, fiddling—everything is there that can induce the strong to become weak or the weak weaker. The object of all this is not to supply legitimate recreation to overworked men. The amusement the saloon affords is that best calculated to unfit men for out-door, health-giving exercises, or for the gentler pleasures of home; your saloon *habitué* can never enjoy an ordinary evening with his family; their company is too insipid to satisfy his acquired tastes; his house is but a stopping-over place. And it is when men should be with their families, or their families with them, or when they should be asleep, that the saloon doubly exerts itself to draw them into its snug corners. Beg your pardon, let me anticipate your objection: It is not the legitimate

sale of a necessary commodity that is aimed at by these extraordinary means, but the forcing the sale of stimulants in such quantities as will enable the too many sellers to glean their exceedingly great harvest. To such an extent is the business pushed that in our large cities your prosperous, enterprising liquor-dealer has a dozen or more impecunious wretches in as many little shops, set up with a few gallons of his whiskey and a keg of his beer, it being understood that when they make enough to start themselves their primal benefactor gets their trade. All this is very likely on the plan that we cannot have too much of a good thing!

R. Yet I do not clearly see how this justifies the use of the adjective *damnable.*

H. Be finical, and it may be (may be, mind you) that it is too strong; be fair, and I do not think you will find it so. My point is: The object of the saloon of to-day is to *tempt* men to drink; and *tempting* is a damnable business.

The first count in the indictment, you notice, had to do with the saloon-keeper himself; the second with those he strives to make customers of, and, unfortunately, with their families; the third count has a still wider scope. It is:

The saloon of to-day is inimical to the public weal.

The system is the right hand of "bossism"; "bossism" and "boodle" are so intimately connected that for better or worse, richer or poorer (chiefly richer), they are joined together. The demoralizing effect on our elections (materialized in "caucus fixing," etc.) and on our legislatures is every year evidenced. That the effect is national, a glance at the St. Louis and Chicago conventions of last spring amply testifies. The leading politicians of the country, both Republican and Democratic, while soothing their consciences and pulling the wool over the eyes of their temperance-favoring constituents with "glittering generalities," were on pins and needles until the temperance planks were so carefully shaved that a brewer, a distiller, or saloon-keeper could slide from one to the other end of them without a discommoding sliver to disturb his smooth going. The liquor-dealing element, from the force of circumstances, uses this immense influence, whether boards of aldermen, legislatures, or Congress be their instruments, to protect and foster the production and sale of intoxicating drinks; "self-preservation," which includes propagation, "is the first law of nature." In a word, the work of this tremendous (im-) moral force is to create the demand and increase the supply of alcoholic drinks. What does

experience tell us that this means? More crime, more poverty, more insanity, more suicides, more divorces, more misery of every species, the sum of the increase in these dire consequences to be in proportion to the sum of the greater liquor sales. A telling extract from a paragraph going the rounds of the press is not out of place.

The national drink-bill is enormous, and, per capita, far exceeds that of any people on earth. Take this one fact alone as startling evidence: in 1887 the average consumption for every man over twenty-one years of age amounted in round numbers to sixty gallons of beer and six gallons of whiskey, which cost to the consumer at retail eighty-four dollars, or a grand total paid by the manhood of the nation of one thousand million dollars ($1,000,000,000) for whiskey and beer. Fancy it, we are paying enough for these two drinks to create one thousand millionaires every year. This account does not include wine, brandy, rum, gin, bitters, etc. As a people we put into our mouths drinks that largely steal our brains away, which cost us $3,000,000 during every twenty-four hours, Sunday and week-day, or three times the entire revenue (obnoxious surplus and all) collected by the United States government. If the item is true, it is a startling bit of evidence, is it not? Now, do you not think the effect of the liquor-power's influence is inimical to the public weal, that it is a damnable influence?

R. It strikes me you use the word in a somewhat different meaning from that in which you used it previously. Notwithstanding, I admit the strength of your plea; though I do not as yet clearly see my way into the Prohibition camp.

H. Why, who asked you to see your way thither? Not I. Does Prohibition mean liquors must not be sold? Then my plea is not in its favor. My position is simply this: the present nefarious traffic, the damnable way of doing it, must go by the board. Liquors must be sold, should be, always will be. *How?* Remember, at the start I said that after getting to a certain point I found myself at the sea-shore, with no safe boat at hand to venture out on the waters. In a word, here is the real difficulty. Discussion and investigation—maybe trial and repeated failure—will settle "the how of it." It is even possible that our present system, bad as it is, could be completely made over (with the damnable part left out) into a somewhat satisfactory article. This would not necessarily include high license; but it would suppose limiting the number of saloons in proportion to the population; placing the choice of their keepers and

the saloon police in the hands of the judiciary, in order that their selection would be safe from political tampering; and enacting strict regulations to bind liquor-dealers and saloon-keepers in their transactions. Or the old system might be entirely done away with and a new introduced; for example, places for selling liquors over the bar could be prohibited, and its delivery by teams, etc., at houses direct from breweries or depots insisted on. Anyway, I see no reason why the century that has settled so many difficult problems should prove incapable of solving this. I think we have had enough of the subject for one evening.

Did I go very far beyond the reasonable when I said that the present saloon system was damnable and must go?

R. Well, in fairness I must hold my judgment in reserve. Your novel way of stating the case makes one wish to weigh well the matter before rendering a decision. In a day or two I'll call in again; meanwhile I will not be idle. Good-night.

JOSEPH V. TRACY.

ADSUM.

AGAIN and again the warning is made,
The duties, the dangers are told.
To wrest from the wolves the lambs that have strayed,
To guard, feed, and govern Christ's fold.
A moment he pauses—"*Accede*" is heard—
"All for Thee, I'm ready, I come;
My soul is obedient, Lord, to Thy word.
For, failing to hear Thee, how many have erred!"
One step, and he answers, "*Adsum!*"

T. E. COX.

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A BLESSED DAUGHTER OF THE PEOPLE.

It is difficult to bring eyes of the nineteenth century to bear upon personages and events of the fourteenth without making many mistakes in what might be called the focus of observation. The customs of a time so far removed from our own; the manners of a people so distinct in most of the manifestations of intellectual, moral, and physical life; the scarcity of authentic record, and the vagueness of tradition, help to interpose clouds of misapprehension and to add uncertainty of sight to uncertainty of judgment. More than aught else, the overwhelming change in habits of thought has led us away from the sympathetic point of view from which alone motive and action should be judged; and the tendency of the age to submit every form of phenomenon and causation to the single test of material philosophy, and to summon all results before the bar of what we are pleased to term common sense, so impairs both perception and fairness that our reflections become wofully distorted from the true outline of events which evolved them. And although as a rule the modern methods of analysis are much safer guides in the classification of facts and the estimate of historic values than the credulous dispositions of earlier generations, we are not yet wholly free from danger of mistake.

An age which has seen such transcendent discoveries in the realms of science, and which is groping so eagerly upon the threshold of unexplained mysteries, should be reticent of placing itself on record as opposing the possibility of what it does not fully comprehend, or declaring without reserve that such or such manifestations must in the nature of things be the result of fraud or superstition, however strong the evidence of good faith on the part of subject or observer. In the moral as well as the physical order there is still a wide gap between nature and the supernatural, which the boldest investigator can only clear by an hypothesis, and which may, when discovered, prove point of departure rather than of contact to the theory we have so nearly proven. A hundred years ago the wildest imagination, revelling in the anticipation of a future Utopia, could scarce have foreseen the developments which the inventive genius of man has since produced in the natural world. A hundred years hence there is no reason why more persistent psychological research may not have achieved similarly great and

unlooked-for results in its higher—because more complex—domain. At present, where we cannot discern logical cause, the tendency is to impute malice or ignorance. Extraordinary events must be brought within the established workings of natural law; the rationale of certain characters, which seem to have been moved by principles wholly out of accord with the usual lines of human life and conduct, must be dragged into harmony, or we deny the existence of both.

Viewed thus through the inverted telescope of time, how far astray misconception may lead us from the motives and significance of certain events! With what blurred vision we gaze backward upon that shore whereon waves of doubt sweep across the sands of credulity, and the dogmatism of reason leads to suggestions of ignorance or prejudice at each new revelation. For though we are not only willing but eager to take the merest hypothesis of science, the vaguest groping of philosophy, as basis for belief and mile-stones upon the high-road of progress, we refuse to accept jot or tittle on the evidence of the past even where it is accentuated by testimony and strengthened by lasting marvel of result. We bridge over with eager enthusiasm the "missing link" of Darwin; we accept the "Great Unknowable" of Spencer; we break with willing hands our cherished beliefs at the instigation of less sincere and more destructive reformers; but we demand the last atom of proof before yielding credence to the wonders in the life of Christ and the works of his disciples. Centuries of popular acceptance, the overwhelming evidence of a world won from the enervating luxury of indulgent paganism to the stern restraint of self-denying Christianity, we pass by as matters of no weight in determining belief; and the credence which is denied the burning testimony of Paul or of John is yielded at once to the plausible sophistry of a Renan.

With the followers of Christ it has been the same. The wonderful legacies of faith, the treasures of devotion, the examples of self-restraint, the inspiration of heroism, which mark their passage through the world have been dropped from the memories which retain repugnance for their soiled robes of sackcloth; and the palms of the martyrs lose their triumphant significance because of our disdain for the grimed hands which bear them. Their power, their graciousness, and their beauty have been left to fade in hearts which have become the disciples or the dupes of ignoble leaders; and even among the faithful few, still generous enough to be loyal to their obligations, it is more as an act of

duty than an offering of love. The hamperings of civilization have gone on side by side with its enlightenment, and acted with even greater force upon a large portion of mankind.

It is with the remembrance of this tendency of the age in view, so that rational interest may make the effort to free itself from unconscious scepticism, that it would be well to approach such a subject as the life of St. Catherine of Siena. For in her have been wonderfully blended dual existences of the natural and the supernatural order. About her are gathered such strangely contrasted experiences as those which cluster about simple human life actively engaged in the ordinary duties demanded by the family and friendship, with a state of spiritual exaltation which lifted her for the time being wholly outside the limits of earthly comprehension. From the first to the last moment of her stay upon earth she preserved the sweet kindliness of interest which might move any gentle, loving woman to sympathy and helpfulness, at the same time that her public efforts were changing the face of political affairs in the most powerful nations of Europe and her supernatural life was marking an epoch in the annals of the religious world. The tenderness with which she kept in mind the lowly needs of those about her, the angelic patience with which she conquered envy and malice; the exquisite, bright cheerfulness which radiated from her and made her serenely happy face "like a sunshine in a shady place," were enough to make her remarkable without any other claim for recognition. Yet this was in one sense but the filling up of the background of existence for her. Before it was raised the beautiful elevation of that temple of devotion, upon the altar of which her soul burned itself away in a rapture of heavenly zeal. Such beauty of proportion in the divine and the human attributes, such a recognition of the small and daily needs of the heart at the same time with the fullest conception of the loneliness and sublimity of spiritual communion, as in her case has never been excelled, if indeed it has been equalled, in the annals of the blessed.

It can scarce be necessary to repeat here the historical record of St. Catherine's career, but its brief recapitulation may bring us more closely into contact with her surroundings. Born in 1347, her life may be divided into four periods: that of infancy, when a bright and cheerful nature already turned toward acts of childish devotion; the years from six to seventeen, during which religious feeling increased in fervor while the young girl was still occupied with household duties and family cares; the more

advanced and hidden spiritual life from the time of associating herself with her chosen religious community; and her public services from 1375 to her death in 1380. She came in the midst of troubled days. Already, for fifty years, since the triumph of Philip le Bel over Boniface VIII., Rome had been the sport of contending factions; the year of her birth witnessed the tribuneship and overthrow of Rienzi; the whole of Italy was weakened by repeated revolution. The earlier times of comparative independence, which had been the result in large measure of the protection afforded by the popes, had disappeared, and only a few of the Guelph cities retained republicanism of government. Even this had become so prostituted to political ends, through the jealousy of those aspiring to be rulers, that in many of the Tuscan republics the higher offices were allowed to be held for only two months at a time. Hatred of authority increased until the consuls and podestas chosen from the people were as cordially detested as the nobles they supplanted; and while the safety belonging to the old days of chivalry and feudal power was destroyed, no other conditions of civil or religious security had taken its place.

The scenes of changeful violence amid which her lot was cast were in strange contrast with the tranquillity which marked her beautiful life. Her family belonged to the honorable middle class, which at that time, represented by a body of twelve, elected by popular voice, ruled the fortunes of her native city. Her father, Giacomo Benincasa, a dyer by occupation, was at one period chosen among these chief magistrates, and appears to have been possessed of some traits of character unusual among his countrymen. He was remarkable for modesty of speech, moderation of judgment, and a forgiving disposition. In the humble but comfortable home of this good man temperance and order, both of word and action, seem to have been the rule, and Catherine, the youngest of twenty-five children, had a fair example in his reticence and charity, as well as in that of her elder brothers and sisters, of whom many admirable things are mentioned in early chronicles. This was the more consoling, since the mother, Lapa, was one of those bustling, industrious, virtuous, narrow-minded women, who are as apt to be aggravating in the spiritual order as they are useful in the temporal. The child grew up with a sweet joyousness of temper which made her remarkable. "She began," says Caxton in his quaint English, "to be soo aceptable and soo byloued unto all that sawe her, and soo wonderful wordes she spoke that . . . eche man

aboute of her neybours and of her kynrede had her home wyth theym that they myght haue felawshipe of the gladnesse of that yonge mayde; soo that of a maner of a passyng solace they called her not by her ryght name Katheryn, but Eufrosyna, which in Greek signifieth Joy." Father Raimund and each contemporary chronicler mentions the same fact as characteristic of her through life. "Her face," he says, "was always gay and smiling." "Her words were so sweet that like thieves they snatched souls from sin," says another.

This unanimous testimony throws some discredit on Mr. Trollope's declaration that "at an early age she was observed to be taciturn and solitary in her habits." Even when, from the hour of her first vision of our Lord smiling upon her graciously and lovingly above the tower of the church of the Friar Preachers, she strove to withdraw herself for prayer and contemplation from the eyes of observers, she still continued to perform her share of duties in the large and busy household with the same cheerful alacrity. Obstacles placed in the way of her religious vocation by her parents, then as now so singularly averse to seeing a child withdraw from the trials of the world, were overcome by the bright courage with which she persevered in her intention. From this time until that of her reception at seventeen into the Third Order of St. Dominic, her spiritual life was so well hidden that few outside her own household were aware of the rigor of her self-denials or the state of submission to which she had reduced the dominance of human needs and passions. Simple food, coarse clothing, scanty sleep were again and again lessened, until nature was reduced to the mere remnants necessary to hold soul and body together. That she might indulge more freely in the luxury of charity, or isolate herself more securely in the rapturous communion which drew her so strongly heavenward, all lesser comforts and delights were trodden under foot with an enthusiasm of contempt which resembled annihilation. If the judgment of our colder age is inclined to cavil at the excessive austerities with which she visited her frail frame, it must be remembered that in those days the spirits of discipline and suffering were more, perhaps, than in these the keys to open the outer gates of the kingdom of heaven. An heroic self-abasement was the first step in that Way of the Cross which was to lead through Calvary to victory. Whatever its disadvantages in the eyes that would fain claim greater reverence for that tabernacle which has been framed as the receptacle of His image and likeness, this sublime disdain of claims of the body

certainly induced a virile fibre of daring and endurance which overcame every trial that nature could interpose.

After her association with the Third Order life became more and more spiritualized. According to the regulations of the order, which was composed almost entirely of holy widows and elderly single women, the members remained in their own houses instead of joining in the seclusion of community life. The bell which hung in the beautiful Torre del Mangia, which each morning called the citizens of Siena to their daily avocations, roused also these devout companions to their round of pious practices, in which the good works of charity and helpfulness seemed to play even a larger part than the abstract spiritual discipline of prayer and meditation. We do not need to be assured that Catherine exceeded her sisters as greatly in these services to suffering humanity as in the zeal of her devotions. She had already so subdued the wants of the body for rest and refreshment that a mouthful or two of bread and half an hour's sleep satisfied her. Long before the tardy Matins called the rest of the town's-people from slumber she left her little brick cell to care for some especial wretchedness of soul or body, some duty so repulsive that others shrank from its performance. Always she carried with her that bright serenity of look, that gentleness of sympathy, and the tenderness for suffering which are her characteristics. The early Mass and the short ecstasy of fervor which followed her Communion were the only support which her soul demanded to withstand the strain of the day's work in and out among the people, each moment bearing for her its own especial flower of sanctity to bloom before the face of God. With the prisoner in his cell, beside the criminal on his way to execution, comforting the bereaved mother, bathing the sores of the leper, wrestling with some tempted spirit, or feeding her poor with the crumbs she had begged from the rich man's table, "*la beata popolana*"—"the blessed daughter of the people"—as they were beginning to call her, was being made known to them. It did not occur with her, as with many souls called to such close communion with higher things, that she was ever withdrawn from the companionship of humanity. Among the people was her mission accomplished. And so near did she come to their hearts that in the darkest days of fury which came so often to stain the streets of Siena with blood, when every man's hand was lifted against his fellow and each one looked with suspicion on his neighbor, the most ferocious gave place to that gently smiling face, that loving and patient presence which they

had so often met already by the bed-side of their suffering kindred.

It was only when these pressing duties ceased that she became absorbed in that trance of supernatural contemplation which removed her from the usual happenings of earth almost as entirely as if she were already translated into the communion of saints. Even then, any crisis affecting the eternal interests of men moved her to instant action. Even the vision of our Lord which she enjoyed in these supernatural moments was not strong enough to hold her when the consciousness of some silent struggle of conscience or active danger of sin forced itself upon her repose. It was little wonder that such alert sympathy no force of evil could long resist. Tenderness, perseverance, and an enormous strength of compassion so worked upon souls that she moulded even the stoniest to her will. No depth of lowliness or degradation, no height of worldly circumstance or position moderated the fire of her endeavor. The authentic annals of these years overflow with examples of the tremendous ardor with which she met these calls upon Christian sympathy. She went to the care of the leper or the conversion of the sinner joyfully—"as one who is bidden to a feast," writes one of her biographers; she entered the courts of kings and raised her voice against the vice and the weakness concealed under the royal robes of religion and the state with the same glad fearlessness of holy simplicity. Many who had begun by reviling, and continued by ignoring, her came at last to watch with reverence and awe the chaste brightness of her presence as she moved among princes and paupers, assuaging the woes of each; and all became conscious of an angel of mercy in their midst, about whose footsteps sprang the fragrance of resignation and peace.

It is charming to note in the many records of this portion of her life the numberless little touches of nature which give glimpses of the humanity of the saint. From her little room, "which was always wondrously neat and clean," her voice was often heard in singing; and she loved to surround herself with flowers, weaving them into garlands, and fondling them as if they were sentient creatures. In the silent and prayerful watches of the night her love seemed to brood over those whose interests she had made her own. Words of half-playful affection and encouragement would go out to the dear sister Lisa, the beloved companion Alexia, the little niece Nanna; there would press upon her consciousness circumstances of danger or trial surround-

ing some distant member of her spiritual family, and messages of courage or exhortation would be borne from her soul to theirs. She was skilled in all the accomplishments of the women of her time; she could wash and cook, tend the sick, mend and patch clothing, make altar linen and vestments. A pretty story is told of her sending Pope Urban a present of five oranges which she had preserved and gilded herself, with a note in which this dainty confection was made to serve as text for an arch little sermon. Her confessor, Father Thomas del Fonte, often ate bread made by her. "Nor did I think it a small thing to have eaten it," he adds. The personal love with which her companions regarded her was marvellously great; "Nostra dolcissima madre" was the ordinary name by which they addressed her.

She preserved throughout her career that enthusiasm which belongs to great souls. "A noble word," says one of her biographers, "could always set her in a glow." "Her mysticism has daylight about it," writes another. Her speech as well as her dictated writings show a keenness of discernment and an adaptation of means to the end which would be remarkable in the most cultivated intellect. For each associate she had the word of personal appeal and inspiration which particularly suited his nature. Her exhortation assumed the form surest to impress the soul she desired to reach. To the warrior she used the metaphor of battle and victory; to the artist she spoke of art; to the poet of poetry; to the naturalist of nature. There is everywhere the same compass of mind, the same clear good sense. The sinner whom she has reformed is not left through idleness or his own devices to fall again into temptation. Work is found for him; a task is set for heart and hands. The devil, returning to the swept and garnished house, cannot enter with the seven worse than himself. His quarters are occupied. With a masterful grasp she finds even the occupations which suit her changed lives. Is there not something marvellous in the unerring sagacity which could lead an illiterate and lowly woman to such unfailing certainty of result? In all her appeals the keynote is love, that love of Christ and the purity of his church which was the dominant passion of her soul. Only once or twice among her letters does indignation overmaster the exceeding tenderness which seemed to look upon imperfection with the sorrowing pity of wounded affection rather than the rebuking spirit of anger. To the petty malice, the selfish motive, the self-righteous arrogance of the world she seemed dead as if the mortal part of her had already assumed that clairvoyant mercifulness of judgment

and vision which we believe can come only with immortality. Face to face, or separated by time and space, her calm, kindly eyes looked at the naked soul within, whether its bodily envelope was that of king or of beggar, and the gentlest words that ever fell from a mother's lips were less sweet than those with which she led the weak and cowardly thing back to virtue. The only exception was where she found a minister of God indulging in the fatal sloth of carelessness, or the yet more fatal habits of active vice. Then her remonstrance rose to sublimity. "Priest!" she addresses one such who was involved in quarrel with another—

"Priest! whom the august Sacrament which it is yours to administer renders dear to me, I, Catherine, slave of the servants of Christ, write to you in His precious blood desiring to see you become a vessel of election. Tear from your soul every hatred and desire for vengeance. You require a spotless purity in the chalice you make use of at the altar, and refuse to use one that is soiled. Remember, then, that God, who is the sovereign truth, demands an equal purity in your soul. Woe that those who should be the temples of God are stables for swine! They carry the fires of hatred and revenge, and an evil will is in them. . . . Alas! alas! are we brutes without reason? One would say so when one sees how we abandon ourselves to our wicked passions. . . . I wonder how a man like you, whom God hath drawn out of the world and desired to make an earthly angel by making him the minister of his sacrament—I do wonder how you can hate. Let there be an end of this, for I declare to you if you persevere the wrath of God will burst over your head. . . . Reform your heart and cast out from your life all this misery. What a disgrace to see two priests engaged in deadly enmity! I desire that you be both reconciled."

Could the directness of personal rebuke go farther? And this from the lovingest of souls!

How different the tone of her message when speaking of the same vice to those whose worldly training had led them to look upon the giving up of enmity as a stain upon honor! "Dearest sons, let me see your souls at peace with our crucified Jesus, otherwise you cannot be sharers in his grace. . . . But know we cannot love God except through our neighbor. Do not act as madmen, who, seeking to injure others, injure only themselves. He who kills an enemy kills first himself with the same poniard, for he dies to grace. Be reconciled, then, I beseech you, for this is the way to put an end to the great feud we have with him. And then come and see me as soon as you can, or I will go to you." But when peace means the giving up of principle or the relaxation of some heroic strain her words ring like a trumpet-tone on the field of battle. There is the clash of swords and

shock of arms in her terse, inspiring phrase. "Take, then, Christ for your model. Oh! what heart can behold such a knight and such a chieftain at one and the same time, dying, yet a conqueror, and not be ready to overcome all weakness and dash bravely against his foes? It is impossible." "The will," she says, "is a fortress which cannot be stormed unless we ourselves basely open the gates. Let reason sit on the tribunal of conscience, and pass over not so much as the least thought opposed to God. Put sensuality to death! Let a man reduce it to slavery by never giving it what it cries for. If it asks to sleep, let him watch; if it would eat, let him fast; if it would yield to imagination inspired by the devil, let him conquer it with the thought of death!"

It was not until 1375, after she had been for five or six years speeding the cause of virtuous living and reform of abuses both inside and outside the church, that her real public life began. Many and bitter changes had occurred in the ten years since her enrollment in the Third Order. The happy home in the Fullonica had been broken by the death of its master and the dispersal of its worldly goods in the revolutionary tumult which followed the overthrow of the twelve by the nobles. Her brothers had removed to Florence, striving to rebuild their fallen fortunes, and her mother with a few of the grandchildren alone remained in the little house of the Strada del Ora, which used to overflow with such abundant life. Catherine still retained her small, cell-like chamber, which up to this time had been her almost constant refuge. Famine and the plague had by turns devastated the towered city of the hills, and the frightful civil condition of the times was scarcely less hard to bear than these calamities. The rivalries of candidates for office resulted in constant scenes of strife and bloodshed, in which, as always, the lower classes were the chief sufferers. Anarchy reigned throughout the neighboring country, and troops of brigands drove the unprotected peasantry within the walls of the equally miserable and insecure city. Through all "The Blessed One" had brought spiritual and temporal comfort to the stricken people. Her mediation had been sought between members of princely houses as well as among the leaders of the people, and always with the happiest results. She had in this way been admitted to terms of personal intimacy with the families of the Piccolomini, the Saraceni, the Malevolti, the Tolomei, and the Salimbeni, from among whom the ten consuls governing the city were chosen. These friendships she made use of after-

wards to mitigate the deadly feuds which, after the fashion of the age, followed each upheaval of authority, and to which the passions of the republican leaders strove to add whatever venom partisan spite could lend political hatred. The small society of friends who had begun to surround her as a religious family had been enlarged by some remarkable conversions among men and women of noble birth, who henceforth looked upon her with the loving reverence due to their spiritual head. To these were added individual members of other orders, drawn toward her by the greater strictness and zeal of her life; men given to abstract study, like Father Thomas Caffarini and Bartholomew of Siena; others devoted to the profession of letters or of art, like the poet Landoccio, or the painter Andrea Vanni; to the career of arms, as Gabriel Piccolomini; or to the allurements of worldly life, like Francesco Malevolti, the Ughelli, and others. It is to Vanni we owe the portrait of the saint still to be found in the Church of San Domenico. Many others were included in the band of her followers; most of them of note in their day, but only memorable now as having for a time been permitted to share the companionship of the great soul which had drawn them together. It is another proof of the broad reach of Catherine's character and sympathies that she could thus move to personal devotion for her, as well as to lasting service for God, such strangely different temperaments, from such a wide range of occupations and predilection.

But she had as yet taken no active part in the general disturbances which were agitating the Catholic world. Now she was to be drawn from her beloved retirement into the midst of public affairs. With her usual clearness of judgment, she recognized the need of some great central idea which should bind together the different governments of Italy, divided now by discord and enmity. She conceived the project of rousing the spirit of chivalry of her native land by an appeal for a crusade against the encroachments of the Turks, who were at this time threatening the safety of Europe. Her magnificent courage and enthusiasm had brought France and even England into sympathy with her scheme, when work nearer home claimed her attention. Petty intrigue had attempted to embroil the pope and the Italians in civil strife, and had so far succeeded as to cause eighty cities and strong places, with Florence at their head, to secede from papal jurisdiction. It was then that Catherine's embassies of peace began. She visited the courts of Lucca, Pisa, Florence, and Avignon. She saw or communicated with the heads of religious houses—the Olivetan Monks, the Hermits of

Vallambrosa, the Benedictines of Gorgona and Colci, and numberless monasteries of her own order of St. Dominic. Her gentleness and firmness healed the breach. Everywhere she left behind her greater unity and concord among the rulers, increased ardor and a closer return to the original spirit of the founders among the religious. Her energies were next directed toward inducing the removal of the Holy See from Avignon to Rome, a result which had been desired with earnest longing for years, and which had been vainly attempted by many illustrious and ardent souls. For it Dante and Petrarch had besought the reigning pontiffs of their time, and the princes of Italy had by turns implored and threatened. According to historical evidence, Catherine's representations were the main and determining force which finally secured this end; and in 1376, after ninety years passed on French soil, the throne of St. Peter was restored to its proper foundation on the banks of the Tiber.

Her return to retirement after this result was rudely broken by the events following the death of Gregory and the election of Urban by the college of cardinals in 1378, which bade fair to destroy the advantages the church had gained in this last triumph.

The immediate beginning of the Great Schism and the election of the anti-pope Clement in 1378 drew all her energies and courage anew into the struggle to maintain the supremacy of Pope Urban, and henceforth, to the hour of her death, this was the absorbing end for which she worked and prayed. There can be little doubt from authentic data that her overwhelming earnestness, and the spirit she infused among all with whom she came in contact, largely influenced the righteous settlement of this most lamentable occurrence, although the final union of the church was delayed long after her earthly days were over. It was in some respects a sad ending that her eyes should close upon the horrors of religious warfare, let loose upon a country already sufficiently cursed with strife and bloodshed. But, called to Rome to sustain by her counsels the almost forlorn hope of the little body of the faithful, her courage never failed to predict victory, and she remained a pillar of strength and a constant source of inspiration to the cause of the church. It was thus, still cheerful and valiant, her body wasted to a shadow by the relentless penances with which to the last she subjected herself, her face "like as it were that of an angel," and her glowing heart still pouring out words of hope and exhortation, that she passed to the glory of the eternal kingdom on the 29th of April, 1380.

This account of what might be called the material portion of

a saintly life has been dwelt upon thus at length partly to show the actual value to her times of such force and energy of character, partly to bring her record more within the scope of poor human intelligence, and largely because the supernatural manifestations connected with her were so wonderful both in number and degree that mere mention of them would swell this most incomplete record out of all proper size. Her constant intercourse with her Heavenly Spouse, her mystic betrothal and marriage, the reception of the stigmata, the miraculous outpouring of divine grace which flowed from her in streams of light and blessing, require an inspiration even to relate which is not given to the ordinary chronicler. We can better understand the practical results of sincere and holy purpose. The visible path travelled by this blessed woman differed only in intensity of degree from the tenderness, the sympathy, and the courage which marks that of other noble souls. Yet in the power of abstraction from earthly surroundings, in the ecstatic raptures of a spirit removed from bodily thraldom by some mysterious strength of devotion, in the gift of prophetic insight into human motives, and in the outpouring of sublime religious truths, St. Catherine was as great a mystic as St. Teresa herself. It is with this phase of her character that her religious biographies, over sixty in number, have most to do. It is in the perusal of her dialogues, letters, and prayers, written under the guidance of that hidden inspiration, that they desire us to find evidence of her wondrous gifts. And surely, if divine oracle ever spoke through human lips, it would be in such phrases of mingled love and fire as dropped from hers.

A girl wholly illiterate and untrained, who was not able to read or to write until the sunburst of heavenly illumination opened the understanding of this as of deeper knowledge to her ardent longing, she pours out a flood of thought, eloquent, poetic, forceful, upon every subject connected with perfection of life and conflict of the spirit, which takes its place in the foremost rank of religious compositions. Swayed by the unconscious power which moves her, she addresses her admonitions to the Vicar of Christ as fearlessly as to the poorest stray sheep from his fold. Wrapped in a trance which seemed to bring her face to face with divine realities hidden from the weak eyes of mortals, her soul, like Prometheus', snatched fire from heaven wherewith to animate the flagging zeal of man; and she roused herself again to the needs of earth with this immortal ardor burning in her veins and communicating itself to every surrounding creature. That there were shown in the records of these pheno-

mena the workings of an invisible power widely removed from natural laws must be admitted by all who without prejudice investigate the overwhelming evidence in its support. Adolphus Trollope, in his contemptuous summing up of the case as that of "an enthusiastic, strong-willed, cataleptic girl," goes wholly outside the facts he is trying to explain. Catalepsy is not an accompaniment of strong will nor of mental force and clearness, nor of continued action in any form of earnest, wholesome thought. On the contrary, medical testimony goes to show almost invariably increasing weakness of mind as well as of body, with lack of continuity in application and energy, with incoherence and eccentricity of action, and tendencies, where the physical phenomena are not affected by curative measures, toward final imbecility. To be a cataleptic for twenty years, and meantime to go on increasing in clearness of perception, keenness of reasoning, accuracy of language, and sobriety of judgment, would be a miracle as great as any other which has yet been claimed for St. Catherine. If Mr. Trollope desires to lift us out of the frying-pan of what he terms superstition, he must take care not to let us drop into the fire of scientific impossibility after this fashion.

But it is to her human side that the human in us, troubled and care-tossed, which reaches so gropingly for example, loves to turn. It is to the creature who bore misunderstanding with equanimity and persecution with patience; who carried bodily infirmity with cheerfulness, and who never strayed so far into the heaven of contemplation as to be lost to the cry of a suffering soul on earth. It is to her who loved little children and flowers, and who sang to herself in her cell. To the woman at the same time humble but fearless; full of sympathy and divine pity; beautiful and joyous of face, sweet of voice, looking tenderly upon the natural glories of God's lower world as well as upon the rapt mysteries of his higher universe; a patriot when patriotism meant danger; a standard-bearer of principle when to be constant meant death. It is to her who took up the menial tasks of the household and glorified them to the honor of God; who nursed the sick and consoled the sorrowful; who was ready to take, when she was called by authority, part in the government of nations; who helped to make the history of her time. It is to her whose scrupulous and exquisite neatness shone from her poor garments and her lowly cell like a halo of sanctity crowning the brow of poverty; who was surrounded with an atmosphere of such personal as well as spiritual affection that

her companions gave her pet names and spoke of her in terms of endearment. What more bountiful life, even in the natural order, could be asked than this, or what more encouraging?

Yet this was but the outer husk of the reality of her existence. The instant the pressure of circumstance or need of action was over, her soul was withdrawn into that state of exaltation which appeared to be its natural condition. Full of the most generous interest in whatever was proposed to her by duty, the moment this strain was loosened she was again in that uplifting of spiritual communion from which she drew all the forces of nature as well as grace. How otherwise account for so much of accomplishment in so short a life constantly racked by grievous physical infirmity? From the mystical contemplation of these divine mysteries she emerged refreshed as a child from the bosom of its mother, and filled with the same tireless activity. In the alembic of this ardor no earthly dross could remain. The false standard by which the world measures vanished before her purified vision. What we call great and what we call little were the same to her. There was no human pride to hold her from taking the vilest and lowliest in her arms and carrying him thus bodily into the presence of God; there was no false humility to prevent her scaling the loftiest heights of enterprise. The mute cry of some dying soul for help drew her from her trance of blessedness as swiftly and as gladly as the call to fill some post of danger so imminent that all others shrank from it. When none other could be found to enter the lion's mouth as envoy to the false and cruel Joanna of Naples, she insisted on being chosen for the appointment until the absolute command of her spiritual directors interposed between her and what was known to be certain death. When there was question of a messenger to the court of France in the interests of Pope Urban, and the difficulties in the way were so enormous that the heroic Blessed Raimund of Capua, who had been charged with the commission, turned back, overpowered by insurmountable obstacles, she offered herself with an earnestness of desire which almost overcame the prudence of her counsellors. Where abuses in the laxity of rule or the devotion of religious houses demanded reproof and correction, she entered upon them with the same lofty courage, and took upon herself the thankless task of reform, more fatiguing and more formidable than any other which can be demanded of human nature. But her inspired words carried healing for the wounds they made; her judgment seized the only means of safety, her great, generous, vehement enthusiasm roused something of its own fervor in the most indifferent. Her letters to

Gregory and Urban, to Charles of France and Joanna, to the cardinals and bishops, show how the soldier in her arose at the call of danger, and how the sweet gentleness of her spirit hardened into the adamant of resolve when the necessities of souls called for sternness.

These letters are full of poetry as well as practical wisdom. "One who would see the stars of God's mysteries," she writes, "must first descend into the deep well of humility." Again, "O Hope, the sister of Faith, 'tis thou that with the key . . . dost open the portals of eternal life; thou guardest the city of the soul against the enemy of confusion; thou slackenest not thy steps when the demon would seek to trouble the soul with the thought of her sins and plunge her into despair, but, generously pressing on in the path of virtue, thou placest the crown of victory on the brow of perseverance." "Mary, that sweet field in which was sown the seed of the divine word." "The perfume of earthly happiness comes only with the holy thought of God; it is lost to those who would possess it unlawfully." But it is when love speaks, love, the strongest feeling of her nature, that she is most excellent. The letters to her intimate friends are exquisite in their happy quaintness of expression. "Carissimo et sopra carissimo figlio," she writes to one, and adds: "I may well call you dear, since you have cost me so much trouble." "Bless my son Simon," she writes to one of the young novices, "and bid him open his mouth for some milk his mother is about to send him." "Tell your brother," she writes in another place, "that a child should never be afraid of his mother, and should run to her more especially when he is hurt." "I am going to scold you well, my dearest daughters, for forgetting what I told you," she begins to some Florentine ladies who attempted to defend her from evil report. And to the beloved little Nanna, daughter of the equally beloved brother Benincasa, she writes as one only can whose sweet motherliness teaches her the simple phrase which touches the eager spirit of childhood with conviction.

In summing up the influence of this remarkable woman upon her own and subsequent times one is moved to wonder at the intensity of energy which could compress so much into so few years. The first half of her life was passed in the close privacy of the household; through the remainder every obstacle which confirmed ill-health, lowliness of station, ignorance, and tradition of sex could place in her way were there, with no other lever to remove them than virtue, then as now apt to be jostled

discourteously by the ambitions and passions of men. To have revived the old spirit of self-denial among multitudes in an age of luxury and effeminacy; to have forced the claims of humanity on the blind pride of despotism; to have built up honor and self-respect among the lowly, who felt themselves raised by her elevation, was but part of the work of this daughter of the people. She left behind her reform in almost all the religious communities of Italy which had become tainted by worldly vanities, in many high places of the church which had been made stepping-stones for ambition, among princes who had been taught to hold the doctrine of blood atonement as proof of chivalry and honor. She had changed the political aspect of the world by the removal of the popes from Avignon to Rome in the face of opposition from the most powerful nation in Europe, with the combined strength of pride and interest arrayed against the project. She had endowed the literature of her country with a lasting heritage of eloquent and refined devotional thought, which takes its place in history with the work of Petrarch, who came before, and Vittoria Colonna, who succeeded her. And she was an enduring testimony of the large wisdom and broad views of the church, which in such an age could throw open such exceptional opportunities for usefulness and action to a woman.

"In the dismal record of those gloomy times," says Creighton in his *History of the Papacy*, "she presents a picture of purity, devotion, and self-sacrifice to which we turn with feelings of relief. She has a claim upon our reverence higher than that of a saint of the mediæval church. A low-born maiden, without education or culture, she gave the only possible expression in her age and generation to the aspiration for national unity and the restoration of ecclesiastical purity."

Admirable testimony from an impartial judge. About her hovered a radiance of love and helpfulness which shone into the bodies and souls of men, producing therein such marvels of healing and such infusion of her own heavenly spirit of purity and hope that she moved in an atmosphere of miracle. If, as scientists assure us, not a leaf falls from the tree nor a pebble rolls upon the shore without in some measure affecting the harmony of the universe, what tremendous forces must have been put in play, changing the destinies of unborn generations, rounding immature impulse into the shapeliness of fixed purpose, changing the cowardice of weakness into beautiful strength of endeavor, and keeping alive the fire of prayerful devotion in the dark places of life, from the glorified union of faith and good works which marked the earthly path of St. Catherine of Siena!

Mary Elizabeth Blake.

THE TOWN AND UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

THE town of Cambridge contains forty thousand inhabitants, and is reached by either the Great Northern or Great Eastern lines. The Cambridge railway station is a mile or so south of the town, or rather was, for a long stream of yellow brick houses has trickled out stationwards, as usually happens, and the new Cavendish College has been built in this suburb, though its distance from Senate House, library, and museums must be disadvantageous. The road from the station, if followed far enough, under the different names of St. Andrew's Street, Sidney Street, and Bridge Street, crosses the Cam, traverses the original town of Briton and Roman, and leads beyond to Huntingdon. However, the more important of the two main arteries is Trumpington Street, King's Parade, and Trinity Street, the name changing from time to time; this thoroughfare is nearly parallel to the river to the left and St. Andrew's Street to the right (walking northwards), and on it more public buildings and colleges are placed than elsewhere.

Just outside the town on the Trumpington Road are the Botanic Gardens, maintained at the cost of the university and open to the public daily, in every way creditable, but calling for no special remark. By the gardens is Hobson's Conduit, a good specimen of seventeenth-century stone-work, removed from the market-place where it had stood since 1610. Water was then brought to the town from some springs at a distance, and old Hobson, the carrier, a great benefactor of town and university, who died in 1630, aged eighty-six, was a prime mover in this beneficial work. Brisk streams of sparkling water flow on either side of Trumpington and St. Andrew's Streets, as at Denver, Colorado, and it was a tale for freshmen that in the Prince of Wales' year at Cambridge the annual boat procession was removed from the river to the streets, the boats passing along these brooks and the crews dipping their oars into saucers of water borne on the pavement by their friends. The first remarkable building in Trumpington Street is Addenbrooke's Hospital, founded by a benevolent physician of the university; its wards are airy and spacious, but the Cambridge medical students cannot gain the experience in the hospital of a healthy little country town that one of the huge institutions of the metropolis would afford them. Yet they had, and doubtless

have, some masterly operators. Proceeding, our attention is arrested by the magnificent portico of the Fitzwilliam Museum, one of the finest examples of Corinthian architecture extant. It is over fifty years old, and its galleries contain some choice works of Rembrandt, Titian, Paul Veronese, and other masters, and Ruskin has presented a fine collection of Turner's water-colors. A wiseacre in his Cambridge Guide, now probably forgotten, attributed the immorality in the university to the Fitzwilliam pictures, probably carping at Titian's depiction of the human form divine. There are a number of antique marbles, casts, Greek coins, Greek vases; Greek, Roman, and Phœnician glass from Cypriote tombs; Egyptian monuments, rare books, manuscripts, missals. There is the volume of the famous book, *Assertio septem Sacramentorum adversus Martin Lutherum edita ab invictissimo Angliæ et Franciæ rege et do. Hiberniæ Henrico ejus nomine octavo*, which Henry gave to Leo X. The French Revolutionary army took it from the Vatican. The king's signature is at the beginning and end of this volume, and the work gained from the pope the title of Fidei Defensor, now to be seen on English coins. All the title after Lutherum is erased by Leo's pen. A school of art is growing up round this excellent museum.

Adjacent to the Fitzwilliam are the grounds of Peterhouse. This is the oldest college in the university, having been founded in 1284 by Hugh de Balsham, Bishop of Ely. Merton College, Oxford, on which it was modelled, had been established shortly before. The intention was to give to the secular clergy the learning previously monopolized by the monks, and it must not be forgotten that this meant educating all the professions, as the clergy six hundred years ago were not only the divines but the physicians and lawyers of the period. The colleges were more like our schools; it was only two centuries ago that the present age of entry, eighteen or nineteen, became general. In a modern undergraduates' rooms a number of lads formerly herded in charge of a master of arts, who enjoyed the luxury of a standing bed under which during the daytime the couches of the pupils were stowed. A leaden ewer for general use completed the furniture, and it is no wonder that cutaneous diseases were common. The students were strictly watched and only permitted out of college when accompanied by a master. They were supposed to converse solely in Latin. At five A.M. they attended chapel, and then lectures in hall. Dinner was at eleven, a few hours in the afternoon were given to sports, supper was served

at seven; then, after the manner of the dame famous in nursery rhyme who selected a shoe for her dwelling, defaulters were publicly thrashed; on which all retired to rest. However dreary this life may appear to a nineteenth-century 'varsity man, it was preferable to that of the non-collegiate student. Though not then as rich as subsequent bequests have made them, the colleges had some endowments, and were possessed of their breweries and bakeries, dove-cotes and hen-roosts, store-rooms for salt meat, and fish-ponds; their inmates had not to cast themselves on the benevolence of the townsfolk, singing around town for their supper, as was sometimes the case with the mediæval students. But there were "sizars" in the colleges, poor men who, failing to get scholarships and unable to pay the pension, were fain to carry in the sizings or portions of the Fellows at meals, and to perform other drudgery for their support. Peterhouse in the second court exhibits the original building, restored and improved, but still the same. Fortunately, in the bad old days of architectural vandalism the failure of funds prevented the refacing of this part of the college; only the first court was assailed, and the charming Gothic windows and doorways covered by a layer of dreary stone-work in the style of the house that Jack built. This court has the rare advantage, from a sanitary standpoint, of being open on one side so as to admit the east wind, which, however, no one but poor Charles Kingsley ever welcomed, coming chill and biting as it does from Spitzbergen ice-fields, and piercing to nerve and marrow.

The Renaissance chapel at Peterhouse should be visited. It stands in the middle of the court, and contains some fine Munich glass. But in so dismal a climate one doubts the wisdom of excluding what little daylight exists by filling the windows with opaque glass; better paint the walls and let the sunshine enter—when there is any. Some irreverent undergraduates once screwed up the door of this chapel, covering the screw-heads with putty and staining it to resemble the rest of the door. In the morning the porter could not enter to ring the bell for chapel, the master grew purple with indignation, and the dean, frustrated in his anticipations of devotion, took refuge in unmeasured profanity. But college chapels are a comparatively modern luxury. At first the colleges worshipped in the parish churches, and Peterhouse is now connected by a gallery with the adjacent church of Little St. Mary's, which it once used for prayers. This church replaces an old Norman or Saxon church of St. Peter, of which an arch remains in the present building. It was consecrated in

1352, and built from the designs of Alan de Walsingham, Prior of Ely, the architect of the glorious Lady Chapel and Octagon of that cathedral. His style will be recognized in the charming decorated tracery of the Little St. Mary's east window, which looks toward Trumpington Street.

On the other side of the way is the lovely College of Pembroke, which has been much enlarged of late years. It is named from its foundress, Mary de St. Paul, widow of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. She was "maid, wife, and widow all in a day," her husband meeting his death in a tournament on the day of his marriage. The bereaved lady devoted her means and her blighted existence to the service of Heaven. She founded this college in 1347, and also built the nunnery of Denny Abbey, between Cambridge and Ely, the handsome windows and arches of which are to be seen in the present farm-house. This place was originally an island slightly elevated above the then undrained fen, and is called from the Danes, who, after burning Cambridge in 870, and again in 1010, there established themselves. In the treasury at Pembroke are the only papal bulls left at Cambridge; they were both drawn up at Avignon by Innocent VI. and Urban III. respectively, the one granting permission to erect a college chapel, and the other for the addition to it of a campanile. All other bulls, besides charters and valuable documents, were burnt by Town in the great Town and Gown row of 1381, when university and college chests were ransacked, and the university compelled to renounce its privileges. One can hardly wonder at it. How could Town be expected to see the justice of the chancellor regulating market prices and citing citizens who had quarrelled with students to appear before him for judgment? So in the Wat Tyler rebellion Town took its revenge. It was, however, short-lived; for their Graces of Ely and Norwich, with lances and excommunications, came to the rescue, illustrating the benefit of the union of the temporal and spiritual powers. Alas! the day of such doughty churchmen is no more.

The Pembroke Chapel is by Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's and so many of the London churches built after the great fire of 1666. He erected the chapel for his uncle, the Bishop of Ely, in fulfilment of his vow that if ever he got out of the college tower, in which from 1642 to 1658 he was imprisoned by the Roundheads, and if church and king were restored, he would found some suitable memorial. The bishop died 1667, being eighty-two years old, and was interred in the chapel, and his handsome mitre and pastoral staff of silver gilt are here pre-

served. In the library are two of Caxton's books, the *Golden Legend* and Gower's *Confessio Amantis*; the college also possesses the Anathema cup given it in 1481 by Bishop Langton, of Winchester. Its inscription, "Qui alienaverit anathema sit," probably saved it in 1641, when most of the college plate at both the universities was melted down to pay the royal troops. It is the earliest plate in Cambridge bearing the English hall-mark. The foundress's cup has also been preserved. Pembroke has produced distinguished men—William Pitt, for example. Gray left the original manuscript of his "Elegy" to his college, and Bishop Andrewes bequeathed it his complete works. Spenser was a sizar here, and the mulberry-tree he planted may still be seen; Bradford, Ridley, and Rogers, all Pembroke men, were burned under Queen Mary in 1555, after the custom of the times.

A side street skirting Pembroke connects with St. Andrew's Street; we will pass down it, and then return. On the right are the extensive grounds of Downing College; in fact, so much verdant meadow is there that the group of plain stone buildings, erected some eighty years ago, are hardly noticed. Who go to Downing, or why they do so, is a thing that "no fellah can find out," but it used to be said that married men and those much above the usual age of undergraduates affected this college. On the other side of the way are the Science schools, a fine, spacious block of buildings, standing where once the Austin Friars' house, and later the Botanic Gardens, were situated. The schools are comparatively modern, and of the pale yellow brick made from the Cambridge gault, which is the customary building material hereabouts.

Proceeding, we see the fine stone front of Emmanuel College facing us; it is on the other side of St. Andrew's Street, and occupies the site of the Dominican convent founded here in 1240. It was built to maintain Puritan principles in 1584, the founder boasting that he had turned the friars' church into a dining-hall and their refectory into a chapel. In the library is a Venetian Hebrew Old Testament of the thirteenth century; and it will interest Americans to know that John Harvard was a student here. Retracing our steps, we see in Trumpington Street a stone building with a large, square tower; it is the Pitt Press, built in 1831. The university printing is done here; it is colloquially termed the Freshman's Church, some novices taking it for a place of worship. John Siberch, a German, in 1521 printed in Cambridge seven little books, being the first executed in England which contained Greek characters. The universities and

the queen's printer alone are privileged to print the authorized Bible and Prayer-book. Opposite the Pitt is St. Botolph's Church, cased in flint and containing fine old rood and chapel screens and some good monuments. Botolph was evidently a favorite saint in England from the number of churches dedicated to him; hence, also, Botolphstown or Boston. Silver Street leads by the Pitt to the river bridge and to Queen's, which fronts on a lane parallel to Trumpington Street and backs on the river. It is architecturally and historically one of the most interesting of Cambridge colleges and has been little tampered with. It is of red brick in the domestic and collegiate style of the fifteenth century. The first court is entered by the usual massive tower, on which formerly was the observatory; the lovely little chapel and the library are on the right, and the hall, kitchen, butteries, and combination room in front. The remaining sides of the court contain rooms for students. Passing between the hall and butteries, we reach the charming Cloister court, and by it is the tower where Erasmus formerly resided. On the right of the first court is another, the most agreeable of all. It has but one range of chambers, and is surrounded by the garden of the president and that of the fellows. The Carmelites' house was originally here, and much of their stained glass is jumbled confusedly in the library windows. A romantic wooden bridge spans the river leading from the cloister court to the Queen's Grove, which is a charming riparian pleasaunce with its gravel walks and elms, its arbors and tennis court. In the library is an Indulgence from Caxton's press, dated 1489. Also about twenty thousand volumes, the chains by which books were secured when they were worth stealing still in some cases remaining. The hall, with its high-pitched roof of black oak, its tessellated pavement, and tasteful chimney-piece in encaustic tiles, its oriel window filled with the arms of founders and benefactors, and its valuable paintings, is worthy of careful study. Margaret of Anjou, emulous in college-building of her hapless spouse, founded the college in 1448. Civil strife retarded its progress, but when the White Rose proved victorious her former maid of honor and successful rival, Elizabeth Woodville, refounded the house of the former queen, and the name of the college, and the entwined white and red roses frequent in its decorations, indicate that it owes its existence to Yorkist and Lancastrian alike. A portrait of the queen of the fourth Edward hangs in the hall, showing her delicate complexion and yellow hair, a charming, winsome dame. Henry VII., Catherine of Aragon, and Wolsey hav

lodged in Queen's, and Erasmus accepted in 1506 the invitation of John Fisher, then president, to establish himself here. But he could not stomach the college ale, which he found "raw, small, and windy," so got a friend to send him casks of Rheinwein from Germany. For some reason, however, the distinguished foreigner was not popular, and one college forbade the introduction of his Greek Testament within its precincts, "on shipboard or horseback, by wagons or porters."

Between Queen's and Trumpington Street is "Cat's," or St. Catherine's College, a plain brick building of comparatively recent date, calling for no especial mention; it was founded in 1473. Adjacent is the Bull Hotel, and opposite the fine stone frontage of Corpus. The main portion of the college is a good specimen of modern Gothic, but the small quadrangle, from which a gallery communicates with Benet Church, with its ivy-clad walls and break-neck staircases, presents the ancient aspect of the college unaltered. It was founded in 1352 by the guilds of Corpus Christi and St. Mary, and was at first called St. Benedict's, from being attached to that church, whose old Saxon tower possesses high antiquarian interest. More ancient plate has survived at Corpus than at any other Cambridge college, and an ale-horn of 1347 is worth inspection. Also the gripe's (griffin's) eye, a cup formed of an ostrich's (or, as our untravelled forefathers supposed, a griffin's) egg, once used as a pyx. The library contains one of the best collections of manuscripts in England; instance a Psalter and Litany written at Rheims in 884, the Saxon Chronicle from Canterbury Cathedral and other Saxon manuscripts, and St. Jerome's Latin version of the Gospels, sent by Gregory the Great to Augustine at Canterbury. There are also some unique coins, a shekel and half-shekel amongst others.

We now come to the finest portion of Cambridge, King's Parade. On the right are some of the best shops in the town, and opposite, beyond a smooth lawn, a fine openwork stone screen (in the centre of which is a porter's lodge with a turret like a huge pepper-pot) bounds the extensive grounds of King's which extend to the river. Perhaps Winchester School and New College, Oxford, suggested to the sixth Henry his twin foundation of Eton and King's, and his designs for this latter were right royal. However, the troubles that stayed his strong-minded consort's work at Queen's, and which cost Henry his crown and life, stayed their fulfilment, and the great court has never been completed. Henry wrecked churches and streets to provide a suitable site for his college, and the hall, provost's

lodge, and other buildings to the south are fine specimens of modern stone-work. One cannot speak so highly of the gaunt, bleak pile of masonry facing the entrance, but it contains capital sets of rooms, which is doubtless the main point in the eyes of a college fellow. On the north side is the chapel, the last great effort of Gothic art in the country. It is two hundred and eighty-nine feet long and ninety-four feet in height, a plain rectangle, with towers one hundred and forty-six feet high at the four corners. The vaulted stone roof with its fan tracery, the twelve keystones, of a ton each, conveying no idea of weight, is a marvellous triumph of the architect's art. There are thirteen huge windows on either side, and one at each end. All but the west window are ancient, and by far the finest specimens of mediæval glass remaining; the subjects, many of them exquisitely wrought, form a complete biblical history. As Cromwell used the chapel for drill-room and stable, it is a mystery how they escaped destruction. A fringe of chapels, placed between the buttresses, lines either side of the building, which is, as usual, divided into chapel and ante-chapel by a heavy, organ-topped screen. This is of the time of Henry VIII., and is decorated with the initials of Henry and Anne Boleyn, intertwined with true-lover's-knots. The choir stalls, finely carved, are also Renaissance work. The leading ornaments of stone and woodwork are royal devices: the rose, first borne by Edward I.; the portcullis of the Beauforts and Tudors; the fleur-de-lis of France; the antelopes, supporters of the arms of Henry VI., and the dragons and greyhounds of Henry VII. In the ante-chapel there is a curious half-figure of the Virgin carved on a rose. There is no other such monument of perpendicular Gothic as King's Chapel. The choral service is gloriously rendered twice daily in term-time by a strong and highly trained choir, and the lessons read from a magnificent brass lectern of 1509. A papal bull exempted the college from the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Ely, and the university (except in scholastic matters), and until thirty years ago students of King's received their degrees without examination; they were few in number in those days, and all received fellowships. Of late the efficiency of King's has been vastly increased by throwing open its doors, and it now has forty-eight scholars, half of them non-Etonians, besides a number of pensioners. Walpole may be named as one of many distinguished members of King's. Perhaps the finest view in Cambridge may be obtained from the west door of King's Chapel: on the right is the palatial College of Clare, on the left the King's

lodge, and in front the smooth, extensive lawn, with the stone bridge over the river, beyond which are the lofty elms of "the Backs," that vast, umbrageous wilderness of common, meadow, and garden, the Cambridge glory *par excellence*, surpassing, Oxonians frankly concede, anything the sister university can display.

We said that King's was formerly a "peculiar"—*i.e.*, exempt from episcopal jurisdiction; opposite it, down a narrow passage, is the little church of St. Edward, a "peculiar" now. The tower is of the twelfth, and the nave of the fourteenth, century. Hard by, in an open space between King's Parade and the market-place, is the parish and university church of Great St. Mary's. It is the centre of the town, distances being reckoned from a stone in the western tower. There was a church here very early, and the university has used it for six hundred years; the present structure, however, is comparatively modern, only four hundred years old, though traces of the earlier building can be distinguished in the walls. Anciently not merely religious functions, but all important proceedings were enacted here by the university; lectures were delivered and dramatic representations given, platforms and galleries being erected for the purpose. The borough representatives also held their meetings here. The peal of twelve bells is the finest toned in the eastern counties, the tenor, two tons in weight, being a "maiden bell"—that is, no tuning or chipping having been needed on it. It tolls matins at six in the morning and curfew at nine in the evening, and chimes are rung at the quarters.

On Sunday afternoons the university sermons are delivered at St. Mary's by selected preachers, heads of houses, doctors, and university officers occupying the choir, masters of arts the body of the church, and undergraduates and bachelors the galleries; on special days when doctors don their scarlet gowns they present a brilliant spectacle. The versatile Mr. Sabine Baring-Gould, of Clare, tells of a priestlet who employed St. Mary's pulpit to gibe at his seniors. A certain plethoric college master was accustomed to enjoy his siesta comfortably enough in his stall during the sermon. However, this preacher effectually deprived him of all repose one Sunday by emphatically repeating his text, "What! can you not watch one hour?" whenever the dignitary was on the point of dropping off. It was long before the homilist's services were again in request, but, being given another chance, he addressed his hearers thus: "Whereas, last time I said, Can ye not watch one hour? and it gave offence,

I will now say, Sleep on and take your rest"; and St. Mary's pulpit knew him no more. Such shallow buffoons with their ill-timed levities are of the past, and we live in a more earnest age.

Petty Cury leads from the market-place to Christ's College, and in this street is an ancient inn-yard, with outside galleries on the upper floor. Such was the English play-house in the time of Shakspere and Ben Jonson—the stage a platform in the yard, the yard itself the pit, the gallery, the dress circle. "God's house," founded 1439, was converted in 1505 into Christ's College by the Lady Margaret, the foundress of John's, and the gateways of both colleges are similar. But in 1714 the first court was refaced (or defaced), and is now unattractive. The Renaissance court of Inigo Jones has, however, been spared. Milton was here seven years, being duly flogged like another, and his mulberry-tree still flourishes in the garden; here he wrote his "Hymn on Christ's Nativity," and "Lycidas," in memory of a promising young fellow of the house who was drowned. Sir Philip Sidney, Leland, Latimer, and Paley were also "Christians." Trinity Church hard by replaced the temple destroyed in the great fire of 1174. On removing a gallery of late the recumbent figure of a bishop full vested was exposed, and as the church was once the property of the Norfolk Abbey of West Dereham, this may represent one of its abbots. Not far off, on the site of the great Franciscan house of 1240, is Sidney-Sussex College, founded in 1595 by Frances, widow of the third Earl of Sussex and aunt of Sir Philip Sidney. The fine old building has been be-stuccoed and spoilt, but it has its memories. On the day of Shakspere's death Oliver Cromwell entered here as a fellow commoner. He was three times Member of Parliament for Cambridge, and high steward of the borough till his death. His family and the Montagues, the chief land-holders of Huntingdonshire, were benefactors of the college. However, the vicar of Huntingdon once gleefully showed the writer in the parish books that Oliver had twice been put to penance before the whole congregation. Sidney has in the library a unique copy of the York Pye (*Pica sive directorium Eboracense*) of 1509, and a Saxon Pontifical of Durham nine hundred years old, lately discovered bound up with a manuscript, *de naturâ avium.*

Fronting Great St. Mary's, the Senate House and Library stand between King's and Caius, and beyond Clare and Trinity Halls, glued together like a couple of oysters, occupy the space to the river. The Senate House is a fine Corinthian building, in stone, of 1730, one hundred feet in length. Within it is oak

panelled, and paved with black and white marble; meetings of the senate and university examinations are held here. The vice-chancellor and heads of houses occupy the dais, and the senate the floor, and when degrees are conferred a thousand undergraduates in the galleries uproariously signify their approval or otherwise of each arrival below with scant regard for dignitaries. Persistency will ordinarily secure a degree, however shallow the applicant; other means failing, the dullard catches a cold—no hard matter in foggy Albion—and producing a medical certificate, is leniently put through his paces in his own rooms by an examiner only anxious to escape, and an *ægrotat* is conferred on the *malade imaginaire*. When the college tutor criticised the matriculation performance of a Scottish freshman the latter indignantly replied that he had graduated already at St. Andrews. "Quite possible, sir," was the rejoinder; "many gentlemen take their degrees here and know nothing at all." The B.A. once secured, M.A. follows in three years time on payment of some thirty pounds in fees, and twelve years more conducts to D.D. True, for this latter a Latin sermon must be preached in the Senate House. We remember an obtrusive undergraduate being asked by a porter to retire for a minute as a gentleman was taking his D.D.; had he remained the sermon must have been read—and it probably was non-existent. LL.D. can be taken four years earlier than D.D., but, excepting schoolmasters and bishops, most graduates rest satisfied with M.A. The London University degrees are a guarantee for higher scholarship than a Poll degree at Cambridge; honors, of course, is another matter. But London is only an examining body. "They may call it a university," said Lord Brougham, "but it will only be a grammar shop." Living under 'varsity influences for three years is one thing, and poring over books in solitary London lodgings another.

The University Library, the oldest in England, possesses four hundred thousand volumes, and is located in an unworthy building, part modern, part five hundred years old. The manuscript of the Gospels, Epistles, and Acts of the Apostles, in Greek and Latin on opposite pages, was presented by Theodore Beza in 1581; it is thirteen hundred years old and was found in the monastery of St. Irenæus at Lyons. Coeval with this is a Buddhist manuscript in Sanscrit lately obtained from Nepaul. Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, copied in his lifetime, and Caxton's earliest works are also interesting. Beneath are the schools where lectures are delivered. Who that has listened to the vivid

portrayals of Saxon life by Charles Kingsley in his earnest, eloquent stammer can ever forget them or think without affection of the professor of modern history of two decades ago? His Shaksperean collar, gold scarf-pin, and cutaway coat were not conventional, but who would have wished Kingsley of all men to appear in a long frock coat and white cravat as any every-day parson, travelling through life like a stick of black sealing-wax?

Clare is a charming specimen of Caroline architecture. The stone first collected for its construction was taken by the Roundheads in the Civil War to repair the castle. The drop in the middle of Clare bridge is ascribed to the vigorous rejoicing of the society when one of their body was senior wrangler. Should another such distinction be gained by *domus* it is feared they will jump the bridge into the Cam. Latimer, in his time cross-bearer and preacher of the university, was once a fellow of Clare, when he declaimed vehemently against Luther. Trinity Hall was founded by a bishop of Norwich in 1350 for legal study; previously the Ely monks had their Cambridge house here. The Elizabethan library, with bars across the books, many of which still retain marks of the chains which once secured them, is intact, but the rest of the college has been refaced in the bad old days. However, a fine modern block replaces some buildings recently destroyed by fire. There is some fine plate, and the founder's cup is one of the oldest in England. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, remained master of Trinity Hall till his death.

Gonville and Caius College, hard by, commonly called "Keys," has the same advantages for medical as "the hall" for legal studies, and the two houses are firm allies. Gonville founded it in 1348, but it was refounded two hundred years later by Dr. Caius, court physician to three of the Tudor sovereigns and one of the foremost men of his day. He had been professor by turns of theology, Greek, and physic at Padua and elsewhere in the south, and was nine times president of the Royal College of Physicians in London; he it was who introduced practical anatomy into England. He largely enriched and adorned the college of which he was master, and his symbolic gateways of humility, virtue, and honor are interesting and instructive. He wisely left one side of the court open, "for fear the air should become foul," and was much in advance of his age, being charged with Romanism and atheism, the bugbears of the period, for he had a "perverse stomach to the professors of the Gospel." Harvey, who died in 1657, at eighty, was a Caius man.

Unfortunately, space does not permit of a sufficient description of Trinity, the finest college in the world. Henry VIII. founded it in 1546, fusing together nine colleges and hostels, of which King's Hall and Michael House were the chief. The first court is over two acres in extent; to the right is the chapel of Mary and Elizabeth, over two hundred feet long, richly decorated of late with glass and mural paintings of departed worthies, kings and monks, nobles and prelates, warriors and statesmen; and it must be well for the students to have constantly before them these heroes, their ignorances, errors, failings forgotten in view of solid honesty and virtue which can never die. Without is the pavement up and down which Thackeray used to pace each morning, and opposite the tower where Byron "kept," not with his bear, as commonly supposed, for it was more suitably disposed in a stable. In the centre of the court is a fountain; the leaden pipe which since the days of Edward III. had conveyed the water from springs a mile off was replaced forty years ago. A vinous student, periodically "plucked" for his degree, was several times sobered in these waters by his well-wishers, and thus retorted on his persecutors: "Possibly I may not be over-gifted, but no other man in Trinity has been in that fountain twice." The Master's Lodge contains many royal portraits and has been occupied by almost every English monarch since the college was founded. A succession of distinguished men have presided here, and Dr. Butler, the present master, lately followed the example of a certain American president and wedded a damsel with not half his years; but she had just distinguished herself at Girton, and what a triumph for a blue maiden to wed a well-seasoned scholar! "Accept a bishopric!" said Dr. Whewell indignantly; "certainly not; there are twenty-eight bishops, but only one Master of Trinity." The hall, as large as the Senate House, is gorgeous on occasion; on Whitsunday two years ago we sat at the high table with a brilliant gathering, Oliver Wendell Holmes, on whom an honorary degree was about to be conferred, being the principal guest. The choir, surpliced, in the gallery sang the grace and enlivened the feast by glees and madrigals. The kitchen, where a staff of eighty is employed, is a great sight; the fire consumes a ton of coal daily, and before it lengthy spits, carrying scores of impaled capons and haunches, revolve appetizingly. The New Court, of the present century, is perhaps the brightest, but Neville's, or the Cloister Court, with its ample covered promenades, is the most imposing. The library occupies the western side, fronting

the river, and the lovely Trinity gardens on either side. There are ninety thousand volumes and near two thousand manuscripts here, amongst others the original of the *Paradise Lost*, a Persian one of 1430 on the education of princes, with illustrations of hunting and polo, and many autograph letters—*e.g.*, the first written by Byron. Here stands his lovely statue by Thorwaldsen, which the authorities excluded from the Abbey of Westminster. There is a Sarum Missal of 1500 on vellum, the finest existing; Newton's globe and telescope; all the coronation medals since Charles I.; bank notes, one for the large sum of twopence; coins, some over two thousand years old; Anglo-Saxon implements and ornaments, and numbers of other treasures. There is also Bishop's Hostel and the Master's Courts, two cold, stone, well-like quadrangles built by Dr. Whewell in memory of his wife, standing between the main entrance and Sidney. It is unfortunate that the narrow site has so cramped their dimensions. There are sixty fellowships at Trinity, and seventy-four scholarships of one hundred pounds a year each. The distinguished members would fill a volume, but we may name Bacon, Newton, Dryden, Cowley, Byron, Macaulay, and Tennyson.

John's, adjoining Trinity, is next in size and importance. In 1135 Henry Frost founded here St. John's Austin Hospital, and scholars were added later; the house dwindled till only half a dozen ill-conducted and prodigal brethren remained when it was dissolved. Lady Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, acting under the advice of her tutor and confessor, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, left instructions and funds for the foundation of this college, but died soon after the accession of her grandson, Henry VIII, who promptly appropriated a great portion of her bequest. There are four fine courts, mainly of red brick, fortunately saved from refacing during the last century by lack of funds. The Tudor rose, Beaufort portcullis, and the daisy or "marguerite" of the foundress are constantly repeated in the buildings, and the St. John in the niche over the entrance, with viper issuing from his chalice, is very pleasing. In the library is a mass composed by Henry VIII., and Cranmer's "great Bible" on vellum, with the imprimatur of Tunstall, the Bishop of London, one of the first to condemn the version of Tyndale. Bishop Bonner put six copies into St. Paul's, London; only two were printed on vellum, one for the king and one for Cromwell, his vicar-general, afterwards beheaded; the latter, illustrated by Holbein, is the one at John's. The finest thing here is the chapel by Sir Gilbert Scott, completed

twenty years ago. It is of stone and very lofty, richly decked with statues and stained glass, one contributed by the undergraduates. The original chapel was pulled down and its site thrown into the first court, to its great advantage; but the chapel which Fisher built for his own repose—though, being beheaded for his good deeds, he never arrived there—has been thrown into the new church. It is remarkable that four successive Cambridge chancellors, Fisher, Cromwell, Somerset, and Dudley, were executed. Axe-makers under the Tudors doubtless drove a roaring trade.

We now reach the Sepulchre Church, one of the four round churches in England. It was built in 1101 by Pain Peverill, who had been standard-bearer to Robert, Duke of Normandy, in the Holy Land, doubtless in imitation of Eastern fanes. It is a tiny little temple, but has been carefully restored to the original Norman type by the Camden Society, for it had been modernized in Early English some six hundred years ago. Near it is the Early English Church of St. Clement, where Anne Boleyn's uncle was once churchwarden. The tower, built in 1821 from funds left by Cole, the antiquarian, contains his name as stipulated, but by putting *Deum* before *Cole* the latter word is given a new significance.

We must go down Jesus Lane by Sidney to visit Jesus, one of the most charming colleges at Cambridge. A fine old nunnery, that of SS. Mary and Rhadegund, founded 1133, and enlarged by Malcolm IV. of Scotland, it must have been. However, when four hundred years ago the nuns had dwindled to two, and they not over exemplary in their conduct, Bishop Alcock, of Ely, suppressed the house and founded thereon his college, and over the gateway his rebus, a cock on a globe (the world, the whole, all; somewhat far-fetched), may be seen. Alcock pulled down half the nun's chapel, but the remainder, as restored by Pugin, is a charming church over seven hundred years old. In it is the tomb of a nun of one hundred years later: "Moribus ornata jacet hic bona Berta Rosata." Cranmer was a fellow here, but left to wed the pretty niece of the landlady of the Dolphin; the poor girl died in childbirth after a year, and the future archbishop left the tavern and was welcomed back to Jesus. The fair, which Stephen granted to the nuns of St. Rhadegund, was kept up till the present century. There was also another noteworthy fair hereabouts, which John granted to the great Austin Priory of Barnwell, some remains of which still exist, notably the church, still used. This was another of Pain Peverill's foundations, and Richard II. held a parliament in the

priory. The fair was held on the eve of St. Etheldreda, or Awdrey; she died from a throat disease, a judgment of heaven on her former love of necklaces. Cheap necklets of ribbon and tinsel were sold at this fair in her honor; so the word *tawdry*, from the saint's name. A mile further on one finds the little twelfth-century chapel where a leper hospital once stood. Here was held the celebrated Stourbridge fair, granted by John to the hospital. It was the greatest in Eastern England, being divided into streets, and as early as the reign of Athelstan Irish cloth merchants came to it, bringing their wares.

We must now get back to Cambridge, and, crossing the bridge near John's, gain the site of the ancient town. Here is Magdalen College, part of the Roman walls of Camboritum still surrounding its grounds. In 1337 Pope Benedict ordered that the Benedictine Abbeys should maintain five per cent. of their members at a university, and in 1428 the great monasteries of the Fens, Crowland, Ramsey, and others clubbed together to found this house for their members. It was at first called "Monk's Hostel," then "Buckingham College," from the Duke of Buckingham, so playfully decapitated by Richard III. At the suppression of monasteries it reverted to the crown, but was re-founded in 1542; the hall was built by the last Duke of Buckingham, duly beheaded like his father when his turn arrived. Here are some love letters from Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, beginning "Sweet darling," and ending, "with the hand that I would were thine." Down an inn-yard near this is Pythagoras school, a Norman manor-house, now used as a woodshed; the Dennys owned it from the Conquest. There is the ground-floor for cattle, and above the hall for meals and servants' dwelling, and two rooms for the master and his family. What state a "fine old English gentleman" maintained in those times! It used to be thought that this was the cradle of the university, but Magdalen is now thought to be the site of the hired barn where in 1110 the four French monks from Orleans daily lectured, riding in from the manor of Cottenham, seven miles distant, where Geoffrey, the Abbot of Crowland, had placed them for the purpose.

"Within two generations of the Norman Conquest," says Charles Kingsley, "the French Abbot of Crowland sent French monks to open a school under the new French donjon in the little Roman town of Grantebrigge; whereby—so does all earnest work grow and spread in this world infinitely and for ever—St. Guthlac, by his canoe voyage into Crowland Island, became the spiritual father of Cambridge University."

CHARLES E. HODSON.

"DAS EWIGE WEIBLICH."

ON the 21st and following days of October last there was a Convocation of Catholics in London, as a Catholic journal of that city calls the meeting of the "Catholic Truth Society." Five bishops were present, and, as the same paper says, "we were glad to see such ample opportunity afforded to the laity to express their opinions," and that papers were not omitted from the ladies' point of view upon two of the questions debated. Miss Jackson's essay was entitled "Science among the Unscientific, or the Popularization of Science," as the work of the Catholic Truth Society; Lady Herbert's, the "Use of Fiction." We refer our readers to the journal above quoted for acquaintance with the views expressed by those excellent women, which to us at least seemed remarkably sensible and practical. The following incident may show how much we lose in missing the friendly criticism of that immense majority of our worshippers whom we condemn to be silent in the church. On Tuesday, at the conference, "a lady present privately informed one of the secretaries that if he would beg the clergy present to do all they could to get the Gospel read more distinctly on Sundays than it is sometimes she would at once give ten pounds to the Catholic Truth Society. It is unnecessary to say that a secretary was found to earn the £10, and the announcement was highly relished by clergy and laity alike" (*Tablet*, October 27, 1888).

St. Paul forbids women to teach (1 Tim. ii. 12)—that is, in the church, as he is generally interpreted; but women have all along in the history of Christianity been the first teachers of religion to their own children, and it is on them almost exclusively that the church of to-day, at least in our country, depends for the gratuitous imparting of religious instruction. Indeed, one may safely wager that it was so very near the beginning, and has been so all the ages since.

St. Hilda, in England, governed monasteries of men as well as of women. The Order of Fontevrault, approved by Paschal II. in 1106 and 1113, was by its constitution subject to a woman head, although it comprised male as well as female communities, and included even priests among its members; and the reason given by the holy founder was the imitation of Christ, who

dying, committed St. John to the care of the Blessed Virgin (Alzog, *Church History*, vol. ii. p. 696).

St. Teresa, as we know, founded the reformed Carmelites, men as well as women. Her writings are held in great esteem, too, and the day may be approaching when she will wear the doctor's cap in the church of God, as several of her sex have worn it in the European universities, and wear it now in this country as well.

That woman has her influence and usefulness in the church, therefore, there can be no doubt, no matter how much or how little prominence she is allowed. "I tell you," said a Protestant to me one day, "if it wasn't for the women, Christianity would have disappeared long ago. I know it is so in our churches, and I guess it's the same in yours." I could not refute his assertion, knowing, as I did, that on the average about three-fourths (?) of those who frequent the church services are women, and of the whole number of communions in the year the "devout sex" scores nine-tenths.

Does this prove that women are better than men, or that men will be as few and far between, as uncomfortable and ill at ease, in heaven as they are in the church? It does not. It simply proves that the church's continued existence and endurance are mainly owing to woman, and that man's judgment will be held on matters concerning that department of duty for which he has been formed and is specially responsible. It is no more anomalous that woman's province should be the preservation of religion and morality than that she should be, as she is, the guardian of the home.

Dr. Brownson defended society for punishing the sin of unchastity more severely in the woman than in the man, saying that this was her particular care, and she was to be held responsible, just as man is accountable for the public welfare, for the maintenance of the family, for business honesty and social order, although it may be and is often true that "the woman tempted" him, and was the occasion of his disloyalty to duty and to God. In like manner the woman is made answerable for that other vitally important department in which the domestic virtues and the good of society are so deeply involved, even though the other sex be a partner in her guilt.

But I shall be told the men saints would have preserved the church. I say that the saints were started on that road by their mothers, and I say, too, that every saint—that is, every perfect man—is half a woman. Mankind comprises the two sexes.

Some even imagine that "in the beginning" there was but one bi-sexual individual. At any rate it is true that he who shows only manly qualities only represents one-half the entire human, and she who is all heart and sentiment is an imperfect and partial type of humanity. Look at the men saints, and you will find the man's head and the woman's heart, too. Consider St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Francis of Sales. Run over the whole list. Then take up St. Catherine of Siena, St. Teresa, St. Hedwig. Think at last of the gentle heart of Jesus, and remember how Mary *stood* at the cross' foot. I am told that in the Irish language a "man and wife" is expressed by a "complete man," just as we talk about the "better half."

> "As unto the bow the cord is,
> So unto the man is woman;
> Though she bends him, she obeys him,
> Though she draws him, yet she follows—
> Useless each without the other."—*Hiawatha.*

The question is not, therefore, whether woman is useful, is needed in the church, but merely where it is expedient here and now to utilize still farther her devotion and ability. In London I saw women pew-openers who did very well—indeed, probably better than men of the same social standing. In old times they had deaconesses to care for the female converts, dress them at baptism, etc., and perform those important duties towards their own sex and ours which a priest cannot decently nor even properly fulfil. No priestly residence or convent, as a rule, is neat and clean if the woman's hand have not touched it; no patient is properly cared for, be he priest or layman, unless the hand of a woman smoothes his pillow. No Sunday-school nor day-school for boys under fourteen is (practically) as well taught by men as it is by women. I appeal to general experience.

St. Paul's decision must be interpreted, therefore, in the light of our nineteenth-century experience and with proper regard to the present elevated condition of a sex that in his day was perhaps in a state of greater or less legal, social, and ecclesiastical inferiority. The word of God had not yet worked its effect, the world had not yet learned that in Christ there is "neither male nor female," just as there is "neither bond nor free" (Galatians iii. 28).

Woman is advancing. Some time ago certain Englishwomen joining the Primrose League were rebuked by the Bishop of Nottingham. One of them answered his strictures and defended her conduct in the columns of the press, nor did that no-

ble representative of the magnificent episcopate of England think it beneath him to reply and in those same columns to maintain his position. Finally the case went to Rome and was decided in favor of the women. Our own "Sorosis" was so pleased with this that they wrote a letter of acknowledgment to Pope Leo, beginning (in their republican innocence) by calling His Holiness "*Reverend Sir.*"

Woman is advancing. In the State of New York there have been women on the Board of Charities for some years, no doubt to the vast advantage of the poor. What a marvel, indeed, when you think of it, that the heart of mankind, represented by woman, was until quite lately excluded from that department which most needed the heart—that is, from the care of the poor and weak! What a wonder, when you reflect on it, that there are prison boards yet without a woman on them, although so many unfortunate women are in the prisons! What a surprise, when you look into it, that while more than half the school-children of New York are of the female sex, and about ninety-five per cent. of the teachers, yet it is only a year or two since women were admitted to the Board of Education! It is noteworthy that a Catholic mayor made the appointment.

Woman is advancing, taking degrees in medicine and even in law, while preachers of the sex are not unknown. An American girl took the doctor's cap lately in Paris with great distinction, and our convent schools will probably soon send on candidates, for they are rapidly abandoning the old "32-hand" piano exhibition which twenty years ago represented most of the work a graduate had gone over.

Leo XIII. seems to favor the advance of woman, and is about to publish a brief instituting an order of knighthood (no less), to be called the "Matrons of the Holy Sepulchre," and to be composed of the women who will have deserved well of the Holy See.

Let us leave the sacerdotal office out of the question for the present, as the Catholic priesthood is a thing quite supernatural and apart, and ask the question, Why is it that if God in nature places a woman with a man at the head of each family, there should not be a woman, too, with the man at the head of every institution which includes within it members of each sex? Why should not women be found in part control of every school, factory, prison, hospital, municipality, and state? Why, indeed? The more we repeat the question the harder it becomes to answer.

I know that man seems to be the higher animal. He excels in beauty, in eloquence, in music, in poetry, in art, in architecture, nay, even in dress-making and in cooking (the greatest woman's college in the country has men for its two superior cooks, and its finest graduation dresses are designed and made by men); but, for all that, man needs woman's counsel, not only for the proper training of children, but also for the government and care of one-half of the inmates of every institution, as well as of the citizens in general. It is absurd to govern society by the head alone; the heart is necessary, nay, perhaps often more so than the head; but the heart is woman's specialty; therefore it is absurd to govern society without woman's having a share in the administration.

They say that a queen's government is better than that of a king for the reason that she advises with chosen men, while he rules alone. But if this abstract reasoning does not convince you, look at the institutions founded, built, and carried on by women—the Foundling Asylum, for instance, and the various other benevolent houses in New York; the four hundred refuges for the aged established all over the world during a period of only fifty years by those martyrs of Christ's love, the Little Sisters of the Poor.

However, you may answer: Man has some heart too, and can dispense with woman. Very well; so has woman some head. Does this prove that she can do without man?

[The conclusion I wish to draw is that woman should be associated with man in the management of society generally.]

But you will say, Surely you don't want her to enter the political department.

I think that women who own property and pay taxes have a natural (naturally, reasonably) right to vote. So widows with minor children. The interests of such citizens are so nearly concerned that it is not only their right but their duty to devote some thought to public affairs; and as every one as a rule looks out for himself and tries to make his own burden as light as possible, they and those dependent on them will inevitably suffer unless they take positive part in politics, to the extent at least of preventing their neighbor shifting his taxes onto them. For the same reason married women have a natural right to vote for school officers. Don't we all know that it is the mother who selects the school and the church too, and that the father "leaves it all to the mother," as he says in self-excuse?

Indeed, a slight following up of this argument would give the

result that women should vote for prison officials, almshouse-keepers, judges, supervisors—in fact, for all public officers, for governors, senators, and presidential electors. Have not women an interest in the welfare of the country in general as great as that of men? Have they not a personal concern in all the institutions for the administration of justice, prevention and correction of crime, care of sickness and old age, licensing of saloons, gambling-houses, and other nameless establishments?

But men can take care of all these things.

(1) This argument would prove that we don't need the suffrage at all, because a monarch or an aristocracy could attend to our government for us. Indeed, I feel quite sure that the present office-holders are of opinion that it would be much better to let them remain in their places, and let the people give themselves no more concern about matters foreign or domestic—have no more elections, in fact.

(2) I deny that men can judge and decide competently regarding matters that concern women, or even children; can fairly estimate their guilt when arraigned for crime; can enact suitable rules for their discipline in prison or at school.

But you will draw woman out of her sphere.

(1) The question is as to the due extent of woman's sphere. Society now recognizes a great enlargement in it. In old times, indeed until very recently, a man and his wife were one only person before the law, to the extent that not only was no deed of hers valid without her husband's assent, but practically she could hold no property at all in her private right, and had no defence against a partner who might be a spendthrift or a drunkard. This has all been changed.

Many States permit women to vote either on certain issues or on every question, and in New York the women are not only represented on the Boards of Charities and of Education, but there is now a project of law enabling the governor to appoint eight women inspectors of factories. Don't you think most of this change is in the right direction?

(2) I admit that woman's sphere is the home, but this regards married women chiefly. Besides, it is precisely because woman must guard her home that I claim for her the right to vote at least on matters intrinsically, or closely though extrinsically, connected with that home, such, for instance, as questions of house taxation, public cleanliness, school affairs, licensing of saloons, etc.

(3) The distinction between the sexes from a mental and moral

point of view is not so marked and extreme but that frequently (if I may be allowed a saying less elegant than forcible) "the gray mare is the better horse."

Woman must often leave her "sphere," either because she is a widow, or otherwise thrown on her own resources, or because she is indeed the "better half" of the matrimonial firm, and has a husband who cannot or who will not do his duty as a citizen. There are manly women in a good sense of the epithet, as there are womanly men, to use the term as the Indians do when they call a warrior a "woman." These women can and must assume the position vacated by the husband, and often do so nobly, and without falling from the respect peculiarly due their sex. Why should not such women's right to vote be acknowledged? Let us trust the instincts of sex. When the husband does his duty his wife will be delighted to honor him as the stronger vessel, and, busying herself with domestic matters, will gladly leave others to him, not omitting, however, to influence his vote as far as her often superior insight enables her to do.

(4) It is every man's duty to vote, a duty that presses at times more seriously than at others. Many men neglect this duty almost entirely, to the injury of society and of their own souls. Why not let the women with virile souls make up by their efforts as citizens for the lazy cowardice of those men?

(5) I find by experience that society is, as a rule, purer and better where men and women live, move, and work together. Men, especially, degenerate, and in fact lose all civilization, where the gentle, refining influence of woman is wanting. Don't you think that politics would lose most of that which now makes it repulsive to many men, even, if their wives took some share in it? See the effect of woman's presence on the German beer-garden, and contrast it with those "bars" in which no woman is ever seen. Is it not a woman's sphere to soften the wild, rough ways of society, as far, at least, as she may without actual detriment to her special duties?

The question is often asked: Should woman be allowed to vote? It seems to me it ought to be put: Should women vote? Because I never understood on what solid ground society could prevent women voting. It seems to me that not only the head of every family has a right to vote, but every individual also that is emancipated from paternal control, and is of an age declared sufficient, for it is evident some limit as to age must be fixed by positive law. But I do not see any reason why a woman of legal age should not be acknowledged to have

the same right as a man in this matter. As to the rough, disreputable, often filthy surroundings of the ballot-box, these can easily be remedied by hiring a suitable hall, keeping proper discipline, and adopting the so-called *Australian System.* Many men of intelligence and refinement, whose influence is very much needed in our elections, are kept away from the polls by their present objectionable surroundings, and will do their share for good government if things are improved. And the presence of women will keep the polls clean once they are made so.

Let them vote, then, if they will. There is something unconstitutional and un-American in the very thought of preventing them from doing so, while, not to speak of the mothers, the great army of teachers who give our boys their first ideas of civil government is composed mainly of women.

To quote once more the journal already mentioned:

"We know no reason, considering sex only, why women should not vote. Lord Salisbury, the Tory leader, has pronounced for woman suffrage. There is a majority of the House of Commons in favor of it, so it will probably come this Parliament. The Tories are supposed to be always whining for a yesterday, but they will break new ground when public morality and social order require this. We trust the bill will provide that no person *shall be penalized and kept outside the pale of the constitution* on account of sex. As it is, if the property, in virtue of which the vote is claimed, stands in the name of the wife, she will vote; if in the name of the husband, he will vote. This will be merely carrying out logically the principles of the Married Women's Property Act, which has at last so effectually safe-guarded the property of a wife against the fingers of her husband. Meanwhile, we notice that Signor Crispi has just declared against female suffrage for Italy. This is as it should be. It would be a serious pity if this *great onward step in the progress of mankind* were to be tried rashly by any novices in freedom" (*Tablet*, London, December 8, 1888).

The words of the English prime minister were addressed to the members of the Primrose League, to which allusion has been made above, and are to the effect that "the influence of women is likely to weigh in a direction which in an age so material as ours is exceedingly valuable—namely, in the direction of morality and religion—as not only representing a fact in the past, but as enshrining a policy for the future"; and he "earnestly hoped that the day is not far distant when women will bear their share in voting for members in the political world, and in determining the policy of the country."

There appears to be a great deal of sound sense in all this. Is England going to lead us in taking this "great onward step in the progress of mankind"?

EDW. MCSWEENY, D.D.

A MARSH-MARIGOLD.

SEDGE and rushes everywhere—a land of sedge and rushes. A wild stretch of bog country, whose glimmering pools caught the blue of the sky; yellow flag-lilies, tall amid their long leaves; the sea within hearing breaking on a treacherous ridge of hidden rock; the sea-gulls wheeling and crying; all the place golden with June light, and backed by a cone-shaped mountain, whose eastern side was always dark once the sun rose high in the heavens. An uncertain place, this bog-land, where one might put his foot on a plot of velvety green or brown, to sink ankle-deep in water.

That, however, was a mistake for a chance visitor to make. Lance, otherwise Launcelot, Armstrong knew the place well; it was his fourth season to come shooting here, and the red-and-white cattle themselves did not know better how to keep to the solid causeways which traversed the bog than he did. He had discovered this corner of the world almost by accident. The first year he had come with his chum, Jim Revere, and they had been lodged royally by the postmistress of Raheen, Mrs. Murphy, over whose thatched cottage the roses clambered with the yellow jessamine and the blue passion-flower. Their bedrooms were up in the roof, and in the elm outside a thrush had reared her brood. The fare their hostess gave them was, if the truth must be told, a little monotonous, but hungry young men coming home from a long day's fishing or shooting were not likely to quarrel with golden and white eggs on rosy bacon, with home-made bread and sweet, fresh butter, with tea and cream, and honey from the hives outside the window. Jim Revere was a busy man now, having taken upon himself the burden of a wife, so he only returned here at intervals, running down for a day and a night sometimes to keep his friend company in Arcadia.

He knew more about Lance Armstrong than any one else did. Perhaps he was the only one who knew of the young man's strange and unreasonable discontent with his lot. To be the nephew of a bachelor uncle with £10,000 a year and an estate is not a bad thing, and Lance Armstrong had other advantages to boot. He was a big, brown young man, with honest gray eyes and a face full of energy and capacity. He was very popular in society, liked immensely by men, as he had

been by his fellows at school and college, and also by women, at least by those whose liking was worth having. He himself had a very kindly heart to all God's creatures; children and dogs instinctively made friends with him; servants adored him; even his gouty old uncle, Sir Andrew, was a little less irate with him than with other people. That may have been for a certain tender considerateness he had for old or ailing people, being part of his chivalry to the weak and delicate. I have said nearly all women liked him; he was not very much of a drawing-room man, and was scarcely ever known to say a gallant thing, but any woman who was capable of feeling could not but be conscious of the honor he rendered her sex. He had strange and unfashionable views about women; he was as deferential to a faded spinster or a dowager as to the young beauty of the season; and for men who spoke lightly of women or trifled with them he had a great-hearted contempt. "Why, my God!" he said one time, hearing of a man who had played fast-and-loose with a woman, "I would as soon hurt a child." And though the men who heard him smiled, they did not like him the less for it.

Yet he was discontented. A physiognomist would have told you why. With his brawny frame and his brave heart, his clear brain and his large, capable hands, Lance Armstrong was cut out for one of the pioneers of the world; he should have been opening new countries and exploring pathless wastes; making roads and laying down railways where the white foot had never trodden before; and here he was, living in inglorious ease and letting all his faculties run to rust. He had gone through the form of being called to the bar, which he need not have done, but it was some outlet for his superabundant energies. And he had learned a good deal of engineering and kindred subjects.

So the years had gone, and he was now twenty-eight, four years older than when he had first seen Sheila Donovan leisurely following her father's cows home from the bog, with a book under her arm and Trusty, the sheep-dog, by her side, for the cows needed none to drive them home for the milking. She was a slender child of sixteen then, in straight dresses and a pinafore, with heavy boots, and a hideous, brown holland sunshade obscuring her pretty head. Lance, coming down the causeway, had stopped to ask her some question; under the tilted sun bonnet he could only see a pretty white chin and a red mouth, but as she looked up to answer him she showed him the bluest pair of eyes he had ever seen. "By Jove!" he said to himself "what

blue eyes the child has!" She answered him intelligently, and with a certain grave self-possession which no little lady could have bettered, and then went on her way. After that who shall say how the unequal friendship grew?—only every day both were in the bog-lands, the only human creatures who were there, where the loneliness was made more profound by the cry of the curlew and the pipe of the plover. It somehow seemed quite natural that when he crossed the little cowherd's path he should stop to speak to her. Then an interest sprang up, dating, perhaps, from the day he took the tattered volume from under her arm to find it was poetry, of all things in the world. She did not confine her reading to that; she had some old-fashioned romances and books of travel—very saw-dust on which to feed the eager brain and imagination, but colored, perhaps, by her own thoughts. She went to school to the nuns every day, and only came of afternoons to the bog. They had taught her to read and write and sew, and from association with them she had no doubt acquired that manner like a little lady's which had surprised him so much. Having found out this taste of hers for reading, he good-naturedly ransacked his store at his lodgings—mainly engineering books and treatises on the physical sciences, with the merest sprinkling of more entertaining literature. He selected a few books for her from those, rejecting some with a certain simple conscientiousness; he was as careful for this peasant child as if she were his own little sister. Then on his next run up to Dublin he provided himself with a larger assortment, and when she had read them, devouring them with passionate delight and eagerness, they discussed them together. Soon he found his way to the farm-house, and came to be received there on the same footing of respectful friendship as that which the little girl gravely accorded him.

The house was more picturesque than Irish farm-houses usually are. It was low and thatched, with dark little rooms, but a noble kitchen. Outside there was an orchard at one side of the house, with a sanded path running by the windows; and monthly-rose bushes, bearing their fragrant burden all the year, grew against the white wall. The other side of the house looked into the farm-yard, not a model of tidiness by any means, but picturesque with its warm, golden stacks against old elm and beech-trees, and its confusion of wandering kine and pigs and poultry.

Tom Donovan Armstrong found to be as interesting as his daughter, a splendid old fellow endowed with that nobility which somehow seems not unfit for one who has lived all his

days face to face with nature. He was a big, burly old man, with a beautifully clear-cut face and large blue eyes; such a face could scarcely have belonged to a peasant of any other country in the world; only be it remembered that here in Ireland it is the genuine old Celtic blood which runs in the veins of the peasantry. Your ploughman may be the descendant of kings, while your lord of the manor is very probably the son of a line of shop-keepers.

However, Tom Donovan's face was exceptional as the man was exceptional. His wide brows spoke truly of the clear sense behind them. He had used it well, for, despite all difficulties, he was far more solvent than his brother-farmers; not wealthy, though; that would be too much to expect of an Irish farmer. He had one advantage over his fellows. Mr. Munroe, the Scotch agent on the estate, was himself an enthusiastic farmer, and not a bad fellow, despite his hard-headedness, and in Tom Donovan he found the one Irish farmer of his experience who had any idea of new methods, and was sufficiently in touch with the times to use them. Your farmer is a person of slow growth and little imagination, and very distrustful of new things, so that it happens that farming even in its most advanced shape has as yet scarcely emerged from the night of barbarism. But Tom Donovan's revolutionary tendencies made a friend of the agent for him, and he got a good deal of advice and assistance from him, and he read the new agricultural treatises and manured his land, and spent his hard-earned money in the purchase of the best implements and the best seed, till, as he said himself, there wasn't a bonnier farm to be found in Ireland, let alone England, for Tom had a poor opinion of English soil. He was perhaps a little too advanced for his wife, a ruddy, comfortable, bustling house-mother, with none of that distinctiveness from her class which marked the father and daughter. However, she was an excellent farmer's wife, and made the goldenest butter in the county, while she was an authority on all that relates to pigs and poultry, calf-rearing and churning, though in a difficulty she was not averse to calling in the aid of "the fairy-man" with his magic spells, a person for whom Tom had the profoundest contempt.

These made up the component parts of the household in which, as the summers went by, Lance Armstrong found himself year after year more warmly regarded. He would sit in the long summer evenings out-of-doors with the farmer, both men pulling at their pipes, and the elder pouring out stories with

which his mind seemed endlessly supplied ; now the old bardic stories, again some tragic tale of the Irish Rebellion, which in those hills above had fought out its death-struggle. Or it would be by the warm hearthstone in winter, with the turf fire smouldering, its darkness lit here and there by a little train of red light. And afterwards Armstrong was not too proud to share the family supper of bacon and eggs and floury potatoes, with creamy milk, and a little whiskey and water for the men. Indeed, no thought of pride ever entered into his intercourse with the Donovans. He grew to have a very warm affection for the old man, and a great belief in his wisdom—a simple wisdom which sprang as much from single honesty of intention as from clearness of mind. Indeed, very difficult problems of life and conduct would this young university man propound to the old farmer, and he seldom failed to find light from a nature which had no complexities.

As for Sheila, Mr. Armstrong came to be identified to her with all the pleasant things of her growing girlhood. Association with a gentleman, a gentleman at heart as well as outwardly, did much to ripen the work the nuns had begun. And it was easy for little Sheila to be a lady. The daughter and only child of a man whom nature had made gentle, and of a woman who was honest and good and who would not let the winds of heaven blow too roughly on her nestling, the child had known little but gentlehood in as much of her life as was not solitary. From Lance Armstrong came the contents of the well-filled book-shelves in her bedroom in the sloping thatch ; her writing-desk was his present on one of her birthdays ; the photographs and pictures which made her retreat like a lady's room he had brought her from time to time. Her parents had no misgiving at all about the friendship, nor had Father Matt, the parish priest who had christened her, and knew every thought of her innocent heart. Armstrong was able nearly always to impress his own honesty upon the minds of others, he was so trustworthy.

Sheila was not spoiled for her own life by all this. She had grown into a tall, handsome girl with a clear skin and a profusion of silky yellow hair, which she wore coiled into ropes at the back of her head ; she had a sweet, red-lipped mouth, and a mouthful of small, milky teeth which gave her an innocent, babyish look when she smiled ; her eyes had never lost their convolvulus-blue, and were as candid as a child's eyes. Altogether she was as fresh and sweet as May, and her sunny temper

suited her looks. Perhaps it was the strong vein of common sense inherited from her mother which kept her from growing above the level of her everyday life. Because she read Shakspere and Tennyson was no reason why she should not milk a cow, and she superintended the morning and evening milking, and looked after the churning and made the butter. If she were the veriest coquette she could not have chosen to look to better advantage than she did when sometimes Lance Armstrong came in to beg for a drink of fresh buttermilk, to find her in her lilac print, fresh and fair as the morning, lifting with her beautiful, bare young arms the golden butter from the foamy milk. But she had no coquetries and no consciousness. When the weeks of Mr. Armstrong's summer visit were over she felt a little lonely and out of sorts, but scarcely more than her father did; they all missed him, even to Trusty, who would run barking a joyous welcome to the door when a footstep sounded far off, only to be disappointed. And it was a real disappointment to them all that summer. Mr. Armstrong suddenly made up his mind to a walking tour in Germany instead of his annual visit to Raheen; only he dropped in on them one golden August day, and made up by staying till the days were getting cold. But at all times Sheila made the sunshine of the house, as Tom said in tender compliment. The flowers were not gone, nor the summer sun, and the lark had not ceased to sing, while there was her bright head and face flashing from room to room, and her high young voice ringing as she sang at her work.

This year it was "the sweet o' the year" when their friend came with delightful unexpectedness, for he had not written for some time. It was early June, and the hawthorn hedges were white with bloom and the fields all golden and white with buttercups and daisies. The birds were singing as he emerged from the bog-land into a leafy lane, and the air was full of that penetrating fragrance which comes for just the halcyon time when spring and summer meet. The farm-house was bathed in a golden quiet when he reached it, with Trusty at the house door asleep in the sun, and the pigeons strutting about, and the sleepy fowl uttering that querulous cry which seems to me to suggest summer afternoon, as the corn-crake's croak suggests summer night, more intimately than any other sound. The red-tiled kitchen had its glowing fire despite warm weather, for Mrs. Donovan was ironing, with something less than her usual alacrity be it confessed. She put down the iron and raised her hands at sight of the welcome visitor.

"Glory be to God! Mr. Lance," she said, "and is it yourself? Sure it's Tom will be delighted. He's away at the fair with a couple of springers, but sure he'll be back in time to see you."

In all her excitement the good woman did not fail to notice a certain harassed look which was new to Lance's face, but with the innate Irish good-breeding she did not comment upon it.

"Sheila's out in the orchard," she went on; "'tis she'll be rejoiced out and out. Wait a minute till I send young Ned for her."

But Lance would not hear of a messenger, he would go himself; and the good woman was not altogether sorry, for there was the tea to be got ready, with the addition of such dainties as the presence of so welcome a guest suggested.

Sheila in the orchard, amid light and shadow from the apple-boughs, sprang up joyously when she saw him coming, with a little happy cry, and the fires of gladness coming and going in her pure cheeks. She caught at his two hands in frank delight, and stood facing him, too pleased to speak. He was as glad as she was, and the troubled look had fled from his face before the sunshine of her smile. They sat them down on the little stone seat ringing the apple-tree, amid the débris of household linen Sheila had been mending, or dreaming over, as that knowing-eyed blackbird on the apple-bough could have told. For a little while question and answer followed each other swiftly; then there came a pause, and Armstrong spoke.

"I have been troubled, little one," he said, "and am still troubled. My uncle has been staying at Cheltenham, and has found a wife for me; so he says. She is an English lady, an heiress, and a fashionable belle. I have not seen her, but I have no doubt she would suit me as ill as I should suit her. Of course she knows nothing of this, and I have no reason to suppose I should be an acceptable suitor, but the old man has had her invited to stay at my aunt's house, where she comes shortly, and insists that I shall try my luck. We have had hot words about it, and he even threatens me with disinheritance if I refuse to obey. I do not know what to do, for in his way he has been good to me."

Sheila had gone a little white and the sparkle had died out of her face. She tried to answer him, but somehow the words would not come. Looking at her a new light came to him, a light for both their lives, as it seemed.

"Dear," he said again, as wistfully and tenderly as if he were speaking to a child—to him, despite her strong, fair young womanhood, she was like a child—"dear, what if you and I were to

care for each other and defy the world? I am young and strong, and well able to fight the world for myself and my wife. Dear, will you give yourself to me?"

The desire for her seemed to come with his words, words he never thought to have uttered. Till she lifted her eyes and he saw love in them he had never dreamed of loving her, but perhaps it had lain in both hearts unsuspected all the time. Certainly he felt as ardent as any lover might. She did not answer him, but with one swift, glad, incredulous look hid her face against his arm, and kept it there. He waited patiently till she should look up; once he would have put his arm about her, but she clung to her old position, as if she were frightened. At last she looked at him, and her wide eyes under their innocent lids had pain and courage in their gaze. She spoke almost in a whisper.

"You are good to love me," she said, "and if it will not hurt you I am very glad. But oh! you put too much upon me. I am an ignorant, untried girl, and you ask me to accept this sacrifice for my sake. Oh! I could not do it. How do I know that afterwards I should satisfy you? I am not of your world, and some day you might think I had cost you too much. You must go away and forget that you have said wild things, and Sheila Donovan will never remind you of them."

He laughed a pleasant laugh of gladness and incredulity.

"Why, my love," he said, "this is folly. The only answer of yours which could send me away would be if you were to say, 'Mr. Armstrong, I do not love you,' but you will not say that; you will say instead, "I love you, Lance,' will you not, my dear one? And you will trust your life to me?"

He had his strong arms around her, but she drew back from his embrace and pushed him away from her with her two hands against his breast.

"I cannot say it," she said; "how do I know? It is all far too sudden. You must go away from me, and leave me free as I leave you free. I think you will marry this lady your uncle has chosen for you. It would be far better."

All his protestations could not move her from this. If he was strong, she was stronger, and she forced him to her will. In the end he was almost angry, but he could do nothing only accept his sentence of banishment. Then Tom arrived on the scene inopportunely, and Lance had the last word.

"Very well, then," he said, "but this is not final. I will leave this to-morrow morning, but I will come at Christmas for my answer. Till then I will not try to communicate with you;

six months' silence and absence will test both of us sufficiently. May I come at Christmas?"

"You may come," she said, "but remember I shall not look for you."

It was only when he had gone that Sheila realized her full loneliness. There were the endless months of the summer to be gone through, the lonely long evenings, when the wash of the sea in the distance and the flood of pale evening sunshine on the fields made one long so hopelessly for dear human companionship. Sheila had said truly that she should not expect him to return; by some subtle feminine intuition she had recognized that his wooing was due to a momentary impulse; sometimes she said to herself, with burning cheeks, that it was only because he had discovered her love. At such times she would turn suddenly angry against him, a woman's mood towards a man she loves well, a strange resentment against him who takes so much from her; but this would pass and be succeeded by a hopeless longing for him, and an aching doubt of the wisdom of what she had done. She felt sometimes that she could complete his life as no other woman could; she knew that God had given her good gifts, and that in everything except this poor accident of birth she was his equal, yet she had sent him away. Such thoughts tortured her to exhaustion, till she was content to sit in the twilight, in that sad summer time when the birds have ceased to sing and the world is parched, and let her sad thoughts go flying away, her sad eyes following them, to the city where he was. Then the nights were so hot and breathless, when one lay awake looking through the thick dark, and thinking, thinking, and the scent of the woodbine seemed too heavy and sweet. After such a night Sheila would rise unrefreshed, so it was no wonder that presently her roses began to fade.

Tom was not too busy with his harvest to notice this, and how her step was not so light, and she had left off singing. He spoke to the mother about it, but the good woman was not alarmed; girls were full of whims and fancies, she said, and it was better not to mind. But she took some of the daughter's duties upon her own shoulders, and began to make up little dainty things to tempt her failing appetite, all of which Sheila noticed with a dumb, passionate gratitude. Then Tom came to her one evening as she stood listlessly in the garden, which was beginning to be strewn with golden leaves. He looked at her wistfully as she stood plucking a leaf to pieces; he did not know

how to approach his subject. He had a proposal to make, and at last he came out with it. The mother and he had been thinking that she might like a change; the country was but dreary at this time of year, and they had a little money to spare, and wouldn't she like to have a few weeks with her Aunt Maria in Dublin, and have some gayeties before the winter closed in on them? All this with much beating about the bush, for Tom wanted to be very delicate with his little girl. He was not prepared, however, for the effect of his proposal. Sheila suddenly burst out crying and flung her arms about his neck.

"You darling," she said, "you darling! No, I won't go to Aunt Maria's; I am never so well off anywhere as with you and the darling mother. I have been wicked and selfish, but that is all done with." And a great many other sweet, inarticulate things she said, with her wet face against his white hair.

She did pluck up after that, and the old couple were comforted. And one day there came to the farm a pretty walnut-wood piano which Tom had expended some of his savings on for his pet. He did not tell her who had executed his commission, and indeed it was a beautiful piano and wonderfully cheap, and it made Sheila quite happy for the time. As she sat at it, rattling out "Planxty Kelly," or "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," or "Miss McLeod's Reel," for her father's delight, the old man congratulated himself upon the happy thought of writing to Mr. Lance to ask him to select a piano, and enjoyed the rollicking music to his heart's content.

Sheila was doing her best for his sake and her mother's to live down her trouble. She took to working with feverish energy, and in the intervals when household work was forbidden she took up studies laid aside—German, of which Lance had taught her something, and her music, long neglected in the absence of a piano—anything so that she need not sit and dream. By degrees something of her old brightness came back to her. Even a little delicate flower of hope began to bud in her heart. What day of the wet autumn days it first put forth its untimely head she knew not; she only knew it came there uninvited, and flourished despite her lack of encouragement. She was afraid of it, afraid of the sweetness of it which haunted her through the cold weather, giving her little glad, unreasonable thrills of hope when Christmas was mentioned casually, and she sat with her eyes down on the stockings she was darning and tried to chain her eager young thoughts to them.

No word came of Lance at all through the winter, no word even

to Tom. It was the absence of news made Sheila hope; if he were married, if he were like to be, they certainly would have heard. So the days went by uneventfully. She had her moods of sadness and discouragement, too, days when the November woods were sodden and hopeless, and the ragged chrysanthemums flapped their drenched heads against the window-pane, and it seemed to her that life was over for her as well as for those inanimate things. She was slow to give herself up to sweetness; there were days when she almost convinced herself that if he came again she must again send him from her; you see, pride and consciousness, both very strong in her, were taking sides against her poor little heart. So, in such alternations of feeling, the time went round to Christmas.

A snowy Christmas it proved to be—not a lovely Christmas, with the snow an accomplished fact and frosty skies reddening at evening across a white world, but draggle-tailed weather, with drifting showers of snow which changed to mud as soon as it touched earth. The hours of the Christmas eve dragged along somehow. Sheila went through her daily round in an automatic way; it was a great day of cooking and cleaning and general adornment. Sheila did her share, concealing well the painful excitement which at every sound set her heart to beating so that it deafened her, but the day brought no visitor and no message. Towards evening, and when the place was shining, the girl's heart and courage failed her; she went up to her bedroom in the thatch and lay down on her bed, turning her face to the wall with a feeling that the world was over with her. She lay staring fixedly at the moonlight, till her mother came stealing in to see if she slept, and then as the tender, homely face, which had never looked at her with anything but love, was bent down to kiss her, she sat up and laid her head with a gesture of weariness on that kind breast. The mother just rocked her to and fro, crooning soft words, and then laid her down on the pillow, comforting her till she slept, but of the cause of her trouble she would not speak. Tom and the mother could come to no conclusion about it; they had heavy hearts that night for their lamb.

The next day, Mass being over, Sheila was excused from service, her heavy eyes being cause enough. In the best parlor there was a pleasant fire of turf, and the pictures wreathed with holly and ivy, and the corner cupboard with its store of ancient china, shone pleasantly in the firelight. The short day was half over, and it had begun to grow dusk in the room; it was a

dreary day, with the same monotonous, silent falling of half-melted snow. Sheila had sat down on the rug, with Trusty beside her, his head in her lap ; he was old and feeble now, poor Trusty ! Some one who opened the door and came in noiselessly felt the full beauty of the little group, the girl with her wistful young face illumined by the firelight, one little round wrist and hand propping the golden head. But even more swiftly he noticed, for it was Lance, the dimming of her roses, the little pathetic droop of the patient figure. Almost before she knew he had come he had his arms about her and was saying with a fierce tenderness:

"Child, what have you done to yourself? I felt that you were trying me sorely, but, like a selfish brute, I never thought that you were trying yourself."

"Oh!" she said, looking at him as if she never could look enough, "you have come back after all."

Manlike, he was indignant with her for even supposing he would not come ; he had known so surely all along that he was coming, but she—she had not known, being a woman and condemned to silence and inaction. She was very glad now just to be quiet in his love, and to let him take everything in his own hands. Before he told her what had happened to him in those months he bound her to him, taking from his pocket his mother's engagement ring, with its heart of diamonds and pearls, and slipping it on her finger. She was only conscious of how good it was to be mastered in this imperious fashion. Then, holding her hands and stroking back her hair, he told her that she was to marry a poor man, for poor, perverse old Sir Andrew, indignant because his heir had not carried off the English lady, had married himself, proposing in a moment of heat to a buxom widow lady who was little likely to permit his recantation. And he was already a Benedict of a month's standing. But Lance, though he had his few hundreds a year of income, which to those simple people he desired to make his own seemed riches, was fallen from his high estate, for his uncle's property was not entailed, and if it were, the new Lady Armstrong was quite young enough to make other contingencies possible. So he had decided to take his fortunes in his own hands, and go out to South Africa, with a present intention of ostrich-farming, but with an idea of a future of more adventurous things.

For a dispossessed prince he was wonderfully elated ; he was rather like a man who had escaped from galling poverty to riches than one who had lost wealth and position. Now that he

had won his love, he seemed to have no more left to wish for; the one drop of bitterness in his cup might be perhaps his estrangement from his uncle, but he was too glad for the moment to be able to think of it. And Sheila, she could only listen to all his outpourings, and the plans for the new life with which his brain swarmed, and wonder if this beautiful world was the same gray, drenched place she had known this morning, or whether, perhaps, it might not be a dream from which she would waken too soon. So she sat there, silent from happiness, in the great chair where he had placed her, with her cheek against his arm, and her eyes shy and glad.

Tom, coming in for his Christmas dinner, was surprised to find his capable helpmate in her chair in the corner of the kitchen with her apron over her head, crying, and was not a little alarmed till he heard the cause. Then he was glad and sorry all at once, for Lance had found time before seeing his sweetheart to tell her mother something of how his affairs stood, and the old man knew his little girl would be going very far away from him. However, he was too unselfish, as was her mother, to let any cloud of sorrow darken the happiness of the lovers when they came out from the parlor, Sheila very blushing and shy, but Lance walking proudly and with a gladder light in his eyes than any one had ever seen there before.

So at Shrovetide they were married and went off to the Transvaal. I won't sadden their story by telling how the old people mourned in secret for the child they scarcely ever hoped to see again. But the gladdest and happiest thing of all was that after five years, Sir Andrew being dead and his childless widow settled with a handsome jointure, Sir Launcelot was sent for and came home to take up the property his uncle had left him to support the title. And the new baronet was as brown as a berry, and bigger and brawnier than ever, with hands roughened by toil and a voice louder than one often hears in drawing-rooms, but picturesque, said the young ladies, who were greatly taken with his manliness. As for Sheila, the vague rumors about her birth faded into thin air before the sight of the stately young creature she had grown into, and *so* well dressed, for the dowager Lady Armstrong, who was a good soul, had made friends with the young couple and been enraptured with Sheila's possibilities, and had assisted her in all the minor details of dress in which the girl's own good taste could not have helped her. She made a *fureur* wherever she went, not only in Dublin but in London, where a great artist painted her with her beautiful boy

in her arms, like a Sir Joshua Reynolds portrait. And Lance had plenty to do even for his superabundant energies, with estates in the two countries to manage on which nothing had been done for years, and where things were sadly in need of setting to rights. He was a revolutionary landlord and respected his tenants' rights, and so ordered the relations between them and him that when the troubled times came he was perfectly at peace; those measures cost him much popularity with his fellow-landlords, at least in Ireland, for the time, but events proved his wisdom. And he went into Parliament, and altogether led a very busy and honorable life; yet, would it be believed? always claimed as the happiest days of his life those toiling ones under a South African sun. And Tom and Mrs. Donovan had the Home Farm on the Irish estate, from whence Tom commanded things generally in his son-in-law's absence. Even to be near Sheila would not induce them to live in England, but Tom found his way over once for a short time. I have been told that a very great lady was on that occasion heard to express warm admiration for Lady Armstrong's father, for his distinction of bearing and feature, his silvery locks, but above all for "his beautiful manners."

KATHARINE TYNAN.

TO A ROSE IN JUNE.

(*A Rondeau.*)

YOU mystic rose from dainty cell
Made by our God and closèd well,
Until beneath the young moon's light,
When woodbine's perfume filled the night,
You of His goodness came to tell.
To Venus, who in pink-tinged shell
Arose, like you, on earth to dwell,
The Pagans gave you—'twas a blight,
You mystic Rose!

Their poets called you heart's delight,
For you were splendid in their sight,
But, though degraded then you fell,
We now the olden shame dispel:
You're Mary's symbol, red or white,
You mystic Rose!

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE PROGRAMME AND BASIS OF THE ST. CECILIA SOCIETY.

"Temperance, with golden square,
Betwixt them both can measure out a mean."—*Shakspere.*

THE topic of church music seems to occupy more and more the attention of those who by virtue of their ecclesiastical office are interested in its cultivation and reform. There is at present no art in the service of the Catholic Church which needs so thorough a reform as ecclesiastical music. For in the vast majority of our churches music, both vocal and instrumental, has been so ruthlessly divested of its sacred character that, were it not for the officiating clergy, the altars and pews and pictures, the house of God could not be distinguished from a concert-hall. To stay this rapid decline of sacred music, and to remedy this evil—for an evil it is, and productive of other evils—societies have been formed in various countries on the platform of the ecclesiastical regulations regarding church music. These societies, which are commonly known under the one name of the St. Cecilia Society, have by this time spread and succeeded so far as to exclude the probability of a retrogression, though the antagonistic efforts of their opponents have not yet ceased. But there is every probability that they will cease sooner or later. For, whatever objections to the St. Cecilia Society may be current, they are founded either on want of information or on misunderstandings.

Some say that the Cecilians are too rigorous, approve of nothing but Gregorian chant and a dreary and weary sort of music which drives the people from church. This is an ever old and ever new objection of such as have never experienced the beauty of the music recommended and promoted by the St. Cecilia Society, and of such as have spoiled their taste by feasting their ears upon worldly and sentimental airs even in the house of God. Let the Cecilians have a fair trial, and we shall see how they can draw the people and fill the churches, not indeed with idle pleasure-seekers, but with devout worshippers.

Again, others say that the Cecilians favor only a very limited list of music; they exclude the Gregorian chant—it sounds odd, but I have heard the objection myself—and the masterpieces of our most famous composers. Suffice it to call the attention of such opponents to the programme of the society, as it has been laid down by our late president, the much revered and much

lamented Dr. F. H. Witt (who died December 2, 1888): "It is the task of the St. Cecilia Society to make all the good and suitable church music that has been composed in the *last two thousand years* serviceable to the church." Does that programme seem very limited? It is true the society excludes all so-called church music that disregards the prescriptions of the liturgy, and it does not shrink from stigmatizing as unfit for the church even the works of the greatest musicians, as Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Rossini, Cherubini, and others, inasmuch as they do not abide by the requirements of liturgy. A true Cecilian has never questioned their superiority in *musical art*, but a mass boy can tell their shortcomings in *liturgy*.

The programme and basis of the St. Cecilia Society may be stated as follows: The Cecilian catalogue of to-day contains over one thousand numbers, comprising masses, collections of musical pieces, and theoretical works. The programme, or the mission, of the St. Cecilia Society is to promote the Gregorian chant and to cultivate figured music within the limits drawn by the laws of the church; its basis is the approval and blessing of Rome. Hence it is manifest that the musical programme of the Cecilians is exactly as broad as that of the church, and that it is bounded by the precepts of liturgy and by nothing else.

It may be well to draw those boundary lines in order to enable our readers themselves to judge whether the St. Cecilia Society has ever transgressed them by introducing music against the precepts of the liturgy, or contracted them too closely by excluding music which is in accordance with the liturgy. The following regulations embody the legislation of various councils and the decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites:

1. The church gives her full approval to the Gregorian chant, and wishes it to be taught and practised in schools and seminaries. The Cecilians fully realize this wish of the church, and spare no efforts to have it complied with.

2. The church admits, nay, approves, of such figured music as is composed in the spirit and tonality of the Gregorian chant, principally the Palestrina style. The Cecilians and the most prominent composers in their ranks have always fostered Palestrina's works and imitated his style.

3. The church permits the judicious use of certain musical instruments, and the acquirements of modern musical art, as far as they do not interfere with the sacredness of the house of God and of the august sacrifice of the Mass. Only men of musical ability and good taste, as well as men who have a thorough

knowledge of the liturgy and its requirements, can be relied on to judge whether or not compositions are suitable for the church. The St. Cecilia Society has appointed such judges, whose approval is necessary before any piece of music can receive the society's sanction.

4. The church demands that figured music should be *plain* (cantus sit *gravis*); *devout—i.e.*, expressive of devotion and piety (*pius*); and *befitting the church* (*vere ecclesiasticus*). These demands of the church exclude, therefore, all music that is gay and lascivious; that is to say, the music of the concert-room, theatre, and dancing-hall; all music that causes distraction; and such as may even produce evil thoughts and imaginations in the mind of the hearer. Does the reader doubt that there is any such music? The fathers of the Council of Trent and of all subsequent councils warn us against it. The St. Cecilia Society and its committee of examiners are very careful in preserving their catalogue of music undefiled by such trash.

5. The church demands intelligibility of the sacred words; hence the organ or instrumental accompaniment should be subservient to, and not domineer over, them. Cecilian experts have emphasized this important point in word and example.

6. The church demands that beside the organ no other instruments should be employed, unless the bishop whose duty it is to watch over the decorum of the divine service has previously given his consent. (Nec alia instrumenta musicalia, præter ipsum organum, addantur, nisi prævio consensu episcopi, cuius est decorum cultus sacri custodire.—Cær. Ep. xxviii. 11.) This regulation is new, inasmuch as now the use of musical instruments depends upon the express and previous permission of the bishop of the diocese. Whether or not this permission is to be asked *toties quoties—i.e.*, in every single case—is not clearly stated, though the present practice at Rome favors this interpretation. It is, however, a very wise regulation, since heretofore all sorts of instruments, even the piano, have been indiscriminately employed in Catholic churches. The Cecilians will gladly abide by this decision, since they have always preferred *a capella* singing, or organ to any other instrumental accompaniment.

7. The church has ordained that neither the organ nor any other musical instrument should be used on the Sundays of Advent and Lent, except on the third Sunday of Advent and the fourth of Lent. The St. Cecilia Society has likewise insisted on having this rule carried out to the letter.

8. The church forbids to shorten, transpose, or lengthen the

sacred text by too frequent repetitions. Here one might object that Cecilian composers indulge in various repetitions, and that, if repetitions are permitted at all, it is very hard to draw the proper limits. To this I answer that not every repetition of a sacred text is forbidden, but only such as interrupt the liturgical functions at the altar, or such as emphasize words or passages which are of no prominent meaning, or such as change the meaning of the text entirely. It is true, Cecilian composers make use of repetitions, but they never interfere with the celebrating priest, nor do they employ such uncalled-for repetitions as we find in the masses of Haydn, Mozart, and other masters of musical art, who in the use of the words are guided by the technical structure of composition rather than by the meaning of the text and the liturgical functions at the altar. Herein lies their mistake. They do not accommodate themselves to the liturgy, but they force the liturgy to accommodate itself to them. The statement that the Gregorian chant does not repeat * is not quite correct, or may at least be misunderstood. On Candlemas day the words "Lumen ad revelationem," etc., are repeated five times; on Palm Sunday the antiphons "Pueri Hebræorum," etc., are repeated until the palms are distributed; during the procession on the same Sunday the words "Gloria, laus et honor," etc., are repeated six times. These and many other similar repetitions which are prescribed by the rubrics seem to indicate that repetitions may be employed, provided that the liturgical action be not interrupted and the sacred text remain unimpaired. Such and only such repetitions are admitted by Cecilian composers. Examine their catalogue.

9. The church prescribes that, besides the Ordinary of the Mass, the Introit, Gradual, Alleluia or Tract, Sequence, Offertory, and Communion should be sung "*prout jacet in Missali*," as it is laid down in the Missal. It has always been one of the principal aims of the St. Cecilia Society to increase the number of those choirs which sing everything prescribed by the rubrics.

There are some who, as to the duties of the choir, distinguish between a Solemn High Mass and a Missa Cantata—*i.e.*, a Mass sung by the celebrant without deacon and subdeacon. This distinction is altogether arbitrary and has no foundation whatever. For what reason could there be to dispense partly or entirely with the singing of the choir, while the celebrant is held to sing everything as in a Solemn High Mass? The Sacred Congregation of Rites has never made such a distinction; and in some

* Cfr. CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1888, p. 100.

provincial councils it is expressly stated that in a Missa Cantata the same parts of the Mass are to be chanted as in a Solemn High Mass (Cfr. *Conc. Prov. Milwauchiense*, cap. xiii. 1 : Ut Introitus, Graduale, Offertorium, Communio, nec non Sequentia, quando occurrit, in Missis *cantatis*, et de fortiori in Missis solemnibus cantentur).

10. The church prescribes that the Creed should be sung entirely, and forbids the celebrating priest to continue in the Mass while the choir sings the Creed (Congr. Rit., Dec. 15, 1695).

11. The decrees of various councils and the statutes of several dioceses forbid the admittance of heretics, Jews, and infidels to the choir. Only practical Catholics, who with their hearts believe and in their works show forth what they sing with their mouths (qui, quod ore cantant, corde credunt, operibus comprobant.—Conc. Colon., cap. xx.), are to be admitted to the choir.

12. The church forbids the singing of hymns in the vernacular language during High Mass and Vespers, at Benediction, and before the Blessed Sacrament exposed.* The periodicals of the St. Cecilia Society have time and again called the attention of church choirs to this abuse, while at the same time they have pointed out those occasions when hymns in the vernacular language may be sung.

13. In regard to the different forms of ecclesiastical music the church *approves* of the Gregorian chant, *recommends* polyphonic music *alla* Palestrina, and *permits* modern music, in so far as it is in keeping with the ecclesiastical regulations concerning church music. The Cecilian catalogue of music contains exclusively such music as is either approved or recommended or permitted by ecclesiastical authority.

"A few remarks on this last point may not be out of place, as they are intended to illustrate one of the leading principles of the St. Cecilia Society. That principle may be couched in these words: *In medio stat virtus*—virtue holds the mean. There is at present no dispute about the propriety of the Gregorian chant for divine service. It is decidedly and deservedly *the* music of the church, because it complies most perfectly with the requirements of liturgy, and has been approved at all times by ecclesiastical authority as well as by the most prominent musicians. Some most zealous ecclesiastics have even gone so far as to

* In 1882 the Sacred Congregation of Rites permitted the singing of hymns in the vernacular before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, adding, however, that this allowance is not to be extended to the Te Deum or any other liturgical prayers (Wapelhorst's *Liturgy*, 218, 12). As to Benediction, such hymns may be sung before the Tantum ergo (*Instr. past. Alton.*, 1880).

exclude all figured music from their service. Are they to blame? By no means! It just strikes me that there is some similarity between these exclusive Gregorians and the total abstainers, who, for the love of God and their own immortal souls, deny themselves the enjoyment of a licit pleasure. Are these to blame? Certainly not! On the contrary, they are to be considered as men of truly heroic virtue; and if they succeed in inducing others to practise the same virtue, they certainly do an eminently good work and are deserving of great praise. But if they go so far as to regard those who are not willing to follow them as public sinners, if they call illicit what is licit, if they encroach upon the rights of their fellow-men; in a word, if they apply every means good or bad to attain their end, then they are to blame. Apply this to the Gregorians. Let them work for their cause to the utmost of their power by word and example; by word, showing the excellence and beauty of the Gregorian melodies and their especial propriety for the church; by example, performing Gregorian chant to perfection. But let them refrain from stigmatizing as illicit what the church herself has allowed, and even encouraged; let them not encroach upon the right of those who favor a judicious use of figured music. Moreover, it seems to me that it is always a mistake to meet or cure one extreme by another. Therefore, I should not like to see Archbishop Janssen's ultimatum carried into effect: "Should abuse run so high that nothing but an heroic and extreme measure could check it, it might then be deemed the bishop's duty to banish all figured music, and to tolerate nothing else but what the church has approved—the Gregorian chant" (Cfr. CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1888, p. 100). True, if there were no mean between the Gregorian chant and the utterly degenerate figured music. But there exists such a mean, and that is such figured music as fulfils all the conditions of the ecclesiastical law; and such music may be found in the musical catalogue of the St. Cecilia Society. Why, then, should the bishops resort to "an heroic and extreme measure" while abuses can be remedied by more lenient and more appropriate measures—*e.g.*, by either adopting the Cecilian catalogue, or, as *the Cecilians make no efforts whatever to push their own catalogue as the only correct one*, by drawing up a new catalogue which contains nothing else but strictly liturgical music? *In medio stat virtus.*

But to return to the advocates of Gregorian chant only. I say nothing about the obstacles and inconveniences with which they must meet under the present circumstances, but I say this

much, that they have no right to dispute the propriety of figured music as long as the church herself blesses the endeavors of those men who are engaged in promoting figured music upon the basis of ecclesiastical legislation. It is wrong, or at least liable to be misunderstood, to say that "all modern music is written in either the major or minor mode, with free use of modulation by means of the *diabolus in musica*" (Cfr. CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1889, page 800).* For there exists, fortunately, a goodly number of compositions of recent date which may be justly styled music *alla* Palestrina, because they are not written in either the modern major or minor key, but (they) strictly preserve the tonality of the ecclesiastical modes,† twelve in number. Every musician that has some knowledge of the tonality of the ancient church modes will be convinced of this fact by even a superficial perusal of the works of Witt,‡ Piel, Haller, Greith, Mitterer, Hanisch, Koenen, Schaller, Singenberger,§ Beltjens, Lans, Tinel, Ahle, Van Damme, Jepkens, Lemmens, Blied, Maas, etc.

But must modern harmonization be rejected altogether? Is there so vast a difference between the tonality of the ancient church modes and the modern major and minor keys that the former is exclusively ecclesiastical and the latter exclusively profane? These questions have been answered in the negative by most prominent musicians of our times. Nay, more, men of undisputed authority in musical matters maintain that the modern theory of harmony is the necessary consequence and development of the harmony of the old. Hear what the historian Ambros has to say on this point:

"One thing must be especially kept in mind: We who have been instructed in music on quite different principles are but too liable to make this one mistake regarding the church modes, that we look at them from the harmonic point of view (*e.g.*, taking the Dorian mode for a sort of D

* The excursus on modern harmonized music, page 799, is insufficient and misleading; it should have been stated that there are at present a great many worthy representatives of the Palestrina style.

† Those who wish to inform themselves to what extent the tonality of the twelve modes may be preserved in harmony will find a very lucid exposition in Ambros' *Musikgeschichte*, iii. pages 97–130.

‡ The French *Revue du Chant Liturgique et de la Musique Religieuse*, January, 1889, says of Witt: "Comme compositeur de musique religieuse, Witt surpasse de beaucoup la plupart de ses contemporains et, si nous envisageons le caractère transcendant de ses œuvres musicales, nous n'avons que trop raison de nous écrier: *L'impitoyable mort nous a ravi un second Palestrina.*"

§ Compare Singenberger's organ accompaniment to P. Dreves' Hymnal with other organ accompaniments published in this country, and you will make the acquaintance of the "diabolus in musica."

minor, and the Phrygian for E minor). However, those ancient modes are originally not based on the simultaneous sounding of tones, but on successive sounds, not on chords, but on scales; they are melodic, not harmonic, while our modern keys and scales originate from the triple alliance of the tonic, dominant, and subdominant triads.* The various church modes are originally intended for the *Cantus Planus*, in which alone they may be consistently employed. Harmonic movements, however, cannot strictly and consistently adhere to one and the same mode; they must be modified, or, in other words, become a mixture of several modes, and thus *resemble more or less our modern system of harmony.*"†

Hence we may infer that modern harmony *per se* is not to be ousted from the church.

Furthermore, it cannot be denied that the church-musical committee of eight cardinals which was appointed by Pope Pius IV. in 1564, by approving of the masses composed by Palestrina, bestowed their approval *upon figured music in general*, provided that the same conditions be fulfilled which were then to be fulfilled. For the cardinals approved of Palestrina's music, not on account of its peculiar tonality, but (1) because it contained no profane or lascivious airs or imitations thereof; (2) because it excluded all unliturgical accessories in the text; (3) principally because the sacred words were perfectly intelligible. Now, if these conditions can be fulfilled by modern harmony—and they certainly can—there is no reason whatsoever why it should not be employed. It is true, indeed, that modern harmony is more liable to become profane, and even lascivious, but it is not essentially so. There are certain chords and combinations of it which should be avoided in church music; there is a certain rhythm in modern music which is not befitting the house of God; there are certain chromatic modulations, embellishments, and uncommon intervals which are peculiar to profane music, and should not be indulged in by composers of ecclesiastical music. Very well; let the outgrowth of modern harmonization and that which is peculiarly profane be kept far from the church, but let that which is acceptable and conformable to the conditions of ecclesiastical music freely enter the house of God. The church does not favor extremes; neither does the St. Cecilia Society. *In medio stat virtus.*

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* Cfr. Richter's *Manual of Harmony*, page 23.
† Ambros' *Musikgeschichte*, iii. page 98.

THE WORLD IN A DROP OF WATER.

THE wealth of knowledge that we have lately gathered from the mines of science has made men vain. And yet what great problems has our treasure helped us to solve? How many new problems has it not made? Had it only given us to know scientifically the secret of being, the mystery of life! We should not have been satisfied even then; but we could have gone forward with a larger, juster sense of pride.

What is life? The question troubled that brilliant physiologist, Claude Bernard. As he pushed his inquiries, he sought again and again to satisfy himself with new answers. Here is one of them. He was in class, scalpel in hand, a subject before him. The things he saw filled his mind with one thought. "What is life?" said he, facing his pupils. And in the same breath he answered: "Life is death." The answer is telling, and true in a sense. The instant we discover evidence of what we call life in vertebrate or invertebrate—in hydra, worm, crab, fly, fish, snake, bird, monkey, or man—that same instant we can say: This animal is dying. Whether in motion or at rest, every process of the organism—however high, however low, in the scale of being—is a step in the way of death. Life is not death; but living is, in a sense, dying. Claude Bernard's abrupt, impressive saying must have aided his pupils in directing their studies. But it by no means resolved his own difficulty. Indeed, it did not touch that difficulty. However, his answer was as good of its kind as that of any scientific man before or since.

Whatever life be, its manifestations are wonderful. Who can compass them as a whole? Here we are busy with our own little work, and gleaning a stray ear of knowledge in one field or another. Our garner-house will surely never be filled. The man with the microscope keeps adding to a store whose size he will not have time to measure. He who begins to group facts about a centre need not hope to see more than a narrow circle completed. There is no generalization he can make, or deduction he can draw therefrom, that will not be imperfect, uncertain. It is the fashion to write bold words on the liberty of the scientist. Who would think of limiting him further? Is he not hemmed in by his own activities, by the perplexities of his own mind, the defectiveness of his own senses, by his finiteness? Cer-

tainly no one would think of cramping him closer. It would be inhuman. With all his new learning, he still closes his note-book with the sad, true words of the wise man of old: "When a man hath done, then shall he begin: and when he leaveth off, he shall be at a loss."

Still, what the man of science "hath done" in observing and studying living things is curious and useful. How much of life that long ago ceased living, and of which we never dreamed, has he not revealed! Now the stones indeed preach a sermon to us, a sermon on life. And what a wondrous story the man of science tells every day of the creatures in the deeps, in the air, on the earth's surface—our dear brothers, as good St. Francis would say—who, quite unknown to us, have been working, suffering, and enjoying, according to place, times, and measure! Until somebody whose name the muse of history forgot to record made us a present of a microscope about two hundred and seventy years ago we knew very little of our physical selves, and less of the actual life on our globe. Men saw the cloud that enveloped the mysteries of life, but had no conception of its vasty depth. And with all our hammers and dredges, knives and lenses, he would be a rash man who would say that atop of our great mountain of strange facts we moderns stand in a clearer atmosphere, or see one inch deeper into the ever-rising mist. As we climb the uppermost peak, the wise man—whether he be King Solomon or plain Mr. Coholeth, as the enlightening and lightsome M. Renan would have it—may well whisper into our ear: "And the more he shall labor to seek, so much the less shall he find: yea, though the wise man should say that he knoweth it, he shall not be able to find it."

The late Mr. Darwin and his school centred our attention on a few studied phrases, which for a time were assumed by minds not too well trained to be essential truths, more important, more fundamental than mere philosophical axioms. These phrases had their use. They led a number of observers to confine themselves to certain groups of phenomena. Thus our knowledge concerning these particular phenomena was quickly enlarged. But the phrases did not thereby gain in importance. Should an inquirer wish to fix a definite limit to his studies of life in animals, or, for that matter, in plants, the stock phrase, "The struggle for life," may well serve his purpose. However, the struggle for life is not a feature more marked among living things than the ease and freedom with which life assures its continuity. If living be dying, dying is life. Here is a being

that has just begun to live. Beginning to live, it has begun to die. But all the time it is dying individually it is giving life to its kind. How active nature is in providing for the persistence of life under all its forms we have once more learned from the later studies of beings whom we assume to be very low down in the scale of existence.

The profusion of certain forms of life has always been a cause of astonishment to mankind. If our ancestors wondered, how should it be with us, who have had new worlds of living things disclosed to us, and are now seemingly only on the threshold of knowledge? The men who gather, and the men who peer through the lens, say that they know two hundred thousand distinct forms of insect life; that observation and classification have just begun; and that they have reason on their side when they estimate the actual insect forms at one million. And what of the infusoria, about which, after nigh two centuries of hard work, some little has been learned?

It was in 1677 that the Dutch naturalist, Antony van Leuwenhoek—spell it as you please—first noticed these strange organisms. He found them in water; observed all he could see; saw odd things which he could not understand; told the world of them in his *Arcana*, and led others to study. Neither he nor his contemporaries could explain the comings and goings of the singular little creatures he discovered. Wherever there were signs of decomposing matter in water, there he saw the infusoria spring into life. Whence came they? The answer was easy. They came out of nothing, were spontaneously generated. The theory of spontaneous generation has helped many a moderately wise man over many tall difficulties from Aristotle's day down almost to our own day. It made things easy for Leuwenhoek and his immediate followers. Then came Redi, and Réaumur, and Schwammerdam, and the Abbate Spallanzani—you cannot turn an advanced corner in science without meeting a priest! They undermined the ancient citadel. The new microscopes served them as weapons. But the old guard did not surrender. As late as 1860 Pouchet, amid much cheering, again took the field in behalf of the cause of spontaneous generation. Pasteur made an end of Pouchet, and, for the time being, buried the famous theory. Ten years later Charlton Bastian dug it up, and rashly rallied a little crowd of blind men around the bier. They, and Bastian if alive, may hold the same opinion still, though Tyndall, following Pasteur's tactics, routed the army—horse, foot, and dragoons.

What a simple theory it was! How readily it explained many things otherwise inexplicable at the time! The closest students, the most logical minds, the most pugnacious doubters believed in it. To show how misleading a smart phrase may be, let us note by the way that the theory of spontaneous generation could be fairly summed up in the axiom, Death is life. For, according to this theory, corruption bred new beings. Every scientific man did not go as far as Van Helmont, who, more than two hundred years ago, first suggested the true notion of the respiration and nutrition of plants. During the better part of the sixty-seven years he was dying Van Helmont studied living things. At the end he was more than ever convinced of the truth of the theory of spontaneous generation. After years of careful looking, he set it down as a fact that snails, leeches, and frogs were born of the miasmata of marshes. And he generously bequeathed to mankind two recipes, which, Heaven be praised! are no longer effective. The one was to help us breed mice spontaneously. Here's the prescription; you will want it: First, take a pot—as the cook-books say. Into this pot throw a handful of grain. Then add one old shirt—and wait. Imagine mice waiting while there was a grain of grain in the pot! Van Helmont's second recipe is no less novel than the first. Who that has not tried shall say, absolutely, that it is not founded on fact? If you are fond of pets, you might like a brood of scorpions. Once more take a pot—another pot. In this you place some basil. Do not stop to joke about the unfortunate Mr. Keats, but pound the basil. Have some bricks handy. Set them out in the sun. Strew the pounded basil under the bricks. In due time, if Van Helmont's recipe is to be trusted, you will have scorpions. Should none come, it might be well, out of respect to the good man's memory, to keep the thing to yourself. But should they come, call a witness, write down a true statement, and mail it promptly to The Catholic World or some other learned journal. And please remember your indebtedness to Mr. van Helmont.

These ready recipes for the making of living animals out of vegetables, earth, and old clo' remind us of the science of the good monk Theophilus, who, they say, lived away back in the "dark" ages. The wicked men of those days were fond of gold, and Theophilus told them what he had learned about making the real Spanish article. First of all, they must breed not a scorpion but a deadly cockatrice. In a dark underground apartment, walled in with stones, toads, fed on bread, were to hatch

out hen's eggs. Seven days after the hatching the chicklets would grow serpents' tails. Were we seeking gold, we might be interested in the further details of the secret of Theophilus. But as we are observing life, we will halt at the cockatrice. Comparing Van Helmont's methods with those of Theophilus, we mark the glorious growth of a single branch of science within the short period of five hundred years. Of course a scorpion is not a cockatrice; but there can be little doubt that if basil were properly pounded, and compounded, it would sprout a basilisk as quickly as a scorpion.

Some of us may laugh at Van Leuwenhoek or Theophilus. But their theory is *popular* in our great country to-day. The housewife who lives near a "livery" accuses the manure of breeding the moths that eat her plush, furs, or carpets. The farmer still charges the mites in his flour to the mysterious operations of moisture and heat. The butcher as well as the peasant—for, thank the Lord! with all our social science there are a few peasants left—are as certain as men can be about things of which they know nothing, that their cheeses, and dried "cuts," create living things out of themselves. Some truths settle down slowly.

However, let us return to Mr. van Leuwenhoek. The queer little animals that he saw in the water were as nothing compared with those he could not see. As the power of the microscope has been increased, by new combinations of lenses and new mechanical appliances, our knowledge of the infusorial world has been constantly enlarged. Each time that it has been given to men to see more clearly they have found organisms more and more minute. A long line of patient observers like Ehrenberg, Dujardin, Von Siebold, Friedrich Ritter von Stein, Perty, Lachmann, Claparède, Bütschli, Pritchard, Saville Kent, and our fellow-countryman, James Clarke, have devoted themselves to the study of these infinitesimal beings, following them in their various habitations; photographing their forms; determining their manifold modes of life; examining their structure. Enough has been learned to fill us with wonder, and to fix more deeply in our minds the pettiness of our knowledge concerning not our life alone but life in general.

We are just beginning to know something of those minute vegetable forms called bacteria. The microscopists find them in the air, in water, in the soil, in and on all things living and not living. Their number astounds us; so exceeding great is their vitality, their reproductive power, their variety, that

the liveliest imagination stands amazed, fearing lest proven fact may be mere poetic fancy. Yet the strain put upon the imagination has been at least doubled by the glimpse now afforded us of the still unbounded world of the infusoria. In minuteness, in number, in activity, in vitality, in power of reproduction, in variety, in extent of distribution, they equal if they do not surpass the bacteria. Many of the infusoria are hardly distinguishable from vegetable forms. They lie on the outermost confines of that kind of life we call animal. Students from time to time shift some species from the vegetable to the animal, or from the animal to the vegetable, kingdom; so difficult is it, with our actual instruments, to differentiate plant from animal in these lower microscopic forms of life.

How infinitesimally small are certain of the infusoria may be judged from the stories set down in the books. There you will find it stated that a single drop of water may contain five hundred millions; or again, that eight millions of a fossil species will not occupy a space larger than a single grain of mustard-seed, whose diameter is not more than one-tenth of an inch. Big figures like these astonish, but they are hardly ever satisfactory. Probably we shall get a fairer notion of the size of the smaller infusoria by taking the measurements of skilled microscopists. They tell us that many of these animals when full grown do not exceed $\frac{1}{2500}$ of an inch in diameter.

Having been first seen in fresh water, men sought them there. And as the fashionable theory bred them out of corruption, experiments were made with vegetable infusions to establish the truth of the theory. Unclean ponds were found to be alive with the marvellous little animals. Now we know that the mighty ocean, every tiny rivulet, river—broad or narrow, straight or winding, slow or rapid—every pool, spring, puddle is alive with them. In the rain-drop or the dew-drop, there they are. The air is filled with them. To every blade of grass they cling in countless numbers. On the yellow-brown leaf you so tenderly gather; on the growing grain, the wet bark, the decaying branch or trunk; on the rocks that breast the sea, the floating weeds, the shining shells; on and in other animals, great and small; on and in each other, on our food, on and in ourselves, infusoria are living, or waiting to live. Deep down in mines they find a comfortable home. They ride on the iceberg, bathe in the hot spring, sweep from country to country on the wings of the fog.

With what ease they come into life! We know something

of the generosity of nature in providing for the continued existence of many insects. The queen of the *termes bellicosus* will lay 80,000 eggs a day. How small these figures appear alongside of those which tell of the reproduction of some varieties of infusoria! Think of a million new beings a day from a single parent! And this is insignificant when compared with Ehrenberg's calculation of the productivity of a species observed by him—268,000,000 in a month; nearly 9,000,000 a day.

The provisions for this extraordinary productivity are manifold. The infusoria produce their kind in no less than five different ways. By fission, the parent cutting itself up lengthwise, or crosswise, or obliquely. Or by exterior gemmation, budding. From the parent a bud sprouts forth, grows to a certain size, drops off, develops rapidly into the parent form, and directly starts on an independent life. Or by interior gemmation. In this case the bud is formed within the animal, and remains there until a new animal is developed. Then it leaves the parent and "paddles its own canoe." Some species reproduce their kind by another process called sporulation. Suddenly from out the parent body there issues a stream of spores, which are carried away so rapidly and are so inappreciably small that their existence is rather guessed at than seen. These spores, each a possible perfect animal, are invisible under a magnifying power of 15,000 diameters. Occasionally some particular infusorium threatens to withdraw from actual life. He seems to lose his vitality and to be preparing for death. Then a living organism of his kind meets him, attaches itself to him. He begins to live again and to perform all the functions that marked his former life.

Development from an egg or a spore we all appreciate, because we see instances of it daily in plants or animals. But development by fission is strange to us. When a being divides itself crosswise or lengthwise, we know that one or both parts must be, for the nonce, incomplete. Is each part a true being of the same species as the undivided being? Yes. As soon as the two incomplete parts are separated, each part reproduces the organs it left on the other half of what was itself. Curious, indeed! Though not more curious than the strangely scientific surgery practised by the crab, who will "spontaneously" replace a stolen claw by a new one evolved out of—what?

Five minutes after the first sign of fission you will find two infusoria instead of one. Four to five hours after an invisible sporule has sped from the parent the sporule may have de-

veloped into a complete being wholly like the parent. So great is the variety of the forms of these little animals that the microscopist seeks vainly for words that clearly describe their actual contours. Some are egg-shaped; some globular; others rod-like; others peach-shaped or pitcher-shaped. Many are soft, plastic, without any outer covering or skin; others again have a cuirass quite as tough as a lobster's. Some are all mouth, while some, more fortunate, have but one distinct mouth. And among the tiniest of these creatures there are few that are not provided with fine little tentacles, which are ever in motion, appropriating food and conveying it to the animal.

The facility, the plenteousness, with which the lesser infusoria are reproduced is not more remarkable than their vitality. If a pond or pool or a stream dries up, the native infusoria do not lie down and die. They make themselves as comfortable as they can, go to sleep, and wait till the water comes back. Then they wake up and go on living. Or they fashion "cysts," little houses or cages, with which they cover themselves. There they sleep until the rain or the melted snows restore them to their element. Down goes the "cyst," and the inmate is a rover once more. Indeed, they encyst themselves often when they are dissatisfied with the condition of things in their neighborhood. They go off, build the cyst, change their form, and so, hidden and transformed, live, hoping for better times. When these come around again the being takes its old shape, forsakes the cyst, and lives once more the life of a joyous infusorium.

Should the water not return in good time to the puddle or the brook, are the little infusoria worried? Not at all. Some friendly breeze or storm-wind will lift them from their dusty bed and carry them into the city's street, an open mouth, or a field of hay, grain, or stubble. There they will find moisture and decay, and will thrive on the one and the other. Low temperatures are fatal to many of the higher animals and plants. But many of the lower forms of animal and vegetable life are not killed by cold. Only heat, extraordinary heat, deprives them of life. Among the infusoria there are some whose spores will reproduce after they have been subjected to a temperature of from 250° to 300° Fahrenheit.

As these little beasts are of all shapes, so they are of all colors —not forgetting those that are colorless. Often the surface of a pond is green solely because of the millions of some peculiar sort of infusoria that have settled there. In northern as well as southern seas brilliant color effects are produced by certain spe-

cies. For days the water takes on a greenish hue, and then gradually changes into a deep vermilion. Brownish rivers and lakes are not uncommon, and their color has been frequently traced to infusoria. In that learned and interesting book, *The Pentateuch*, published by the Rev. Dr. W. Smith just twenty years ago, there was a lucid explanation of the difficulties connected with the story of the seven plagues that came down upon Egypt, as narrated in Exodus. Dr. Smith showed that the various phenomena described in Exodus were not uncommon in Egypt. What was miraculous was their appearance in rapid succession. Regarding the first plague, the change of the waters into blood, Dr. Smith quoted the testimony of modern travellers, showing that for some time before its great rise the Nile becomes putrid and of a green color. As the river rises the water grows yellow, then changes to a red, and remains red for ninety days, until the inundation has reached its greatest height. According to Exodus, "the fishes that were in the river died, and the river corrupted."

Since Dr. Smith's day it has been discovered that the color of the Red Sea is due to a kind of infusoria living therein; and, further, the phenomena of streams suddenly reddening, the waters corrupting, the fish dying off, have been observed in more than one Eastern country. These facts have led some learned men to suggest, not unreasonably, that when "there was blood in all the land of Egypt" a plague of infusoria had settled on the waters of that land.

The wonderful rapidity with which the infusoria increase, and the tenacity with which they hold on to life, may well make us ask why they are not even more numerous than they are. Nature has a way of making things even. The infusoria serve as food for other animals and for each other. There are species that feed on plants, and others that are meat-eaters. This latter class is very fond of its brothers, the vegetarians. Man most likely tramples millions under his feet as he walks through the mowed field or the green meadows. How careless we are about a sponge! Nowadays they claim that sponges are true infusoria. Should this be so, the sponges are probably the only class that serve their true purpose dead as well as living. All the infusoria are cleansers. They spend their lives in making over decayed, harmful things into good, useful things; cleaning up the reeds, the grasses, the water itself, our fields of hay, our own fluids, and muscles, and flesh. They live in and on us, quite without our leave; serving us and, no doubt, occasionally hurting us, but

doing more real good than harm we may be certain. In them, as in many higher forms of animals, the most surprising transformations take place. Some of these changes have been carefully studied, and the details must increase our admiration for the patience and the ingeniousness of the men who have unravelled such strange and unexpected complications, and fill us with a deeper sense of the majesty of the Creator, "all whose works are desirable."

It was St. Augustine who compared the curiosity of men to fishes wandering over the unknown depths of the abyss. To-day the figure is as pat as ever. And yet the curiosity of men often serves a good purpose, whether so meant or not. All the later studies of "curious" men who have wandered over the depths of the abyss emphasize the falsity of the argumentation of the new school of scientists, who tried to seize the strong fortress of science with a storming-party of fanciful, frail deductions. The more recent attempts to give new life to the theory of spontaneous generation were made in the interest of Darwinism. Eleven years ago Virchow, addressing the German Association of Naturalists and Physicians at Munich, made this frank and interesting statement: "If I do not choose to accept a theory of creation; if I refuse to believe that there is a special Creator, who took the clod of the earth and breathed into it the breath of life; if I prefer to make for myself a verse after my own fashion (in place of the verse in Genesis), then I must make it in the sense of spontaneous generation. *Tertium non datur.* No alternative remains when once we say, 'I do not accept creation, but I *will* have an explanation.' If that first thesis is laid down, you must go on to the second thesis and say: '*Ergo*, I assume spontaneous generation.' But of this we do not possess any actual proof. No one has ever seen a spontaneous generation really effected, and whoever supposes that it had occurred is contradicted by the naturalist, and not merely by the theologian."

The study of the infusoria, many of which, according to the present scientific classification, are placed only a little higher in the scale of life than Mr. Huxley's imaginary *Bathybices*, has strengthened the position that the learned Virchow so clearly stated. Every one of these infinitesimal beings that has been observed is seen to be the offspring of a living parent, identical in form with that parent, kind of its kind. And he who prefers to make a verse after his own fashion, in place of that of Genesis, must still do so on the basis of an assumption which is contra-

dicted not merely by the theologian, but by the naturalist's facts.

Once more, What is life? Science has no answer. Revelation and right reason have a sufficient answer, both as to life and death, the beginning and the end. What science tells the reasoning, modest, studious man who holds science to her facts let Oswald Heer say. This indefatigable worker, who gave his life to the study of the flora and fauna of his native Switzerland, and whose writings have earned him a high place among modern naturalists, a few years before his death (1883) thus summed up the thoughtful results of all his labors: "The more we advance in the study of nature, the more profound also is our conviction that belief in an Almighty Creator and a Divine Wisdom, who has created the heavens and the earth according to an eternal and preconceived plan, can alone resolve the enigmas of nature as well as those of human life. Let us still erect statues to men who have been useful to their fellow-creatures and have distinguished themselves by their genius, but let us not forget what we owe to Him who has placed marvels in each grain of sand, *a world in every drop of water.*"

JOHN A. MOONEY.

CAN THERE BE SUCH A THING AS A MIRACLE?

FROM the press of Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1889, has issued a small publication which, but for the circumstances of the time, might have passed almost unnoticed. It contains two sermons by Prof. T. H. Green, M.A., LL.D., Fellow of Baliol College and Whyte Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford. What constitutes their special interest is the fact that they are the lay sermons which Mrs. Humphrey Ward makes Robert Elsmere attend, and which had so powerful an effect on him. That anything could be written by a gentleman of such a position and acknowledged ability not meriting serious consideration no one would assert. Our expectation of finding a great deal that marked the man of learning and the metaphysician has not been disappointed. What, in addition to the ability and the ingenuity they manifest, has impressed us particularly is the earnestness of Prof. Green, a great factor in arresting the attention and conciliating respect, if not enforcing assent.

The remarkable feature, however, of these productions is the attempt to preserve the results and fruits of Christianity while doing away with the great facts upon which it was founded, an attempt similar to that which would cut from its roots a fine tree in full foliage in the expectation of keeping it always fresh and vigorous. They are noteworthy, too, in another sense as being the outcome of the systems which have constantly and persistently denied the possibility of miracles nowadays. By so doing there has been bred a habit of thought which has rendered Prof. Green's conception possible with many of those who belong, or have belonged, to the religious organizations which took form and shape after the beginning of the sixteenth century. This habit of mind rejects the supernatural, and rejecting it now, by an easy procedure rejects it in the past. Modern science, too, comes in as a most powerful auxiliary in fostering such a mental disposition; though, to do Prof. Green justice, he scores scientific men for issuing from their legitimate sphere of positive demonstration when they seek to deny the spiritual existence, although he does accept their rejection of miracle, because he and they do not admit of a variation from natural laws (p. 78). The process of denial has not stopped here. We do not think any one could be blamed for saying that the sermons, especially the one on faith, show the pantheistic leaning of the professor. We instance his words, p. 93, regarding the rejection of the "anthropomorphic formulæ in which we have been used to express to ourselves the presence and action of God as an external person moulding nature to his purposes, and intervening in it when and how he will"; p. 95: "It is yourself, not as you are but as in seeking him you become, that is his revelation"; p. 97: "God is not something outside and beyond the consciousness of him, any more than duty is outside and beyond the consciousness of it." As Prof. Green, p. 78, intimates that science does not misunderstand "its nature and office in showing the supernatural to be a mere phrase to which no reality corresponds," as God only is the supernatural, it would seem to follow from his idea that God is merely a natural manifestation in human nature, by which he reveals himself in the soul; in other words, the consciousness of one's self, of the higher and better thought, is the consciousness of God, which appears to identify God with the soul.

But it is not so much with this or other points with which we cannot agree that we propose to occupy our readers to-day; it is the scepticism which pervades the book which calls for

remark, a scepticism which reassumes all that has gone before it, such as was to have been looked for in a man so well informed and so familiar with the works of the greatest opponents of revelation, and its teachings or dogmas. Whether the scepticism is a reaction against the systems which, while setting up the right of private judgment against the claims of the old church to teach with authority, arrogated to themselves the right to dictate what should be believed, and enforced their views by penalties, or whether it has come from a genuine loss of faith, or from some less worthy motive, matters little to our purpose. The fact is there, and it is with the fact we propose to deal.

This scepticism may be said to be directed first against the accounts which tell of the beginnings of Christianity—that is, against the Scriptures, especially of the New Testament; and secondly against the facts narrated which in any way are looked upon as supernatural—that is, wrought by God mediately or immediately, miracles.

We assume that all fair-minded men are looking for the truth, and that as far as preconceived notions, which we more or less all have, permit, are prepared to accept truth—fact; to deny a fact is to deny the truth. The appreciation of a fact is another thing. In this century it is undeniable, and a glory of our day, that the critical art, the art of judicially discerning the value of documentary evidence, has reached great perfection, has corrected many errors, and has led to many discoveries, the end of which we are glad to hope and believe is not yet. The more the light is concentrated on the Sacred Books of Christianity, the more they manifest their truthfulness. The immense mass of evidence which for a long time lay hid from the general gaze, buried in the writings of great men of the past, having been judiciously sifted and brought forward, has to a very great extent brought about greater trust in them as narratives, and has had the effect of blunting the shafts of hostile critics with all who, as Cardinal Newman has aptly put it, appreciate "that a difficulty is not a doubt." A man, for instance, may know a geometrical proposition is true, but may be ignorant of, or have forgotten, some step in the process of demonstration, which, however, he knows his teacher will show him. He has a difficulty, but no doubt of the truth. Just so must it be from the very nature of the case with Scripture, which for the most part we have in translations, not in the original, and which among us is always read in the translation. In the original Greek

there are thousands of varying readings which create difficulties, and this is all the more felt, because few have knowledge of the ancient languages and the leisure absolutely necessary for such study. Yet whatever difficulty exists did not prevent Tischendorf from giving us his splendid editions of the Greek text, notwithstanding he was not a believer in Christianity, and did his work only as a scholar. To us it has always seemed that the sole authority of St. Jerome, despite whatever it is possible to say against him personally, was more than sufficient to compel assent to the genuineness of the Scriptures, so great was his learning, his knowledge of languages, of Hebrew and of Syriac, his opportunities on account of his contact with the Jews at Antioch and elsewhere, besides his fearlessness in saying what he thought.

To the aid of criticism comes archæology. The impulse given to archæological research in our day a Christian cannot but regard as providential. The discoveries of Layard at Nineve, of Schliemann at Troy and at Mycenæ, the Cesnola Museum of New York, speak a language that rebukes the doubt of Niebuhr and of Dr. Arnold. As Mr. Thomas H. Dyer writes, in his *History of the City of Rome:* "There is little motive to falsify the origin and dates of public monuments and buildings; and indeed their falsification would be much more difficult than that of events transmitted by oral tradition, or even recorded in writing. In fact, we consider the remains of some of the monuments of the regal and republican periods to be the best proofs of the fundamental truth of early Roman history." We think one could go farther, and warn people against rejecting blindly the traditions of a nation or of a city. We once saw the prudence of this very strikingly. Those who visited Rome some twenty years ago or less, and spent any time there, were familiar with the figure of Baron Ercole Visconti. He was a clever and a learned man, and so regarded notwithstanding some amiable foibles, very pardonable. The Romans were inclined to think he put too much faith in Visconti. One day he identified himself with a tradition of the Roman people at which the more learned smiled. The tradition had it that the marble-yard on the way to St. Paul's-outside-the-Walls, and opposite St. Michele, was the site of the old Roman yard for the sale of marbles of various kinds. We well remember the laughter at his expense, and his friends gently twitted him. But his reading led him to think as he did, and having obtained permission of Pius IX. to make the requisite excavations on the public ground,

he began. It was not many days before all were amused at the result. The baron had found a graveyard. Deep down he had come upon a cemetery for slaves. But the inscriptions and the objects told him he was not much earlier than the middle ages; so he kept on, and finally was rewarded by discovering the Emporium, with its wealth of precious marbles, and the perfect step going down to the water's edge, and the travertine block with the hole through which the hawser passed that moored the barges to the bank.

If such things happen in regard to profane history, why should they not also occur with reference to sacred history? It is a fact that the history of Abraham and of the kings who with Chordorlahomor opposed him, and the history of Joseph, have received light and confirmation from the discoveries in Assyria, and from the hieroglyphs of Egypt. A sceptical spirit, therefore, in regard to history is unreasonable; it is as reprehensible as a prudent reserve is commendable. Critical examination has proven against all assault that the Scriptures are the most authentic and trustworthy books ever written, and the truth of the books of the New Testament has been borne witness to by thousands of Christians who sealed their faith with their blood at the very time when they were written, and received the name of *martyrs* precisely because they gave, in this way, testimony.

The other point at which scepticism aims is the supernatural event narrated in the Bible. This is the main object of attack; strip the Bible of everything miraculous, and there will be no difficulty in having it accepted, so much does its morality and beauty commend it to the admiration of all. Prof. Green admires it, but in proportion to his admiration is his repugnance to the supernatural and miraculous, which is so great as to make him reject everything of the kind, the Resurrection included.

The discussions on this subject have had for their result a certain indefiniteness of view with regard to what is miraculous. Recent writers have given definitions of a miracle, some of which it may be opportune to lay before the reader.

"Miracles," says Mr. Gladstone in his criticism of *Robert Elsmere*, "constitute a language of heaven embodied in material signs, by which communication is established between the Deity and man, outside the daily course of nature and experience." They are "an invasion of the known and common natural order from the side of the supernatural" (*Nineteenth Century* for May, 1888, pp. 177–178).

President James McCosh, in *Our Day*, February number,

1889, p. 147, writes: "A miracle is an event with God acting immediately as a cause." These two authorities speak of Scripture miracles, which they defend. His Eminence Cardinal Newman, as is well known, has written professedly a work on miracles. On page 7, ed. Pickering, London, 1873, he writes: "Miracles commonly so called are such events—that is, for the most part—as are inconsistent with the constitution of the physical world." Miracles, according to these definitions, are not occurrences of the natural order; they are outside of it, above it, supernatural, even when the facts might occur by some natural event, as the bursting out of water by the splitting of a rock; *the cause* is what makes it a miracle, for the cause is God.

We know of no book which so thoroughly shows the law of evidence as the New Testament. It records the words and the way of acting of Christ in bringing men to acknowledge his mission. It is, therefore, a most interesting study in psychology. His whole life impressed his followers and gained their implicit confidence; he cited the prophecies regarding himself, and yet they did not fully comprehend; indeed, "they understood nothing of these things." But he had one means that did produce conviction and bring about belief; which still remained a gift of God. He said to his disciples, St. John v. 36: "The works which the Father hath given me to perfect: the works themselves, which I do, give testimony of me, that the Father hath sent me"; c. x. vv. 37, 38: "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not"; v. 38: "But if I do, though you will not believe me, believe the works that I do." We may therefore supplement the above definitions by saying that a miracle is a sensible event or occurrence outside of the natural order, having for its author or cause God, and for its object to draw man to God directly or indirectly. That such is the character of the Scripture miracles no one can gainsay. Being occurrences of a sensible nature, to be perceived by the senses, they are subject to the ordinary rules of evidence that regard facts—such as are in use every day in the trial of criminal cases. It is a simple question, then, of fact. Did any one see it or not? If so, are the witnesses trustworthy? If they are, then the fact must be admitted. It will not do for prejudice to endeavor to shut its eyes to such facts. They obstinately persist in being. It is hardly worthy of the gravity of the matter, but we cannot refrain from telling what we once heard narrated of an Illinois statesman. He was enthusiastically propounding his views, when suddenly the hard-headed man in the crowd interrupted

him with: "But, senator, the facts are against you." "So much the worse for the facts," was the reply. It will not do for Illinois statesmen nor any others to blind themselves to facts. Men are inclined to follow the laws of their nature, and they will accept a fact once they are certain the witnesses are to be trusted; while the wilfully blind will always be a small minority. The most complete answer to the assertion that miracles are impossible in the past as in the present is the proof of a miraculous event itself, and we close this article with two such occurrences, one historical and the other of our day.

One of the best known facts of history is the apostasy of the Emperor Julian from the Christian faith. He is known as Julian the Apostate. Cynical and full of hate against the Christians, whom he contemptuously styled Galileans, he used against them every influence at his command. In accordance with this policy, he turned against them the Jews, and showing the latter his favor, resolved to re-establish them at Jerusalem and rebuild the temple; thus hoping to show groundless the predictions that told of the destruction of the temple and the dispersion of the people who had put Christ to death. These prophecies are briefly: Daniel ix. 26–27; and in the New Testament, Matthew xxiv. 2, Christ says to his disciples who came to show him the temple: "Amen, I say to you, there shall not be left here a stone upon a stone that shall not be destroyed"; Mark xiii. 2: "There shall not be left a stone upon a stone that shall not be thrown down." The same words are found in Luke xxi. 6. Encouraged by Julian, the Jews set about the work with the greatest enthusiasm, wealthy women contributing their jewels, and even carrying sand in the silken drapery that adorned their persons. The work was thorough, the foundations of the old temple still existing were torn up, and "not a stone was left upon a stone." They then set about building. What followed we may give in the words of the pagan Roman historian Ammianus Marcellinus, whose testimony Gibbon himself declares to be "unexceptionable": "Whilst Alypius, assisted by the governor of the province, urged with vigor and diligence the execution of the work, horrible balls of fire frequently breaking out near the foundations several times burned or scorched the workmen and rendered the place inaccessible. The terrible element continuing in this manner obstinately to repel every effort, the undertaking was abandoned" (Ammianus Marcellinus, b. xxiii. c. 1. The Christian writers of the period, the Fathers and the ecclesiastical historians, naturally do not fail to narrate

in detail what a pagan historian deemed so worthy of mention as to record it. They tell of the luminous cross that appeared in the sky, and of the crosses that shone on the garments of people in Jerusalem. Gibbon does not attempt to deny the fact; but, as usual, he tries to destroy its weight by the remark that the "Roman historian, careless of theological disputes, might at a distance of twenty years adorn his work with the specious and splendid miracle." Sneers are not facts; this was a fact, and the friend and admirer of Julian would hardly have taken such a fact, that told of his failure, to *adorn* his pages with had it not been such a fact as struck the whole world and was on the lips of every one. Michaelis and Milman, following Gibbon, try to explain away the event by suppositions of fire-damp; if they had lived till our day they would have said natural gas. That would have been a better attempt at explanation. But fire-damp and natural gas have a certain natural way of burning that admits of control. This fire defied control and foiled the emperor, besides impressing all with the idea of a special intervention of Providence. Even were we to grant that the fire was from natural causes, the circumstances of the case make us see that a ruling Providence brought about the combination of natural causes which produced the fire and drove away the workmen. The event has the mark of miracle upon it; for, besides being unusual and astonishing, it added strength to the faith, and led to God, who was the author of what fulfilled the words of his Divine Son. So great was the impression made on all that this wonderful event may be said to have given the death-blow to pagan rule, for with Julian it disappeared from the Roman Empire for ever.

But it may be more interesting to hear of a modern miracle. It may add to the interest to know that the writer has personally investigated what follows, has seen the man mentioned, and not only spoken with the witnesses, but examined and cross-questioned them, having gone into Belgium for the purpose, recommended to the curé of Jabbeke, the Abbé Slock, by a Belgian prelate of high position. The 16th of February, 1874, Pierre de Rudder, living near Jabbeke, had his leg broken by the fall of a tree upon it. The tibia and the fibula were both broken at about the junction of their middle and lower thirds, say about five inches above the ankle. During ten years seven physicians tried to cure him. He would never allow the limb to be cut off. There was no bone lost, but there was in April, 1875, a suppurating wound about an inch and a half to two inches in width,

which permitted the ends of the bones to be seen, separated about three centimetres. What was worse, the wound was infested with gnawing worms, which on the 7th April of this same year, 1875, he tried to kill by putting on an oak-bark poultice. He could bend the lower part of the tibia at an angle to its upper part, and could turn the foot around and put the heel in front; as a witness put it, "les orteils par derrière." As a matter of course, his only means of movement was a pair of crutches. Humanly speaking, the case was hopeless. But De Rudder looked for help from above. He was sure Our Lady of Lourdes would cure him. So on the 7th of April, 1876, he went to Ghent, and thence to Oostaker near by, where, on the grounds of the Marquise de Courtebonne, there was an imitation of the Grotto of Lourdes with a statue of Our Lady. It was while praying here that day that Pierre de Rudder was instantly cured, and he was seen walking about, without any crutches or support, by two hundred people that evening on his return to Jabbeke. His little son did not recognize his father because he missed the crutches, and after his father had reached his home and was seated, telling of what occurred, seeing his father rise up suddenly, fearing he might fall he cried out in terror: "Father, your crutches!"

This is a fact the truth of which the writer vouches for, having already published an extended account of it. It is also given with more detail by M. l'Abbé Emile Scheerlinck, of Ghent, in his *Lourdes en Flandre*. If such facts as these two have and do occur, is not Prof. Green too hasty in discarding miracle? Are the theories of this gentleman and of the school to which he belongs to be looked on as well grounded when such facts contradict them? And on such a fanciful basis are we to reject the great fact of the Resurrection? of which St. Paul does not speak in a spiritual sense, but in a most realistic sense of an absolute rising from the tomb of the man Christ, whose death had been officially recognized by the Roman governor Pilate, and who had appeared to the Apostles. 1 Cor. xv. 3–8, St. Paul writes: "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures: he was buried: he rose again the third day: he was seen by Cephas, after that by the eleven; then by more than five hundred brethren at once; after that by James; then by all the Apostles; last of all also by me, as by one born out of time." How, with such words before him, with the other numerous passages of the Bible that refer to the fact, Prof. Green could have done away with the real bodily Resurrection of Christ can be

explained only by the firmness of his conviction of its impossibility, equalled only by the strength of his desire to preserve all the beautiful effects of that Resurrection which constitute the Christian life—Christianity. His mental condition is very instructive; it reveals to us the mystery of self-deception, against which even honesty, it would seem, is impotent. It should make us more and more fearful of ourselves, and thankful that there is, notwithstanding, the authority of the Christian religion to guide us in what St. Peter calls "the dark place" of this world.

FRANCIS SILAS CHATARD.

ON ST. BARTHOLOMEW,

FLAYED OF HIS SKIN.

"Why then is thy apparel red, and thy garments like theirs that tread in the wine-press?" —*Isai.* lxiii. 2.

I.

TRUE lovers will those colors choose and wear,
With which e'en fairest beauty decks its charms:
And, worn for love, the faintest heart will dare
Do deeds of valor with the weakest arms.

'Neath love's red colors fighting wholly shorn
Of beauty, Love bestows His own, and saith:
"My colors which thou hast so nobly worn
Now robe thee as a victor in thy death."

II.

Stript of my skin, of all my beauty rudely shorn,
Love clothes me with the ruby mantle He had worn:
And for my comfort whispers: "Thus my troth I prove,
Skin deep all beauty lies. Far deeper still lies love."

ALFRED YOUNG.

PAUL RINGWOOD: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A GLASS OF CIDER.

"ROOM for me, Jack?" I asked, and, not waiting an answer, took my seat in the spring wagon. Jack smiled, nodded his head, and silently handed me the reins while he put some finishing touches to the harness. That done, he jumped up to my side, relieved me of the reins, clicked his tongue, and now that we were spinning over the sandy road felt himself at liberty to remark that it was a fine day.

"Dandy's chirp for a trot," he went on to say. "There an't a better trotter than Dandy off the track, an' not many better on it." He clicked his tongue again, and Dandy shook her head as if assenting to her master's praise. In places the road followed the river, then left it to take a short cut by peach orchards and neat farm-houses, again meeting the Severn at one of its many curves. Passing a red farm-house set in a clump of green willows, a woman came running after us, a letter in her hand. "O Jack Greene!" she screamed. Jack pulled up Dandy, turned the wagon about, and trotted back to meet the woman.

"A letter to post, Mrs. Grigg?" asked Jack.

"I'd be obliged to you if you would," said Mrs. Grigg, nodding her head to me as well as to Jack, as if she wished me to understand that she would feel obliged to me also. "Come up to the house," she invited heartily, "and taste our peach cider; you're just welcome."

Knowing that he would offend by refusing, Jack said we would taste the cider, but Mrs. Grigg must not get us anything to eat. I wanted to get down and give the good woman my place, but she said emphatically that she could walk, and there was no use in my cluttering my shoes for nothing.

"That letter," Mrs. Grigg confided as she walked by the side of the wagon, "is for my folks to meet me at the station. I'm goin' to Cecilsburg day after to-morrow, to see a lady as is in a peck of trouble—none of her blame, though. I an't seen her this five years. It's most ten since she was over to St. Margaret's, and had there a baby, which she, being delicate, couldn't nurse. You remember, Jack Greene, my Willy died ten year gone, and hearing of Mrs. Hethering—",

"Lord! the mare's goin' to run off!" Mrs. Grigg interrupted herself to shriek. I had struck the side of the wagon with the palm of my hand, making a loud report.

"Please don't do that again, Mr. Ringwood," said Jack, aggrieved, when he had pacified Dandy. We were now at the farm-house door, and instead of answering Jack's appeal, I turned to Mrs. Grigg as I got down from the wagon and asked: "You nursed Harry Hethering?"

"Lord save us!" ejaculated Mrs. Grigg. "Do you know her? Come right in and get your cider first, and I'll tell you all about it."

It took Mrs. Grigg some time to get the cider, for she said she must sugar down some peaches for us, because sugared peaches and peach cider went well together. And then she declared that it was the fortunatest thing in the world that she had a loaf of cake on hand, and we must taste it.

"I just knew you'd want to give us a reg'lar set-out," grumbled Jack, watching Dandy from the window.

"If you don't try and overcome that temper of yourn, Jack Greene, I'll just tell Bessy Worth she'd better look out for some more peaceable man," threatened Mrs. Grigg, laughing good-humoredly.

"Yes, you could make Bessy do anything you want! Oh, of course!" was Jack's sarcastic response.

"Well, you see!" And with this mysterious warning Mrs. Grigg placed chairs for us at a little round table.

"Hester," she called to her little girl playing outside, "go down to the ice-house and fetch a lump of ice. There's a dear," she added, for the child hesitated before she ran off to do her mother's bidding.

"Now, do eat and drink hearty," said this hospitable woman, "and I'll tell you all about Mrs. Hethering. Now it'll be in all the papers, there an't no use in being secret. As I was saying when that fool horse started to run off—"

"If Dandy's a fool, there an't no such thing as sense," interrupted Jack.

Mrs. Grigg threw up her hands despairingly. "Bless the boy!" she cried, "can't he let a woman talk? As I was saying when that lamb"—and she looked out witheringly at Dandy, who was apparently meditating another run—"put the heart in my mouth, hearing of Mrs. Hethering wanting a nurse, and me just tight fixed for money, what with bad crops, sickness, and death, I bundled up my duds and went to see what I could do

for the poor baby. I wasn't expecting such a high-toned baby, but its mother and me took to each other immediate; and the baby was just my Willy to me. It was a mighty sickly baby, and its mother was a poor, frightened critter, and no wonder, with a brute for a husband. I an't going to deny it, I was taken in by that man. You'd just think he was honey extrack, if there be such a thing, as there is lem'n, vaniller, and the like. How that man did torment her, and she no better'n a baby herself! Instead of his getting a divorce, it's a wonder he didn't kill her at oncet, only stranglin's too good for 'im, and may I be forgive for saying such! And there be Parson Trombill talkin' of the *blessed* Reformation, and what that give, only divorces and Mormons, *I* don't know; and 'twixt the two it's *my* opinion Mormons is a sight better, for leastways they're outright *in*decent, and 'tan't a bad thing to be fair and square even in devilishness. That's a strong word, but it *do* mean!"

I was thinking much more of Elsie than of poor Mrs. Hethering as I said, "So Hethering is divorced from his wife?"

"That's what I'm telling you," returned Mrs. Grigg. "I got a letter from his sister—she's good as he's bad, a real common lady" (in Eastern-Shore speech common is synonymous with affable)—"asking me if I could take her and Mrs. Hethering to board for a while. I'm going to bring them down; she says Mrs. Hethering's sick, and I just believe she is."

"If you want that letter to go to-day, we've got to get," exclaimed Jack, jumping up.

I drank down my cider, feeling dully that I needed a tonic, and, thanking Mrs. Grigg, followed Jack out to the wagon. Jack was very silent and I very talkative. I remarked that the peach-trees were loaded with fruit, that the clouds seemed to be gathering for rain, that there was an unusual number of boats on the Severn, that it was a barbarism to sugar so luscious a fruit as the peach, that Dandy was going at the rate of a mile in five minutes, that she would go much faster on a shell track; then suddenly I cried: "Jack, I've got to get to Cecilsburg by to-night; is there any way for me to do it?"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A "STRAIGHT" WOMAN.

Jack almost dropped the reins in his amazement. "To Cecilsburg to-night!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, yes," I repeated in my impatience. "Is it possible? What time does the stage leave Arnold's for the station?"

Pulling out of his trowsers-pocket an old-fashioned silver watch, he examined it and said: "Foolin' at Mrs. Grigg's, we've let the stage go, an' it's too late for me to drive you over to the railway at Sappington. I thought you'd stay the summer with us," he added after a moment's pause, a shade of disappointment on his face.

"I'll return in a few days," I said hastily. "Is there nothing for me to do but wait till to-morrow, Jack?"

Urging on Dandy, who had taken advantage of Jack's neglect of her to fall into a very gentle trot, he said: "We'll get home about noon; if this breeze holds on I can take you down to 'Napolis in the sail-boat. We can get to 'Napolis about five this afternoon, an' you can go up on the *Pentz* to Cecilsburg."

I was profuse in my thanks to Jack, in a fever to get back to the farm-house. A faint hope I had that there might be a letter from Elsie at Arnold's was dashed. We scarcely spoke a word on the way back. So occupied was I with my own gloomy thoughts that I did not notice Jack's sombre silence. When we were nearing his father's house Jack turned to me and said: "Look here, Mr. Ringwood, I don't want you to think me meddlin'; we have been good friends, chums like, an' I an't ungrateful for it, an' I don't want naught to come 'twixt us. You're in trouble, Mr. Ringwood, an' what I thinks isn't here nor there. But folks, Mr. Ringwood, as is some troubled are apt to be hasty, an' then, when it an't no use, they wishes they'd gone slow. You've been good to me, Mr. Ringwood, an' just cause of it I says, an' it's a liberty, I know, but I says with all my heart, Mr. Ringwood, don't be hasty."

I looked at Jack, astonished. Actually there were tears in the honest fellow's eyes. I grasped his hand, and muttered something to the effect that I would take care of myself. It was only in after years that I discovered how nearly Jack understood my trouble that day.

"And now, Jack," I said, "don't say anything about my going to Cecilsburg till I'm off."

"All right," assented Jack, "I'll let them think we're just goin' for a sail."

He was as good as his word, and, save for Mrs. Greene pestering me to eat my dinner, we got away very quietly. So stiffly blew the breeze that our boat fairly flew, at times cutting the water with a hissing sound. It took all Jack's time to keep her sails trim, so we had little opportunity to talk. The *Pentz* passed us before we reached Annapolis, and I suffered from the

fear of losing her. She was crowded with excursionists, and the rousing cheer they gave us seemed to my excited fancy to be the cries of demons mocking my hopelessness. For was it not a hopeless thing I was doing in going to her? Perceiving my distress, Jack assured me that we would be in time. "She stops at 'Napolis an hour or so to let the folks see the sights. Look," he cried, shading his eyes with his arm, "that's the Naval Academy."

I looked at what was a pleasant enough sight, the fairly well-built academy, the green lawns, the shaded walks, the water alive with rowing middies, their blue and white flannels gleaming in the declining sun. It was only when I bade Jack farewell that I thought of his lonely trip back. "It did not occur to me before," I said when I had commiserated him.

"Oh!" said Jack, "I'll stop over for the night with some friends I have here."

I suggested that perhaps he had come away without money, and took out my pocket-book. But Jack would not hear of it; he had something with him, he said. The bell of the *Pentz* was ringing, the excursionists hurrying over the gangway. Hastily grasping his hand, I hurried off, still afraid of being left.

"Write if you're kept," Jack called after me.

"Sure," I shouted back and was lost in the crowd. The young men on board appeared to be clerks off for a half-holiday; the girls, city misses with their "mahs." A band on board played the Mabel waltzes, and under a lamp a priest read his breviary, whilst the young people improvised a dance on deck. There was a great deal of innocent amusement aboard, and I remarked, as I had often remarked it before, that if Americans are hard workers, they understand how to have a "good time"—one of the most charming expressions in the vocabulary, and only possible in a young community. It implies enjoyment allied to goodness. Let the English laugh at it as an Americanism. It has that glory. Compare their "jolly time" with our euphonious "good time." Our word is as a tender melody to the soul. Theirs smells of a bibulous time. Bacchanals are jolly fellows. Not wishing to disturb them at the college, I put up at Barnum's. Fasting since breakfast, I felt faint, and gladly ate such supper as I could get, for it was well on to midnight. Though I slept all night, my sleep was so troubled that when I rose in the morning I felt as fagged out as if I had not been in bed at all.

One of the first in the breakfast-room, I was quickly served.

A cup of black coffee I found was all I could take. Gulping it down, I went out into the hot street, intending to go straight to Elsie, no thought of the earliness of the hour troubling me. Half a dozen newsboys crowded about me on the pavement, and to be rid of them I bought the *Sun*, mechanically folded it into a small compass, and thrust it into my pocket. For the first time in my life I hailed a cab, gave the driver the number of Hethering's house, and bade him drive quickly. Before reaching the house I perceived that its entire front was closed—not a blind open from cellar to garret. At first I feared that they had gone away; then, that I had come before any one was up. But as the cab drove up to the door I saw the slats of a blind in the first story opened.

"I'm here," I thought, trying to laugh to myself. "Perhaps they'll take me for a madman coming at this hour." Paying the driver, I touched the electric bell. Whilst waiting, I heard a neighbor's maid taking the morning milk remark to the milkman: "He's in a mighty big hurry with his visit"; then they both laughed. At another time the attention I attracted would have annoyed me. This morning I did not care. As I was again about to ring the bell the door opened. It was Elsie Hethering who was waiting to let me in.

"Have I come so early that Robert is still in bed?" I asked when I had entered and she had closed the door behind me. With all my might I strove to speak naturally and cheerfully.

"Robert has gone away," she said.

It was only now that I let myself look well at her. And I saw a woman with sunken, black-circled eyes, a woman with a white, sorrowful face, deathly white as contrasted with her black gown.

"How you must have suffered!" I cried.

"Think of my poor sister, what she has suffered," Elsie said sadly.

And all I could say or do was to strike my hands together and ejaculate: "You poor soul! you poor soul!"

Looking at me in wonder, she asked: "Do I need so much pity?"

Unable to speak, I put my arm against the wall, resting my forehead on it. Elsie came to my side and asked in mild reproach: "Must I have all the courage?"

I still hid my face from her, for men are always ashamed of their honest tears.

"Try to compose yourself," she said gently.

It was with a great wrench that I turned a tolerably calm face to her.

"The only room in which I can offer you a chair is Harry's old sitting-room. Shall we go there?" she asked.

I nodded my head, and following her, I saw that the house was bare of furniture. Even Harry's room had but a few chairs in it, a table, a work-stand, and a mirror.

"You are going away from here altogether?" I asked when we were seated.

"This house and its furniture were settled on Mrs. Hethering; they will be sold, they are all we have," she answered calmly. "There was some money that was to have been mine if I married as my brother wished, or if I remained with him. He has given me my choice, to go to him or remain with his wife. I stay with Ethel. My brother having made his wife a most miserable woman, has now disgraced her. She has no one she can call a friend but myself."

I entreated her not to think any one would suppose Mrs. Hethering in the wrong. She interrupted me to say that she was fully aware of what her sex thought of a woman whose husband had divorced her. I boldly begged her to remember the reputation Hethering had in the world called society. She said that she cared nothing for society; all good women were not in that little world. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Is it possible in this great country that a man for a whim can drag so good a wife as Ethel Hethering into utter disgrace? It is too monstrous! Fire and brimstone should destroy such a land!"

Involuntarily I thought of Elsie Hethering as I had known her on the evening Hethering invited me to dine with him. Could that frivolous girl talking nonsense to my brother Bert be this woman so much in earnest over another's wrongs?

"You would not look so astonished," Elsie continued, "did you realize the hopelessness of Mrs. Hethering's future."

"I do not believe the outlook so hopeless," I said. "I would not be here unless I believed there is a way of lessening this trouble for you."

"Yes?" she said incredulously.

Waiting a moment to fashion my speech in such a way that it would not give offence, I said: "There is a young man who is going out to New Mexico, after a time to have a ranch of my providing. Cannot we go there? Cannot you be my wife, Elsie? I do not believe that you dislike me. You have told me I would forget; I will never forget, Elsie."

She looked at me so brightly that for a moment I thought it would be as I wished. But her face clouded, and she answered firmly: "I can only repeat what I have already told you; I must remain with Ethel. Her means are very small, she is perfectly helpless—" Elsie paused, but I readily filled the blank. She would have to support Mrs. Hethering.

"But Mrs. Hethering shall have a home with us," I said.

"No," she returned decidedly. "You are poor, you have your way to make. How could I in conscience burden you with the care of two helpless women? And I am helpless, I assure you."

"You would be no burden to me, you or Mrs. Hethering. Elsie, you must be my wife—" I stopped abruptly, fearing I was too imperative.

She acted as though she had not heard me. Her hands clasped on her lap, she sat gazing thoughtfully out on the dusty street. The mournful plunk, plunk of a banjo strummed by some one in the back alley came through the half-open window. A blue-bottle buzzed and stupidly banged itself against the pane. I moved ever so slightly in my chair, and it creaked disagreeably.

It appeared to me that Elsie was thinking out an answer to what had become a demand. Something I once heard or read, that when a woman pauses to consider half a consent is gained, came to my mind, and I waited patiently. Plunk, plunk went the banjo; buzz, buzz, bang went the great fly. How long we sat thus I do not know. Probably it was not for a long time, though it seemed very long to me. I was trying to think of some words with which to urge her, when the cathedral bell began to boom monotonously. I remembered that some great man was dead, but it was a little while before I could call to mind that it was an ex-mayor, and that this was the day of the burial. The banjo-player paused in his strumming, and I could hear him calling to some one to go down the alley with him to see the hearse. "It's toney, you bet!" he proclaimed.

There came now the muffled notes of a military band, the tolling of the bell above it all, above the shuffle of hurried steps on the pavement below. Elsie left her chair and closed the window softly. "The noise hurts my head," she said simply. I now asked her if she had thought of what I asked of her, and pleaded gently but earnestly for myself.

She answered me that she had been thinking; that it could not be. "You don't know what you ask, and I don't think you

know me very well—how helpless, how useless I am. There never was a time, till very lately, that I thought of being useful. Ethel's trouble has taught me something of the meaning of duty. It may make a straight woman of me."

Who has not experienced a sudden return to the mind of something long forgotten? At that moment I remembered the passage I had read in St. Luke's Gospel years ago under the lamp of a railway-station, a passage telling of a woman made straight. I laid before her, brightly as I could, the prospect that was ours if we went to New Mexico, and dwelt at length on the wonderful climate of that territory and the wonders it might work for Mrs. Hethering.

Having heard me through, Elsie said collectedly: "Mrs. Hethering's bodily health is tolerably good. It is her mind; it is hopelessly lost. There! I did not wish to speak of it. My brother is the cause of this, and what less can I do than take care of the poor woman he has brought into such misery? Now do you see a reason for my sending you away?" she was asking, when there was a gentle knock at the door, followed by the entrance of the old negress who had helped to nurse Harry. Bobbing me a curtsy, she handed Elsie the morning mail. One letter was for Mrs. Hethering. Her face was white as she read the inscription on the envelope. When the negress had left the room she said huskily: "My brother has sent this."

The envelope was opened and disclosed a slip cut from a newspaper. She read, her head bent, her hands trembling. Elsie was indeed a beautiful woman as, her eyes full of a wondrous patience, she handed me the paper to read. There were but two lines: "Married, by Rev. George Transom, Thomas Hethering, Nancy Shields."

Letting my hands fall helplessly, I waited for Elsie to speak.

"I was only a little girl when Ethel married Tom," she said, "but I remember very well how my father and mother wished for their marriage. Tom was not good, and they thought Ethel could make him so, and he broke her heart and drove her mad. May God forgive him! What is that?" she asked in a startled way.

It was the military band returning from the funeral. No longer muffled, it was gaily playing the Faust March. The crash of the brass instruments was lessening in the distance when the door again opened, and Mrs. Hethering came in slowly. She stared at me, then smiling, timidly said: "Ah! a stranger. Can you tell me why Rachel mourned? The pro-

position cannot be worked by any of the given rules. Elsie! Elsie!" she cried nervously.

"I am here, Ethel." And Elsie put her arm about the poor mad-woman and drew her to a chair. "Elsie," she was saying, "I can find no daisies; we must go to the fields."

"Yes, dear, in a few days," said Elsie soothingly. "Will you have the picture-book?"

Mrs. Hethering nodded her head eagerly, and when Elsie brought her a book of engravings she forgot us in the pictures.

"Ethel remembers no one but me," said Elsie; "sometimes I think she remembers Harry, for she makes his examples as she used to do. Paul"—I smiled gladly, but for a moment—"now we must say good-by. God bless and prosper you, Paul!"

She shrank back and covered her face with her hands.

"I hope, Elsie," I whispered to her, and then I went away.

CHAPTER XL.

PAUL RINGWOOD RESOLVES TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.

Yes, if I were determined, and I was, to make Elsie Hethering my wife and settle down, there was every reason for me to look about getting together wherewith to settle down on. In what better way could I go about this than to go to a sheep-farm with Jack Greene? If he without a capital to begin on saw success before him, I felt that I would be faint-hearted indeed to doubt for myself. Elsie was right in saying that as things were it would be impossible for us to marry. Two years, three years of waiting, what were they? I thought on my way to the college. I was young and sanguine, and felt sure that when I again saw Elsie and told her what I was about to do, she would send me on my way with a prayer for my success and a promise of something to work for. I went straight to Father Lang's room to acquaint him with my plans.

Though he showed in his manner much surprise at my news, all he said was: "So you want to leave us, Ringwood?"

"Don't put it in that way," I interrupted. "It is not the wanting to leave you; it is the necessity of providing for my future."

He looked steadily at me for a moment, then smiling, said: "I understand. Remember always, should you tire of New Mexico your home is here."

It was very kind of Father Lang, and I said so heartily,

though I stoutly scorned the idea of my tiring of the work I was planning to do.

"Father Clare is at home; have you seen him?" asked the rector.

"No," I answered, starting for the door. "I'll go now; I did not know he was home; I only came up from the Greenes' last night; it was so late when I got to the city that I put up at Barnum's. I go back to-morrow."

"I hope this Jack Greene has not been putting foolish notions into your head. Tell Father Clare all your reasons for this sudden move; you haven't told me"—I reddened consciously—"and be guided by his advice. Don't be rash, Ringwood."

Jack Greene had given me the same advice, I said, only more lengthily. Then I went to Father Clare.

He greeted me warmly as always, my father, and made me take his arm-chair by the window.

"You are brown as a berry, Paul," he said, holding my hand and looking me full in the face.

"I'm spending the vacation down at the Greenes'; one-half the time I'm out on the water." Then I told him of my plans and my reasons for forming them. I fully expected Father Clare to chide me for not having followed his advice, for in some degree being the cause of Tom Hethering's throwing off his sister Elsie. After all, I knew my father very little. It was like him not to refer to the last, and but remotely to the letter he had written me. There was no objection now on the score of a difference in our fortunes to my marrying Elsie Hethering, he said. "From what you tell me, Paul, you will have to wait a long while before you can marry. Have you bound yourselves in any way to wait?" he asked.

It was with no little awkwardness I confessed that in words she had refused to be my wife. After telling him this I had great difficulty in making him enter ever so little into the hopeful view I took of things.

"I am glad there is nothing like a betrothal," he said. "There are long years before you; you may change your mind before the end of them—now do let the old man have his say; I know human nature better than you do, Paul. It won't hurt matters, your going out to New Mexico without any binding promise having been made. If you are constant, all will be well—that is, if she really cares for you."

I modestly gave my reasons for thinking she cared for me. They were not very many, it is true.

Father Clare smiled and said gently: "Well! well! we'll see. You know you have my best wishes. And about this life in the wilderness: I know very little of the kind of life a sheep-farmer leads; I fancy it is one of great hardships, but I think you have stamina enough for it." And he nodded his head approvingly.

"I will have a fine specimen of muscular Christianity with me; a look at Jack Greene will hearten me should I feel like giving up," I said, smiling as I thought of Jack's athletic frame.

"Will you go soon?" asked Father Clare.

"As soon as Jack's ready, and that will be immediately," I replied.

"I shall be sorry to lose you, Paul; we may never meet again in this world," the priest said, a strain of melancholy in the tones of his clear voice. We fell into a silence which neither seemed to know how to break. This could not last long with me in my present state of excitement. It was I who broke the silence by saying I would go to my room and look to the packing of my things.

Dear Father Clare! how he wrung my hand when I left him!

CHAPTER XLI.

A LETTER.

The next morning, as I was finishing the packing of my trunk, a letter was brought to my room. Hastily clearing a chair of a bundle of shirts waiting to be packed, I sat down to read it. It was from Elsie Hethering. Beginning abruptly, she said—as nearly as I can recall her words, for I no longer have the letter:

"I fear I have been the cause of some unhappiness to you, and for this I wish to beg your pardon. I feel deeply your silence when I was supposed to be a rich and happy girl. I was neither one nor the other, as you now know. Yet you supposed me so, and thought yourself unworthy of me. It was only when all this trouble came on Ethel and me that you offered to burden yourself with my miseries. For this very reason, your unselfishness, it is very hard for me to have to tell you that you *must* give up all thought of me. I have but your welfare and happiness in view when I say that there can be no question of our marrying. When I think of the misery such a marriage would bring on you I wonder much at your wishing for it—a wife, the best part of whose time (the time she should have to

devote herself to you) would have to be spent in watching over a poor witless woman. Forget me. You know that we are going to stay with Mrs. Grigg for a while. You are living near by her. Please do not try to see me. Our meeting can only make more unhappiness. You would not wish to be the cause of my having to take Ethel away from a place where we can live quietly for a time?

"We can always pray for one another. I, at least, shall always pray for the welfare of Harry's friend, of the friend of

"ELSIE HETHERING."

I was in my shirt-sleeves, my braces dangling loose, as I went down the corridor to Father Clare's room with Elsie's letter in my hand. I opened the door of his room, forgetting to knock, and exclaimed: "Father, you are right; she does not care for me; read this, it came a few minutes ago."

Father Clare looked up from his book in surprise, for I must have cut an odd figure, and said, taking the letter I handed him: "Sit down, Paul."

When he had read what Elsie had written he asked: "What do you mean, Paul, by my being right? I was wrong. I fear she has turned your head with her praise of you."

"Has she praised me?" I exclaimed.

"It is good to be young, and you are very young, Paul," responded Father Clare.

"I may be an ass—" I began.

"Hush, Paul!" he interrupted. "Calling one's self names is cheap humility. You may rest content; Elsie Hethering cares very much for you."

"But you cannot have read her letter; she won't even let me see her."

"Paul, I suppose you have come for advice. Well, here it is: Go ahead as you proposed yesterday. Make a home for yourself. She will be true enough. Then, when your home is made, come and claim her. It will be all as you wish, only have patience."

I talked it over with my friend, and the result of this talking was that I wrote to Elsie, telling her what I was going to New Mexico for, and that when this was accomplished I would come for my wife. I wrote confidently, for I was strong of heart from Father Clare's words of hopeful counsel. I sent this letter the same day, before I started on my return to the Greenes'.

CHAPTER XLII.

FAREWELLS.

Jack Greene's satisfaction when he heard I was to be his companion to New Mexico was expressed in a very extraordinary manner. He laughed, shook me by the hand, roared a snatch from the chorus of a fishing-song—in short, did everything but weep and hug me, for his English instincts prevented indulgence in these latter items of excitability. There was much to be attended to, arranging money matters, buying such things as we thought would be needed in the land to which we were going. All this involved a great deal of running to and from Cecilsburg, innumerable trips to Arnold's. Jack alone went to Arnold's. I carefully avoided going in the direction of Mrs. Grigg's farm. One visit I paid to Philiopolis. Before going to see any one there I went out to Allemaine to have a last look at the old home. I found the place was rented to a family, and I did not enter the grounds. There was a noise of romping children in the garden my mother had so loved, and the gravel paths had a neglected look. It was Indian summer, and the trees had on their fall leaves, their moss-grown roots struggling out of the ground over the fast-yellowing grass. I inwardly thanked the one who had left the great house-door open, allowing me to see the old familiar interior. Hidden by a clump of bushes from the view of any one in the house, I felt myself free to stand there gazing on what was once my own in part. I thought pityingly of Bert. Thinking of his wasted life, my own took on a gray tinge that made my looking into the future but a sad task. As I stood thus the sound of my mother's organ came to me, mingling with the sough of the wind among the dry leaves. It was no fancy, some one was playing the Cradle-song of Chopin. With the melody in my ears, I went back to the station to wait the coming of the train, going the road I had stumbled over when I left home an innocent boy six years ago. Then it had been knee-deep in snow ; now it was dusty, the gray dust rising in clouds at every puff of wind.

Need it be said that the welcome given me by Nurse Barnes, Mrs. Link, and Ned Link's wife was a hearty one? Ned was not yet home from the warehouse, and very glad was I when his wife informed me, twittering with innocent pride in her mate, that now Ned had an interest in the business. But young Mrs.

Link's greatest pride was centred in my namesake, little Paul Link, a chubby innocent of an age to believe the astronomical fable of the moon's being made of green cheese. Nurse Barnes I found to be a lady of consideration in the neighborhood. "Laws, child!" she said to me, "it's a caution the respect folks have for a bit of money."

It was only when Ned came home that I told them this was to be a farewell visit. Loud were their exclamations of wonder when I informed them that I was going to New Mexico. Nurse Barnes bewailed with tears that now the last of the family was leaving her for ever. "The only consolation I've got in it is that you're going away from them Jeswits—not but what red Injians are worse; and, Master Paul, do you wear your flannels regular; they have blizzards out there, and I've heard tell the heat in summer on them prairies is torpic." Nurse Barnes finished her sentence, possessing none of the qualities of a well-conducted period, with a gasp.

We spent a pleasant evening, only now and then Nurse Barnes would lapse into melancholy. It was only after she had drank a glass of the apple-toddy, remarkably well-concocted by Ned's wife, that she put aside dull care altogether.

"It's a wonder to me," said old Mrs. Link, "that none of the Gugginses have been down. I sent them word of Mr. Ringwood's arrival; something must be the matter."

We were leaving for bed when Ned's mother made this remark. Nurse Barnes tilted her bed-room candle and said, her nose in the air: "Oh! don't be concerned; that Glass woman's bound to turn up."

Then I went to bed, wondering at the enmity that seemed to exist between nurse and Mrs. Glass. The next morning we were still at breakfast when there was a violent ringing at the door-bell, followed by some one bursting into the passage and then into the room where we were eating.

"Where's that rebel uv mine?" cried Mrs. Glass, for she it was. One moment her arms were about my neck, the next she had both of my hands in hers, shaking them for dear life. The very attire of Mrs. Glass seemed to be excited. Her bonnet was awry, one end of her shawl was over a shoulder, the other drawn under an arm.

"Did you get my note?" asked Ned's mother when at last Mrs. Glass was seated with some breakfast before her.

"In course!" exclaimed Mrs. Glass, "but, es luck ed hev et, we uns wus to th' theātre. Mrs. Guggins wus mos' to bed when

she foun' et on th' wash-stan'. She hollered acrost th' passage t' let me know, an' I an't hed no res' tel I got heah."

I had noticed that Nurse Barnes treated Mrs. Glass with marked condescension, and now she said, looking pityingly at that good woman unconsciously picking a fish-bone: "You remember, Master Paul, the beautiful salver Mrs. Ringwood had her letters brought to her on?"

Mrs. Glass looked about her in a dazed way and almost choked herself with her coffee, while I ardently wished Nurse Barnes would not make herself unpleasant with her retentive memory. Later in the day Mrs. Glass confided to me: "Miss Barnes es dreffle offish, sca'ce a-noticin' uv me. Maybe we uns an't es gran' es you uns wus; I don't know, an' I don't jest keer; but I knows thes yer, them Guggins hes good hearts, an' hearts es beyon' all en thes worl', honey."

As I agreed altogether with Mrs. Glass, she was restored to a peaceful frame of mind, and was willing to put up with nurse's vagaries if I only sided with her. It was a day of wild dissipation. Mr. and Mrs. Guggins, and Walker, not grown an inch taller, ate dinner with us, a dinner provided by Ned's wife, and one that was fit to set before the President. After tea we went to the Academy of Music to hear "Mignon." Kellogg, I remember, sang charmingly, but acted wretchedly. The opera over, we went to Mr. Guggins' house to eat an oyster supper. At this feast Mr. Guggins produced two bottles of what he called Samian wine. He said that he had bought it from a Turk who was going to exhibit at the Centennial.

Whether it is the quality of Samian wine to fizz like Jersey champagne and to taste like vinegar-water is a question. It is a fact, however, that all agreed that the wine was "splendid." Mrs. Guggins declared that it made her feel quite Oriental; one bottle satisfied our cravings, and we were unanimous in entreating Guggins not to open the other. Mrs. Link exclaimed that what she had taken had gone to her head, while I was sorry to feel that my glass had gone to my stomach. Mrs. Guggins, before we separated, started "Auld Lang Syne," and even Walker joined in the lugubrious chorus. Once again my little host of friends came to the Philiopolis station to see me off. This time we felt the farewell to be an everlasting one as far as this world is concerned, and as the great city was lost in the distance I leaned back in my seat, feeling very much as if I had been to a funeral.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A CLOUDLESS LAND.

I had knelt to receive Father Clare's blessing for my journey, and my hand was now clasped in his. "Paul," he said, "the knights of old, when they went forth to battle, had no thought but of victory, no fear save the fear of shame. And those who fought well were those whose hearts were pure. All is not gained, my son. But, Paul, have no doubt and keep your soul white, then this 'God be with you' will be no farewell; rather a sign of our meeting again. Good-by, my dear son." And then he closed the door behind me. Thus I crossed the portal of a new and strange land.

In those days the railway went no further than El Moro, in Colorado, leaving still some hundreds of miles to be made in the stage-coach or private conveyance. At Pueblo, Col., we had to take the narrow gauge to El Moro. It was on this way that I got my first good look at the "Rockies." A cold, frosty afternoon in early October the train, rattling through a forest of piñons, emerged suddenly to run along the edge of a steep descent. In the far distance the two Spanish peaks towered perpendicularly, their snow-caps red in the setting sun. At El Moro we took the coach for Trinidad, where we were to put up for the night, hoping to find a wagon of some kind on the following day to carry us and our luggage to Las Vegas. It was a beautiful starlight night, but all I know of the country through which we passed is that it is hilly, thickly wooded with pines, and at that time was white with what had been a heavy fall of snow.

Jack expressed a great deal of disgust that we were in the midst of winter where he had expected to find perennial spring. This was at the supper-table of the inn at Trinidad.

"Consider the altitude," I said.

Jack stared at me.

"The height of this place, way up among the mountains," I explained.

Here the inn-keeper interposed: "If you gentlemen are going to New Mexico, as soon as you cross the Raton you'll have a change of climate."

"Warmer?" asked Jack.

"You bet!" ejaculated the inn-keeper. Jack gave a grunt of satisfaction and fell to eating his supper with much relish.

We found so much difficulty in procuring a conveyance to

carry us on that, much as we disliked the idea, we had almost concluded to wait for the stage-coach when we were informed by the hostler at the inn that a certain Will Adams was going down 'Vegas way, and he might give us a lift.

"I an't sayin' for certain," said the hostler, "but he might. There an't no harm in askin'."

He then volunteered to show me where this Adams lived, leading the way up the rambling street to a house standing in a garden. A pretty enough place, only it looked dreary in the winter. The young man was not at home, but we saw his father, a hale old gentleman, who had married a Mexican wife and settled in Trinidad forty years ago, he told me.

"I don't doubt but Will 'll be glad enough to have company," he said, "but if you'll wait you can see him yourself; he'll be home soon."

As I had nothing to do but to wait, I was particularly willing to sit and talk with Mr. Adams, hoping to get new information about the country to which I was going. I have since found out that it is useless to expect a Westerner to give you anything but praises of his country. A peculiarity about the praise given New Mexico is that it is invariably given to the climate. It *is* a glorious climate, more than atoning for the lack of many things in the Territory. After having sat for nearly an hour, fearing that I might be in the old gentleman's way, I suggested that his son come down to the inn and take supper with me. He would then see my chum, and we could talk the trip over.

"Hark!" said Mr. Adams, "I think I hear Will now. Nick! Nick!"

At his call a handsome boy came running into the room.

"My boy," said the old man with reasonable pride. "Nick, see if that's Will in the stable, and tell him I want him."

A few minutes later a young man much like Nick, only manlier, entered the room. He bowed to me, and waited for his father to speak.

"Will," said Mr. Adams, "this gentleman and a friend want to get to 'Vegas. Have you room in the turnout for them?"

The young man considered a moment, then asked: "You have considerable traps, I suppose?"

I answered that our baggage was not small, but that a part might be sent by the carriers.

"That's the mistake a tenderfoot always makes," the young man said, smiling; "he brings a sight more things than he can ever use."

At last, to my great satisfaction, it was settled that Jack and I were to have seats in the turnout. When I spoke about pay neither father nor son would hear to anything of the kind. At last, however, I got them to agree that I should pay the charges at all stopping-places and a certain sum for the transportation of our luggage; our heavy luggage to be brought on by carriers. Jack was as rejoiced as myself at the prospect of our getting on our way. The next morning before day-break we were crossing the Raton, and by noon seated on a bit of greensward by a spring, under the bluest sky that can be seen anywhere above God's good earth. Away to the south were miles of yellow grass, sun-gilt and billowy under the current of a soft-blowing gale. Away to the west were the Sierras standing out against the sky, not the breath of a mist or the trace of a cloud to obscure their majestic outlines. We were spreading our luncheon on the grass when Jack declared emphatically: "This beats Terra Maria all hollow!"

HAROLD DIJON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

AT Christmas-time last year a man of rare fortitude and amiability was dying of a terrible malady. His only earthly solace lay in preparing a happy Christmas for poor children, especially for those whom most charitable societies and individuals forget, the children of the undeserving poor, that for once in the year they might fare like other young people. He roused himself from the gathering stupor of death to ask, "Are the presents ready for the children?" When all was prepared an anonymous Santa Claus went about, leaving mysterious bundles among groups of amazed youngsters, and came back to report the success of the expedition. The sick man smiled and settled himself down to die, having only lingered to hear that some dozen little people had had a merry Christmas.

The children of the poor, of the undeserving poor or the shiftless poor, or of the poor people so handicapped with adverse circumstances that the only goal they can ever reach is heaven, which is fortunately attainable even to those not possessed of what we call in New England "faculty"; these children are not

only destitute of all that makes life pleasant, but they are in deadly peril, and, unless saved betimes, they are destined to become a perilous element in the community.

Whatever the newspapers may say, the public-school system will not save them. The illiterate now form only a small portion of the prison population in certain States where crime increases in spite of the increasing number of those who can read and write. An education in a good public school, added to moral and religious training at home, will make good boys and girls; but I am speaking of children who are not under judicious influence at home. Parochial schools with a corps of efficient teachers will do much to preserve the virtue of our Catholic youth; newsboys' homes, friendly societies, orphan asylums, protectorates, all are of great use; but something more is needed, and that need must be supplied by you and me and every person with time and intelligence not wholly devoted to some duty even more important. It requires no extraordinary outlay of money or leisure on the part of any sensible person to save several children from sorrow and probable ruin.

Every child wants a personal friend, and if he does not find that support in his own home he should find it elsewhere: some one to be glad when he does well and to show regret if he does wrong or is unhappy; above all, some one who will give him that sweetest of parental benefactions, unfailing patience. If we place a child in a good asylum and leave him there indefinitely, to be known by a number and to become one of a well-disciplined and kindly-treated herd of children, we have not done enough. He should be visited from time to time and allowed to make an occasional visit; he should have his own little bit of pocket-money and his own especial present at Christmas-time. A sense of possession is very precious to children. An orphan in an asylum told me once that though she was not allowed to wear the bright-colored neckties and other trifles given to her, she kept them in a box and had great satisfaction in looking at them now and then. In a children's home that I know the little inmates have each a blank-book with a pencil fastened to it by a long string, and these they call "My very, very own." So let children have something for their very, very own; it is little enough they are ever likely to possess of earth's pleasant things.

Watch for the moment when the good influence of training in an asylum has done its work, and then place the child in a family, either as a boarder with some motherly woman who has shown ability in bringing up her own children, or in a household

where he can do light work and still go to school. To "institutionize" a child, as the saying is, makes him as completely a spoiled child as any that are reared in luxury. He will cling helplessly to his guardian and suffer from contact with the world almost as much as the children of the rich would do if thrown on their own resources.

This kindly guardianship of orphan children may be safely entrusted to young people who have leisure and good spirits to bring to the service. There are no risks to be incurred by visiting a child in an asylum or in a respectable household, none of the complications that may well make a careful mother hesitate to let her daughter enter upon indiscriminate visiting among the poor. A habit early acquired of working with so definite a purpose makes a young girl punctual and business-like and fits her gradually to bear heavier responsibilities.

Persons of experience must take charge of those unfortunate children who have bad parents, for, willing as such fathers and mothers are to get rid of the care of their offspring, they stretch out an evil hand to draw back a son or daughter who is old enough to be useful. The position of legal guardian can be easily obtained, but it is not a pleasant tie, for it gives that kind of claim to authority which is as likely to rouse rebellion as to enforce submission. The law should be called in only as a last expedient. With moderate prudence one will almost surely keep a child out of the criminal class and make him a harmless member of society. If he has naturally a good disposition and fair abilities, the result will be very satisfactory, unless he has bad relatives to exercise an evil influence.

One child who came under my care at six years of age has become a good and useful woman, whose friendship I value. Several boys and girls have married respectably.

Some years ago a pretty, delicate child came to our parish priest and asked to be placed in some situation where she could attend regularly to her religious duties. The kind Protestant lady with whom she was living had advised her to consult the priest and abide by his decision. The little creature had suffered much from tyranny from a former mistress, and she was attached to her present employer, so that her desire for a change came only from the highest motives. She was one of those marvels in virtue that show that *Oliver Twist* is true to life. Tyranny and neglect had not altered the sweetness or purity of her nature, but it had ruined her health. She was placed with her younger sister under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and

had a short period of exquisite happiness. She said: "This is like home; we are so happy, Mamie and I." She died within a year or two; her sister was afterwards taken home by relatives whose circumstances had become easier and responsibilities fewer with time, and she is now comfortably provided for.

That the work has its unpleasant side I will not deny. It is disconcerting when a youth whom you believe to be in the English army in India suddenly appears before you as if he had risen out of the ground from the Antipodes, as impecunious, as shiftless, as harmless and hopeless as when you parted from him six years before. He can travel over half the known world and serve three years in the army, and learn nothing, not even to stand up straight. It is something to know that he is only a simpleton, not a criminal, though his villainous father has thrown every temptation to crime in his way.

Inherited weakness is so sad an obstacle to success in educating young people that we may need two generations to accomplish the renovation of a family. Many years ago a poor soul died in a hospital and left to the writer, as a slight remembrance, her three children. One died in childhood, tenderly cared for; another, after various vicissitudes, is a well-to-do widow in a Western State; the third is the subject of the little story I have to tell. He was a sunny-tempered, honest fellow who learned house-painting, became foreman, and married his master's daughter. She was a lovely young woman, and made her husband and her little boy and girl very happy until consumption carried her off at an early age. Then the one legacy that Frank had inherited from his father developed, and he became intemperate, never cross or ungrateful or harsh to his children, but idle and careless, and soon so ill that he died in the same hospital where his mother had died. His son and daughter live with a good woman who has brought up her own children admirably; they are getting an excellent education in a parochial school; and as they have the pleasant disposition of their father with the stronger qualities of their mother, I think they have every promise of a happy and useful life. Surely the best side of a child's nature may be developed by good companionship and by kind treatment, as the worst is developed by early familiarity with evil surroundings.

Much good may be done by enabling families to keep together where there is no insuperable obstacle to domestic happiness. Charitable organizations are so ready to do this service to worthy and capable poor people that I will waste no time in

stating their claims, but speak of those cases where want of moral strength or judgment in the parents makes it hard for them to rule their children wisely. And this brings me to my favorite official, the Probation Officer, whose duties are not, perhaps, clearly understood by all charitable persons. As a little timely aid given to him in the care of his wards would do more good than independent action on the part of individuals, I will briefly state the nature of the work as it is carried on in the county of Suffolk, Mass., which has been divided into three parts, the Central District, the South Boston District, and the Roxbury District. It is evident that the success of probation must depend wholly upon the character of the officer in charge and his skill in enlisting the sympathy and aid of charitable persons. The work is still an experiment, but one in which the whole community should feel an interest.

The duty of the Probation Officer is to become guardian of persons brought into court for a first offence and bondsman for their good behavior. He finds work and a home for his ward, visits him frequently, and in time procures his release from surveillance, or, in case of ill conduct, surrenders him to the law to suffer the punishment due to his offences.

Last year Mr. Edward Savage, captain of police in Boston, published his report of ten years' work as Probation Officer. The following statements taken from it will be of interest:

"Out of 27,052 cases investigated during the last ten years in the Central District, 7,251 were taken on probation. Of these only 580 proved incorrigible. The rest have done well or are still on probation. 759 women, many of them utterly destitute, were placed in charity houses where intemperance is medically treated. 176 sailors were sent to sea. 1,657 persons were returned to their homes in the country, and many of these were young girls convicted of offences against public order."

An exact account of each case is kept at the Central Police Office, and reports are made every month to the Prison Commissioners, every quarter to the Superintendent of Police, and at the end of each year to the Mayor and City Council.

Statistics of ten years ending 1888.

Persons saved from imprisonment	5,697
Years of imprisonment saved in sentences of various lengths	1,716
Prison expenses saved	$210,886

Capt. Savage adds: "I am gratified in believing that in many cases probation has paved the way for genuine reform, and has

saved many innocent persons and destitute families from greater suffering than would have been endured by the real offender."

Mr. George N. Parker, of the South Boston District, speaks with satisfaction of success in inducing "many a husband and wife to come together again after months of separation, causing them to take care of their children as they should and making no trouble in the community where they live," and he says: "Most of them are now trying to lead a correct life and be useful citizens."

Mr. William F. Reed, of the Roxbury District, says: "The larger boys are usually taken at the House of the Angel Guardian, and some have been taken by the Children's Aid Society; the smaller ones by Mr. Duggan, of the Home on Harrison Avenue (Boston). The females are received at the House of the Good Shepherd. . . . To the managers of the House of the Good Shepherd I wish especially to express my gratitude for their kindness in receiving every one I have taken to them. All were received kindly and without any objection whatever as to their condition, ability to earn, or any question as to paying anything towards their support; they agreeing to keep them for such time as the court might think proper for them to remain."

There may be a good time coming, when the skill and resources of our police will be devoted even more sedulously to the preservation of innocence than to the detection of crime.

EMMA F. CARY.

Cambridge, Mass.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

A SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF GOOD LITERATURE.

THE Columbian Reading Union is intended to be a useful auxiliary to the Catholic reading public. It will endeavor to counteract, wherever prevalent, the indifference shown toward Catholic literature; to suggest ways and means of acquiring a better knowledge of standard authors, and especially of our Catholic writers; and to secure a larger representation of their works on the shelves of public libraries. It will aim to do this by practical methods of co-operation.

To accomplish the object in view there is need of a permanent

combination of forces. This central organization will rely on the active sympathy and vigorous co-operation of those in charge of parochial libraries, and the managers of private reading circles. All societies of this kind will derive mutual benefit by the interchange of opinion and suggestion which will be encouraged and made profitable through the influence of a central body. In course of time a Directory of Catholic Libraries and Reading Circles can be prepared from the statistics and information gathered from the different societies.

The name Columbian has been chosen for obvious reasons. Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of this Western Continent, was distinctively a Catholic, renowned for dauntless courage as an explorer, and conspicuous for his mental gifts. He undertook and carried to success his great achievements with a view to the spiritual and intellectual advancement of the human race. Hence the choice of his name and example for this Union.

The advantages of such an organization as the Columbian Reading Union are evident. Much judgment is required in preparing suitable lists of books for the different tastes of readers. The young ladies who have been graduated from convent schools and academies or other institutions need books specially adapted to their plans for self-improvement. That large and intelligent class working in stores, factories, and in domestic service, enjoying less leisure, have a claim which should also be cheerfully recognized. In preparing lists for the latter due allowance must be made for their range of thought and their limited opportunities for reading. With regard to young men, there are peculiar dangers arising from daily contact with the great tide of indifferentism and unbelief to which they are exposed. Valuable aid can be rendered to them by judicious guidance in the selection of books that deal with subjects in which they are or ought to be most interested.

There is likewise a vast domain of juvenile literature to be classified to meet the constant demands of educational institutions and of parents who rightly exercise a vigilant supervision over the reading matter supplied to their children.

It is evident at a glance that individual effort is not adequate to meet all these wants. To arrange guide-lists for the various classes of readers, some fully and others only partially educated, male and female, the leisured and the working classes, is a task of great magnitude. Responsible persons, such as

professional teachers of literature, directors of libraries, qualified ladies and gentlemen, can do inestimable good to thousands of readers by employing their special acquirements in this direction, but to do so effectually demands an organization. Lists of books arranged in this way and offered gratuitously can be endorsed and circulated by the Columbian Reading Union.

Membership. Each person sending one dollar in postage stamps, or by postal note, will be enrolled as a member of the Columbian Reading Union; dues to be paid annually in advance during the month of January.

Libraries, Reading Circles, and other societies may obtain a membership through one representative, who alone will pay the annual dues.

The privileges of membership are not transferable, and terminate each year in the month of December. Subject to this limitation, new members may join at any time.

For the purchase of books members will have special facilities enabling them to save time, trouble, and expense. In proportion to the number and value of the books ordered, *a liberal discount* can be guaranteed. The full price of each book must be sent with the order, so as to conduct the business on a strictly cash basis. After deducting express charges or postage, the balance of surplus obtained by the discount allowed will be returned with the receipt.

Post-office or express money orders and drafts forwarded for books should be made payable to the *Columbian Reading Union,* and addressed to the office of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, No. 6 Park Place, New York City.

The management of the Columbian Reading Union will be under the direction of the Very Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, D.D., editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, a monthly magazine of general literature and science. Space will be given in its pages for the discussion of interesting topics relating to libraries and reading clubs.

N. B.—So far as funds permit, the benefits of this Reading Union will be extended to educational institutions. Donations from those who wish to become *patrons* as well as members will be most acceptable. Copies of second-hand books and pamphlets could be used to good advantage for gratuitous distribution.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

"THERE are no wicked women, Senhora; it is the men who are wicked," says Sebastião, in *Dragon's Teeth* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.), to the faithless wife of his friend. The novel is the work of Senhor Eça de Quieros, who, according to his translator, "stands at the head of the list of Portuguese novelists." The masculine monopoly of wickedness being so obligingly claimed by "one of themselves," it seems a good deal of a pity that the efforts of male novelists of every tongue to justify the claim, should so often find facile and complaisant feminine pens ready to enlarge the sphere of their noxious activity. It is a woman, Miss Katharine Prescott Wormely, who is putting Balzac into flexible and taking English for Roberts Brothers. And it is another woman, Mary J. Serrano, who explains, in the brief preface to *Dragon's Teeth*, that she "has assumed the responsibility of softening here and there, and even of at times effacing, a line too sharply drawn, a light or a shadow too strongly marked to please a taste that has been largely formed on Puritan models, convinced that while the interest of the story itself remains undiminished, the ethical purpose of the work will thereby be given wider scope." One feels puzzled to know just what manner of "ethical purpose" the average American woman would be likely to discover in this history of a mere, vulgar intrigue, nowhere dignified with even the palest pretence at any feeling worthy the sacred name of love. Is it necessary to instruct married women "formed on Puritan models," that if they yield to vanity, caprice, and laziness, if they feed their imaginations on corrupt novels, and then drift into vice rather because there is nothing to hinder their descent than because there is any active force to propel them downwards, it is they who will have to bear finally the heaviest end of the log of retribution? If there is any other lesson taught to women by this novel, we have failed to find it; while as to the "wicked sex" to which Senhor de Quieros belongs, his most serious and searching advice to them would seem to be that the only safe plan for the husband of a pretty young woman, be she never so virtuous and loving, is never to risk a prolonged absence from the domestic hearth except in her company. The Portuguese novelist shows his close and admiring study of Balzac both in the matter and the manner of his story. The latter is especially clever; but though he is a skilful manipulator, he nowhere gives evidence of the elevation of senti-

ment and real power which often distinguish his master. We take leave to doubt the accuracy of the translator's remark that *Dragon's Teeth* is a "graphic picture of Lisbon life." Lisbon is a large place, and here and there within its boundaries one must believe, in spite of negative testimony, that there must be a sprinkling of Christian people, sensitive to other motives of action than those supplied by their fleshly appetites. This novel suggests rather what life might be in a perfectly appointed menagerie of selected simian types, kept and described by a hopeful evolutionist in search of the missing link. There is neither religion nor any sense of purely human duty in it, and hence, of love there is nothing but its animal counterpart and ape-like imitation. What higher claim it has to be classed as art than the cleverly illustrated catalogue of such a museum of natural history would have, we fail to see, as also how it could better serve any "ethical purpose."

Mr. Froude, whose professedly historical works are commonly classed as fictions by his soberer-minded critics, seems to have been trying to get his horse into more conventional relations with his cart, now that he has taken to the production of historic romance. *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy; or, An Irish Romance of the last Century* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), is not only interesting and strongly written, but, after all due deduction has been made for its author's inescapable personal equation, he must, we think, be admitted to have made an honest effort to look facts in the face, and hold the scales of justice even-handed. A man's prejudices, inherited or acquired, his racial peculiarities, all those mental limitations, in fine, which go to make him an individual, are pretty much like a congenital squint. A surgical operation will not always cure the one, nor even a special grace of God do more than modify the other. If Mr. Froude has undeniably a short-sighted way of seeing and reporting facts, which has made pleasantly popular the suggestion of classing all statements of his concerning them as "frouds," still, it must have been born with him; and, like more physical varieties of myopia, it has proved amenable in some measure to the softening influences of time. At all events, he whose views concerning the duties of a historian made him invariably a bitter partisan, and whose conception of those of a friendly biographer led him to invite Mrs. Grundy to so rich a feast of personal gossip that even she professed to be qualmish after the dishes were all emptied and every decanter drained, seems at last, when his imagination had leave to swing quite clear in the field of romance, to have felt the sobering touch of justice on

his shoulder. Or was it, perhaps, merely the paternal love of an artist for his avowed creations? Whatever it was, he has allowed the sympathies of his readers to flow almost as freely toward Morty Sullivan, the dispossessed Chief of Dunboy, an Irishman, a Catholic, a smuggler, a pirate, and an outlaw in the eyes of "English justice," as they do toward Colonel Goring, his rival and successful foe. Not that Mr. Froude has changed his point of view concerning the proper way of settling Irish difficulties; he still believes that Ireland might have been made a peaceable and orderly portion of the British Empire if the Cromwellian plan of rooting out the old race and replanting the island with Presbyterians had been consistently carried out. His quarrel is not altogether with Irish Catholic nature, which he feels to have some justification for its continued existence in the fact that English feebleness and wrong-headedness, as exhibited in "thim Bishops" of the Establishment, allowed it to struggle back to life at a period when another stroke or two like those administered by the grim Protector's sword would have put it out of the question satisfactorily and for ever. And as it is the well-known peculiarity of weeds when not thoroughly ploughed under to spread all over the surface of a field to which they are indigenous, Mr. Froude, who must certainly be accounted the nearest known realization of that grotesque abstraction called "British fair play," keeps all his active wrath and reasoned invective for the stupid Anglo-Saxon gardener whose only half-performed duty it was to clear the ground. At bottom he doubtless feels himself to have no more serious quarrel with the Irish Catholic variety of human nature than that which arises from his sense of humor, his keen appreciation of its even ridiculous incongruity with Ireland. "Is it not plain," he seems to say to his reader, "that it does not flourish here? Look at the Irish soldier, how well he fights for us, or even against us, for that matter, when once he gets off his own ground. But he never stands up and faces us at home; he never forms an Irish patriot army. The reason for that I declare to be entirely unconnected with English law, and utterly inscrutable to me. Irish Catholics succeed in America, in Canada, in Australia, but never at home. What possible cause can there be but that Ireland itself is fatal to them and to their energies? I speak for England, and I affirm solemnly that I love and admire Ireland. It is a beautiful and fertile land, full of raw materials ready to be converted into British gold. Even of the papistical natives do I not make Colonel Goring declare to Mary Moriarty, when she innocently and bravely risks both her honor and her life to save his, 'I have

heard others say that the faults of the Irish are the faults of a noble nature, which has been wrenched out of its proper shape; I believe it now'? Could anything be handsomer than that admission, which, with the addition that the wrench seems to have been given at the time of their first appearance in Ireland, I am ready to repeat in my own person?"

Some such approximation having been made by the reader to the exact value and scope of Mr. Froude's candor, he will then be ready to follow his chronicle of the *Two Chiefs of Dunboy*, Morty O'Sullivan and Colonel John Goring, with interest and pleasure. Goring is especially suggestive, not in himself, but as embodying Mr. Froude's ideal of the sort of Englishman who, if properly supported by government, would long since have succeeded in the now hopeless task of pacifying and Protestantizing Ireland. Very early in the tale one begins to suspect that in delineating him and his fate Mr. Froude had General Gordon in his mind as a model to work up to, and the surmise, if incorrect, is curiously aided from time to time by misprints in which one name is substituted for the other—one in especial, by which a letter is addressed to His Excellency the Pasha Gordon, seems deliberately intended as an aid to dulness. Goring is a soldier, converted from religious apathy by the movement set on foot by George Whitefield and the two Wesleys. While remaining a nominal churchman he becomes most unchurchmanlike in his sympathy for the Calvinistic form of dissent—a tendency, by the way, which strikes the reader as odd enough in a convert to Wesleyan preaching. Mr. Froude says of him that he became sensible of the revived Protestant spirit "as a call to devote himself to anything which presented itself as a duty."

> "He had always been what is called a religious man, in the sense that he believed that he would be called to account hereafter for his conduct. But his convictions had ripened from a consciousness of responsibility to an immediate and active sense that he was a servant of God, with definite work laid upon him to do. He carried his habits as a soldier into his relations with his Commander above. Under Cromwell he would have been the most devoted of the Ironsides. In default of an appointed leader to give him orders, he looked out for direct instructions to himself in Providential circumstances, and in any accident which might befall him he looked habitually to see whether perhaps there might be a guiding hand in it."

It was while under the stress of these new religious impressions that Goring had to decide whether or not he would settle at Dunboy, to which he had recently fallen heir by the death of a brother, and accept at the same time the post there offered

him by the English government as commander of the coast guard from Cape Clear to Dingle. He had no relish for the duties of a revenue officer. The service was an offence to common sense and natural justice, for the laws it was intended to enforce were crippling and robbing an entire community by wholesale for no better end than that of enriching English manufacturers.

But common sense and natural justice, though Mr. Froude does not say so, belong to that order of merely mundane matters which, to a man of Colonel Goring's mental calibre, easily become abstractions under the influence of religious convictions so purely personal that they own no external criterion. They can be put aside when they come into collision with what he feels to be more real, and more pleasing to that "Commander above," whose own sense of justice, with genuine Calvinistic Manicheism, he is able to believe to be radically unlike that which is native to the human heart. To men of that stamp, God is a Father only to the special variety of human nature which they class as "regenerate" according to Calvinistic standards. It is easy to see what kind of a revenue officer Goring would make when once convinced, in spite of his natural scruples, that God's rule for him was precisely coincident with English law. Had English lawgivers, at the time, been as serious as he was himself in abiding by their statutes, all would have gone swimmingly. As it was, he only made enemies among all classes by effectively interfering with a trade commonly recognized as honest in spite of the stigma of fraud cast upon it by legislation. The trouble was, as it always will be, that though a fanatic here and there may live up to a purely interior and personal standard, he always runs foul at last of the common sense he has ignored, either in its plain and ordinary varieties, or in that embodied by men kindred to himself in the bare fact of fanaticism, but alien in the particular criterion by which they elect to measure their external actions. Mr. Froude shows native penetration in his intense appreciation that the best hold of the Tory Englishman, bent on appropriation in that distinctively British manner known as making a desert and calling it peace, is to mentally identify himself as the spiritual descendant of the Israelite entering Canaan. There is so marked a likeness in some respects as to cause conjecture whether or not the Ten Lost Tribes may not have finally settled in Britain as Anglo-Saxons. Not the least strong of the parallels which suggest it may perhaps be found in that common and fatal forgetfulness of the warning not to turn aside to the wor-

ship of Moloch and of Mammon which makes their claim to "the promises" of no avail.

Miss Gertrude Garrison does not seem to be altogether of the opinion of a certain sage—if our memory serves, it was Captain Jack, in Mr. Thickstun's interesting novel, *A Mexican Girl*—that it is "better never to get the right woman than to get the wrong one." Perhaps she would feel that, the sex being changed, the apothegm would lose something of its self-evident truth. So we should infer, at least, from her novel, *The Wrong Man* (Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.) The entire undesirability of that individual she makes agreeably plain, but she leaves the reader doubtful whether Dr. Sedgewick is much nearer to being the "right man" than Frank Bascombe, whose place as bridegroom he is so suddenly promoted to fill. Can it be that Master Just Right dies in his cradle, or gets changed at nurse, as often as his little sister Precisely has long been known to do?

From Ticknor & Co. we have, in their "Paper Series of Choice Reading," Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, reviewed at some length in this magazine at the time of its first issue; *A Woman of Honor*, by H. C. Bunner, and *The Desmond Hundred*, by Jane G. Austin, the last two each in its fifth edition. Each deserves its continued popularity by its sprightliness, its unobjectionable morality, and its clever handling of contemporary life. Mrs. Austin's acquaintance we make for the first time in *The Desmond Hundred*. She is more amusing than the more famous novelist whose name she bears with a trifling variation, but she has the air of being more burdened with "tendency." Perhaps it is a false air; at all events, she does not make her purpose so luminously evident that it would dazzle a blind man. The two prefatory stanzas which she calls a "Dedication" make one wonder whether they may have been addressed, by a figure of speech, to one of the flock of geese which anciently saved the Capitol—a flock from which it is reasonable to infer that ganders were not entirely absent. Is there, or isn't there—we appeal to Sorosis to decide—something invidious in designating the whole anserine species, the popular emblem of folly, by the feminine plural only? Here are Mrs. Austin's dedicatory verses:

> "Time was when thou didst raise thy voice,
> And drave the foeman from the gates of Rome.
> Fair time! when Romans might rejoice
> That such as thou with them could find a home.

"Again, to-day, thy voice is heard—
'Wake, friends, and arm, if ye would save your home!'
But now, O wise and occult bird!
That cry is meant to save thy friends from Rome."

The Desmond Hundred is a property of an hundred acres, situated somewhere in New England, in a town called Abbeyshrule. It belongs to Honoria Desmond, who, being the daughter of a novice escaped from a Spanish convent, and an Irish Catholic gentleman, has, at some time and place not included in the present tale, become a Protestant Episcopalian. Having had the misfortune while abroad to promise herself to a man whose existing marriage is discovered just in the nick of time, she comes home to her estate to indulge in melancholy. She is very soon out of love with melancholy, however, being greatly aided to that result by the arrival of a clerical gentleman, usually spoken of as "the priest" by Mrs. Austin, whose horse falls lame on Honor's land, and who is entertained by her during the process of its recovery. Adam Ardrie is "the priest's" name. He is a man of forty or thereabouts, with a "gray face" which has a habit of getting "pinched" and "drawn" under the stress of the conflicting emotions arising from his admiration for Honor and his sense that he can be a better "priest" if he does not marry her. As Adam is an Episcopalian like herself, it naturally does not occur to Honor that he is not as free to fall in love. The situation is trying to both of them, as may be seen by a quotation taken at random, and to be matched in nearly every chapter:

"Her earnest and candid eyes, softened by emotion, rested full on his; her noble head was uplifted in the grandeur of a great purpose; her smooth, supple fingers innocently grasped his hand in fervent emphasis; the rich color glowed upon her cheek and throbbed in her parted lips. She was the fairest and most gracious woman that Adam Ardrie had ever looked upon; and a keen pang shot through heart and brain, as, dropping that soft, warm hand almost rudely, he walked to the window, looked out for a moment, and then returning, his face grayer and colder than its wont, he came close to Honor, and said:

"'God helping me, Miss Desmond, I will do my duty by you without fear or favor.'

"'Thank you,' said Honor a little sadly. Something in his voice, something in his look chilled and repressed the fervor of her mood.

"'I am afraid I am going to be afraid of somebody,' murmured she naïvely as he left the room."

It is easy to see what makes the case a hard as well as a puzzling one to Honor. Mr. Ardrie, who has private means, declines her invitation to become her domestic chaplain, but accepts the care

of an unfinished chapel, originally begun for her mother's use, and now serving as a sort of mausoleum for her and for the priest who had been brought thither to baptize Honor. He stipulates, however, that it shall be handed over to "the bishop," and made a parish church, from which he will draw no revenue save that provided by the free offerings of a congregation numbering, perhaps, one hundred and fifty souls. There is no reason on the face of things why Mr. Ardrie should not marry. He has apparently no wife in the background, like Honor's first suitor, and that he reciprocates her affection for him is as plain to each as it presently becomes to all who are interested enough to watch the intercourse between them. Even the reader is perplexed, finding Adam so torn between conflicting impulses that he is more than once on the point of frankly holding out his own hand for that which Honor longs to give him. Ardrie is a good man after the highest Ritualistic pattern. He has a Lady Chapel, he teaches his choir the *O Salutaris*, he reconciles estranged parents and children, he converts old Presbyterians into good Episcopalians, and he is devoured with an enthusiasm for his Master's service which, given his views on celibacy and his preternatural success in winning all sorts and conditions of men to his own religious practices, makes it all the more inexplicable why he should choose a field not merely so narrow but so thickly set with the thorns of temptation. But that is the well-known way of the heroes most delighted in by female novelists. Finally Adam passes Honor over to his younger brother, Major Paidmore-Ardrie, whom he takes her to Havana to meet. Like everybody else, the major sees that Honor and Adam are in love, and he stands persistently out of the way, until, seeing that the latter is making no advances, he interviews him on the subject. Finding how the ground lies, he so far sides against himself as to urge that Adam's notions are "mere papistical rubbish," and plumply accuses him of loving Honor in spite of them.

"'I love her; and God judge if I speak truly, it is as the angels love,' said the priest reverently. . . . 'I love her in such wise, that if old age, or disease, or accident destroyed her beauty and struck down the vigor of her ardent youth, I should love her without one shadow of change; I love her in such wise that if our two spirits should pass in this hour out of their bodies and stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, I should feel no change, no chill to my affection. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned, my brother. Do you discern the nature of this love?'"

The major frankly owns up that he discerns nothing of the sort, and adds that, if he has the good luck to win Honor, he hopes

that "you and she will be the dearest of brothers and sisters, spiritual friends, or whatever moonshiny relations you see fit to sustain." Then he goes to Honor, who accepts him, but, being questioned, owns that she would have taken Adam instead had he asked her.

"'Yes,' she says, 'I would have married him had he asked me; but he never did. He was wiser than I, and saw, no doubt, as I have since learned to see, that it would have been a terrible mistake for both of us. He belongs wholly to God, and I—'

"'Well, darling—and you? You belong—'

"'To you,' whispered Honor."

Which is all very well for a novel, but has an even painful lack of verisimilitude considered as a study from life. That Mrs. Austin means to teach, or, rather, to suggest, something by it is tolerably plain, and we doubtfully conjecture that something to be that the worship of the Blessed Virgin, and the adoration of the sacramental species when consecrated by a voluntarily celibate "Anglican" clergy, would be a perfectly effectual breakwater against the "encroachments of Rome."

That is probably as good a theme as another on which to construct a popular novel. It gives scope for a tremendous lot of energy and sacrifice and all that sort of thing, which is so taking when put between the covers of a book, and performed, as it were vicariously, for the reader, by a set of puppets who impart a sense of virtue, shared by conscious approval, but not binding by stringent personal application. Mrs. Austin is an extremely clever writer, and paints ordinary New England people like one who knows them well.

Mr. Henry Collins Walsh publishes, from the press of MacCalla & Co., Philadelphia, a very prettily bound little volume of verses "in aid of the Building Fund" of Georgetown College, and in honor of its Centenary. It is called *By the Potomac.* We sincerely hope that its sale may be so large that the proceeds of it, when "divided between the Alumni Centennial Subscription and the College Journal Building Fund," will set both of those recipients financially upon their feet.

An extremely interesting volume of reminiscences is called *From Flag to Flag: In the North, in Mexico, in Cuba.* By Eliza McHatton-Ripley (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) It gives, in an animated, sparkling way, full of personal flavor, the adventures of an exceptionally bright and cheerful-tempered woman in Louisiana during the war, and afterwards still further south.

Every page is readable and pleasant, and full of graphic pictures of many varieties of men and women.

Though her name does not appear on the title-page, Mrs. Oliphant is popularly credited with the authorship of *The Land of Darkness* (New York and London: MacMillan & Co.) It seems to us well worth any reader's while to make the journey with her through that dark country which is hell. Painful as it is, it is hopeful also, and it strikes two notes which are struck likewise by those sayings of St. Catharine of Genoa: "The all-lovely goodness of God shines even into hell," and, "As far as I perceive, on the part of God, Paradise has no gates. He who will may enter." It is poetical, too, both in essential imagination and in form, lacking wholly that coarse and even vulgar touch which detracts so greatly from the merits of the well-known book called *Letters from Hell.* Of the other papers which help to form this volume, "The Little Pilgrim in the Seen and Unseen" is altogether beautiful and touching, while "On the Dark Mountains" strikes for the second time, but less sharply for the pain, more resonantly for the hope, the notes touched in *The Land of Darkness.* Mrs. Oliphant's conception of hell—a word she never uses—resembles rather the Catholic one of purgatory; not St. Catharine's fiery but sweet purgatory of love, but St. Bridget of Sweden's purgatory, for the cleansing of gross sinners. Where she found it, if anywhere beyond the depths of her own heart, we know not, but assuredly it is very beautiful. She herself sums it up thus:

"It was thus that she learned the last lesson of all that is in heaven and that is in earth, and in the heights above and the depths below, which the great angels desire to look into, and all the princes and powers. And it is this: that there is that which is beyond hope, yet not beyond love. And that hope may fail and be no longer possible, but love cannot fail. For hope is of men, but love is the Lord. And there is but one thing which to Him is not possible, which is to forget. And that even when the Father has hidden His face and help is forbidden, yet there He goes secretly and cannot forbear.

"But if there were any deep more profound, and to which access was not, either from the dark mountains or by any other way, the pilgrim was not taught, nor ever found any knowledge, either among the angels who know all things, or among her brothers who were the children of men."

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

ST. ANSELM'S SOCIETY.

In reply to an inquiry sent from the office of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the pamphlets and lists issued by St. Anselm's Society have been kindly forwarded by the Very Rev. Provost Wenham. The society has been in existence since the year 1860. It began by collecting subscriptions, and making grants of books at half price to missions, schools, and charitable institutions. A catalogue was published of Catholic books and others which upon examination were found to be unobjectionable. The expenditure required for putting such books into circulation amounted to several thousands of pounds. After a time the support given to the society was not sufficient to pay expenses and allow the large reduction in the price of books. Under altered conditions the work was begun again, with special reference to the needs of schools and colleges. Investigation proved that those who order books for prizes and school libraries were often at the mercy of booksellers and publishers, who, being without knowledge of the suitability of books for the classes for whom they were ordered, were inclined to supply their own publications, whether suitable or not. Considerable attention has been given also to the selection of books for lending libraries, and the preparation of lists for family reading.

St. Anselm's Society is rightly opposed to indiscriminate reading, which must be counteracted by the diffusion of sound and wholesome literature. It recognizes that no great results can be expected from mere restraint in the matter of reading. Hence it seeks to stimulate the intellectual appetite by cultivating and educating it to a taste for healthy mental food. There should be an enlightened conscience about the selection of books, and educational institutions cannot be exempted from the duty of protecting their scholars from the dangerous literature of the day. By the combined effort of qualified persons the best books can be made conspicuous, and young people can be taught how to discriminate in their search for interesting reading.

From the financial report of St. Anselm's Society, issued in May, 1888, we learn that for the preceding year the receipts amounted to £1,014 17*s.* 9*d.*, of which £588 17*s.* 11*d.* was from the sale of books. The expenditure was £997 15*s.* 11*d.*, of which £587 7*s.* 2*d.* was spent in printing and the purchase of books. The work of the society in advising and assisting those in charge of schools and institutions of various kinds is performed gratuitously. No effort is made to interfere with the business of the bookseller; the aim kept constantly in view is to select from all quarters the best books, to recommend them, and bring them in the way of those who possess influence and authority over others, so as to direct them in their reading.

For the payment of £1 (or, in the case of priests, 10*s.*) subscribers receive free all lists and pamphlets from the Society's Depository, No. 6 Agar St., Strand, London. They are also entitled to any books on the lists up to £10, at the cost price to the Society, for cash payment.

THOMAS MCMILLAN.

ALFRED KRUPP.*

The city of Essen, which has for its founder and patron saint Alfred von Hildesheim, a bishop of the ninth century, lies about twenty miles northeast of Düsseldorf on the Rhine, is situated in the fertile basin of the Ruhr, in the centre of the great factory district of Westphalia, a veritable hive of industry, in which also are Crefeld, Elberfeld, and Dortmund. It is a region in which nature has stored abundant coal and iron, the very bases of metal industry. In 1812 Essen was a little country town, with scarcely four thousand inhabitants. In 1887 the old city and its suburbs contained nearly one hundred thousand people. Its prodigious growth in industrial importance and population is wholly due to the wonderful intelligence, energy, and persevering industry of two men—of Friedrich Krupp, who discovered a carefully guarded secret, the art of making cast-steel, acquired by England in the middle of the eighteenth century, and of his son Alfred, who carried out his father's life-work to its present colossal successful results.

Friedrich Krupp began his vocation as a metal-worker at the Good Hope Works at Sterckrade, bought by his grandmother in 1800 under foreclosure of mortgage. There he began his first experiments to find out how to make cast-steel, but want of success compelled him in 1808 to give up the works. He then went to Essen and established a small, water-driven forging plant. At last he unearthed the secret he was after, and started in 1815, with a partner, Friedrich Nicolai, and an exclusive privilege granted by government for producing cast-steel in the royal Prussian provinces between the Elbe and the Rhine. He could not get along with his partner and had to get rid of him. But the demand for the product which he turned out was not sufficient to keep his works going; though more and more money was sunk, the inevitable current of ruin could not be stemmed. He was obliged to give up his comfortable habitation and occupy poverty-stricken laborer's quarters, a small, one-story cottage near his plant which is still preserved in the very midst of the present gigantic establishment. Here, broken by sorrow, abandoned by hope, and ruined in fortune, he died October 8, 1826, at the early age of thirty-nine. Shortly before his death he confided to his son Alfred the secret of making cast-steel, and by his will directed that the boy should assume the management of the works which were to be carried on by his widow.

At the time of his father's death Alfred Krupp was only fourteen years old, and a pupil at the grammar school. Under the direction of his uncle, Carl Schulz, in the first year after leaving school he devoted his Sundays to the study of book-keeping and to the acquirement of other mercantile knowledge. He entered upon a life of hard manual labor; "with two workmen, increased in succeeding years to five, he carried on the forge; clad in overalls, he stood at the anvil from morn till night, the first to come, the last to leave, with calloused hands swinging the sledge." His food was for the most part potatoes, coffee, bread and butter, but no meat. For fifteen years he earned just enough to pay his workmen their wages, and was often short of money to pay postage. Slowly but surely the development of the works went on. In 1832 he employed ten workmen. About this time he invented the cast-steel roller die and sold his English patent for a sum which enabled him considerably to enlarge his works.

* *Alfred Krupp: A sketch of his life and work.* From the German of Victor Niemeyer by K. W. and O. E. Michaelis. To which is added *A Visit to the Krupp Works at Essen*, from the French of Captain E. Monthaye. New York: Thomas Prosser & Son.

He undertook various extensive journeys for the purpose of enlarging his knowledge of steel and iron fabrication. In 1847 he sent a three-pounder muzzle-loading gun to Berlin, where it remained without notice by the Ordnance Board until 1849, when the excellent quality of the metal was acknowledged. 1848 was a year of trial; his brother Friedrich left him, the works were threatened with ruin, and to keep them going he had to melt what remaining plate the family possessed, and thus tide over this darkest period, which fortunately was of short duration. In 1851 Krupp appeared at the London Exhibition with a steel block weighing forty-five hundredweight, when up to that time *twenty* had been considered as the *maximum possible* under the most favorable circumstances. The assembled metallurgists were in astonishment; English steel-makers did not know what to make of it; some English papers went so far as to declare "there is some deception in this, something unfair." A piece of steel was cut from Krupp's ingot, raised to a proper heat, and forged on the anvil in all directions. With this palpable proof, Krupp's success was complete; he received the Council medal and his world-wide reputation was established. In 1852 he invented a method of manufacturing weldless railroad tires, the extraordinary pecuniary success of which enabled him to establish great shops and to set up powerful machinery. In 1854 his exhibit at the Munich Exhibition was crowned with the memorial gold medal. At the Paris Exhibition of 1855 the cast-steel block he exhibited was more than double the weight of that of 1851. It weighed 5,000 kilograms (11,000 lbs.), and earned the award of the large gold medal. The 12-pounder shell gun exhibited so engaged the interest of the French that exhaustive trials with Krupp guns, at which Krupp attended in person, were instituted. In 1858 he exhibited his works to the Archduke John of Austria and to Von Waldersee, Prussian minister of war. In 1860 King William I., who in 1853, as Prince of Prussia, had examined the works with deep interest, visited Essen a second time, to behold with wonder the enormous progress of the plant. Krupp had become the Cannon King. In 1861 Prussia adopted the Krupp rifled breech-loading gun. Honors and orders without number were conferred upon him. The victory of Sedan in 1870 is said to have been won with Krupp breech-loaders. During his life Krupp delivered a total of 23,000 guns to thirty-four different states. The 72 workmen employed in 1848 had grown in 1865 to 8,187. In September, 1881, the total of employees footed up 19,605. His works now consume every working day 3,100 tons of coal and coke, 5,000 to 7,000 gallons of water, from 475,000 to 1,500,000 feet of gas for lighting, and his blast furnaces are charged daily with 1,400 tons of ore from the Krupp mines. One forging-hammer weighs 50 tons.

After he had in 1853 left his little, simple home for a more commodious dwelling he began to show his earnest sympathy with his workmen. He founded a sick and pension fund for the aid and protection of disabled workmen. He established a *commissariat*, or regular supply system, by which all the necessaries of life, of good quality, could be sold to workmen at a low price, mere cost, for cash only. He built roomy, well-drained houses and let them to his employees at considerable less rental than they had before paid for the miserable dens in which they lived. At present the works have 3,208 suitable and healthy family tenements, all supplied with water, harboring about 16,200 souls. He repeatedly took opportunity to offer his workmen, after weary weeks of labor, rest and recreation. He declared that "every manufacturing establishment should, my works *must*, insure the health and prosperity of all concerned. With

assured and sufficient earnings, with content and comfort at home, every individual can enjoy the very fact of living." In 1871 a general hospital was erected; in 1872 one for contagious diseases. In 1874 a bathing establishment was built, with separate bath-rooms and a Russian bath. The Life Insurance Company, instituted in 1874, now numbers 2,000 policy-holders. For invalids and convalescents, not fit for regular shop duties, brush and paper-bag making and other light employments were undertaken. He erected four large public schools, an undenominational private school, and two industrial schools. Every apprentice was required to attend the evening schools. He not only avoided politics for himself, but he was averse to his employees taking part in political agitation. He gave them this sound advice: "Earnest, active interest in state politics demands more time and a deeper study of complicated relations than is at your command. Besides, political hobnobbery is expensive; you can get better money's worth at home. Your daily work finished, spend your time in your houses with your parents, your wives, and your children. There find your recreation, there reflect upon household matters and education; let this and your work constitute your politics, and thus enjoy contented lives." In 1878 he gave to each of his workmen a book against the baneful spirit of social democracy in which he made clear the real sources of social misery.

In 1887 Alfred Krupp, who had then become the heaviest taxpayer of the great German Empire, began to droop, and on July 14 of that year he died, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. By his will he presented to the city of Essen 500,000 marks "for charitable and general purposes," and he left a legacy of 1,000,000 marks for the benefit of all workmen connected with his works, the interest of which is to be disbursed under direction of a committee of employees.

The book before us gives no account whatever of Krupp's religious belief, but leads one to suspect that he inclined to indifferentism. It praises his frequent admonitions against the destruction of religious concord; that "religious dissension destroys peaceful relations"; quotes his declaration that "the Catholic workman was just as dear to him as the Protestant," and condemns the *ultramontane* papers for having, on the occasion of the last Reichstag election, taken a course which he viewed as "an attempt to create a chasm between his Catholic and Protestant workmen, a most *shameless* proceeding." We allow ourselves to hope that he was neither tolerant nor indifferent in regard to the tyrannical anti-Catholic legislation of the May laws, under which the religious rights of the numerous Catholics of Westphalia, as well as their co-religionists throughout the German Empire, were so long oppressed. The present head of the establishment is Friedrich Alfred Krupp.

Among the thousands of admirers at the present day of Krupp's wonderful industrial success, how many are there that realize and recognize the fact that, estimated at its highest aggregate value, it is not worth as much as the saving of one soul?

B.

READING CIRCLES.

This issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD contains the prospectus of the Columbian Reading Union. It is constructed on broad lines, trusting to the future for minor developments. Every parish library and reading club already existing can follow out its own plan of work, and at the same time appropriate whatever

good suggestions may come through the medium of the Reading Union. Individuals may likewise avail themselves of these advantages. Clubs and societies for home study must depend chiefly on favorable local conditions. Wherever they can be formed and persistently maintained good results will certainly follow.

On behalf of the Columbian Reading Union an appeal is now made to those competent to prepare lists of the best books on different subjects. Thus the rare knowledge of the few may become useful to the many. One of the letters received gives proof of a generous spirit in these words:

"As for voluntary work, I am no specialist, nor indeed in any wise learned, but I will try to do what I can and as well as I can. Among the specialists the most important is a banker at the start. He furnishes the oxygen to the atmosphere of literature, learning, and culture nowadays as ever. Devotion, good-will, enthusiasm are weak without him."

Now that the movement discussed in these pages is about to take permanent form, it is a fitting time to make an explanation in reply to all those who have asked how the idea originated. The first communication received by THE CATHOLIC WORLD on the subject of Reading Circles was written by Miss Julie E. Perkins, of Milwaukee. She has gratuitously undertaken the onerous task of replying to all correspondents. The expense of printing the leaflets and slips sent by her to various parts of the United States and Canada was paid from a fund kindly donated for that purpose by Mr. Charles D. Nash. Such generosity is worthy of high commendation, and for the success of the enterprise it should receive the sincerest praise—that is, imitation by others.

Among the educational institutions of the United States none has attained a loftier standard of excellence in the skilful use of modern methods than the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. We gladly give space to a letter from one of its ablest representatives, Professor Egan, who has brought with him to the West remarkable natural gifts and the most finished culture of the East:

"I hear with great pleasure of your project of the 'Reading Circles.' I have long admired the bold stroke by which the Methodists have raised themselves from their position as the most illiterate of denominations by means of the Chautauqua movement. It is the fashion for some of us to sneer at this. I did some of that kind of sneering myself very thoughtlessly when I had the fortune in past days of editing a Catholic journal; age has brought more consideration for others. While we Catholics read the newspapers and an occasional novel of the minute, while it is a fact that our best magazines and journals merely exist, we should restrain our sneers at the efforts of other people to accomplish what we ought to be doing.

"The 'Reading Circles' are a move in the right direction; if they have only the effect of teaching the young Catholic—who knows his opinions of literature from the newspaper reviews—not to talk of Catholic literature as if it were beneath contempt, they will have accomplished a great deal. Surely every young woman or young man of 'ours,' capable of reading *Robert Elsmere*, or *Passe Rose*, ought to know *Dion and the Sibyls*, or *The Dream of Gerontius*. I think some movement ought to be made towards the serious study of literature; and it seems to me that the studies of your Circles ought to be directed from a common centre. John Wesley appropriated much from us; why should we not take some of the Chautauqua plans?

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN."

Letters containing various suggestions and good wishes for the work proposed have been received from M. E. M., Alpena, Mich.; F. S. P., Mobile, Ala.; E. T. L., Canton, N. Y.; E. H. M., Troy, N. Y.; N. O. B., Dedham, Mass.; D. M., Boston, Mass.; C. H., Mobile, Ala.; G. M. F., La Grange, Ill.; A. G., Celina, Ohio; W. E. M., Youngstown, Ohio; J. L. T., West Fitchburgh, Mass.; M. E. K.,

East Dedham, Mass.; J. M. R., Ascension, La.; K. A. D., Lynn, Mass.; J. S., Roanoke, Va.

Another Reading Circle has been formed at Rochester, N. Y., composed of forty members belonging to St. Bridget's Church. Mrs P. J. Dowling has sent a very interesting letter giving an account of its first meeting. We fully approve the decision to subscribe for THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The following letter is from Illinois, and represents the opinions of a teacher in a Catholic institution:

"THE CATHOLIC WORLD, through the kindness of a friend, was a welcome visitor to us this week. In it we see the subject of 'Reading Circles' discussed. Long have we felt the need of such work, and will think it a real Godsend if something permanent can be done in this direction.

"In small places where almost everything is Protestant it is next to impossible to rear the young untainted by false ideas, with here and there the proverbial exception. For the growing mind will seek, will know, in order to keep up with those around it, and too often is forced to go to Protestant gardens for the food it craves and needs, the Catholic library, if there be one at all, being too scant to furnish the required information. Thus they inhale from their very youth the fatal poison of indifference, and parents reared in the same atmosphere are unable to counteract it if they would. Many of our Catholic girls are teachers in the public and district schools, and surrounded as they are by Protestants, unless there is a strong Catholic training, mixed marriages cannot be prevented. This might, however, be obviated to a certain extent by Catholic literature, and no plan is better than the formation of Reading Circles.

"I have examined somewhat the Chautauqua course and think it an admirable one, its heretical proclivities excepted. These being replaced by Catholic doctrine and authors, nothing better could be adopted for the average reader or student. And its being principally a gratuitous course would make it all the more acceptable to the middle and poorer classes, and they are the ones mainly to be reached.

"A literary magazine specially for the society, containing suggestions, outlines, programmes, and supplementary reading, at a price within the reach of all, will be a very interesting, necessary, and stimulating force.

"One feature above all that I admire in the *Chautauquan* is the appeal to parents to become members that they may assist their children.

"The Circle is to be preferred to the individual plan of study for the reason that Catholic youths are thrown together, and by the presence of the parents an atmosphere altogether wholesome and pleasant would surround them.

"It will be up-hill work no doubt; but what work for the good of souls was ever accomplished that was not beset by difficulties?

"A great deal depends also upon the name to make it a success. Let a neutral one be chosen that outsiders may also be attracted. I heartily endorse M. T. Elder's article on the 'draw system,' and think it worth trying here if anywhere.

"As it takes 'money to make the mare go,' I promise twenty-five dollars towards establishing the magazine. Let us hear from others. * * *"

To establish a new magazine is hardly possible, and quite unnecessary as long as THE CATHOLIC WORLD allows space for matters relating to Reading Circles. The lists and leaflets to be published by the Columbian Reading Union will supply the desired information. A donation of twenty-five dollars could be very usefully employed in sending the lists gratis to every Catholic church in the rural districts of Illinois. We hope to hear again soon from the writer of the above letter.

We are indebted to the *Catholic Review* for an editorial lucidly setting forth the advantages of the work proposed for reading clubs. It deserves to be quoted for all interested in the question:

"The pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD have lately been devoted to the discussion and for-

mation of a scheme which, if faithfully carried out, will be of immense benefit to Catholics and, indirectly, of great encouragement to authors and publishers. It is the founding of reading clubs among our people which will bring together in every possible place the few who like to read intelligently, will direct their reading, urge them to a fuller acquaintance with Catholic authors, and while assisting their mental growth make them the means of developing the Catholic mind in towns and villages, and directing its attention to needs which just now they seem unconscious of.

"Such a work is necessary, sure to succeed, and of wonderful utility. A little salt seasons a large loaf. A few minds in every parish can influence the many around them. To get these few into companionship, to give them a single aim whose attainment is made easy without any invasion of time or custom, is a simple and difficult task; simple, because details are few and expenses light; difficult, because human nature tires quickly, whereas Satan is tireless.

"The indifference of Catholics to their own intellectual needs is the most painful feature of our condition in America. When one compares the book-lists of England with those of this country it is to feel ashamed of our poverty of production. There is no publishing firm amongst us which dares to bring out an original book except at long intervals. In that line we get only German and English reprints. Publishers devote all their time to school books and the abominable premium trade, which the *Freeman's Journal* once stigmatized as the 'junk' business.

"The reason is that there is no market for Catholic books by native authors, or by foreign authors if a royalty has to be paid them. It takes so long to sell off an edition of one thousand copies that time, profit, and patience are lost. It does not even pay to take an American author's book for nothing and put it in type. Publishers must use the electrotype plates made in England for American editions. If a few publishers now and then publish an original story, it is done simply to work off a stock of German and French translations under cover of a new book. There are, of course, more reasons than one to account for this sad state. But the main reason lies with the indifferent Catholic readers, who are content with what comes to their hand, and make no efforts to discover the works of Catholic writers.

"Spalding, England, Kenrick, Brownson, and Hecker published their own books as a rule, simply to get their ideas among the thoughtful. The men who could have supplied us with novels, poems, biographies, essays such as we needed for the expression of Catholic sentiment were editors and contributors on secular journals, and are there still. What work could not such people do as Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Blake, Christian Reid, Boyle O'Reilly, and a hundred others if there were in existence a pure Catholic taste which would even appropriate it when done? It is a curious and instructive fact that all our American Catholic writers serve their apprenticeship on Catholic journals, then pass on to *Harper's*, the *Century*, and others, and in Catholic circles are heard of no more.

"Here lies the necessity for the reading club. There are some millions of Catholic readers in the country. The majority know as much about the science of navigation as they do about Catholic literature. It is the design of the reading club to bring these people together, to let them see their deficiencies, to make them acquainted with Catholic literature, native and foreign, to warn them of the evil tendencies of secular literature in our day, to form their taste on sound principles, and to make them the agents of a revival of interest among all classes in American authors and their books, in American journalists and their journals.

"The plan is sure to succeed. Like every great scheme, it is wonderfully simple, and the ground which it covers has plenty of material to work with. The readers are there with their imperfectly developed taste and lack of interest, but they must have that self-pride which stirs a man's attention, and that love of association which is part of our nature. These things can be counted on, and, with the proper centre and a good executive on hand, there seems no reason why the American Reading Club should not become a powerful engine for good."

To this we would add that we hope "the agents" of this revival will also strive to obtain suitable recognition for our Catholic writers in the public libraries.

DEPARTMENT READING CIRCLES.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

INTEMPERANCE AND LAW. A Lecture by the Most Rev. John Ireland, D.D. New edition. Published by St. Paul's Guild, Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, New York.

Certainly the question of temperance reform is now generally discussed even in the saloons. As good Catholics, we want sobriety for the welfare of our church; we need it also as a civic virtue for the advancement of our country.

We have read every published address and sermon of Archbishop Ireland, including his great sermon at the Third Plenary Council dealing with the relations between church and state, and we venture to say that this lecture on Intemperance and Law is one of the best specimens of his vigorous thought and powerful command of language. Here is a passage which is worthy of Webster:

"The state, in America, it is well to explain, means the voters who elect the men to enact laws, and the men to execute them: it means you, my hearers. In this republic the laws practically are made and ordered to be executed at the polls, and what is the duty of the state is the duty of each citizen at the moment he deposits his ballot on election day. I am no politician; I do not enter into the actual political arena. But I beg to proclaim the high principles which should govern in political acts. The principles are these: that we must cast our votes for the men and the measures that will best promote the welfare of the state and that of its subjects. Duty to those principles is above duty to political parties. No party should dare attempt to control conscience or the acts which conscience dictates. The merits of the party ticket, not the bidding of the party rulers, should receive from us consideration. When the party is able to assert that it owns men who must vote its chosen tickets, those men are slaves and their right to citizenship is forfeited. Indifference on the part of the great number to all political life, indifference to the merits of the ticket seeking their support, has brought upon America most serious evils, and it is time for men in the name of country and of religion to arouse themselves to a full sense of their duties as citizens.

"No sooner is mention made of laws affecting the liquor-traffic than its cry of protest quickly reaches our ears. It speaks, it tells us, in the name of personal rights and personal liberty, violated by the laws which we would enforce or enact. Personal liberty! It ever was the fashion of wrong to bedeck itself with righteous name. Liberty is dear to the American people—so dear that the name is a passport to all hearts. But will we allow slavery, and vice, and death to borrow the precious name and to make their own the privileges and the rights of liberty? It is Liberty herself that commands law to press down heavily to-day upon the liquor-traffic. The first duty of the liberty-loving citizen is to hold more precious than the apple of his eye the life of the republic, the mother and the guardian angel of liberty, to war against its enemies—and the enemy of the republic is not more he who opposes her flag on the battle field than he who scatters moral poison through her towns and villages, and defies in his daily avocation her laws and her law-making power. Liberty means the right of all men to enjoy without disturbance life and property, not a title for one portion of the community to prowl as hungry beasts upon the other. Liberty, O sacred name! to what base service they chain thee! They ask for liberty to rob of soul and life the minor and the habitual drunkard, to break in with riot and shame upon the quietness of our Sunday, to track to his home and workshop the poor laborer lest he bring bread to starving wife and children! They ask for liberty to trample underfoot the laws of the land, to level against the republic death-dealing blows! Not more audacious would be the clamoring of the spirit of the furious waters of our great rivers, demanding liberty to sweep away whole cities, and to engulf in the maddening abyss hecatombs of human lives. No, no; we know and love liberty, but the cry of the traffic is not the cry of liberty.

"The first duty of citizens, in reference to the liquor-traffic, is to free the country from the political control of the saloon. So long as the saloon is in power, intemperance will run riot and wax daily more defiant and more destructive."

This new edition of the lecture makes a pamphlet of twenty-eight pages, which is sold at cost price, ten dollars for a thousand copies, under the auspices of St. Paul's Guild. We hope it will be widely circulated, especially among those who wish to know how to refute the arguments of prohibitionists against high license.

THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, APOSTLE OF THE INDIES AND JAPAN. From the Italian of D. Bartoli and J. P. Maffei. New York: P. O'Shea.

It is remarkable that the sixteenth century, the era of countless heresies, should have given the church one of the most glorious apostles of the true faith that the world has ever seen. Such was St. Francis Xavier. Faber calls him a man mad with the madness of St. Paul and drunk with the drunkenness of the Apostles at Pentecost. His zeal was only increased by the presence of sin, misery, and unbelief. His is the type of Christian enthusiasm which we need most of all to-day. In our country what a field! Catholics to be reclaimed from sin and vice, vast numbers of dissatisfied but honest, truth-seeking Protestants to be won, the negro race to be emancipated from spiritual slavery, and the Indians to be civilized and Christianized.

What we have to do, then, is to pray God to send great hearts among us. We want missionaries modelled after St. Francis Xavier. And there is no one among us who cannot help on the work of the salvation of our countrymen. We can be more assiduous in prayer, practise more mortification, and be more generous in our alms.

The reading of this excellent life will increase one's love for souls. We hope, therefore, that this book will be widely circulated.

LA RÉVOLUTION FRANÇAISE À PROPOS DU CENTENNAIRE DE 1789. Paris. 1889.

This monograph of one hundred and fifty-five pages is by Mgr. Freppel, Bishop of Angers and deputy from Finisterre, upon the occasion of the celebration this year of the centennial of the French Revolution of 1789. It has already run through thirteen editions, and is very interesting and instructive. Its object is to disabuse the minds of those Frenchmen who honestly claim or believe that that great political and social upheaval accomplished for France great and excellent reforms which could not have been obtained as effectually and completely by any other means, and that no progress to speak of had been achieved in preceding ages. The learned writer considers that revolutionary inspirations were drawn by the leaders and actors in that disastrous epoch from the maxims of the pseudo-philosophers of the eighteenth century, and in particular of those set forth in the *Contrat Social* of Rousseau. The radical character of the movement is eloquently described as that of "a nation" suddenly severing itself from its entire past, making at a stated time and, as it were, at once a clean sweep of its government, laws, and institutions in order to build on the *tabula rasa* thus created a social edifice new from bottom to top, ignoring every existing right and tradition; though ranking foremost among European nations, coming before the entire world to declare that the path followed by France for twelve centuries has been all wrong, that she has all that time misapprehended her genius, her mission, and her duties, that in the grandeur

and glory achieved in the past there is nothing just or legitimate, that there is to be a new beginning as to everything, and that she will know neither truce nor peace so long as a single vestige of her past history is left standing.

There were prepared by royal direction, for the consideration of the assembled *États Généraux* (Estates General), official, carefully drawn-up documentary statements from the various provinces and principal cities and towns of the kingdom, showing the ills under which they were suffering, and the reforms which it was desired to bring about through the representatives to the assembly, who were elected by perfectly free and fair elections. These statements are known as the *cahiers* of 1789,* and have been preserved. They show undeniably the historical fact that only reasonable, practical, needed reforms were sought; that there was no idea whatever of disturbing the foundations of the monarchy and social order then existing, and that there was generally a harmonious understanding between the three estates—nobility, clergy, and third estate, or commoners—about the reforms wanted and the abuses to be removed, which latter had in great measure grown out of the absolute royal power that had prevailed since 1614. The principal reforms contemplated embraced the abolition of special exclusive privileges,† a better and fairer mode of taxation, to the future laying of which the assent of the nation was to be indispensably requisite; its representatives were to have a share in the making of laws—this last in accordance with the old adage, *Lex consensu populi fit et constitutione regis.* Next came the holding of assemblies of the States General every three or five years, the plenitude of executive power to be reserved to the king; a uniform code of laws for the entire realm; abolition of interior custom-houses; reasonable and proper home rule for the provinces; personal liberty to be protected by law and made free from *lettres de cachet* and other modes of arbitrary arrest; honors, positions, and dignities to be made accessible to all citizens according to personal merit and worth. The nobility and clergy, on the 4th of August, declared their willingness to unreservedly give up their privileges, and the clergy in particular, in April, 1787, in writing to the king, had relinquished all pre-existing rights to exemption from taxation, and asked that all citizens without exception should be taxed alike, and that certain very oppressive burdens should be either abolished or greatly modified. In many of the *cahiers* entire freedom from taxation of every kind was asked for day-laborers, as also that the furniture and tools of the poor in city and country should be exempt from seizure under execution for debt. So that nothing can be plainer than, as Mounier wrote, "the nation wanted to do away with abuse, not to upset the throne; to operate reforms, not make a revolution." All these reforms could have been thus obtained more wisely, surely, and efficaciously, the nation spared the cost of ten revolutions and thirty years of fruitless wars; and if the reformatory movement of 1789 had been car-

* Arthur Young, in his book of travels through France during the years 1787–88–89, gives some account of them, and observes as to the uprising beginning in 1789: "Lately a company of Swiss would have crushed all this; a regiment would do it now if led with firmness; but let it last a fortnight longer, and an army will be wanting."

† Particularly the *capitaineries* mentioned by Arthur Young, which related to the preservation of game for the sport of the nobility.

ried out on the conservative, peaceful lines intended, France would have given the tone to all Christian Europe and be to-day its leading nation.

The main feature of the French Revolution which distinguishes it from all other changes which have taken place in states is its application of rationalism in the civil, political, and social order. It meant not only to do away with the Catholic Church, but with all Christianity, all revelation, the supernatural order, and to rely in their stead only on what can be learned from nature and reason. Its dreadful crimes must have been inspired by Diderot's wish, expressed in *Les Eleuthéromanes:*

> "*Et ses mains, ourdissant les entrailles du prêtre*
> *En feraient un cordon pour le dernier des rois*" ; *

and Voltaire's cry of "*Écrasons l'infâme*" † has, after a century's interval, found its echo in Gambetta's "*Le clericalisme, voilà l'ennemi!*" ‡

Freemasonry as a directing force § and an undesirable foreign element, personified in dangerous refugees from several countries of Europe, were very active in the work of the French Revolution, which professed to be not exclusively for a national purpose, but to benefit entire humanity. As a result, it earned the reprobation and raised the opposition of all Christian Europe.

The slow but real progress of national liberty in France, which included provincial, municipal, and individual franchises and began in early times, was arrested by the centralization which took place through royal power in the seventeenth century. The desire to remove this pressure and restore reasonable local government was formally and explicitly expressed in the *cahiers*. As a consequence of the Revolution of 1789, a more centralized form of government than ever before has been fastened on the French nation and endures at the present day. It restrains in a tyrannical manner individual action, oppresses individual consciences and the church. Pernicious torrential law-making sprang up in the assemblies of 1789, like, to some extent, sad to say, we see in our own day and country. The *Constituante* passed in two years 2,557 laws; the *Legislative* in one year, 1,712; and the Convention in three years, 11,210. As for the other two parts of the revolutionary motto, Equality and Fraternity, Mgr. Freppel demonstrates that the idea of levelling down all hierarchical distinctions, no matter how legitimate and respectable, to a universal individual equality has worked much injury to France; and the bloody scenes of the Reign of Terror, of the insurrection in Paris in June, 1848, and of the Commune in 1871 show what men, loud-mouthed about Fraternity on a non-Christian basis, will do against brethren when they get the opportunity. The intestine divisions, numerous parties, and partisan hatreds with which France is rent and plagued at the present day, in contradistinction to the unity of feeling which prevailed after the troubles of the Fronde, constitute a

* "And weaves, with his hands, the entrails of priests into a cord for strangling the last of the kings."

† "Let us crush the infamous one," referring to Christ's church.

‡ "In clericalism behold our enemy."

§ Guizot relates, in his history of France, that after Louis XVI. had been prevailed upon to leave Versailles and come to the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, as he ascended its steps the numerous Freemasons in the crowd around him *formed in sudden concert over his head the Masonic arch with their swords.*

curious exhibition of the progress of Fraternity among her sons. Neither is it true that the division among small peasant proprietors of large estates before held in exclusive possession by the nobility and clergy is one of the great benefits for which the Revolution is to be thanked. This change of ownership had begun long before 1789; its results did not escape the observation of Arthur Young in his travels through France, and the real fact is that while peasant owners before the Revolution owned one-half of the cultivated land of France, at the present day they hold only one-eighth or one-ninth. The entire estates of the clergy and part of those of the nobility, scandalously confiscated and sold at the outset of the Revolution, were bought by speculators of the middle class and paid for in depreciated paper. The public relief incumbent upon and afforded before by these two bodies of land-owners has now to be provided by taxation. It needs no argument in a country like this, where voluntary association accomplishes so much, to show that Turgot's maxim, which was carried out by the Revolution in the suppression of all guilds of artisans, mechanics, and laborers, was entirely and radically wrong.

Another great distinctive ravage of the French Revolution of 1789 was the carrying out of the theory advocated by Condorcet, Lakanal, Lanthenas, and others, repudiated and refuted in our day by Herbert Spencer, and which was too bad for paganism to accept—to wit: that secular instruction alone suffices to bring about all needed moral training. The next step was to make teaching the nation a function of the state and to centralize the supervision and direction of all institutions for education and of learning, the teaching in which it could and did make as godless as it liked, until 1848, when some relief from this despotism was obtained through a later revolution. While this system was followed it destroyed in these institutions, great and small, all beneficial emulative competition, and placed the higher ones at a great disadvantage with others blessed with more freedom elsewhere in Europe.

The enormous burden of military service necessarily borne by the population of France at the present day is the direct consequence of the wars of the French Revolution and the Empire, undertaken by the former for revolutionary propagandism, which set all Europe at defiance and did away with all existing treaties and alliances, and by the latter in a mad career of conquest. Before 1789 voluntary enlistments, as in England and our country, had supplied all the soldiers needed by France, not only for perfect defence, but to render her dreaded by her enemies. The laws of 10th of March, 1818, and of April 14, 1832, were ineffectual towards restoring this former military condition.

In conclusion, the learned and patriotic writer dwells mournfully on the prospects of remedying all the great harm done by the Revolution of 1789, and of ever healing the extreme party divisions with which France is now afflicted. He points out that while internal contentions brought about the national ruin of Poland, unity and a firm adherence to institutions which had been the source of national life and growth were the means through which Prussia rose from her fallen condition after the defeat of Jena, to become in time a great European power.

What a contrast between the centennial events celebrated this year in our country and in France, which for the latter should be an occasion, not

of national exultation, but of humiliation and lament! What can be more disgraceful than to celebrate, as has been done annually for ten years past, the capture by an infuriated mob of a prison surrendered almost without an attempt at defence, and the innocent defenders of which *were massacred to a man after surrender!* B.

LONGMAN'S NEW ATLAS, POLITICAL AND PHYSICAL, for the use of schools and private persons. Engraved and lithographed by Edward Stanford. Edited by George G. Chisholm, M.A., B.Sc. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The special feature of this new atlas is its practical usefulness. Commerce and colonization are matters of the first importance, especially for the older countries of the world, and the movement recently set on foot to develop the interest of the young in the study of geography as a necessary means to this end will be admirably ministered to by this work.

The physical rather than the political features of the world have been emphasized; the surface-coloring, for example, indicates the height above the sea-level, land less than one thousand feet above that level being colored differently from that above. In the same way, in rivers, the head of navigation for sea-going vessels and for river steamers has in many cases, when ascertainable, been indicated. The character of the coast also is shown. In many of the newer countries the rainfall is marked, and also the position of minerals. All this serves to direct the attention of the young to the practical object of geographical study. The maps are well up to date, and for the newer countries—for example, Bechuanaland and its neighborhood, Borneo, the Northwest Territories of Canada—the maps are far better than those in more expensive atlases. Another important advantage is that the maps are constructed either on one scale or on simple fractions of the one scale. This is very useful for the sake of comparison; the ideas of the relative size of different countries formed by boys are often very erroneous. A little care in the use of this atlas will easily prevent such ideas being formed.

For general use, however, the fewness of places indicated will form a drawback. The editor had to choose here between two courses, and he has preferred to preserve its character as an educational work. Consequently, those who merely wish to find a place on the map will have to go to a larger atlas, although the index appended will in many cases tell him where the place should be, for more names have for this purpose been placed in the index than are found on the map. In our opinion this atlas is by far the best atlas for schools which has been published up to the present time, and, with the one exception noted, for general use it will serve better than many more expensive works.

THE HISTORY AND FATE OF SACRILEGE. By Sir Henry Spelman. Edited in part from two MSS., revised and corrected, with a continuation, large additions, and an introductory essay by two Priests of the Church of England. New edition, with corrections, additional notes, and an index, by Samuel J. Eales, D.C.L. London: John Hodges. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.)

This is a book with a history. It was begun by Sir Henry Spelman in

1612, but owing to various interruptions he did not complete the work until 1634. The motive that induced him to undertake its publication was his own experience of the "fate of sacrilege," since the possession of the sites of Blackborough and Wormgay Abbeys, in Norfolk, involved him in such continual and expensive lawsuits that he finally gave them up, confessing that he had been "a great loser and not beholden to fortune, yet happy in this, that he was out of the briars, but especially that hereby he first discerned the infelicity of meddling with consecrated places." On the death of the author the MS. was entrusted to the care of the Rev. Jeremy Stephens, but owing to the Great Rebellion he was unable to begin to print the work until 1663. Even then Stephens was forbidden to publish it, lest it should give offence to the nobility and gentry. It continued in the press until the great fire of London in 1666, when the whole book was supposed to be lost. It was found, however, by Bishop Gibson among some MSS. in the Bodleian Library, but again owing to the fear that it might be regarded as "an unpardonable reflection upon many families" in possession of secularized abbey-lands, the cautious bishop would not print it. It was not until the year 1698 that the *History of Sacrilege* was published for the first time by some unknown editor who, "less discreet than Gibson," would "let the world make what use of it they please." There was no reprint of the work until 1846, when the task was undertaken by the Rev. Dr. Neale and the Rev. Prebendary Webb. They were much assisted in their endeavor to give a complete and accurate text by the discovery of a portion of the original MS. of Sir Henry Spelman, and the present is a reprint of their edition, with the addition of many valuable notes.

The work involves the proof of this thesis: "Property consecrated to God in the service of his church has generally, when alienated to secular purposes, brought misfortunes on its possessors, whether by strange accidents, by violent deaths, by loss of wealth, or, and that chiefly, by failure of heirs male; and such property hardly ever continues long in one family." Though the author treats of sacrilege and its punishment both under the old and the new law and among pagan nations, the greater portion of his work is a history of the spoliation of the monastery lands under Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, and the evils that in consequence befell the crown, the kingdom, and the private owners of such lands. The present age is one that is apt to sneer at such deductions, and to declare it an example of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* reasoning. But though in the mass of facts collated there is much that is not pertinent, much that is without force as proof, there is still enough of cogent evidence in support of the author's proposition.

The book has more than historic or local value. In the hands of the Anglican churchman it is, of course, an argument, not against further seizure of abbey-lands, for there are now no more to seize, but against the disestablishment which at present threatens the Church of England. The Catholic reader will find in its pages much that will illustrate the now famous work of Father Gasquet on the suppression of the English monasteries under Henry VIII., and, if history repeats itself, the fate that attended the alienation of church property under that monarch will have an interest for those who have watched the high-handed robbery of the church in Italy.

THE HEART OF ST. GERTRUDE; or, A Heart according to that of Jesus. Translated from the French of le Père L. J. M. Cros, S.J., by P. P. S. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

This little book is practically a compendium of the life of St. Gertrude. It is the story of the virtues characteristic of this highly favored servant of God, and as the greater portion of the book is borrowed from her *Insinuations of the Divine Bounty*, it is little short of an autobiography. These extracts are full of the spirit of the exalted sanctity of her whom both St. Teresa and St. Francis de Sales honored and loved as their spiritual mother.

The book is well printed, but is poorly bound.

GUIDE OF THE MAN OF GOOD WILL IN THE EXERCISE OF MENTAL PRAYER. By the Very Rev. Joseph Simler, Superior-General of the Society of Mary of Paris. Translated from the French. Nazareth, near Dayton, Ohio.

There are several excellent treatises on mental prayer which have been published with a view to extend its exercise among the laity. The volume before us has the same praiseworthy object and fulfils its purpose fairly well. We do not think, however, that in simplicity and clearness it can compare favorably with the little treatise of the Abbé Courbon. The book has not even good printing to make it attractive; the press-work in the copy before us is of the poorest quality.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF PREACHING. By the late Rev. John Ker, D.D., Professor of Practical Training in the United Presbyterian Church, Author of Sermons, *The Psalms in History and Biography*, etc. Edited by Rev. A. A. Macewen, M.A., Baliol; B.D., Glasgow. Introduction by Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

THE WANDERING KNIGHT: HIS ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY; OR, A MEDIÆVAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By Jean de Cartheny, Brother in the Religious Order of Mount Carmel, and Canon-Theologian of the Diocese of Cambrai. Newly translated into English, under ecclesiastical supervision, from the edition of 1572. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE GLORIOUS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF JESUS CHRIST. Short Meditations from Easter to the Ascension. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE PASTORAL EPISTLES. By the Rev. Albert Plummer, M.A., D.D., Master of University College, Durham. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

MANUALS OF CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY: LOGIC. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

SOLITARIUS TO HIS DÆMON. Three Papers by Charles Edward Barns. New York: Willard Fracker & Co.

THE AMARANTH AND THE BERYL. An Elegy by Charles Edward Barns. New York: Willard Fracker & Co.

THE WAY. THE NATURE AND MEANS OF REVELATION. By John F. Weir, M.A., N.A. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

FRENCH TRAITS. An Essay in Comparative Criticism. By W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE HAND-BOOK OF HUMILITY; OR, THE LOVE OF SELF-CONTEMPT. From the Italian of Father Joseph Ignatius Franchi, Superior of the Oratory, Florence. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT CARMEL. By Saint John of the Cross, of the Order of Our Lady of Carmel. Translated from the Spanish, with a life of the Saint, by David Lewis, M.A. Second edition, revised. London: Thomas Baker. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York.)

THE VIRGIN MOTHER ACCORDING TO THEOLOGY. By the Rev. John Baptist Petitalot, Priest of the Society of Mary. Translated from the Third French Edition. London: St. Anselm's Society. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

SOCIETY GYMNASTICS AND VOICE CULTURE. Adapted from the Delsarte System. By Genevieve Stebbins. New York: Edgar S. Werner.

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THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY AND ITS CONSTITUTIONS.

THE Brief of Leo XIII. addressed to Cardinal Gibbons and the American Bishops, dated the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, the 7th of March last, definitely and finally establishes the Catholic University of Washington. That document has made the institution a living organism.

The banquet given at the American College, Rome, before Bishop Keane's departure, was an inauguration of the institution in Rome itself. As Rector of the University of Washington, he invited the guests and gathered about him the highest dignitaries of the Holy City. Leo XIII. was represented by his Vicar, Cardinal Parocchi; Cardinal Schiaffino and Cardinal Bianchi were present; Archbishop Jiacobini, Secretary of the Propaganda, represented the Cardinal Prefect of that Congregation; and all of these illustrious princes of the church, inspired by the occasion, deviated so far from the ordinary stately etiquette of ecclesiastical gatherings in the Eternal City as to make speeches remarkable for their eloquence, but still more notable for the admiration of America and the deep interest in the University which they declare. Cardinal Mazella, unable to attend, sent a letter giving his hearty suffrage to the institution as a Jesuit, a prelate, and an American.

As far as the fiat of Catholic authority can extend, our new departure for higher studies is equipped with all that the church can give. It is not simply recommended or approved; the University is formally established. Its career has begun. Bishop Keane has already formed the Divinity Department; selected most of the professors, and entered upon the details of its work. Numbers of students have already applied for admission. When studies open, next November, in the splendid edifice this moment approaching completion, the Catholics of America will have at Washington the

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actual reality of a University for the sacred sciences, adequately endowed and in nearly full operation, and an assured early future for the literary, scientific, and other departments. The Hierarchy proposed it to the people, the people responded with the necessary money, and the Holy See has given the most unstinted co-operation and approval.

The Holy See is represented in the conferring of degrees by the Chancellor, the Archbishops of Baltimore holding that office *ex-officio*. The supreme authority is fixed in the American Hierarchy, which chooses a Board of Moderators at each Plenary Council, consisting at present of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore, the Archbishops of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and St. Paul; the Bishops of Peoria, La Crosse, Detroit, and the Vicar-Apostolic of Dakota; Rev. Dr. Chapelle and Rev. T. S. Lee, Very Rev. John M. Farley being Secretary, and Mr. Eugene Kelly Treasurer. This body represents the Holy See and the Episcopate of the United States in the government of the University, which is for ever to be subject solely to the bishops, the religious orders, however, being cordially invited to co-operate in its work and to share in its advantages.

The immediate government of the University is vested in a Rector chosen by the Board of Moderators, a Senate, a Vice-Rector, Secretary, and other necessary officers. The Professors are chosen and removed by the Board of Moderators, conferring with the University Senate and with the faculties in question. The Senate of the University consists of the Deans and two Professors of each faculty, the former being members *ex-officio*, the latter elected by their respective faculties. The Senate is to meet monthly, and, in union with the Rector, to legislate for the well-being of the institution. Provision is also made for associate professors and tutors.

Students are to be admitted only after careful examinations, or on the production of satisfactory proof that they have finished the ordinary previous curriculum. Between the University and the Catholic colleges and seminaries of the United States a fast bond of union is formed by the fact that diplomas or other evidences of proficiency issued by affiliated institutions shall stand instead of examination for matriculation. The degrees of Doctorate and Licentiate in theology, as well as the usual academical honors in the other departments, are to be merited by distinguished scholarship, established by thorough examinations, and for divinity students are fixed according to the standard established at Rome. On inquiry we found that this was meant to be the minimum, and that it is the intention, in conferring degrees, to follow the custom of Louvain and the German universities.

Questions may be asked just here as to the relation of the University to other institutions of learning, especially the faculty of Divinity to the local seminaries; such questions are in order, and it may safely be said that the seminaries will be helped every way. It is possible that as time goes on the seminaries may see their advantage in modifying their course of studies, with a view to harmony of results. This much, however, is certain: no change is desired which will not benefit the seminaries and the colleges of the church in America. When the Holy Father speaks of their affiliating with the University, he does not mean that they shall become succursal to it. There is no disposition whatever to lower their standard, or in any wise to abridge the present scope of their activity as seats of learning. There shall be no curtailment of their present power of conferring degrees. The words of the Holy Father and of the statutes plainly indicate that there should be some harmonious relationship established between all Catholic institutions of learning in the United States, for the advancement of education in all its grades. Seminaries in particular will feel an immediate benefit from the influence of the University.

Just how the relationship shall be established it is too early to venture an opinion. Methods must be tried, some rejected, others retained, and the experience of all concerned will so shape a policy as to secure the common end proposed. The University starts with broad, general principles, and committed to very few particular methods. There will be time and opportunity to learn how to accommodate various educational interests. One thing, however, is certain: the new institution is to be a university; its course of studies will not travel over the seminary or college ground. It is true that Rome suggested, and put in the statutes, permission to give a full college or seminary course of studies. But this is to be used at the discretion of the University, and there is not the least purpose to use it in the immediate future. The time may come when it will be, if practical, used for the preparation of candidates for foreign missions, or for the higher training of women, or some such special purpose.

It seems that the inspection of foreign universities and the study of their methods, made by the Rector during his two protracted visits to Europe, resulted in impressing his mind more favorably with the German methods than the English. In Germany the university presupposes the gymnasium and the school, and so it must be here. This particularly applies to the conferring of degrees, the minimum requirements for which are fixed by the statutes. It is not expected that degrees will ever be given on that basis, but rather after the

models of Louvain and the German universities. Degrees will only be arrived at by a small proportion of the students. All, however, who have made the preliminary studies can enter, and perfect themselves. Any particular department of learning can be chosen and pursued to completion. Specialists can be fitted for their professional careers, and the general outfitting of professors provided for. But the main business of the University, as far as concerns the Divinity faculty, will be to give so large a proportion of the clergy a post-graduate course, short or long, as to raise the intellectual standard of the whole body of the clergy. It is an error to suppose that the sole, or even the chief, aim of the University is to make doctors of divinity, or to equip specialists, or to train professors. The new institution is for these uses, indeed, but it is mainly for the whole clergy, and every effort will be made to attract clerical students, allowing a generous elective system of studies under the supervision of the University faculties. The University is for the whole clergy and people; at the same time it is emphatically for superior grades of study, not running in competition with the seminary course. To secure the ends in view the authorities of the University will seize every opportunity to consult with our colleges and seminaries for the purpose of making our entire system of education harmonious.

When it is said that the scope of the University will be the perfecting of the seminary course, something more must be added—it will serve a purpose with young priests who have been already on the mission. It is commonly enough said that one does not know what he should study most till his studies are over. The priest newly entered on the labors of the mission often finds that the theological treatises which most attracted him do not serve him in proportion to the time or labor spent upon them. They serve others, but not him. They were delightful to study, but he finds that his temperament or his opportunities unsuit them for fruitful use with the people. Furthermore, he often discovers that treatises he minimized at the seminary are the very ones which he could most efficaciously employ in his ministry. At present there is really no way for remedying this difficulty; no one thinks of returning to the seminary, and circumstances almost universally forbid systematic study on the mission. Now, the University will give such men all they want of supplementary study. There they will be treated with that courtesy due their state of life; given every opportunity to study, and guided to do it systematically: even one or two years thus spent will amply repay for the moderate expense, and compensate for absence from active labors.

Such a student's contact with the world will have sharpened his faculties and have intensified his zeal, while it will have enabled him to choose with discretion the branches most useful to him for his career in the ministry. In this connection we rejoice that the study of Scripture has been made the foremost (*ante omnia*) in the curriculum of the Divinity department. The defence of revelation, its necessity, the authenticity of the sacred books, the agreement of revealed truth with history and with science—here is a body of study absolutely requisite for the proper equipment of an intelligent priest, face to face with the American people. At the same time the circumstances of this age but render the written word of God more than ever the fountain from which to draw the waters of life for distribution to the Catholic people. We feel certain that for a supplementary course in Scripture alone there are many young priests in this country who would thank God and their bishops for a year or two at the University. In a lesser degree the same may be said of other branches, especially of canon law for those who, as secretaries and chancellors, will be called on to assist in the government of dioceses.

We may not be able to compete in learning with the Old World as yet; the students of the Old World have a leisurely persistence of study, a sober, patient determination to achieve results in details, which is quite, or almost quite, unknown in any department of life in America. We are too hurried to become thoroughly learned. This explains why, considering the numbers who venture a high course of studies here, and considering their undoubted intellectual gifts, there is so small a class of really distinguished scholars in America. The Catholic Church, however, tends to correct this defect. High intellectuality is a necessity of a dogmatic religion. Decay of intellectual life sets in the moment the objects of study become tainted with uncertainty. Furthermore, the history of philosophical and theological speculation proves that it is not without what may be called discoveries. But whether the joy be in new views of ethical and religious problems, or in the powerful presentment or clearer perception of established views, the joy of certitude is perennial. The zest of discovery is but one of the rewards of the student's faithful application, especially when his inward conviction is guaranteed by the external criterion of Catholic authority. The fields of knowledge outside the boundaries of dogma are wide, varied, and attractive, and for the Catholic are lighted up by the irradiating splendor of revealed truth. Experience shows that the admirable persistence of the student of natural sciences, bent upon discovery, is rivalled and more than rivalled

by the perseverance of the student of philosophy and revelation, whose reward is the ever clearer knowledge and ever deeper joy of absolute truth.

Boundless then, and most attractive to noble minds, is the field of deeper study, of broader and higher learning, opened to the people of our land by our Catholic University. They to whom the invitation is first extended are hastening to profit by it. Already it is made manifest that the mere offering of advantage and opportunity is sure to arouse eagerness for their acquisition. Shortly we shall see wider advantages, more abundant opportunities, offered to the people at large. The result will assuredly be the awakening of a zeal for higher learning, which will rival what we read of in the educational history of the past, and give needed lustre to our New World.

AVE VERUM.

"Ave verum corpus natum de Maria Virgine,
Vere passum, immolatum in Cruce pro homine.
Cujus latus perforatum unda fluxit et sanguine,
Esto nobis prægustatum mortis in examine.
O dulcis! O pie! O Jesu, fili Mariæ!"

HAIL, thou self-same dear Befriender,
Of the maiden Mary born,
Who a loving life didst render
Once upon the tree of scorn;
Of thy blood, for us, expender,
From the heart with lances torn:
O be with us! O be tender,
Jesus! on our dying morn!

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE FRENCH-CANADIANS.

FOR various and oftentimes peculiar reasons Canada has played a prominent part in United States history, both before and since the Revolution. To any one familiar with that history it is hardly necessary to say that Canada's part has always been as agreeable to herself as it has been disagreeable to us. Before the Revolution chivalry and romance seem to have been chiefly on her side, so that her final defeat assumed the noble proportions of a tragedy. Canada had been the base of operations for that scheme which purposed to secure as French domain the entire continent outside of the thirteen English colonies. In executing it French generals overthrew Braddock, captured Oswego and Fort William Henry, repulsed Abercrombie at Ticonderoga, and kept at bay for months three different armies in Ohio, on Lake Champlain, and under the famous ramparts of Quebec. In the Revolution Canada, now under English rule, was again the base of operations for Burgoyne's nearly successful attempt to isolate New England, a scheme which Canadians did nothing to aid, while many of them, mindful of the past, enlisted under Schuyler and did good service against the British. In the War of 1812 our manœuvres on the New York frontier left a victory with the Canadians, and put an end to the idea of invasion on our part, while bringing us the little return compliment which ended with the battle of Plattsburgh. In 1865 our precipitate refusal to renew certain treaties concerning Canadian trade seems to have been the last impulse towards union of which Canadian and English statesmen stood in need. What we intended as a kick for her secession sympathies, Canada accepted with joy as something much better, and was enabled thereby not only to form the Dominion, but to make up in other countries her loss of American markets.

For the fifth time in a century and a half we are again brought into contact with Canadians, this time on the matter of annexation, and are evidently preparing ourselves for the same process of bamboozling which has regularly overcome all our diplomats in their dealings with the country of the beaver and the maple-leaf.

Every one knows that the territory called Canada extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but what every one does *not* know is that of all this vast territory the exact centre, socially and politically, the most sensitive spot in the whole area, the hub, the pivot, the balance-

wheel of all things Canadian is the province of Quebec. To defend this statement properly it would be necessary to go deeply into Canadian history, a temptation I shall resist; but I can at least say a few words in praise of our own country by way of producing the precise effect to be gained from a historical narration. When England took possession of Canada treaty stipulations secured to the little colony a peaceful exercise of all privileges granted to it by the French king. These were increased when the American colonies began to raise the standard of revolt and to coax Canada to join them. They were again increased when the United States grew into Britain's commercial rival. In fact the entire success of Quebec in holding its own may justly be attributed in large part to American strength and consequent English jealousy, apart from certain powerful forces employed by Canadians themselves. To counteract the strength of these left-handed favors, Britain with her right hand administered two gilded antidotes to wide-awake Quebec. She established the government free-school, and introduced English settlers into the new townships south of the St. Lawrence. The Canadians, maintaining their own schools, allowed the first to rot, and crowded out the second; and then by a popular uprising put an end to the policy of antidotes. With America on the border Britain could not say a word. The Catholic province retained her religion, her control of education, and her language. In other words, the French-Canadians went in for home rule with all their might, and, thanks to the American successes in that matter, spent not their might in vain.

Then came the era of confederation, which demonstrated clearly the power and standing of Quebec. The union of the provinces was attained only by her consent, and her consent was won only on conditions, among which were that the French language should have equal place in the government at Ottawa with the English, and that Quebec hold all her privileges. It has seemed to me that England hoped sooner or later, in making all these concessions, to see the French province overborne and wiped out by the force of British immigration. That hope has long been dispelled. The English in Quebec province are a minority whose deepest humiliation is that they must speak French in order to do business. Not only are the Canadians firmly rooted in their native soil, they have also outposts in Ontario, Northern New York, and New England, a breakwater against the shocks of possible invasion; and whenever any question arises concerning the national interests of Canada the first thought in the minds of Canadian statesmen is the opinion of Quebec.

I have thus made good in a brief way my assertion of Quebec's all-powerful position in the Dominion of Canada. It is a position which causes much irritation at home, and more misunderstanding abroad. The best mouth-piece of that irritation is Prof. Goldwin Smith, of Toronto, and a daily journal in the same city known as *The Mail*. Both present some excellent English in their utterances, and both have posed to the American public as authorities in matters French-Canadian. It can easily be guessed, from a perusal of what I have so far written, just how an English-Canadian might feel towards the history and inhabitants of Quebec. Goldwin Smith is a good exponent of that feeling, and in his writings far more than in the thundering and hysterical periods of *The Mail* can be found that genuine grief and surprise which only an Englishman can feel at the audacity of British subjects making any language but English the official tongue of a British province. This is almost the sole crime which has been charged against Quebec by its sister provinces, and I sincerely believe that it is also the inspiration of the inflated talk about annexation and reciprocity.

Quebec is an out-and-out Canadian province, and has a hearty natural contempt for everything not French-Canadian. The best standard is itself. It has refused all things English, even those which were good, more than content with its own systems and inventions. It has insisted on having share and share alike in the French government with Ontario. Politicians like Sir John Macdonald strive in silence to keep order in the household, but men like Goldwin Smith, having no other interest in Canada than what is personal, keep Rome howling with protests against Quebec and its un-English methods. No opportunity has been missed to stir up ill-feeling between the races with a view to shaking the strong position of Quebec. This is a conquered province, is Mr. Smith's argument, and it should be Anglo-Saxon inside and out, from the color of the French-Canadian's skin to the beating of his heart. He advocates that it be made Anglo-Saxon at once, by such wonderful measures as the stamping out of the French language and the uprooting of the church, and because no Canadian will undertake the task, *he* hopes to initiate a movement which, under the name of commercial union, will make the United States a party to the future crushing of French Quebec.

It is a hopeful sign for the party to be crushed that Goldwin Smith has never succeeded in anything except scolding in fine English and making prophesies which are yet to come to pass. But he has impressed that class of people which sighs for the extirpation of Catholicity in South America and Mexico, and he is often taken

as an authority on Canadian matters by American editors, who publish his lame statements and extravagant inferences as truthful, and who, already knowing little of Canada, thereby learn to know less. For the benefit of these people I now turn to the three prime statements concerning the French-Canadians which Goldwin Smith and his followers have made popular on this continent, and which they affect to believe, viz: That the French-Canadians are superstitious, ignorant, and degraded; that they are unprogressive; that they are priest-ridden. From which statements is to be inferred that the cultured, progressive, and priestless Anglo-Saxon race should go to Quebec and absorb the French species from off the face of the earth. This policy is Britannic in conception, and Mr. Smith thinks it easy of execution.

I.

Are the French-Canadians superstitious, ignorant, and degraded?

Let us consult our figures. When it is said that a race is ignorant, Englishmen and Americans mean usually that education is not popular or prevalent among them, that the government does not provide school facilities, that if it does the people do not take advantage of them. When it is said that a race is degraded, the same parties may mean a hundred different things. Usually the word degraded conveys to the English and American mind filthy personal habits, filthy social habits, low standard of intellect, and entire absence of refinement. It is an accepted truth with us that where education is well diffused degradation finds it hard to get a footing. If, therefore, I can prove that popular education has proper attention paid to it in Quebec, it will be in itself a sufficient response to the charge of Canadian degradation. However, not satisfied with that, I will then give my personal experience with this people, an experience which Mr. Goldwin Smith never had, and the lack of which renders him utterly incompetent to do more than theorize about them.

The report of the Superintendent of Education for the Province of Quebec lies before me. The name of this superintendent is Gédéon Ouimet, a clever man who, it is said, owes his education to a curious custom in Canada. The sixteenth child of Canadian parents is entitled by tradition to a college course at the expense of the *curé* in whose parish the child is born. Mr. Ouimet is a sixteenth child, and got the full benefit of the tradition. The pop-

ulation of Quebec is 1,360,000, of which the Protestants number one-seventh, 186,000. Here is the tabulated statement of the condition of education:

	Roman Catholic.	*Protestant.*	*Total.*
Universities,	1	1	2
Colleges, academies, model schools,	565	78	643
Elementary schools,	3,586	998	4,584
Science schools,	1	1	2
Deaf-mute and schools for the blind,	4	1	5
State art and industrial schools,	—	—	73
Totals,	4,157	1,079	5,249
Teachers,	6,815	1,416	8,231
State teachers,	—	—	35
Pupils of special schools,	—	—	1,720
Students of universities,	575	772	1,347
" " normal schools,	185	96	281
" " colleges, etc.,	74,795	6,155	80,950
Pupils of elementary schools,	143,848	30,461	174,309
Totals,	219,403	37,484	268,607

The money spent by the French-Canadians on education is partially represented by the following figures. The colleges and convents are self-supporting, and do not enter into these statistics:

Assessed value of real estate in Quebec,	$320,309,259
Annual school-tax, fees, grants, and contributions,	1,183,757
Cost per head of education (about),	11

The studies taught in the elementary schools, and the time given to each study, during two sessions of three hours each, are:

Reading, 1 hour; catechism, ¾ hour; geography, ¼ hour; writing, 5-6 hour; grammar, ½ hour; arithmetic, 1 hour; history, ½ hour.

The normal schools are about on a par with those of our own country, the convents and academies hold a similar position, and the colleges aim to give a fair classical education to fit their students for any of the learned professions. The doctors, lawyers, clergymen, many of the business men, the professors and male teachers in the colleges and elsewhere, have, one and all, made the classical course of these institutions.

These figures are by themselves very convincing. In proportion to its population the province of Quebec is better provided with

schools and teachers than most countries of the civilized world. The whole paraphernalia of the modern educational system is there in modest perfection. The figures in this case do not lie, for they are backed by the testimony of Catholics and Protestants alike, and how Goldwin Smith and his supporters can look them in the face and then call the Canadians ignorant and degraded, is one of those things no fellow can understand.

The figures, however, do not in this instance tell all the truth. The Canadians have that strong love of education which is inherent in any people long deprived of it by the injustice of government. For years there was no school for them but the free *English* school, to which they would not send their children. They were able only to put up poor primary schools for teaching the commonest branches. From the necessity of providing a better means of education sprang the Canadian college and convent, the most popular method of education in Canada. Look at the statistics above. The proportion of Catholic to Protestant in the elementary schools is 5 to 1; in the normal schools, 2 to 1; in the universities, 1 to 1⅓; but in the collegiate schools it is 11 to 1. It is the great desire of the Canadian parent to give the boy and the girl a course at the college or the convent.

Another point is to be observed. The attendance at the elementary schools ought to be as seven to one in favor of the Catholic portion of the community. It is less than that because the children do not go. Between the ages of seven and fourteen years there are in Quebec 32,000 children who do not attend school at all. The reasons are various. The parents are poor, the winters are severe, and most of the parents belonging to this class have really not enough interest in the education of their children to send them to school. It is this class which at first made up the bulk of the immigration to Ontario and the States. They were not of savory reputation at home, and they gave their honest brethren a doubtful reputation abroad. They are not Quebec, however, and our evangelizing brethren, before raising their hands in horror at this statement, had better count the illiterates of Massachusetts and New York.

If the Canadians are educated, can they be degraded? I leave the settlement of the question to those interested, and tell what I saw and what I know. If degradation consists in the items enumerated above, the Canadians are still far from it. They are as neat and cleanly a people as ever graced the earth. Their humblest cabins have about them a cleanliness unequalled by any people. Politeness is a second

nature with them. Of the eight provinces of the Dominion, Quebec is second in practising the virtue of sobriety. In the year 1885 the convictions for different crimes in Quebec numbered 7,223; in Ontario, 20,097. In character they are sociable and peaceful, in intellect very bright and witty. The young people resemble their French ancestors in facial expression; the old develop a Celtic ruggedness very closely akin to the Irish type. Morally, the people of Quebec are far ahead of any other on this continent. This is all the more to their praise because they are of warm temperament and might be excused for some excesses. I have here put down their virtues, leaving it to their enemies to find out their faults, if they can. I challenge any honest man to say, from actual knowledge of Quebec, that its people are in any sense degraded.

II.

Are the Canadians unprogressive?

Before answering this question there is imposed on me the difficult task of defining what Englishmen and Americans mean by progress. Many of us do not ourselves know the exact meaning, or the strength of the various meanings which we give the word. If a nation passes from Catholicity to atheism, many will call that progress. If an individual or a nation becomes wealthy quickly, and uses wealth in ornamenting property and introducing the latest improvements, that is called progress also. If a parent prefers inferior instruction for his child, in a religious school, to superior training in a godless, irreligious, or indifferent institution, he is said to be unprogressive. It seems, however, to be admitted on all sides that if a nation increases in population and wealth, admits and encourages all modern inventions, has perfect freedom of the press, invests in the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, and shows a strong commercial spirit, it must be progressive. Let us examine the Canadians by this rule.

The Province of Quebec has not many physical advantages. It is most of the year under winter's control. Its territory north of the St. Lawrence consists in a narrow strip of land lying along the river. Its only great city is Montreal, between which and Toronto there has always been rivalry. Montreal still leads. Ontario has taken all Canadian immigration. It has also been drained by the departure of its citizens for Manitoba and the States.

Quebec has had no immigration and has also suffered from the departure of its people to Ontario, Manitoba, and the States. It has been the long-settled district of Canada, but Ontario has had the advantage of more land. Still, the population of Quebec is 1,359,027 to Ontario's 1,923,228. At one time Ontario thought it possible to drive the French out of the province, and they started an English business colony at Montreal, which up to their advent was a slow, dull city. All that the English knew of business the French learned, and enough more to drive out the English from many industries and lines of business. This is real progress. Here are a few figures:

Number of acres of land owned:	Ontario,	23,309,264
" " " "	Quebec,	18,000,378
Number of owners:	Ontario,	266,485
" " "	Quebec,	175,731
Value of real estate *under mortgage:*	Ontario,	$174,676,062 39
" " " " "	Quebec,	1,949,638 00

Amount overdue and in default on mortgages:

	Principal.	*Interest.*
Ontario,	$2,685,010.79	$895,162 18
Quebec,	94,503.20	8,237 56

Amount invested and secured by mortgage deeds:

Ontario,	$78,706,585 07
Quebec,	864,984 44

Number of mortgages upon which compulsory proceedings were taken in the year 1885:

Ontario,	664
Quebec,	19

Aggregate amount of mortgages upon which compulsory proceedings have been taken in 1885:

Ontario,	$1,373,036 88
Quebec,	19,231 47

Rate of interest:	Ontario,	5 to 10 per cent.
" "	Quebec,	4 to 7 per cent.

There is progress for you, from the Catholic and Protestant standpoints! Quebec is Catholic, Ontario is Protestant, yet the above proof shows that Quebec is sixteen times less mortgaged than its sister province. It has only 16 loan companies to Ontario's 79! The Quebec people are certainly not in the hands of the Jews. They own their land, and they provide for their children in new townships, when they are ready to leave the

paternal care. As to the business done by both provinces, here are the figures for certain years:

		Importation.	*Exportation.*	*Value per head.*
Ontario	1882 . . .	$41,690,760	$40,765,921	$20.75
	1883 . . .	44,666,445	42,890,019	16.46
	1884 . . .	41,967,215	26,891,517	13.24
	1885 . . .	39,828,083	28,434,731	13.78
	1886 . . .	39,069,475	27,088,868	12.92
Quebec	1882 . . .	$53,105,257	$38,972,121	$28.21
	1883 . . .	55,907,871	32,642,986	30.47
	1884 . . .	49,122,472	42,029,678	29.67
	1885 . . .	46,733,038	39,604,451	27.64
	1886 . . .	45,001,694	38,171,339	26.33
In 1886 Ontario exported of her home produce and manufacture, ...			$24,092,536	11.49
In 1886 Quebec exported of the same, .			32,622,066	22.50

So that the trade of Quebec is double per head that of Ontario. Is not this substantial material progress? There are in Ontario 140,000 Canadians, in the States at least half a million, the contribution which Quebec has made to her neighbors while holding her own at home. With a good educational system, with steady increase in population and wealth, with the foremost position in the Dominion because of these things, well supplied with railroads and canals, telegraph and telephone lines, a naturally enthusiastic press—for a Canadian in print is usually wild—a large body of sharp business men who let no opportunity escape, we do not see how Quebec can be called unprogressive. The worst that can be said of her will not gainsay the fact that she entirely surpasses Ontario in actual business and in future prospects. Moreover, Quebec has what her sister province has not—a distinct and important literature. The works of many of her writers have been crowned by the French Academy. She has historians, antiquarians, and poets of such calibre as Ontario has not yet produced. She is constantly producing original works of merit, where Ontario, with Goldwin Smith in her bosom, does not produce a single book.

III.

Is Quebec priest-ridden?

Like our immortal Washington, and unlike our mortal separated editorial brethren, we cannot answer no. Quebec is priest-ridden to an alarming extent; to such an extent indeed that the priests, not finding enough people to accommodate their autocratic instincts at

home, are moving into the States along with Quebec immigrants. There are in this unhappy province perhaps fifteen hundred priests, and a small army of religious living on the fat of the land and the strength of the people, and in spite of their number, their comfortable circumstances, and the efforts of wise men like Goldwin Smith and the editors of the Toronto *Mail*, New York *Independent*, *Christian Advocate*, *Churchman*, and like journals, to discredit them, they enjoy the tithes, the respect, and the love of their people. Again and again have humane politicians striven to root them out and to shake the people's esteem for them in vain. The Canadian of Quebec will not be induced to take his church tithes and put them into his own pocket, much as he loves and hoards money. The Protestant spiritual and political missions to them have been mournful failures. Even Mr. Chiniquy had to retire to Illinois.

We admit this is the one serious defect (as Protestants judge matters) in the Quebec provincial. There are reasons for it. The French-Canadian of any rank in life feels that God can confer on his family no greater honor than to make one of his boys a priest, one of his girls a nun. This is curious in view of one or two circumstances. The life of the ordinary priest or nun in Canada is not financially a happy one. The nuns, for instance, are bound to absolute poverty, and are of no manner of material assistance to their friends and relatives. The salary of the city curate in Montreal is one hundred and twenty dollars per annum, with scant perquisites; of the town and country curates, sixty to eighty dollars, with no perquisites at all. The ordinary third-rate parishes in a diocese as wealthy as Montreal represent an annual income of about eight hundred dollars, the second-rate twelve hundred or fourteen hundred dollars, and the very best do very well if they present their *curé* with two thousand dollars. There are fourth-rate and fifth-rate parishes of which we shall not speak, and there are also poorer dioceses than Montreal, which have also their fifth-rate parishes.* It seems to make little difference to the Canadian, so long as his son is the priest. Therefore Protestant missions have found it difficult to bribe this people. Honor seems to mean more to them than soup, and they are evidently determined to continue in their present priest-ridden condition. We apologize for them to our separated brethren. But as we have shown them to be a progressive, money-making, educated people, it is to be presumed they know their own business here as in other matters. If they wish to spend their money on useless priests

* The priests of religious orders in some cases get sixty dollars per year, and in others simply their life support.

and nuns, they have only that same fault which induces our Protestant brethren to throw away their cash on Mexican missions.

We have heard two recent writers express their deep pity for the taxes levied by the church on the Canadians, as evidenced in the magnificent churches everywhere met with in Canada. These churches are the admiration of strangers, Catholic and Protestant. They are always solid and durable, built of stone, of great size and often of magnificent Canadian embellishment. It is impossible to find in Quebec a really poor or insignificant structure in a canonical parish, and the beauty and cleanliness of their sanctuaries are a delight to the Catholic heart. Have these churches been really a burden to the Catholics of Quebec? There is one feature of Canadian character which forbids us to say that they have. The close, economical, almost stingy habits of this people justify me in saying that they will not impoverish, nor burden, nor even tire themselves in supporting the church. They are tenacious of the faith, but also of their cash. This is the testimony of my own long experience and of all their authorities. They are impulsive on every point but that which marks the difference between loss and gain. They are ready for financial sacrifices, have made them often, but they have tried every other method first.

These churches have been constructed by many generations. Quebec is in existence two hundred years. When a district desires to erect a new church the taxable people have first to convene and state their willingness to subscribe to a church of a certain cost. Monseigneur l'Évêque will hear of nothing until substantial aid is not only promised but actually secured in the shape of cash or notes of hand. Then the *Fabrique* is organized—that is, the board of trustees—which is not, as with us, a formal affair, but a board of real officials, whose duty it is to look after the church revenues and keep the property in good condition. Certain taxes are imposed for that purpose, and as they fall on all alike there is no such thing as a burden on any one. When a Catholic owns land or houses, he is taxed by government. If he owns nothing, his tax is two dollars a year for the support of the church. The free-seat idea is carried to an extreme among the churches, and an immense charity and latitude prevail in the collecting of the revenues. This without fear of question can be said of the Canadian priests, that they are the least provided with money of any on the continent. I call it a grievous fault in Canadians that with all their love for their priests, they should allow them to live so poorly. Poverty is an ecclesiastical virtue, but it is carried too far among Canadian clergymen.

A final word will not be out of place on the agitation which for

nearly ten years has been kept up by Protestants and Orangemen concerning Quebec. The position which this plucky province has held and improved for fifty years is one which commends itself in particular to Americans. It is the home-rule position. The rights which it secured for itself in the Dominion are precisely the rights which Ontario and Nova Scotia enjoy. Its people founded the province and reclaimed it from the wilderness, fought, suffered, and bled for it, held by treaty the old status of their social forms and religion and language. What they have is their own, and they propose to hold it against any hostile power. The general laws of the British Empire they have honestly obeyed, but they have not permitted the Ottawa Parliament or the Privy Council to Anglicize them. The home-rule principle is their platform. It is thoroughly American, and the man who opposes them is a traitor to American ideas.

Who are their opponents? The Orangemen of Ontario, and the faction represented by Goldwin Smith, whose names are now, as they always have been, the watchwords of infamy or foolishness; the *Churchman*, the *Christian Advocate*, the *Independent*, and their satellites, whose pretence is a profound Americanism in politics and religion, and whose practice is a compound of Lutheran bigotry and English malice; whose principles admit Catholicity into the Christian fold, and whose practices place it beneath paganism; whose words are always for more liberty, and whose acts for less. They wish the French language stamped out of Quebec because they who use it are Catholics, and the race wiped out because they are not Anglo-Saxon. What they advocate for this province they dare not even hint to the Protestant Germans in America. It is good for Quebec to have such enemies as these. That cause which they have once opposed because it was Catholic has always succeeded. Without principle in regard to Catholic matters, they have therefore been without argument, and their opposition has excited public attention and interest in us, and open contempt for themselves. The people of Quebec might be a better people, they could not be much kindlier or more hospitable. But whatever their virtues, this is to their credit, that they have nobly earned the hate of their enemies in sticking to their faith.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

LOVE'S WORD.

" L'amour n'a qu'un seul mot, et, en le redisant toujours, il ne se répéte jamais."
—*Lacordaire.*

(Love utters but one word; and though always saying it over and over, Love never repeats itself.)

WHAT mystic word is this, unnamed, that Love
Needs only to express its every thought?

What he to live must know needs not be told.
Nor heaven nor earth hears other speech than this;
For what Love sayeth not is never said.
Breathed in th' Eternal Hour that saw the birth
Of God's own Son, it echoes through the time
Which men call endless, everlasting days.
Word ever new, though past all time in age;
As sweet and welcome, though said o'er and o'er,
As tones ne'er whispered to an ear before.
So this be spoken, let all speech be naught.
So this be heard, all else may silent be.
Well known before 'tis past the utt'ring lips,
'Tis longingly entreated to be said
Yet once, and once again, though rapture fills
And overflows the heart each time 'tis heard.

All thought that mind may think by this one word
Is manifest, yet ever leaves untold
Far lovelier things than Love hath ever thought,
Waiting their eager turn to be caught up
And, on the point of Its swift-wingèd dart
With joyous trembling, haste to pierce the heart,
Which throbs and leaps to meet Love's messengers,
With pleasing pain more sweet than painless joy.

Who knoweth this one word knows all the known:
Who speaketh it speaks all that can be said:
Who heareth it hears all that can be heard.

Though from its chalice of delight be drained
The last sweet drop, heart-filling as the first,
The zest of its desire ne'er palls nor tires.

All truth this word of Love so clear displays,
No argument against its theme hath force:
No subtlety so deep it doth not solve.
On hearing it all chains on flesh or mind
Fall off, and leave the captive free as air.
No wound it heals not as with magic balm:
No life so poor but it makes living worth:
No death so hard it doth not crown with smiles.
A living memory without a past,
It counts upon a future sure as truth,
Presaging bliss beyond the mind's conceit.
The present moment, like an altar host,
Is hallowed by its consecrating breath:
And to the list'ning ear of faith brings back
Responsive echoes from eternity.

O Word of Love! whisper thyself to me!
I burn the marv'llous secret to reveal
Unto all suff'ring men; who will reply:
"Thy speech betrayeth thee: thou art from heaven,
And utterest words of heart-compelling power
As speak those only who have talked with God.
O joy! Earth shall a resurrection know.
Truth reigns! Hope lives! We hear the Word of Love!"

ALFRED YOUNG.

BOOKS AND HOW TO USE THEM.

I.

I NEED not dwell upon the advantages that are to be derived from a familiar acquaintance with books. If you have made a few choice authors your bosom friends, with whom you seek refuge in hours of anxiety or trouble, who speak to you words of comfort when you are weighed down by sorrow or annoyance, who are a solace and a recreation, cheering you up and reminding you of the better and higher things of life, no words of mine can help you to hold those tried and true friends in greater estimation than that in which you now hold them. And if, on the other hand, books were to you no better occupation than walking or riding, no greater amusement than base-ball or lawn-tennis, then I fear you could not understand any words of praise that I might bestow upon them, and the eulogies of great men, which I might quote for you, would be to you meaningless phrases. Suffice it to say that, after the grace of God flowing to us through the channels of prayer and the sacraments of the church, I know no greater solace to the soul than the soothing words of a good book. Indeed, is not the good book itself a visible grace? How often has not God spoken to men through the words of the printed or written page? Thus did he speak to St. Augustine through the random reading of a passage in the New Testament; thus did he speak to St. Ignatius through the almost enforced perusal of the Lives of the Saints; thus has he spoken, and does he still speak, to millions the world over through the loving-tender words of that low, sweet voice of humanity, *The Imitation of Christ*. And so I will take it for granted that you all prize books, and accordingly will endeavor to read you a leaf out of my experience, and such experience of others as occurs to me, as to the best manner of using them, with the hope that out of all you read you may be enabled to glean a few practical hints.

We are told that "to the making of books there is no end," but there is a limit to every man's reading capacity. We all of us must make up our minds that we cannot read everything; that the longest life most rigidly economized can compass but an infinitesimal portion of this world's knowledge; that if, in order to keep our intellect from starving, we would store up some available provision thereof, we must confine ourselves to a selection of subjects, small in numbers

and limited in range. In making this selection we should consult both our present mental acquirements and our daily occupations.

It is evident that the class of reading suitable for a scholar of trained mental habits is not the class of reading that will interest the desultory reader who has picked up his knowledge here and there, and has never disciplined his mind down to habits of severe thought. The scholar is in position to appreciate the great classics of his own or other languages. He can understand why Shakspere is so esteemed; he can appreciate the noble grandeur of Milton; he is prepared to be thrilled by the classic prose of an Edmund Burke or a Cardinal Newman, because he has learned, in the language of Ruskin, "how to form conceptions of proper range or grasp, and proper dignity, or worthiness." * To the desultory reader these authors are dry and uninteresting; he may praise them because it is the fashion to commend them, but he is apt to take more pleasure in the last sensational report of his daily paper, or in the last penny dreadful that has been issued. Only that which takes momentary hold upon his imagination can fix his attention. He may have attained the years of manhood, but so far as reading is concerned his mind is still the mind of the child who reads his book only till he has found out the meaning of the pictures it contains. Well and aptly hath it been said:

> "Desultory reading is indeed very mischievous, by fostering habits of loose, discontinuous thought, by turning the memory into a common sewer for rubbish of all sorts to float through, and by relaxing the power of attention, which of all our faculties most needs care, and is most improved by it. But a well-regulated course of study will no more weaken the mind than hard exercise will weaken the body: nor will a strong understanding be weighed down by its knowledge, any more than an oak is by its leaves, or than Samson was by his locks." †

Therefore we may broadly say, that according to the various stages of one's mental development will one require different grades of reading. No general list of books will cover every individual case. What is one man's meat may be another man's poison. Let each one ask himself, in taking up a book, what special benefit he expects to derive from its perusal.

Say to yourself: "Why do I take up this book? Is it simply that I may pass the time, or be amused, or rest my weary, overwrought brain?" Be it so. Rest and amusement are legitimate objects, even as the theatre and the opera are legitimate. Amuse yourself with your book. Is the book abounding in wit or humor? All the better. Only see to it that the wit instils no poison, that it

* *The Eagle's Nest*, lect. 1, § 8.

† *Guesses at Truth*, p. 156.

leaves no sting, that you do not rise from its play of shafts with bitterness in your thoughts or callousness in your heart. See to it that the humor be genuine and kindly, and calculated to broaden and deepen your sympathies with your fellow-man. See to it that after having read the book you can look with greater charity upon human frailty, speak more kindly of your neighbor, and hold his shortcomings in greater tolerance. Such is the sympathizing humor of Hood; such the innocent charm of the *Pickwick Papers;* such the harmless laughter created by that most genial of humorists, Artemus Ward, who always respected whatever man holds sacred in life, and whom God rewarded with the grace of the sacraments of the church on his death-bed; such the happy thoughts of the present editor of *Punch*, Mr. Burnand, who has also been blessed with the grace of conversion to the Catholic Faith. In these and such like books you sought amusement, and beneath their genial rays you found moral and intellectual growth.

Again, you say to yourself: "Is it instruction and self-improvement that I am seeking? Then must I read with greater care. I must verify facts; I must consult the authorities quoted; I must compare the other versions of the same event; in all my studies I must have in view to get at the solid basis of truth underlying the statements." Here you have undertaken more serious work. Much depends upon the nature of the work, and much upon the manner in which you propose to carry it out. If you would succeed, your subject must be such as not to lead you beyond your depth. Suppose you would study the history of some epoch or some decisive event in any of the great civilized nations of Europe. Let me here remark that the best way to study the whole history of any people is first to master a single epoch to which you can afterwards lead up all other epochs and events. Select the epoch and the country for which you have most leaning. Procure some outline history of the period. This will give you a bird's-eye view of your subject. In the course of your reading make out a list of the historical authors who have dealt with the period fully and in detail. Prepare also a list of the biographies of the great men who figured in the making of the epoch; any good cyclopædia will supply you with the standard works on both topics. Then consult with some informed friend as to the comparative merits of these works; choose those the most reliable, and read them with care. Read such of the lighter literature of the day as attempts to reconstruct the period you are studying. Tabulate for frequent reference names of persons and places, dates and events. Afterwards take up the leading literary characters that grace the epoch, and go through such of their works

as you may relish, especially such as throw light upon the spirit and tone of their time. In Macaulay's celebrated third chapter you have an instance of how all kinds of printed matter can be made to give forth the spirit that lurks beneath the cold type.* You have now become familiar with your epoch, you are at home in it, you need no further incentive to study other periods, you are naturally led on to the study of men and of events preceding and following. And let me add that one such course of study, thoroughly and conscientiously made according to your lights and your ability, will be in itself a great stride in your education and of far more worth to you than any amount of general and desultory reading.†

But in all your historical readings hold fast by leading dates and keep your maps before you. Remember that history without chronology and geography is not history; it is merely a romance of the land of Nowhere. The elements of all history are person, place, and time, and these three are correlative. A man's actions are not altogether determined by his environment, but they receive tone and color therefrom. Place him elsewhere, and the outcome of his career will be in many respects different. Let him live at another time, imbibing the spirit of another age, and he will act in another manner. From a practical study and application of this principle writers of history acquire what I would call the historical instinct, by which they are enabled to determine, when confronted with a variety of versions concerning a person or an event, which version is most in conformity with the times, the place, and the known character of the person discussed. It is this historical instinct that enabled Niebuhr, with but the faintest shadow of a clue to guide him, to go back of the myth and lay hands on the solid fact, and hold it up to us divested of the poetic fancies in which it was wrapped, and thus "teach us far more about the Romans than they ever knew about themselves."‡ It is this historical instinct that leads the historian, groping in the dark, to the sentence, the phrase, the word that throws a flood of light upon the persons or events he would portray. It becomes for him a second sight. But while you may not attain this degree of perfection, still by following at a distance you may learn how to handle authorities, how to appreciate events at their true worth, and how to give facts their real significance. In like manner may you by careful study make any one author your own, and hold him as a centre around which to group his

* *History of England*, pp. 178–275.

† I am glad to state that this, in all its details, is the method followed by the Director of the Reading Circle of the Cathedral, New York.

‡ Hare: *Guesses at Truth*, p. 160.

contemporaries, and a criterion by which to judge others working on the same lines of thought.

But there are authors and authors, and I would not have you make any author your bosom-friend who were not worthy of your confidence. He should be a man with a purpose, a man who speaks out because he cannot remain silent, a man who has a mission to sing or say to us noble things that have hitherto remained unsaid, or that have been only partly uttered, till he grasps their whole meaning and gives them their full-rounded expression. And that expression should be for good. This is the good book whereof Milton speaketh: "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."* The definition is not overstated. Men write their years, their life-blood, their very souls into their master-pieces. You receive their ideas through the rhythm of well-polished sentences, and you see nothing of the patient toil and drudgery that those sentences conceal.

We can lay it down as a general rule that the smoother the polish and the more rhythmic the sentence, the more severe has been the study back of it all. Name not Shakspere as an exception. With the different editions of "Hamlet"—both quarto and folio—before me, each varying in the text, and with Montaigne and Holinshed's *Chronicle*, from each of which he drew largely, I find traces of great painstaking in the production of that wonderful master-piece. The burning eloquence of Demosthenes that would set Greece aflame smelled of the lamp. What is there in all literature more polished than the magnificent sixth book of Virgil's *Æneid?* One would think that he had painted the infernal regions with colors drawn exclusively from his own imagination. Not so, however. Virgil was only repeating in every detail the traditions of Roman mythology and the teachings of those who went before him. There are whole lines from his great predecessor, Ennius; there are passages that are almost literal translations from some of Plato's sublimest sentences. Upon the foundation thus constructed does Dante build up that noble cathedral of Catholic song, that sublimest poem ever inspired by religion and patriotism—the *Divina Commedia.* It were a long story to detail to you the infinite pains, the life-long labor, wrought into that mystic work. Edmund Burke revises the proof-sheets of his *Reflections on the Revolution in France* twelve times before he is satisfied with its polish. Gibbon strikes the right keynote of his great history only after he has written and re-written his first chapter seven times. We are

* Prose writings: *Areopagitica*, p. 104.

told that George Eliot read and consulted no less than one thousand volumes while writing *Daniel Deronda.* And yet who would think when reading that bright and laughing letter of the young artist from Rome, or tracing the evolution of the character of Gwendoline, that the writer had looked beyond the blank sheet on which she recorded her impressions? A few years ago Cardinal Newman wrote an essay on Inspiration. He was at once attacked. In this manner does the cardinal rebuke his opponent's over-haste:

> "'Tis a pity he did not take more than a short month for reading, pondering, writing, and printing. Had he not been in a hurry to publish, he would have made a better article. I took above a twelvemonth for mine. Thus I account for some of the professor's unnecessary remarks."

Could anything be more scathing? I sometimes wonder to what extent the professor has taken the lesson to heart. Here is one of our most graceful and polished writers, his venerable years enshrined in a halo of reverence, taking over a twelvemonth to write a short magazine article upon a subject that has occupied his life-thoughts. Think of the patient thought and research. And when we are reading any great master-piece, and we begin to find it wearisome, let us not give it up; rather let us brace ourselves anew to the task with the reflection of the years of drudgery the master gave to the gathering together of the materials of this great work, and then the unlimited patience with which he toiled at those materials, transmuting them in his mind till they came forth polished and stamped with his personality, and made current coin for all time. The effort will endear the book to us all the more, and imprint it on our memory all the better.

Should you ask me how to read, I can only repeat to you rules that I have learned elsewhere, many of which you already know. Bacon seems to me to have summed up all the rules for reading in his own terse style:

> "Read not," he says, "to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously;* and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention."†

This says everything. I am only putting into other words the counsel of the great sage when I repeat to you:

I. Read with attention. Attention is the fundamental condi-

* That is, *attentively.*

† *Essays*—"Of Studies."

tion of all reading, of all study, of all work properly done. What is its nature? It is a concentration of the mind upon an object of thought to the exclusion of all others. It is a habit, and, like all habits, to be acquired only by practice. One may live in a state of habitual distraction as well as in a state of habitual attentiveness. The perfect habit of attention—and that which we all of us should seek to acquire as best befitting social beings who cannot shirk the claims and requirements of social life—is the attention that can, without strain or effort, break off from one subject, pass on to another, and resume at once the thread of one's readings or thoughts. How may such an attention be acquired? Where the reading-matter is congenial to the reader there is no difficulty; the attention becomes naturally and unconsciously absorbed in the subject. But where one is unaccustomed to reading, or where the reading-matter has no special interest, it is with an effort that one learns to control one's attention. I conceive a reader may in the following manner acquire this control:

(1) Set aside daily, according to leisure or occupation, a given portion of time for reading. The daily recurrence to a subject at precisely the same hour may at first be irksome, but it soon creates a habit which finally becomes a pleasure.

(2) Keep up the practice of using that time for the one purpose and nothing else. This induces the habit all the sooner, and renders it all the more profitable.

(3) Focus the attention during the time of reading in such manner that the mind becomes wholly occupied with the reading-matter. Better is a daily reading of half an hour made with sustained attention than a reading of two hours made in an indolent, half-dreamy fashion.

(4) Read with method. Absence of method in one's reading is a source of great distraction. Give yourself the habit while reading of making a mental catalogue of your impressions. Distinguish between the statements that are doubtful, and probable, and certain; between those that are of opinion, and credence, and presumption. You will find this practice of great aid in sustaining attention.

(5) When, in spite of all these precautions, you begin to find your thoughts wandering away from the page upon which your eyes are set, leave the book aside for the time being and take up the reading of another subject that is more likely to fix your attention. We are told that Mr. Gladstone—that grand old man of such great physical endurance and such wonderful intellectual activity—is wont to keep three distinct volumes on three distinct

subjects open before him, and when he finds attention beginning to flag in the reading of one he immediately turns to another. The practice is admirable for the trained intellect. The change brings rest to the mind and keeps it from growing wearied. Men who are constant brain-workers generally keep before them a favorite volume, in which they from time to time refresh their minds when they become fatigued, or when they find the train of thought they would pursue exhausted. I have known men to find mental stimulation in the study of a Greek or Sanskrit verb; others, again, are wont to discipline their minds into activity by going over a theorem in geometry or calculus. Mere revery or listlessness is a hopeless scattering of brain-force. It were well for us all to understand that mental inaction is not rest; it is rust. In this respect the law of intellectual is different from that of physical repose. Our soul is spirit, and must needs be active; and a wholesome, moderate, well-directed activity best satisfies the laws of our being. Brain-work has never injured anybody. It is excitement, or taking trouble to heart, or disregarding the primary hygienic conditions of our physical nature that breaks down the health, and we are too prone to attribute it to mental exertion.* In the natural course of things every great author and great thinker should live to a ripe old age: witness the length of days to which have lived, or are still living, Kant and Ranke and Döllinger; Gladstone and Manning and Newman; Brownson and Bancroft and President Woolsey and Dr. McCosh. These men have all known what intense brain-work means.

II. Another rule is to take notes while reading. The very fact of reading with pen or pencil in hand stimulates thought. Remember that reading is useful only in proportion as it aids our intellectual development; it aids intellectual development only in proportion as it supplies food for reflection; and that portion of one's reading alone avails which the mind has been enabled to assimilate to itself and make its own by meditation. Now, note-taking with running comments is a great means of making clear to one's self how much one does or does not know about the subject-matter of one's reading. Hence its value. But note-taking may be overestimated, and it actually becomes so when it is reduced to a mere mechanical copying and cataloguing of extracts, without any effort to make these extracts the seeds from which to cultivate native thought.

III. Read with a purpose. Lay out for yourselves a definite

* Since writing the above I find the same view maintained as regards insanity. Mr. W. H. Burnham writes: "Griesinger, the great German alienist, says that purely intellectual over-pressure seldom leads to insanity, but among the most frequent causes is over-strain of the emotions" (*Scribner's Magazine*, March, 1889, p. 314).

object, and let all your reading converge upon that object until your purpose is attained. This is the only reading that will be remembered. Books perused in an aimless manner are soon forgotten; indeed, are seldom remembered. The mind becomes a mere passive instrument, receiving one set of impressions which are in a little while obliterated by another set no less temporary. Now, this is an abuse. Reason, imagination, all the faculties of man's intellect, were given him that he might exercise them and develop them to the full compass of their activity. He who lets them lie dormant is in the position of him who buried the one talent that he had been entrusted with. Dante very justly places all such, though living without blame and without praise, in the first circle of hell.* Madam Mohl, that oddest of little women, who for so many years ruled over all that was distinguished socially or politically in Paris, in her impatience of gossiping women once asked: "Why don't they talk about interesting things? Why don't they use their brains? . . . Everybody but a born idiot has brains enough not to be a fool. Why don't they exercise their brains as they do their fingers and their legs, sewing and playing and dancing? Why don't they read?"† Of those who read to no purpose might we also ask: Why don't they use their brains? Furthermore, reading with a purpose helps to economize time and brain-energy. We soon learn that there are many things we had better leave unread, as so many distractions from the main line of our readings. Then we begin to find out that after we know all that a book has to tell us bearing directly on our subject we would be losing time in reading farther, and so we put the book aside. With practice we soon discover the short-cuts to our subject, and save ourselves the reading of all irrelevant matters. We become practised in the rare art of knowing when and what not to read.

But there are works that cannot be partially read. They are all works of art—whether of prosaic art, as the novel, or poetic art, as the epic or lyric or dramatic poem. Such works must be read as a complete whole. As well may you mutilate a picture or a statue or a musical sonata as skip portions of a great poem or a standard novel. Every work of art is one—breathing one ideal, speaking one thought. You cannot reduce the thought to fragments; you cannot break up the ideal. This is a primary law of criticism, and every reader should take it to heart. Critics have compared Milton with Dante; but in what manner? They have taken one-third—a mere fragment—of Dante's great poem—the *Inferno*—and set it beside the whole of the *Paradise Lost*. These critics never under-

* *Inferno*, canto iii. 31–51.

† *Madam Mohl*, by Kathleen O'Meara, p. 133.

stood Dante. His poem is one. Its parts cannot be separated. The *Paradiso* contains the solution to the *Purgatorio* and the *Inferno.* It is simply and literally the keystone to the arch. So also a work of genuine art is not to be run through post-haste and then set aside for ever afterwards. If you would grasp the underlying idea you should read the work slowly, read it thoughtfully, read it frequently. A piece of composition so read and so mastered is to you a great gain. It is an element in the formation of true culture. You are thereby learning how to penetrate the veil of appearances and to look essences full in the face.

You complain of the impossibility of remembering all you read. That comes of your reading over-hastily or of your reading aimlessly. When you read with a purpose, and take notes, and make running comments, and mark passages or chapters which you re-read, your memory will be retentive of all essential points.*

A memory equally strong in all points is rare. I have met only one instance approaching such a memory in all my experience. It is that of a great churchman who stands foremost as a theologian, a canonist, a scholar, and a critic. He is familiar with several of the oriental languages; he speaks or reads nearly all the modern European tongues; his memory for facts and names and figures is marvellous. I have known him to quote chapter and page of authorities in published articles without consulting his books; I have heard him recite from Italian poets for hours at a time, and even give the variations of different editions that he may not have looked into for years. This venerable prelate is the pride and glory of the Catholic Church in America. But his is an exceptional instance of wonderful memory. For the large majority of us memory is simply confirmed experience in regard to topics with which we have grown familiar. According as our mind becomes active on any subject will our memory grasp the facts and ideas, and even the remote incidents, connected with that subject. Cardinal Newman says truly :

"In real fact memory, as a talent, is not one indivisible faculty, but a power of retaining and recalling the past in this or that department of our experience,

* Since writing the above I find the following pertinent and practical remarks from the pen of Mr. Thomas Hill : "The books which have helped me most, and which I believe would be most valuable to any reader, are those which are very clear and intelligible in their style, but which, nevertheless, from their largeness and breadth of view and from their range of thought, lying somewhat above the commonplace, demand close attention and patient study in the reader. The book is none the worse, but rather the better, if it has come down to us, with a high reputation, for Campbell's period of sixty years, or even for many times sixty. Read such a book through once in order to get a general view of the aim and the method of its author. Read it a second time more carefully, in order deliberately to weigh the value of its parts. Read the more valuable parts a third time, with meditation and reflection, that you may digest and assimilate what nutriment is there. Intellectually man is ruminant, and he gets little permanent benefit from literary browsing unless he thus afterward chews the cud" ("Books that have made Me," from the *Forum*, p. 90).

not in any whatever. Two memories which are both specially retentive may also be incommensurate. . . . There are a hundred memories, as there are a hundred virtues." *

And in this connection I would lay down a rule not given in your hand-books of reading.

IV. Learn the art of forgetting. It is a great blessing and a rare art, that of knowing what to forget. It is an art not to be applied indiscriminately. There are many things in books—even in books not professedly bad—that are to be ignored, just as there are many occurrences in daily life that remain unspoken. It is by a strong exercise of will-power that reason learns to overlook, or to reject from memory and imagination—from imagination, at all events—a certain objectionable sentence or paragraph in a book, or certain scenes and incidents that are neither beautiful, nor edifying, nor entertaining, nor instructive. Frequently the nobler passages so fill the mind that they leave no room for these accidentally unworthy ones. You stand before the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris. You admire its vast proportions, its wonderful construction, its mysterious, overawing impression of prayerfulness. There recurs to your mind the magnificent chapter of Victor Hugo's novel, translating its manifold beauties into words only little less expressive than its carved stones. Before its grandeur the vision of physical grotesqueness and moral monstrosity the great word-artist would associate with it drops out and fades away, with as much ease as the remembrance of the toads and slimy things that find sustenance in the moisture dripping at the base of its walls. You enter, and the sublimity of the structure is forgotten in a view sublimer still. It is that of a sea of upturned faces filling this vast structure, many of whom you recognize as leaders in the social, literary, and political world, hanging spell-bound on the utterances of a white-robed Dominican,† as from yonder historic pulpit he announces to them in irresistible eloquence the great truths of Christian doctrine. You leave, the echo of his thrilling words ringing in your ears. The impression remains, never to be effaced. Beneath the magic touch of such impressions the soul expands. Whatever is good and holy and pure and noble, in word or work, is the legitimate object of man's intellectual energies. This is the secret of the elevating influence of all true art. The outcome of Victor Hugo's influence is that he created a school of writers who wallow in filth, admire ugliness, love depravity, and sympathize with horrors. And their

* *Grammar of Assent*, sixth London edition, pp. 340, 341.

† I had the great pleasure of hearing Père Monsabré in several of his Lenten sermons, in 1887, under the circumstances here described.

readers? Their intelligence has become deflected from its aspirations after the true ideal—the ideal that lives—to a standard ever descending and to the cultivation of a taste that revels in the realism of Zola, whose beastliness had become so revolting that his own disciples and admirers, in self-respect, were compelled to enter public protest against one of his latest books.

This art of forgetting is not as difficult as you would suppose. Boys of good sense who are indiscriminate readers and great devourers of books practise it unconsciously. But as reason develops it takes a strong act of the will to render the brain impervious to certain classes of impressions. Hypnotism has proven how an external agent is capable of lulling certain nerve-centres of volition into torpor, and of causing the mind to become concentrated upon a single idea to the exclusion of all others, no matter how forcibly they may be pressed upon the attention, and to look at it in the manner the agent desires. Now, that which an external agent can so effectively do the will, in its own way, can be taught to achieve. The mind's eye may be rendered blind to all else than the subject-matter it is surveying. Biography is filled with the blunders committed by great thinkers—such as St. Thomas Aquinas and Newton—when in this state of total absorption with some predominant thought. Consider the great will-power Mr. Froude brought to bear upon the distortion of history. Note the facility with which he ignores the virtues of Mary Stuart; see the perfections he finds in Queen Elizabeth; and there is that "great blot of blood and grease on the history of England,"* Henry VIII.; Mr. Froude can't perceive it; it is to his mind an unsullied page, and Henry VIII. a profound statesman. In like spirit can Mr. Froude read a quotation until it begins to tell against his preconceived notion, drop out words that damage the view he would hold, garble sentences to suit his purposes, and play such pranks with quotation-marks as to make him the laughing-stock of all conscientious historians. That which Froude can achieve so well, simply that he may present an historical epoch in a novel light, we should be able to accomplish in another direction with the higher aim of keeping out of our soul intellectual and moral poison. This leads us to another rule.

V. Be honest in your readings. Cultivate honesty of judgment, honesty of opinion, honesty of expression, so that you may be able to form an honest estimate of books. A book is commended as a classic, and you are unable to perceive its worth. This inability may arise from two causes: either you are not adequately educated

* Dickens: *Child's History of England.*

up to the point of being able to appreciate such a book, or you have grown beyond the need or use of the book. If the book is beyond your grasp, do not attempt to read it; pùt it aside, and in the meantime read up other matter in which you will find greater pleasure. But do not lose sight of the book. After a year or two try it again, and if you have been reading to some purpose your intellect will have expanded to the comprehension of the book that had been formerly beyond your reach. We all of us will find profit in educating ourselves up to a full appreciation of the great world-authors.

Then there are books that one outgrows. Every mind, acting in its normal state, passes through a process of development. What delights the child may be insipid to the man. The books of our youth are always pleasant memories to us, but we have no desire to spend our manhood hours upon them. Other books and other subjects, more befitting our riper years, absorb our attention. So it is with the different stages of a people's existence. Every age has its own peculiar wants and its own standards of excellence. Thus it not infrequently happens that books which were a revelation to our fathers have become mere commonplaces to us. This may arise from the fact that the thought which was novel when first presented to the previous generation has filtered through the various strata of society till it has become common property; we become familiar with it; it no longer excites enthusiasm as it did upon its first appearance. The book has done its work. Our age has another set of wants calling for another set of thoughts, and we prize more highly the book supplying food for our own aspirations. Such I take to be the position of Ruskin. He was the prophet of beauty of design in furniture and architecture. He taught his generation how to weave beauty about the home—whether it be a cottage or a palace—and the things in every-day use. He showed them how health and cheerfulness might be promoted by drawing the curtain aside in the dim or darkened room and letting in a ray of sunshine. He called attention to the beauty of the passing cloud, and the blue sky, and the green fields, and the way-side flower. He awakened in them the almost dormant sense of beauty. And his lesson has been well learned. The present generation knows the value of observation, and is trained to take in at a glance whatever it perceives to be striking or beautiful. His books, so cleverly written, so intensely earnest, were a revelation to his day and generation, but they no longer evoke the enthusiasm that greeted their first appearance. Not that we cannot still find much to learn from Ruskin. He has nurtured his own mind upon high thought, and he would have all other minds equally nurtured.

He holds up noble ideals of life. He would see men and women harboring elevating thoughts, pure of heart, honest in their convictions, unselfish in their pursuits, each extending a helping hand, each living for the highest and best. And these are lessons for all ages. He hates shams with the soul of Carlyle; he scorns the worship of getting-on to the exclusion of the free exercise of the higher faculties with the soul of Epictetus; he loves the Gothic past, and he finds little in our modern world to love outside of Turner's pictures and Walter Scott's novels. All else in modern life is censurable. He quarrels with our railroads, and our smoking manufactories, and our modern methods of money-getting. Pages of his books are as charming as ever grew under the driving pen, but his digressions are more than his subjects. He lacks ballast. There is in him too much of what he himself has graphically described as "the wild writhing, and wrestling, and longing for the moon, and tilting at windmills, and agony of eyes, and torturing of fingers, and general spinning out of one's soul into fiddlestrings." * So it is with Carlyle. He insistently taught the lesson that the world is moving, that time and tide wait for no man, that what has been done cannot be undone, that the great secret of living is to be up and doing—doing something—doing well whatever one puts hand to. This lesson the world has learned as thoroughly as the world cares to learn; and that other one in Carlyle's great prose poem, *The French Revolution*, that neither class nor creed is privileged against the pursuit of a Nemesis for deeds ill-done, goods ill-got, and responsibilities ill-discharged. And so Carlyle may step down and out. Our age is hard-pressed with other questions seeking a solution. We also have our prophets, if we would only recognize them; and if we do not make the mistake of stoning them we may profitably listen to their lessons.

VI. Be honest in your researches. Read both sides of every human question under proper guidance. Individual judgments are misleading, and it is only by comparison of various opinions that you can get at the real state of the case. It is the duty of the historian to go back of a statement to the author first making the statement, and inquire into the spirit by which he is animated. But this duty the historian does not always discharge. And yet what is of more importance than to know if it is a friend or an enemy of the person or the people who is relating the story? Under no circumstances is the censure of an enemy to be accepted unchallenged and unsifted. Don't be afraid of the truth. It may tell against your favorite author, or favorite principle, or favorite hobby. But facts are of more worth

* *The Queen of the Air*, p. 170.

than misplaced admiration or misconceived theory. Let in the light. What we want is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Keep clear of whitewashing books. Whitewash is not lasting; it scales off and reveals the deformities beneath. It were better from the beginning that we know men as they lived, events as they happened, opinions as they were held. We Catholics fear no truth, have no apology to make for any truth, have no hesitancy in accepting all proven truth. When you find a history, whether of church or state, with its chief characters stalking over the page possessing neither spot nor blemish of character, making no blunder in conduct or policy, perfect in all things, you may set that history down as untrustworthy, misleading, and misrepresenting.

So also, in a study of the clashings of the various schools and systems of philosophy, may you find some scintillations suggestive of trains of useful thought. But there is one subject which I would urge upon you with all the earnestness of my soul to hold in reverence. It is the most precious inheritance that you possess. It is more to you than heaps of gold and broad acres; more than knowledge and power; more than fame and human greatness; more than life itself. It is the heritage of your Catholic Faith, that has been nurtured in the blood of your forefathers and handed down to you as a most sacred trust. It is too holy a thing to be trifled with. Put far away from you books calculated to undermine the groundwork of that precious heritage. Cherish it within your heart of hearts; guard it there with jealous care. Do I so exhort you because I think your faith cannot bear the light? Far from me be such a thought. It were but ill in keeping with the solemn words of the Father of the faithful. He says: "Nor must we pass by in silence, or reckon of little account, that fuller knowledge of our belief, and, as far as may be, that clearer understanding of the mysteries of the faith, which Augustine and other Fathers praised and labored to attain, and which the Vatican Synod itself decreed to be very fruitful." * During eighteen hundred years and more sophistry in every guise has been attacking that faith, and it shines to-day with greater splendor than ever. There are popular books disseminating plausible objections that might vex and annoy you because you could not answer them satisfactorily. A sneer can sap the foundations of a great religious truth in the unwary mind. Any scoffer can raise objections that only a life-study could answer. It is the absence of such learning that the Psalmist finds good: "Because I have not known learning, I will enter into the powers of the Lord."† We do not hold our faith merely upon the evidence of reason, or as a matter of private opinion. It deals with

* Leo XIII., Encyclical *Æterni Patris*.

† Psalm lxx. 17.

truths and mysteries beyond the grasp of human reason. We hold it solely and simply on the authority of God speaking to us through his church. We hold it because God gives us the grace so to hold it. It matters little to us whether certain parts of the book of Daniel have been written by Daniel, or by Esdras, or by any other scribe or prophet.* Our faith is not grounded upon this or that passage of Scripture. It is based upon the infallible authority of God's church, which is the pillar and ground of truth, and the depositary of revelation, and which alone has the key to what is or is not of inspiration in the Sacred Books. This is our stay-by. A recent novel has depicted the sad instance of an Anglican clergyman tortured by doubt, and his faith crumbling away at the touch of a sceptical hand. It is the story of hundreds at the present moment. And it is so because they hold the most sacred truths of Christianity not with the certitude of faith, but with the probability of private opinion.† The light of faith penetrates far beyond the light of reason; having lost the grace of faith they can no longer retain hold upon the truths of faith.

VII. Seek to master the book you read. To every book there is a positive and a negative side. In order to get at the positive side place yourself in sympathy with the author. Read the book from that point of view from which he wrote it. Divest yourself, for the time being, of your own hobbies and your own standard of criticism. You thus stand out of your own light. Afterwards look to the negative side of the book. Note how far the author has gone over the ground of his subject-matter and wherein he falls short in his treatment. There are times when what an author does not say is as expressive as that which he says. His omissions are an important clue to his frame of mind. They reveal his likes and dislikes, his aptitude, his tastes and tendencies. Sometimes they reveal how far he falls short in grasping the full bearing of his subject; sometimes they point to his prudence in steering clear of mooted questions barren in result; sometimes they prove him an artist of consummate skill, who knows what not to say as well as what to say. Then, again, the omission may be designed suppression. An example will best illustrate the point I would make. Take the first and last master-pieces of George Eliot. *Adam Bede* breaks upon the reader with all the freshness and truth of nature. Every element influencing character is expressed in the workings of the very souls of the rural, half-educated folk acting out their lives according to their conscience, their early training, and their personal character. Their

* See, for instance, Abbé Vigouroux, *Cosmogonie Mosaïque*. Susanne : Caractère véridique de son Histoire, pp. 345-349.

† See Cardinal Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, chap. vii. § 2, 5.

beliefs are there, and their lives are colored by their beliefs. *Daniel Deronda* deals with human nature on lines diametrically opposite. All its men and women, except the fanatical Mordechai and the priggish Deronda, live and move without religious beliefs and religious comforts, the creatures of environment, acting not as they would but as they must. The ordinary reader throws the light of his own religious belief upon the characters as they pass before him, and takes it for granted that the author assumes throughout religious feeling and religious motive. But he is reckoning without the author. George Eliot cast off the shreds of Christianity that had hung about her when she first began to write, and in her later works suppressed all Christian influence as false and pernicious, substituting in the stead necessity and environment. Here is the fountain whence flows the poison permeating this gifted writer's later works. It is by taking into account these various aspects of authors and books that one learns to master the book one reads.

VIII. In your readings give one another mutual support and encouragement. Therefore read aloud in the family circle. After you have read a chapter discuss freely the author, the style, the characters, the statements. This is a good old custom that was in greater vogue a hundred years ago, when books were scarce and education was not so generally diffused. You all remember how charmingly Goldsmith, in that most charming of classics, *The Vicar of Wakefield*—a work that contributed so largely towards the awakening of the genius of Goethe—describes the practice at tea-time in the family-circle of Dr. Primrose.* Little did Goldsmith think that he was therein painting a relic of Catholic England which had passed into a family custom out of the convents and colleges and monasteries of mediæval days. The custom is improving in many directions, and worthy of being preserved. Another praiseworthy custom is that of organizing reading-circles among your friends. Let some competent person cut out your work for you; prepare your portion well, and when the circle meets enter with all earnestness into the discussion of your subject-matter. You will find this a source of great improvement.

IX. Lastly, remember that that is the best reading which tends to growth of character as well as to intellectual development. Every good book dealing with human life in its broader phases has that effect. But we Catholics read a certain class of books that are prepared especially for the culture of our spiritual sense. They remind us of our last end; they probe our consciences and lay open before us our failings and frailties and shortcomings; they reveal to

* Chapter v.

us the goodness and mercy and sanctity of God, the life and passion and merits of our Redeemer, the beauty and holiness of the Church; they teach us how to prepare for the profitable reception of the sacraments; they place before us for our model and imitation the ideal Christian life. They rebuke our sins, they soothe our anxieties, they strengthen our resolves. With such friends we should become very intimate. And if I may be permitted to give advice upon a subject that belongs more especially to your spiritual director, I would say to you: Whatever you read by way of spiritual reading, be it little or much, read it slowly and reflectively. You are not under obligation, as in pursuing a course of study, to rush through a certain amount. Any passage that comes home to you, or stirs your feelings, or moves your will, dwell upon it until you shall have absorbed all its sweetness. Cultivate not many, but a few, very few, spiritual books which you make it a point to read and read again year after year.*

BROTHER AZARIAS.

A FAMOUS IRISH SCHOOL AND ITS FOUNDER.

ON the eastern shore of Arranmore, in a picturesque valley, sheltered on one side by a range of dark hills and washed on the other by an inlet of Galway Bay, is the primitive little fishing village of Killany. The place commands a view of a magnificent sheet of water, diversified by islands, capes, and headlands, and outlined in the distance by the Twelve Pins of Benbola, which stand like a cluster of pyramids in bold relief against the sky. Beyond this, however, a more melancholy locality could scarcely be imagined. It seems the very home of desolation. The only sound that breaks the monotony of the scene is the querulous whistling of some solitary curlew wending his flight from shore to shore, or the plaintive murmuring of the ocean, dashing itself fretfully against the huge cliffs which loom in the distance. And yet this desolate hamlet was for many centuries a renowned centre of monastic life and intellectual activity.

Let us go back to the year of our Lord 480, and stand beneath the round tower, which, as we are informed, even then kept guard, like some tutelary giant, over the destinies of this

* The indispensable books in every Catholic collection are: 1, The New Testament; 2, *The Imitation of Christ;* 3, *Spiritual Combat;* 4, *A Devout Life*, by St. Francis de Sales; 5, *Growth in Holiness*, by Father Faber.

lonely valley. A group of buildings of various forms and dimensions lies beneath our gaze. Around an oblong edifice, which is evidently a church, are clustered several other structures varying in size from the narrow cell, intended for a single occupant, to the public hall, destined for the accommodation of the whole community. Encircling the entire collection is a wall of solid masonry whose sameness is only broken by a single gateway, surmounted by a carved cross. Prompted by curiosity, we descend from our point of observation and ask for admittance. The door is opened by a white-robed janitor, who greets us with a cordial *benedicite*. On entering we find ourselves in a new world. It is a veritable bee-hive of industry and activity. Transcribers, illuminators, carvers, workers in silver and iron, mechanics of various kinds, are all deeply absorbed in their occupations. Here a group, in tunics and cucullas, are engaged in discussing some of the great scholastic problems which have been endless sources of dissension in the past as they are in the present. There a tonsured priest lectures to an attentive class, the dress and faces of many of his auditors denoting their foreign origin. As we pass along, the sounds of psalmody, now soft as the evening breeze, now loud as the murmuring of the ocean, break upon our ears. Have we visited a land of enchantment? Have we witnessed a fairy scene? We have travelled back over the centuries, and conjured up before our imagination what was once a reality. We have seen one of the great Celtic universities of the golden era of Irish history. We have visited the school of "Arran of the Saints."

Saint Honoratus, the great monastic patriarch of Southern Europe, went to his reward (428) a little over half a century before St. Enda arrived in Arran (480). When tracing the walls of his hermitage at Lerins, so like, in many respects, its sister island in the Atlantic, the former never dreamt of the vast edifice which, in the designs of Divine Providence, was to spring up from this humble beginning. Neither could the latter, even in his most sanguine moments, have foreseen the luxuriant harvest that was destined to issue from the little seed he had prayerfully planted on the bleak hillsides of Arran.

The early days of the school of Arran were not, however, without those trials and difficulties which make beginnings proverbially weak, and which have been ever the lot of the saints. The old lives of Saint Enda—for several have been written—as well as the traditions still existing in Arran are filled with legendary anecdotes which detail with great minuteness the encounters of the holy abbot with a certain pagan chieftain named Corban, who at that time held possession of the island. Extravagant and improbable as many of these

narratives undoubtedly are, they should not be altogether rejected. Various circumstances, such as the names of places, the traditions still extant, and local associations, all seem to indicate that these legends are but the echoes of authentic miracles which have become obscured by the lapse of centuries.

It was near the alleged scene of one of these legends that St. Enda first celebrated Mass on the island. This spot—now known as Killany—he selected as the site of his monastery. In due time a little *damliagh*, or stone church; the *prointeach*, or refectory; the *aregall*, or kitchen; the abbot's house, and a cluster of cone-roofed cells were erected. Towards the maintenance of this establishment one-half of the island was set apart. The remaining portion was divided into ten equal parts, on each of which was erected a monastery governed by its proper superior. St. Enda ruled over all. Under him was elected a second in rank, who had the right of succeeding the abbot after his death. The first of these coadjutor abbots is said to have been St. Benedict, brother of the famous Kieran of Saige, patron of the diocese of Ossory, who himself is said to have been one of the many great men who came to St. Enda to learn wisdom and holiness.

The other traces of the internal government of the Arran community which have been handed down to us are of but little importance. Enda ordained that those among the monks who happened to be bishops should have a separate place of burial. All others were to be interred in the common place of sepulture. This regulation seems to have given umbrage to a portion of the community. Eight of the old monks who had accompanied St. Enda to Arran expressed their dissatisfaction. They further found fault with what they deemed the unequal partition of Arran made by St. Enda. To put an end to any doubts which might exist as to his right of governing, the abbot ordered a *triduum* of fasting and prayer. When this was twice repeated, an angel, we are told, appeared and presented Saint Enda with a chasuble and a Book of the Four Gospels—gifts which were understood by all to signify that to him was entrusted the two-fold duty of teaching and governing.

These meagre details throw but little or no light on a question which, in recent years, has given rise to much discussion among archæologists. What was the rule followed by St. Enda and the monasteries of the early Irish church? To what system of monastic legislation is due the credit of having conferred so many benefits on civilization, and of having given so many citizens to heaven? The well-known antiquarian, Sir James Ware, who, like Ussher and Todd, devoted his energies to the fruitless task of endeavoring to

identify modern Protestantism with the teachings and practices of the early Irish church, assures us that the community founded by St. Enda was a branch of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. It is now, however, almost universally admitted by the best Irish scholars that this institute was unknown in Ireland until introduced for the first time by St. Malachy in the twelfth century. The rule exclusively followed by the monks of the early Irish church was that brought into the country by St. Patrick. This code was only a modification of the monastic system brought originally into Western Europe by St. Athanasius when exiled to Treves by Constantine the Great, in the year 336. It was a rivulet from the great stream which had its origin among the sands of the Thebaïd and spread its fertilizing waters towards the regions of the north. Whatever doubt may exist as to the particular form of the monastic code adopted by the Abbot of Arran for the government of his young community, we are certain from the glimpses afforded us that it was based on the great fundamental principles of prayer, labor, obedience, and mortification of the senses. Fasting and abstinence of the most rigorous kind were strictly enjoined upon all. Meat was never used. All kinds of spirituous liquors were absolutely unknown. Bread, meal moistened with water, fish, herbs, and pulse were the only articles of food consumed by the members of the community. The exactness with which the rule of fasting was enforced is illustrated by an anecdote which we find related in Colgan's *Life of St. Enda.* To test the fidelity of his monks Enda is said to have subjected them every evening to the following curious ordeal. On the waters of Killany Bay was placed a *curroch*, or canoe, destitute of the usual covering of skins. Every monk was obliged to go into this *curroch.* If the water entered—and nothing but a miracle could have prevented it—it was judged as a sign that the occupant had in some manner violated the rule. On a certain occasion all the monks except the cook had gone safely through the trial. Poor Gigias—for that was his name—no sooner entered than the boat sank, and he escaped only with a severe wetting.

"What hast thou done, O Gigias?" asked the abbot.

Gigias confessed that, overcome by hunger, he had taken some of Kieran's dinner and added it to his own.

"There is no room for a thief here," was the reply. So Gigias was obliged to go.

The monastery of Arran was a veritable bee-hive of industry. Labor was imposed on all as a kind of penitential duty. Those skilled in agriculture were appointed to the unremunerative task of endeavoring to snatch a scanty crop from the inhospitable soil;

some ground the corn, while others launched forth in their skin-covered barks to reap the harvests of the deep. Copyists, composers, illuminators, and workers in vellum were employed in the scriptorium; lecturers and catechists gave instructions in the schools. In the meantime the prayers of the community were unceasing. The monks succeeded each other in the choir. They stood around the altar and chanted aloud the praises of God in the words of the royal Prophet.

The soul and centre of this angelical world was St. Enda. He was a model of all virtues, but above all shone his admirable sweetness of disposition and his self-denial. In selecting Arran as the place of his abode he was actuated by no other motives than a desire to hide himself from the eyes of the world, and sanctify his own soul and the souls of his brethren. By a wise dispensation of Providence, however, history has torn away the veil behind which he sought to conceal himself, and the former chieftain stands revealed to us in all the greatness of his soul and in all the beauty of his sanctity. Saint Cummian of Conor, who was born half a century (589) after the death (540) of St. Enda, and who is so well known for his famous letter on the Easter controversy, has left us a poem in which he pictures the holy Abbot of Arran living in a cell of flinty stone and practising austerities of such rigor as to seem almost incredible. Near the church of St. Benan, overlooking the village of Killany, is still pointed out a rude building called the bed of St. Enda. In the words of Froude, who gives the result of a visit to Arran in his *Short Studies*, "it is such a place as sheep would huddle under in a storm, and shiver in the cold and wet which would pierce through the chinks of the walls." "Enda," says St. Cummian, "loved victory (over self) with sweetness, he loved a prison of hard stone to bring the people to God." This victory over self had only been obtained after a severe struggle. Enda was by nature passionate and impulsive. An anecdote illustrative of his fiery disposition is found in his life. Immediately after assuming the monastic garb he was on a certain occasion engaged in conversation with his sister Fanchea, who loved him most tenderly and who exercised a powerful influence on his life. Their conference was rudely broken by warlike shouts. A neighboring clan, the hereditary foes of the family of Enda, had invaded an adjacent territory and were returning home with their booty, when they were intercepted and attacked by the warriors of Oriel. A bloody battle ensued. Forgetful of his new vocation and filled with the old warlike ardor, Enda seized a weapon and was about placing himself at the head of his clansmen, when his sister

interposed and exclaimed: "Enda, my brother, place your hand on your head and remember thou hast taken the crown of Christ." The rebuke was effectual. Enda relinquished his battle-axe and returned to his prayers.

During the interval which had elapsed between this event and his arrival in Arran so thoroughly had he overcome his natural disposition that, like St. Francis of Sales, sweetness and gentleness became his most prominent virtues. In the long range of monastic biography no more charming picture has been presented to us than the paternal kindness with which the holy Abbot of Arran treated the monks under his care. He was a father to all. He shared the sorrows of his brethren, dispelled their doubts, and when despondent he inspired them with a share of the invincible courage which glowed in his own great soul. Among the many anecdotes related in his life is one in which we are told that the monks of Arran, who from the circumstances of their abode became skilful and adventurous navigators, complained that owing to a huge rock which blocked up the entrance to the harbor they were often in danger of shipwreck. The abbot went to the spot, made the sign of the cross on the boulder with his abbatial staff, and prayed that God might do the rest. That night an angel bearing a flaming sword was seen descending from heaven, and, striking the rock like a flash of lightning, it crumbled into atoms.

The fame of the austerities practised by these athletes of penitence spread like an odor of sanctity over all Western Europe. The tide of empire had moved westward, and the wonders of the Thebaïd were revived in the Atlantic Ocean. The trackless deep became a highway, and the barren hillsides and gloomy valleys of this desolate island swarmed with human beings. There Saxon and Celt forgot their ancient race hatreds; the Iberian and the Gaul, the Frank and the Teuton might be heard conversing in the common language of all—the Latin of old Rome.

Space will allow us only to cast a glance, in passing, at a few among the crowd who composed that holy company. Foremost among them we find Columkille, the Dove of the Cells, whose hermitage, clothed in a mantle of sweet-brier and wild roses, is still pointed out in a lonely spot by the sea-shore. On his departure from Arran he composed a poem, which has been handed down to posterity, and which is one of the most exquisite relics of ancient Irish literature we possess. Aubrey de Vere—one of Ireland's truest poets—in his English version has transmitted the touching pathos and tenderness of the original with so much fidelity that we are tempted to quote the following stanzas:

"Farewell to Aran Isle, farewell!
I steer for Hy; my heart is sore:
The breakers burst, the billows swell
'Twixt Aran Isle and Alba's shore.

"O Aran, sun of all the West!
My heart is thine! As sweet to close
Our dying eyes in thee as rest
Where Peter and where Paul repose.

"O Aran, sun of all the West!
My heart in thee its grave hath found;
He walks in regions of the blest
The man that hears thy church bell sound."

Next come the founders of the great schools of Moville and Clonard—the two Finnians. Saint Finnian of Clonard was a man of such vast learning that, after his return from Arran, he became a kind of consulting theologian for all Ireland. His namesake of Moville was even still more famous. Filled with love and veneration for the Apostolic See, he set out from Arran on a pilgrimage to Rome, and after a long sojourn in the Holy City he returned to Ireland laden with gifts from the reigning pope. He afterwards made several other journeys to Rome, and brought back a vast store of relics, the penitential canons, known as the Canons of St. Finnian, and a copy of St. Jerome's translation of the Holy Scriptures, until then unknown in Ireland. He founded the monastery of Moville in the year 540 and afterwards returned to Italy, where he was elected Bishop of Lucca, in Tuscany, and is to this day venerated in that country under the name of Fridian or Frigidian. He died in 589.

The great Saint Kieran of Clonmacnois, whom Alcuin calls the glory of the Irish race, was also a pupil of the school of Arran. Having come to the island in his youth, and being endowed with a vigorous constitution, he was appointed to the task of grinding all the corn of the community. For seven years he discharged this duty. Visions of his future greatness broke in upon his humble labors. He dreamt, at one time, that he saw a great tree laden with leaves and fruit growing on the banks of the Shannon. It spread out its branches far and near until it covered with its shade the whole of Erin. He related the vision to his abbot, who interpreted it as follows: "The tree," he said, "thou art thyself, for thou shalt be great before God and men, and shalt bring forth sweetest fruits of good works. Proceed, then, at once, and, in obedience to the will of God, build thou there a monastery."

Saint Kieran prepared himself for the work allotted to him. Having been ordained priest, and having said his first Mass at Killany, he took an affectionate farewell of his brethren. The parting was most affecting. Walking between Saint Enda and Saint Finnian of Moville, and escorted by the entire community, he proceeded to the place of embarkation. No words were spoken, but tears flowed in abundance. Long and wistfully did the monks gaze after the bark which bore their beloved brother away from their island home. When returning to his cell, Saint Enda, sobbing with grief, said: "O my brethren! good reason have we to weep, for this day has our island lost the flower and strength of religious observance." St. Kieran died at Clonmacnois in the year 549, having governed the monastery only a short time.

Among the many others who were trained to holiness in this great nursery of saints were Saint Kevin of Glendalough, whom the poet Moore has touched with his poetic wand; St. Jarlath, patron and founder of the See of Tuam; St. Carthage of Lismore: Saint Benignus of Armagh; Saint Colman MacDuagh and St. MacCreiche, both natives of Clare; St. Loran Kerr; St. Caradoc; St. Kybi; Saint Papeus, and Saint Brecan, son of Euchu Ball-dearg, prince of the proud Dalcassian race.

It was a gathering at once democratic and cosmopolitan. Prince and peasant, plebeian and patrician worked and prayed side by side. Children of races as divergent as the poles, but united by the catholicity of a common faith, lived together in harmony.

Among the many objects of interest to be seen in this wonderful island is a sculptured cross bearing the inscription "VII Romani," or the Seven Romans. We ask in vain who they were. This solitary monument—cast on the shore of time, a relic of the shipwreck of ages—is the only evidence of their existence we possess. And yet we know that these strangers were only a few among the countless numbers who came from afar to drink copious draughts of wisdom and holiness from the fountains which flowed in perennial streams in Arran of the Saints.

In this, as well as in the other great centres of monastic life throughout Ireland, there was an intellectual development unknown among the monks of the Egyptian desert. The prodigies of penance practised by the eremites of the Thebaïd found a parallel in Arran, but to these were added the charm that mental culture always gives the actions of mankind. The study of the Holy Scriptures and the writings of the fathers of the church were the great foundation stones on which the Irish scholastic system was erected. In Ireland itself but few relics of her ancient literature, with the excep-

tion of legendary narratives, have escaped the vandalism of Dane and Saxon. The libraries of Europe, however, possess ample evidences of the literary eminence to which national feeling lays claim. These records consist chiefly of books of the Gospels, the New and the Old Testament, with glosses on the margin, and distinct commentaries, such as that of St. Columbanus, which bear ample testimony to the depth and fulness of knowledge possessed by the authors. Augustin Magraidin, in his life of Saint Enda, tells us that a book of the Gospels, richly bound and illuminated, was in his time (he died in 1405) still preserved in the monastery of Arran. Among the original works said to have been composed in this island is a poem entitled the "Voyage of the Children of Ua Corra," which tells us of seven brothers who set out in a skin-covered bark, on a pilgrimage of discovery into the depths of the Atlantic, where they met with as many adventures as the heroes of the *Odyssey*. The study of the Greek and Latin classics formed a portion of the educational course in the Irish schools. From the frequency with which we meet with copies of Virgil, Ovid, Cicero, Lactantius, Plato, and Aristotle these authors would appear to have been special favorites among the Irish monks.

Nor were the fine arts neglected. Besides the art of illuminating, which attained a degree of perfection never since surpassed, metallurgy, sculpture, and architecture were also successfully cultivated. The relics of antiquity still to be found in Arran, such as portions of a round tower, exquisitely carved crosses, incised inscriptions, finely formed arches and cut-stone mullions and lintels, are all eloquent witnesses of the artistic skill of the monks of the early Irish church. From the circumstances of their abode, it will not be considered strange if the science of navigation had a special attraction for Saint Enda and his insular community. They loved the sea. Its solemn voice filled them with joy, for it seemed to them to be for ever chanting a hymn of praise to its great Creator. As they launched fearlessly out upon its waters they mingled their psalms with the cries of the sea-birds, and thus animate and inanimate nature united in adoration of the Almighty. Among the saints who were friends and contemporaries of Saint Enda was the famous navigator, Saint Brendan. Many claim for this holy man, and not without a certain amount of probability, the first discovery of America. Before setting out on his voyage he paid a visit to the Abbot of Arran, to ask his prayers and to be guided by his counsel. As one of Erin's poetic sons—the lamented Denis Florence MacCarthy—has immortalized this pilgrimage in verse, we shall here be excused for quoting a few verses:

"Hearing how the blessed Enda lived apart,
Amid the sacred cares of Ara-Mhor;
And how beneath his eye, spread like a chart,
Lay all the isles of that remotest shore;
And how he had collected in his mind
All that was known of the old sea,
I left the hill of miracles behind
And sailed from out the shallow, sandy Leigh.

"Again I sailed and crossed the stormy sound
That lies beneath Binn-Arte's rocky height,
And there upon the shore the saint I found
Waiting my coming through the tardy night.
He led me to his home beside the wave,
Where, with his monks, the pious father dwelled,
And to my listening ear he freely gave
The sacred knowledge that his bosom held.

"When I proclaimed the project that I nursed,
How 'twas for this that I his blessing sought,
An irrepressible cry of joy outburst
From his pure lips, that blessed me for the thought.
He said that *he*, too, had in visions strayed
O'er the untracked ocean's bellowing foam;
Bid me have hope, that God would give me aid,
And bring me safe back to my native home."

It was in the midst of these hallowed associations that Saint Enda went to his reward in the year 544, having for over sixty years lived a life of penitence which for rigor was unsurpassed even by the anchorites of the Egyptian desert. His remains were laid to rest in the cemetery of the little mortuary chapel which he himself had built, and which still exists, as if its founder had imparted to it a share of his own immortality.

As one stands over the grave of St. Enda, with the ocean spreading out before him, and the cliffs of Moher looming in the distance, all the associations of the place rush upon him and fill him with emotion. The spirit of the angelic life practised there fourteen hundred years ago comes back upon him in all its beauty. He sees once more the sea covered with craft filled with pilgrims eagerly flocking to this desolate island. He hears the accents of the Celt and the Roman mingling with the rougher cadences of the Saxon and the Cymbri. He listens to the voices of human adoration chanting in concert with the mysterious music of the ocean; and he feels that land and sea, arch and altar, while echoing the praises of the great Creator, also become eloquent of Ireland's glory.

WILLIAM GANLY.

Clifden, Co. Galway.

A DAUGHTER OF THE KING.*

SARA PETER was born on the 10th of May, 1800, in the town of Chillicothe, Ross County, Ohio. She came of an honorable and honored race. Her father, Thomas Worthington, was at one time a member of the Ohio Senate, and subsequently governor of the State. Her mother, a beautiful and clever woman, early laid the foundations of the sterling principles of duty and integrity which were to be the life-long watchwords of her gifted daughter, while from both parents she inherited a strong religious temperament. She received a thoroughly practical, womanly education from the best teachers of the day, and was married at the age of sixteen to Edward King, fourth son of the Hon. Rufus King, of New York, a name revered in the early history of the century. Five children, four boys and a girl, blessed this happy union, so soon to be dissolved by death. Two of these children, a boy and a girl, died in early childhood.

In the year 1831 Mr. and Mrs. King removed to Cincinnati, then the foremost city of the West, and a centre of intelligence and refinement, having been settled principally by people of means and education from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Here Mrs. King at once assumed a leading position in the highest social circles, her drawing-room becoming a *salon* where were assembled the literary and musical celebrities of the day. She was herself a fine musician, and preserved her fondness for the art, as well as her unusual skill, to the last days of her life. She was at this time an Episcopalian, and became actively identified with all charitable and religious works in which her contemporaries were engaged.

Surrounded by an atmosphere of love, blessed with congenial friends, and occupied in agreeable pursuits, her life flowed on in smoothest currents for a while; but the hand of the Lord was already uplifted, and she was soon to know the chastening and sanctifying discipline of sorrow with which an all-wise Creator sees fit to visit the favored souls whom he destines for a special mission.

In 1836 her husband died, and after much deliberation she decided to break up her home in Cincinnati and accompany her boys to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where they were to complete their education at Harvard College. She realized that she had now

* *Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Sara Peter.* By Margaret R. King. 2 vols. Cincinnati: Robert Clark & Co.

a double task to perform in their regard, and with her, then as always, to become convinced where her duty lay, was to act immediately. Her life in Cambridge was quiet and uneventful, but she spent much time in study, of which she was very fond, and became thoroughly proficient in the French, German, and Italian languages, the knowledge of which was in after years to become a powerful auxiliary in her works of mercy and charity, by familiarizing her with places and people whom she must have otherwise known only superficially. While residing in this place she became acquainted with many famous literary people, and was in constant intercourse with the best thinkers of the time, for it was invariably her custom to form acquaintance and friendship with persons of superior intellect and independence of thought.

Their education completed, her sons graduated with honor; the class of 1838, in which the eldest, Hon. Rufus King, now of Cincinnati, matriculated, counting such names as Joseph Story and James Russell Lowell among its honored members. Her choice of residence would have been Philadelphia, but Mr. King preferred his native State, and she returned with him to Cincinnati, where she resided until 1844. In that year she married Mr. Peter, whom she had met in Philadelphia when he had been British consul. He was a man of excellent family, fine education, and rare intellectual attainments, spending all his leisure moments in literary pursuits, which with his ample fortune he could well afford to do.

He resided in Philadelphia, whither she repaired on her marriage, and their house became the centre of refined sociability. Good works were not forgotten; as formerly she interested herself in everything tending to the real advancement of her sex or the amelioration of its woes, and the "Rosina House for Magdalens," established through her efforts and those of several other benevolent ladies, still exists and flourishes. About this time she also originated the now famous "Philadelphia School of Design for Women," which, after forty years, is still growing and showing greater development every day.

But sorrow once more spread its wings over her happy home, and in the year 1851 her second son, who had engaged in mercantile pursuits, died, leaving a young widow and three helpless little boys. Mother and wife were so overwhelmed with grief at this sudden loss that it was thought best for them to make a visit to Europe. The prominence of her husband's family caused her to have many letters of introduction to influential people abroad, and the travellers were thus unusually equipped for what promised, as it proved, to be an interesting journey. Space forbids making extracts from her letters,

which are well worth the reading, showing her great powers of observation, her just but critical mind, and her wonderful facility for seizing the best points and features of people and places, and of discovering beauty wherever it was to be found, as also her great originality and independence of character. Very noticeable here is the gradually awakening tendency of her truly Catholic mind. Unlike many Americans to whom Rome and Catholicism are but synonyms for tyranny and superstition, who in admiring the beauties of painting and sculpture unfolded to their untaught and wondering eyes forget that the preservation of these treasures is due to the jealous care of the Catholic Church, as their inception and accomplishment was the natural and direct outcome of her influence and teaching, Mrs. Peter recognized at once these obvious truths, and seemed never weary of admiring not only these beautiful accessories of Catholic art, but also the simplicity, sincerity, and unaffected piety of the people among whom she journeyed and with whom she soon became familiar. She was presented to Pius IX., who granted her a special audience and with whom she was much impressed. A journey to the Holy Land was next undertaken, and it was while at Jerusalem during Holy Week that she first began to realize the wonderful beauties of the Catholic Church, being greatly moved by the difference between the conduct of the priests and people of the Roman and Greek communions.

She returned to America much benefited by her sojourn in Europe, filled with a new love for the arts, and more than ever animated, if that were possible, by the desire to instil her own enthusiasm into the hearts of her friends and co-laborers.

In the beginning of 1853 Mr. Peter died, and she at once set about removing to Cincinnati in order to be near her only son. Gathering around her a band of earnest and refined women, with their assistance she succeeded in establishing what was known as the "Cincinnati Academy of Fine Arts," the germ of the present famous "Cincinnati Art Museum."

In 1854 we find her again *en route* to Europe, where she intended to make extensive purchases for the academy. Financial failures in America subsequently curtailed these investments, but this visit to Europe was the occasion of her becoming a member of the Catholic Church. On the way to Civita Vecchia she found herself in the company of a distinguished body of ecclesiastics bound for Rome, where the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was then under discussion. Archbishop Hughes was of the number, and to him she had a letter of introduction from Archbishop Purcell. There were many other notabilities, the Bishop of Philadelphia, a cardinal,

several European bishops, the Princess Borghese, the Duke de Rochefoucault, besides other intelligent and fervent Catholics. For the first time Mrs. Peter became socially familiar with those whom natural, and at that time national, prejudice had misrepresented in many ways, and her strong and just mind soon fully appreciated the healthy moral atmosphere and refined social and æsthetic conditions which surrounded her newly-found friends and companions. From that time forward her conversion was assured; she was given the *entrée* of the most exclusive and thoroughly Catholic *salons* in Rome; cardinals, bishops, priests, the pope himself, became her friends; the scales fell from her eyes, and in a very short time she made her abjuration and was formally received into the Catholic Church. Her feelings at this time will be best described by a few short extracts from her letters. She writes:

". . . I soon found, as I believe every candid mind must find, that a mist of error surrounded me, that I had mistaken tinsel for gold; that, like other Protestants, I had boldly pronounced judgment on things of which I was either wholly ignorant, or deceived by false information. Do not imagine that I have been swayed about by any one. Nobody seems to have supposed me so spiritually engaged as to think of taking either measure or persuasion for my conversion. Yet here, where daily I touch the dust made holy by the blessed army of martyrs, whose faith, so far as the earliest records attest (and, providentially, they are abundant both in books and stones to a degree I never dreamed of), is still maintained in all its fervor and purity by their successors at this moment—here, if anywhere, a pious soul may hope for the blessing of God on sincere and fervent prayers for guidance into the way of his truth. . . . When I come home I trust, by the Divine aid, to enter steadily upon the prosecution of some of those good works for the souls and bodies of men which it has always been in my heart to do if I could have adequate assistance. Under the care of a church which provides food and work for all her children I shall have helpers." Again: "You who know that in matters of moment I am not wanting in steadiness may feel assured that I feel the strength of the ground on which I stand. I have for years been restless and unhappy on finding that the views held and taught by our church could not satisfy me, and my unhappiness arose from my own self-accusations, because I was not satisfied. Many others, I doubt not, live and die with the same habitual self-condemnation, yet never suspect the cause; and now, as I come to the clearer light of truth, I wonder that I should always have been so near, and yet never discovered it. I dare say you will feel no little surprise to hear all these things, and wonder how I should know about subjects hitherto unknown to me; but I have had excellent opportunities to learn and fearful internal difficulties to overcome before I could separate my better judgment from the mass of error which overlaid it.

"I say nothing of the struggles in my conscience, my horrible fears of being misguided by illusions, but which seem gradually to be dissipated by the light of a clearer faith."

It seems appropriate here to state that her firm and fond affection for the Ladies of the Sacred Heart was begun at this period of her history and suffered no diminution till the close of her life.

Having placed herself under the guidance of the Abbé Mermillod, she prepared for her reception into the church by a spiritual retreat, which she made in the beautiful convent of Trinità di Monte, the Roman house of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. She always reverted to this season of preparation and the associations it recalled with the greatest pleasure, and some years later a branch of the order was induced, through her solicitations, to establish a house in Cincinnati, where they have at present a beautiful convent in one of the most attractive suburbs of that city.

If at this time Mrs. Peter had not been restrained by natural ties, and felt, moreover, that her duty plainly lay in her own country, where the remainder of her life was to be consecrated to her fellow-creatures, her inclinations would have led her to remain in Rome, where the conditions of life so strongly appealed to her poetic and religious nature, always so susceptible to the beautiful and exalted in their highest form.

But we soon find her once more at home, enjoying a short rest before entering with renewed activity upon what was to prove the crowning period of her grand and noble life. Her first efforts were directed to the establishment of a home of reformation for fallen women, a charity which had occupied her thoughts and in which we have seen her interested in her earlier womanhood. She applied to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, already located in Louisville, who responded with two sisters. From this foundation have grown several large institutions in and about Cincinnati devoted to the reformation of fallen women and the preservation of young children, both white and colored. Mrs. Peter always entertained a special affection for these ladies and their valued work. After one of her voyages to Rome she presented them with the relics of St. Clement, martyr, obtained with great trouble and in spite of many obstacles, which now rest under the high altar of their beautiful chapel, also the gift of an eminent Catholic lady, Mrs. S. S. Boyle, lately deceased. In this chapel Mrs. Peter erected a marble memorial altar, dedicated to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, whose image crowns and adorns it.

Two years passed quickly in various charitable enterprises, and in 1857 Mrs. Peter again set forth on her oft-repeated pilgrimage. Her active mind had conceived a project, the execution of which would have seemed impossible to one not gifted with her indomitable courage and perseverance. Her own fortune, or as much of it as she could control, was already at the disposal of God's poor and needy. Why not interest others in the grand work? Her acquaintance among the bishops and princes of the church abroad, as well as with wealthy Catholics in Italy, France, and Austria, was quite

extensive, and she resolved to go in person to the pope, ask his consent to her undertaking, and, equipped with his approval and blessing, to engage in the missionary work of collecting means for the establishment of new and much-needed charities in her native country. She found the Holy Father very sympathetic; he gave her not only his approval and benediction, but a letter and a purse full of napoleons.

So, too, were the other dignitaries of the church; all united in giving her the kindest recommendations to people in high places, and what had been undertaken as a duty soon became a labor of love, and the means of founding and cementing many dear and lasting friendships. For to see Mrs. Peter was to be impressed by her striking personality; highly gifted in every way, both by nature and education, possessing in a marked degree that *savoir faire* which never fails to serve its owner in good stead, modest though unembarrassed, her charming manners and simple, graceful courtesy were a ready passport to the most exclusive homes of the Old World. Her letters are full of accounts of the kindness with which she was everywhere received, and, while never violating the seal of reserve which hospitality places upon its recipients, she is never weary of praising the true refinement and noble simplicity which seemed to be the motto of those refined homes. We will here give an extract from one of her letters on the occasion of an accidental meeting with the Empress of Austria. She says:

"Being about to call on one of the ladies of the empress, I saw her approaching with her majesty as I alighted from my carriage. Both bowed, but as it is contrary to etiquette for royalty afoot to stop and converse in a court, we all proceeded up-stairs—of course, I following. On reaching the first gallery the empress bowed and begged me to stop a moment. She inquired for my health, and, taking both my hands in hers, she said she desired to tell me how much she wished for my success, and that she should constantly pray for it, and that I must not forget to pray for her. She pressed my hands in the most affectionate way; and with what do you fancy her hands were covered? Gray yarn mitts coming well up on the wrists, for the morning air was keen. She wore a plain straw bonnet, and a cross-barred woollen Scotch shawl, that I suppose none of our *élégantes* would think of putting on their shoulders. The empress is so very gracious and elegant a person in manners that, wear what she will, she is unmistakably a lady, and it is a beautiful spectacle to see one having so much at her command deny herself every superfluity that she may secure the means to make others happy. She contributed most generously to my mission."

Mrs. Peter had endeavored to engage a colony of "Little Sisters of the Poor" for America, but was at that time unsuccessful. However, they came some years later. At Aix-la-Chapelle, the mother-house of the Sisters of St. Francis, she succeeded in obtaining several, who made the first American foundation of the order in Cincinnati, where the convent of Santa Clara is now the mother-house in this

country. Retracing her steps, she prepared to turn her face homeward; her last stopping-place was Kinsale, from whence she departed for America with a company of eleven Sisters of Mercy from the convent in that town. She had no reason to regret this choice. The manifold duties of this order are especially suited to the needs of a large city; they include, besides parochial teaching, houses of refuge for destitute women and homeless children, visiting the sick at their homes, and also visiting hospitals and prisons. During the civil war they rendered valuable aid, and also through the cholera epidemic of 1866 they turned their house into a hospital, nursing the inmates night and day.

The beginning of the year 1860 found Mrs. Peter once more at home, surrounded by kind friends and active in every benevolent project. For a time she occupied but two rooms in her house, reserving the rest for the Franciscans, but subsequently an adjacent lot was purchased, on which a convent was erected, and she resumed control of her household. Although filled with the rarest objects of *vertu* and art, her parlors were now rarely opened to society, her whole life being occupied with good works, and her time arranged with as much precision and method as though she had been one of the good sisters with whom she really lived, for one roof covered both houses. The words of her biographer accurately describe the calm life she now led,

"with holy influences always surrounding her, a great and necessary rest after so much excitement as had filled the last few years. A window of her bedroom looked into the chapel, and the sweet voices of the sisters, all through the night, in prayer and devotion, lulled her slumbers and gave peace to her dreams.* Her own morning devotions were made at this window, just over the high altar, with all its suggestions to holy thought. From this home of peace she went forth on her daily round of untiring work, visiting every place where human suffering could be found, and strengthening the hearts of the sisters in their own works of love and charity."

The heart of Mrs. Peter ever turned towards Rome, and three times more did she visit that sacred spot, once on the occasion of the silver jubilee of Pius IX., again on the occasion of the Œcumenical Council. Her last journey was made with the pilgrims in 1874. Regarding the council she writes:

"I have just returned from St. Peter's, where I have witnessed a magnificent scene. The full council assembled in their episcopal robes and mitres, each taking his accustomed seat, with the Holy Father on his throne. The immense church was literally packed with a joyous throng. A bishop mounted a temporary pulpit and read the decrees which have been the subject of discussion during

*A number of Poor Clares, who pray without intermission day and night, are attached to the convent of Santa Clara. They are, or were until recently, the only members of the community in the United States. Mrs. Peter esteemed it a great privilege to be able to dwell under the same roof with these austere religious, who fast perpetually and take turns in praying continually before the Blessed Sacrament.

the past weeks, in Greek and Latin; the 'Veni Creator Spiritus' was sung; then each bishop gave his vote in turn. The pope gave a short address, and the whole closed by the singing of the 'Te Deum,' in which the immense concourse joined, as they had done in the 'Veni Creator.' The scene was soul-inspiring. As we all said the 'Credo' together, it was impossible to restrain my tears. Before me were good and great representatives of the faith, from every nation under the sun, chanting with one heart and one voice one common faith, one firm hope, one undying confidence in eternal truths."

She was at this time seventy years old. One would think that increasing age and infirmity might have made such inroads on her vitality as to render her life in future one of ease and retirement. But time dealt lightly with this incomparable woman, and after four years spent pleasantly and happily among her friends, during which time her charitable works knew no intermission, we find her once again and for the last time turning towards the Mecca of her soul, joining the devoted band of pilgrims who were about to present their homage and condolences to the Holy Father, then as now a prisoner in his own rightful domains. This visit was somewhat saddened by traces which death had left among her old friends. Here and there she chronicles the departure of this or that one, and her letters have an undertone of sadness absent from her earlier epistles. Her love and appreciation of the Holy Father was unbounded, and he in turn always gave her some special token of interest, which much delighted her. She had many souvenirs of his kind regard, and these were valued as priceless treasures. She often related the following incidents, evidences of his gentle and kindly attention.

During her last visit to Rome she arrived in the midst of a grand celebration, and with her usual indefatigable ardor elbowed her way through the crowd into the near presence of the Holy Father. His attention was attracted, and he smilingly exclaimed in an audible voice, to the attendant beside him, "*Ecco nostra cara Signora Peter*"—"There is our dear Signora Peter."

"On another occasion," relates her biographer, "an incident occurred, testifying to the beautiful simple-heartedness and tenderness of this holy man. As the faithful were receiving the blessing of the Holy Father, Mrs. Peter entered somewhat late, and a little agitated, and in kneeling dropped her staff, which fell beyond the rail, startling His Holiness, who looked around, and himself raising the staff, handed it to the venerable lady, saying, 'Signora Peter, you have done what all Europe has failed to do; you have stopped me in my career.'

"With these happy memories, with vigor sufficient for her work, surrounded by the holy influences of the church, loving friends, a beautiful home, with the silent companionship of her treasured books and pictures, this valiant woman was to be blest with a peaceful close to her useful life."

Three years more of labor, never ceasing, but now somewhat restricted by reason of increasing age; three years more of counsel here, admonition there, encouragement to this one and charitable aid to

another; three years more of boundless good-will and untiring charity in thought and word and deed, and the end was come.

Always prepared, she received a herald of her dissolution in an accident which occurred some time before her death, and from which she never recovered. Peacefully and painlessly she passed away, on the sixth day of February, 1877, in the seventy-seventh year of her age. All through the city went the sorrowful news, "Mrs. Peter is dead." Then from the convents that her charity and zeal had founded, from the asylums that her benevolence had fostered, from the refuges that her womanly heart had held dearest among her "treasures of the poor," from the homes, cultured or unrefined, Catholic or Protestant, gentle or simple, that her hand and heart had directly or indirectly blessed, came forth the sisters whose friend she had been, whose early struggles she had assisted, whose cares she had lightened, whose battles she had fought; the men, women, and children she had saved from poverty and death, or worse than death; rich and poor, scholarly and ignorant, mistress and servant, the lame and blind, without regard to race, creed, or color.

Before the silent form they passed, a seemingly endless procession two days' long, praying and weeping, and when the doors were closed that the beloved form might be taken to the church where the funeral obsequies were to be celebrated, they hastened one and all to old St. Xavier's, where they filled the spacious pews and broad aisles to overflowing. As she lay in her coffin clothed for the grave, her strong, beautifully chiselled features like carven marble, one involuntarily thought of some dead archbishop or other departed dignitary of the church waiting calmly the roll-call of final judgment. But though the massive brow with its deep lines betokened the masculine intellect of her who had done so much for God and her fellow-creatures, no one who ever looked into the clear and earnest eyes or watched the expressive, mobile lips could have pronounced them aught but purely womanly.

She was laid in the mortuary chapel built under her own direction during her life-time in that part of the Catholic cemetery dedicated to the use of the Franciscan Sisters.

More than a decade has passed since that day, but the fruits of her life have multiplied a hundred-fold, and so will increase and multiply to the end of time. They are her portion and heritage for ever in the house of her Father, about whose business she was always eager. "Her conversation was in heaven." "What do I care," she was wont to say, "for the opinions of the world? My portion is with God, and my inheritance with the saints." She was indeed a true daughter of the King.

MARY E. MANNIX.

NEITHER GENEROUS NOR JUST.

ON the 30th of April in this year of grace, whilst the whole nation was celebrating with pæans of joy and gratitude the centennial of the inauguration of the first President of the United States; when from every temple of religion in the land was going up to heaven the prayer of thanksgiving and hope; when, in the presence of the Chief Magistrate of the country, surrounded by thousands of representatives of every creed, on the spot on which Washington had taken the oath of office one hundred years before, the Archbishop of New York with uplifted hands was praying "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the charity of God, and the communication of the Holy Spirit be with you all; and may the blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon our beloved country and abide with it for ever," a message from Bishop Potter but too well calculated to stir up the fire of religious animosity was speeding from hand to hand of "Protestants whatever their religious convictions,"

> "Fast as the Fiery Cross could circle o'er
> Dale, glen, and valley, down and moor."

This message was a letter addressed to Rev. Dr. Shackelford, Rector of the Church of the Holy Redeemer, New York, to aid him in raising funds for the erection of a new church. It runs thus:

"Your case is certainly one of especial hardship. Accepting in good faith the permission given by the city authorities, nearly a quarter of a century ago, to occupy certain lots as a site for a church, it has come about that owing to the desire of a *hostile religious communion* to get possession of what, by every rightful and equitable construction, was your own property, you are now compelled to pay thousands of dollars for continued possession of it. The whole history of this business, so far as it relates to those who have been striving to dispossess you, is a *thoroughly discreditable one*, and it ought to awaken *the generous resentment of every friend of religious liberty*. For certainly, it is a *grave infringement of such liberty* that any religious sect should be allowed to avail itself of a legal technicality in order to get possession, whether for *so-called religious* or other purposes, of that which is not their own. And the *conspicuous inconsistency* of this action, with that taken in the interests of those *who have fattened upon State and municipal gifts and grants*, would

seem to indicate that Protestantism *has still abundant raison d'être*, and that Protestants may find in your case an object worthy, whatever their religious convictions, of their substantial sympathy." *

This letter was printed and circulated privately amongst Protestants with the following note by the rector:

"DEAR SIR: Feeling that the circumstances in which we find ourselves placed make a strong claim upon the religious public, I hope you will aid us with a contribution to our building fund."

This extraordinary epistle was a shock and a surprise to the whole community, Protestant no less than Catholic. It comported so ill with the position of the writer that few hesitated to call it undignified, and the time of its issue was so unfortunate that it was fitly stamped as un-American. To seek to stir up the religious prejudices of non-Catholics for the purposes of raising money for church-building places the bishop in a most unenviable attitude before the public, and one on which men will have little hesitation in forming an opinion.

At no time is it Christian to evoke religious rancor, and least of all in our day and country. We had hoped that the time had passed when for the sake of religious opinion men could be pilloried. Bishop Potter has posed lately on a memorable occasion as a *laudator temporis acti*. He has set before the rulers of the state the conduct of the Father of his Country under given circumstances, and called attention to the need there was in this day of shaping public conduct according to the norm of a hundred years ago. Availing ourselves of a like privilege, let us submit to the bishop Washington's opinion of an action bearing a strong family likeness to that under consideration.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, just after Washington had taken command of the Continental army at Cambridge and at Boston Heights, an attempt was made to repeat the celebration of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. The New-Englanders had imported the custom of burning not a stuffed image of Guy Fawkes, but an effigy of the Pope.

It was proposed, as the 5th of November, 1775, approached, to renew this offensive sport in the American camp near Boston, while Montgomery and Arnold were making their way toward Quebec with every prospect of its capture. The worse than stupid malignity of this sort of carnival was rebuked by Washington in this order:

"Nov. 5th.—As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish

* The italics are ours.

custom of burning the effigy of the pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture; at a time when we are soliciting and have really obtained the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked in the same cause, the defence of the general liberty of America. At such a juncture, and in such circumstances, to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering them the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to these our brethren, as to them we are so much indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada."

The wisdom and the warning contained in these words are no less applicable to ourselves and to our own times than to those to whom they were addressed. For the victories, both of war and peace, of the past hundred years the nation is indebted to Catholics in as large a measure at least as it was to their brave co-religionists of Washington's day, and we would add, as it is to the members of any denomination of the present. Is a public insult to their religion to be held as less "monstrous" now than then? The preservation of the state of prosperity flowing from the peaceful union of all classes and denominations in furthering the common good should be dear to every member of the community, and whatever tends to disturb this union by exciting that most ruthless of all strifes, religious war, ought not to be suffered or excused. There have been dark days in the history of religion in our country which Protestants do not desire to have dragged into the light. Happily they were few as total eclipses and as short-lived; and he confers no boon upon his country who would renew these painful periods.

The "hostile religious communion" to which the bishop refers, we need hardly remind our readers, is the Catholic Church. It is equally unnecessary to say that any attitude of hostility it has ever assumed has been one of defence, as in the present instance. In his letter the church is charged, first, with being guilty of "a grave infringement of religious liberty," and, second, of having "fattened on State and municipal grants." The whole history of the case which has given rise to these bitter and unjust accusations is the fullest reply.

Some twenty-five years ago the Church of the Redeemer petitioned the Common Council of New York for a building site for church purposes. Permission was granted to occupy, during the pleasure of the Common Council, a portion of the block of public land bounded by Eighty-first and Eighty-second Streets, and Madi-

son and Fourth Avenues. A frame church was erected occupying two lots, and no further improvements were made for twenty years, when, in May, 1884, the Board of Aldermen directed its Committee on Finance to report on claims of the church to twelve lots whilst occupying only two. The following is the committee's report, as found in the *City Record* of May, 1884:

"In obedience to the directions contained in the resolution, your committee has investigated the subject with the following result: The records of the Common Council show that on the 31st day of December, 1864, the Mayor approved a resolution which had been previously adopted by the Common Council, of which the following is a copy:

"*Resolved*, That the Church of the Redeemer, Yorkville, whose petition for site has been referred to Committee on Finance, have permission to occupy the lots for which they have asked as a site for a church, during the pleasure of the Common Council.

"The property in question is held, or rather occupied, by authority of the foregoing resolution only, and is a complete answer to the inquiry as to the terms or authority by which it is so held.

"The inquiry as to the extent of the permit, or the property embraced in it, is not, however, so readily answered. It appears that the church occupies as a 'site' the entire front on the west side of Fourth Avenue, from Eighty-first to Eighty-second Street, and four lots (100 feet) front on Eighty-second Street, in the rear of the four lots fronting on Fourth Avenue, making twelve full-size city lots in all. The church edifice is only a small frame structure occupying about two full city lots, so that the site includes, as at present enclosed, ten full city lots in excess of the ground actually in use as a site for building.

"After a careful search of the records of the Common Council, your committee has been unable to find any evidence that the church ever asked for the use of the land in question, previous to the passage of the resolution of December 31, 1864, above quoted.

"The only reference to such a petition is contained in a report of the Committee on Finance of the Board of Aldermen, made September 7, 1863, and then laid over. This report was accompanied by a resolution authorizing and directing the Comptroller to make a grant of land two hundred feet on Eighty-second Street, by one hundred and two feet two and one-half inches on Fourth Avenue, to the said church, on which to build a church, parish school, and rectory. This resolution, however, was never passed by the Common Council, nor was the parish school or rectory ever built. It is clear, therefore, that all this property, exclusive of the site actually occupied by the church edifice, by permission of the Common Council and during its pleasure, consisting of ten full city lots, worth, probably, $150,000 at the present time, has been held, used, and enjoyed by the rector, warden, and vestry of the Church of the Redeemer without the shadow of a legal claim or title of any kind.

"Beyond question it is the duty of the city authorities to recover possession of the property in the interest of the taxpayers, who own it, as the value of the land is certainly too great to be diverted from the assets of the city. No other church congregation has any such privilege granted to it, and no exception should be made in favor of the Church of the Redeemer.

"For a period of nearly twenty years this church congregation has held,

used, and enjoyed the public land, the greater portion of it without even the semblance of a title, as the church edifice occupies as a 'site' only about one-sixth part of the land, and the other five-sixths has been so held by 'possession' only, a tenure by which, in the upper part of the city, many other parcels of the public lands are now held.

"From the above, which your committee believe to be the facts in the case, it is apparent that the land used as a site for the church edifice (about two full city lots) is held only during the pleasure of the Common Council, and that the other ten city lots, which the church officers have enclosed and occupy, are so enclosed and occupied without any legal right or authority whatever.

"Your committee, having in the foregoing report obeyed the instructions contained in the resolution, respectfully submit the same to your honorable body for such other and further action in the premises as may be deemed necessary or advisable.

"It was moved that the report be received and placed on file. The president put the question whether the board would agree with said motion, which was decided in the affirmative."

From this report it is clear that the only authority competent to pronounce on the tenure of the property occupied by the church had, after due investigation, declared that the church had permission to occupy two lots during the pleasure of the Common Council, and that to the remaining ten lots it had no title whatever.

It is difficult to believe that notice of this action of the Board of Aldermen had not reached the parties most interested. Neither is it alleged that any other action favorable to the church's claims was taken by the board subsequently. Yet the church after this began a new building on the land so held. The matter was submitted to the Sinking Fund Commission after the building had been begun, and pending its action the church was enjoined from continuing further improvements. The commission was composed of the mayor, recorder, and comptroller of the city. The decision arrived at by them was, that the land in question belonged to the taxpayers and should be put up at public auction. The Church of the Redeemer succeeded in having the decision set aside, and secured the right to purchase the land at private sale. The price fixed for the eight lots was $77,500, which was afterwards reduced to $67,500.

In February, 1866, the Sisters of Mercy received a lease of the remaining portion of the block from the Common Council for ninety-nine years at the yearly rent of one dollar. Here they established St. Joseph's Industrial Home, for the protection and support of destitute girls between the ages of eleven and eighteen (the daughters of deceased or disabled soldiers having a preference), and for the reception of homeless little children committed to it by the police courts. The infirmary for sick children in the Home looks out upon the lots on which it was proposed to erect the new church of the

Redeemer. A year after date of the report of the Common Council above cited, the Sisters petitioned for four of the lots declared to be public property, in order to secure light and air for their children's infirmary. This was their only interest in the matter. So just seemed this request that Dr. Shackelford addressed to the Mother Superior of the Home the following note: "We agree to a clause being put in the deed of the land requiring the space in the rear of the west wall of our new church to be kept open, and not be built upon so long as your present building in the rear of our lot is used as an infirmary; the object, of course, being to secure for your sick children light and air." With this assurance the Sisters allowed their petition to remain in abeyance, and have since taken no action in the case. With the decision of the Sinking Fund Commissioners the Home has nothing to do. It has benefited in no way, except as above, by the whole transaction. This is the history of the whole matter.

"The whole history of this business," writes Bishop Potter, "ought to awaken the generous resentment of every friend of religious liberty."

It is difficult to see any reasonable grounds for this appeal to the friends of religious liberty. It would rather seem that if the claims of Bishop Potter in the premises were allowed, what he understands by religious liberty would suffer in its very source. The principle of total "separation of church and state" is one that he "would be profoundly grieved to see violated," as he writes in his letter of April 2, opposing the petition of the Catholic Protectory for its share of corporate school money. When he asks that the State or city make a grant of land not for charitable uses but for the purpose of a church site, he is simply calling upon the State for an endowment to propagate the tenets of that particular sect to the exclusion of all others; thus, in short, constituting the Episcopal the established church of the nation. If his claim were allowed it would be the first grant of the kind ever made by the city, and he would have been responsible for initiating a policy which he holds to be fraught with so much danger to religious liberty.

Catholics have never received, nor have they ever sought, a single foot of ground for their church sites from the city or State. They have either purchased them or received them as gifts from members of their own community, a policy they are quite content to pursue. The charge, therefore, of an attack on the first principles of religious liberty—separation of church and state—as held by Bishop Potter, must plainly be laid at his door, with its corollary of "conspicuous inconsistency." The good bishop, apparently unmindful of the vast

difference between a grant for the benefit of a particular sect, pure and simple, and that given to a charitable institution used for the common good, charges Catholics with having "fattened on municipal gifts and grants."

It is hard to be forced to deal with a question so simple and clear year after year, as Catholics are called on to do, without losing patience, especially when the question is raised by one whose intelligence and position one would wish to respect. Men like Dexter Hawkins, Clarence Cook, and Eugene Lawrence have again and again dragged this matter into discussion, and as often been amply answered in the pages of this magazine, and in the *Atlantic Monthly*, by the late lamented John R. G. Hassard, of the *Tribune*.

The charge implied in Bishop Potter's words is, first, that Catholics as a denomination have received more grants of public land; second, more gifts of public money, than they are entitled to in proportion to the public services they render to the State or city, compared with other denominations. To both of these we have no hesitation in giving an absolute denial, which is sustained by the records.

1st. With regard to grants of land, we have stated that we never received a foot of land as a grant from the city for a church site. It has been over and over again repeated, after as many contradictions, that the ground on which the Cathedral stands was the gift of the city. Only a few days ago this "immortal lie," as Mr. Hassard called it, has been revived. We deem it therefore necessary again to give the history of that property: The block of ground, now made two by the opening of Madison Avenue, bounded by Fifth Avenue, Fiftieth Street, Fourth Avenue, and Fifty-first Street, was conveyed by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of New York to Robert Sylburn, on the 1st of May, 1799, for £405 ($1,012 50) and a reservation of an annual rent of four bushels of wheat. This rent was afterwards (in 1852) commuted by the payment of the further sum of $83 32.

Robert Sylburn conveyed the property to Francis Thompson by deed on the 20th of February, 1810. Francis Thompson and Thomas Cadle conveyed the same by deed dated March 1, 1810, to Andrew Morris and Cornelius Heeney. Andrew Morris and Cornelius Heeney conveyed the same to Denis Doyle by deed dated May 21, 1821; but it had in the meantime been mortgaged by Morris and Heeney to the Eagle Life Insurance Company of New York, which mortgage was foreclosed by a decree of the Vice-Chancellor dated September 13, 1828. Under this decree the property was sold by C. F. Grim, master in chancery, to Francis Cooper, by deed

dated November 12, 1828, for $5,500. Francis Cooper conveyed the property to the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral in the City of New York, and the trustees of St. Peter's Church in the City of New York, by deed, on the 30th of January, 1829, for the same that he gave for it, adding interest.

The trustees of St. Peter's Church, on the 13th of September, 1844, assigned the property, for the benefit of their creditors, to John Powers and C. C. Pise. C. C. Pise, by order of the Supreme Court, transferred the property in October, 1851, to R. J. Bailey and J. B. Nicholson, Pise having resigned and Powers having died. In 1852 there was a friendly partition suit in the Supreme Court to determine the interest of St. Patrick's Cathedral in the property, and it was decided that one-half belonged to St. Patrick's, and the other half, belonging to St. Peter's, was sold at public auction for the benefit of the creditors of that church, and was bought by the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral for $59,500. In the same year an exchange of gores was made between the city and St. Patrick's Cathedral, the city conveying a gore on the north side of Fiftieth Street, ten inches wide on Fifth Avenue and running to five feet six inches on Fourth Avenue, and the cathedral conveying to the city a similar gore on the north side of Fifty-first Street, commencing at a point on Fifth Avenue and running to four feet eight inches on Fourth Avenue.

Thus it will be seen that the property which now belongs to the cathedral was first purchased in 1829, by Francis Cooper, for St. Peter's Church and St. Patrick's Cathedral, at a chancery sale, for $5,500, and that in 1852 St. Patrick's Cathedral bought the one-half interest of St. Peter's Church in the property at public auction for $59,500. This is the whole truth in regard to a matter in reference to which there has been so much both of innocent and wilful misrepresentation.

The very fact that the enemies of the Catholic Church have so persistently repeated this hoary falsehood, seeking to fasten on us the odium of initiating what they deem a most dangerous precedent, shows how anxious they are to put us in an unfavorable light before the public. But it has recoiled on themselves at last. They have been hoist with their own petar.

As it has never been asserted that any other of the Catholic church sites came from the city, this part of the subject may be dismissed—shall we say for ever? We fear not.

We might, strictly speaking, dismiss the whole question here, as it is only in as far as Catholics as a denomination have fattened on "State and city gifts and grants" that any discussion is called for. But it is only too evident that our *Catholic charitable institutions* are

aimed at in the sweeping charge of Bishop Potter. Let the following figures be the answer.

That the grants of land to Catholic institutions are far below what we should be entitled to under any pro-rata distribution is seen from the following list:

DEEDS AND LEASES OF LAND TO CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS.*

Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum,	30	lots.
St. Joseph's Industrial Home,	18	"
The Foundling Asylum,	34	"
Total	82	"

TO PROTESTANT, HEBREW, AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS.

The Protestant Episcopal Orphan Asylum,	12	lots.
The Colored Orphan Asylum,	20	"
The Baptist Ladies' Home,	10	"
The Chapin Home,	14	"
The Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents,	50	"
and	36	acres.
The Nursery and Child's Hospital,	15	lots.
St. Luke's Hospital,	24	"
Deaf and Dumb Institution,	8	"
The Association for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes,	12	"
St. Philip's Church, for cemetery,	4	"
Hahnemann Hospital,	10	"
The Hebrew Orphan Asylum,	17	"
Mount Sinai Hospital,	14	"
German Hospital,	18	"
New York State Woman's Hospital,	32	"
Total,	36 acres and 260 lots.	

We have here a total of eighteen charitable institutions to which the city has made grants of land, comprising 342 lots and 36 acres, and of these only three are Roman Catholic, which received in all 82 lots. The other fifteen institutions, with only one or two unimportant exceptions, are distinctly Protestant or Hebrew, and have received 260 lots and 36 acres.

Secondly:

GIFTS OF PUBLIC MONEY.

To Catholic charitable institutions up to the year 1878,	$4,661,460 88
To Protestant charitable institutions to same date,	9,407,500 71
To Hebrew and other charitable institutions to same date,	2,412,917 17

* So far as Catholic institutions are concerned the figures here given include all the grants made to them up to the present time. The grants to Protestant, Hebrew, and other institutions include those made up to 1878. Whether or not these grants have been increased since that time, we are not at present able to say.

It will thus be seen that Protestant institutions received within a given period $4,746,039 83 more than Catholics. The same proportion holds good for the subsequent ten years. When it is remembered that there are as many wards of the city cared for in Catholic as in Protestant institutions, the injustice of the charge that "Catholics have fattened on public grants and gifts" will be more apparent. The question may here be asked: Does Bishop Potter oppose the giving of public funds for support of destitute Catholic children simply because they are cared for by members of their own faith? If so, he differs widely from distinguished laymen of the most pronounced Protestant type.

Mr. Erastus Brooks (the same who held the famous discussion with Archbishop Hughes on church property), in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1867–8, where the opposite principle was sustained almost unanimously, said:

"It is unworthy of taxpayers and *all others* to incite the fury of the State against any sect or party on account of its religious faith. Sectarianism cannot be, must not be, supported by the State, *nor must it, if presented in the form of true charity, be disowned by the State.* If you strike at one mode of religious worship, you strike at all. Your blows fall everywhere, and you prostrate all whom they may reach. You must not suppose that asylums in New York, Westchester, Rochester, or Buffalo can be assailed on the score of sectarianism, or Romanism if you please, and Protestant institutions like the two State Houses of Refuge, the institutions of the deaf and dumb, the blind, the Children's Aid Societies, Five Points Missions, hospitals for those of mature years and infant dependants, escape unscathed. All are so far Protestant as to have Protestant officers, Protestant boards of trustees and directors, and a general Protestant management and superintendence. This is true of all our main institutions, either criminal or for the maintenance of the poor. I have no fault to find with any of them; but be careful where you strike or, like Samson, you may bring the whole temple at your feet, and destroy all in your zeal to prostrate those you dislike."

These sensible and seasonable words ought to be laid to the heart of every Protestant whatever his position. They are so humane and just that not the most zealous sectarian can escape from the conviction they bring. In them the principle on which Catholics may well found their claim to their full pro rata of the public funds for public service is upheld. That their institutions render that service efficiently—more efficiently than those of any other denomination—is witnessed to by Mr. George William Curtis, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, speaking in the same convention:

"Unquestionably," said he, "if the State, as we have determined, is to aid charities, it cannot avoid, at least proportionately, helping those institutions which are under the care of the Roman Church. It is impossible not to recognize the fact that the charitable foundations of the Roman Church are the most

comprehensive, the most vigorous, and the most efficient known in history. It is still further true, as the chairman of the committee (Mr. Brooks) has told us, that the great majority of those who must be relieved by State charities, in certain sections of the State, are members of that church and will naturally fall to the care of that church. I cannot stop to speak of the various forms of the charity of that church, but it is to one of its saints that civilization owes the institution of the Sisters of Charity, whose benign service is known even in the hospitals of other denominations; and any system which this State should adopt which would strike at the root of such institutions, would necessarily bring the State to this question, 'Are you willing to do, absolutely and to the utmost, what is now done by the institutions already in existence?' I do not believe that the State is willing to do it. I believe the experience of this State to be that of Massachusetts. Massachusetts in the year 1863 established a board of charity. In the very first report which that board made, after looking over the whole ground, they announced that in their judgment the true policy of the State was to give assistance to the private foundations, of whatever sect, that already existed rather than establish new public institutions."

If, then, Catholics, poor as well as rich—the poor out of their poverty, and God alone knows the full extent of their charity to their suffering brethren; the rich out of their abundance, under the inspiration of their faith, which teaches that a cup of water given in Christ's name shall not go unrewarded, and that "whatsoever you do to the least of my little ones you do unto Me"—build up institutions for the alleviation of every form of human misery, and contribute to their support with a "charity the most comprehensive known in history," is it Christian, is it generous, is it just to stigmatize them as "fattening on State and municipal grants and gifts," when they ask the State or city but to supplement their most efficient generosity? If by thousands they give themselves to the service of Christ's poor of all races and creeds, gratuitously for life, as Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, Little Sisters of the Poor, Christian Brothers, and under a hundred other humble titles, believing in Him who said, "If thou wouldst be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and come follow Me," is Christian chivalry so dead in our day and country that so much heroism is regarded as a thing to be opposed by all the power of the Protestant majority? Is this the "*raison d'être* of Protestantism"? Are we to witness, as the outcome of a century of progress, the second century of our history inaugurated by a crusade against defenceless women and helpless orphans? Away with the thought! It is un-American.

JOHN M. FARLEY.

RELIGION IN SPAIN.*

I.

MANY and very valuable elements for Christian revival fortunately still remain in Spain, despite the ravages of modern unbelief. For reasons explained in history, the Spanish people are mistrustful and suspicious in regard to innovations, and they look with unfriendly eyes upon everything that tends to destroy their ancient traditions, to which they are strongly attached. If through the working of egotism natural to man they take up with novelties for the purpose of material betterment, they do not accept as readily those of the abstract order, which offer unknown advantages in exchange for peace of conscience and consistency of character. This explains why Masonry, which in other countries causes so much injury to religion, has been, and still is, in Spain a political rather than a religious institution. So far as it could be made available to advancement to political offices, to profitable speculations on the stock exchange, in trade, or in the management of some special profession, it has had a tolerable following. But when its coffers became empty; when it ceased distributing assistance; when the proselytes it relieved no longer needed its help, Masonry went down rapidly, and hid itself in the caverns of the Revolution, where are germinating many other impious and demagogic societies, which Satan calls into play according to circumstances of time and place.

The religious education of our people was founded not only on love for religion, but also on hatred for impiety. The chastisement of heretics was to our people a cause of great satisfaction and contentment. In no other European country has the devil been represented under more ridiculous and repugnant aspects. Our people were not urged to that hatred by the so much calumniated Inquisition, which, on the contrary, tried to repress it; and if there is in the history of that institution anything deserving of censure, it may well stand comparison with the furious vagaries of the revolution. Hatred and an implacable abhorrence of impiety has been a characteristic trait of our people, and the basis of our moral and religious education.

* This article is the sequel of "Religion in Spain," by the same author, in the May number. We print these articles because they are a frank and able exposition of Spanish questions by a Spaniard, and we wish to say that he alone is responsible for the views expressed.—ED.

The benefits of such an education can never be eulogized as much as they deserve; the love of virtue is a great thing, of course, but still more efficacious and sure, in order not to succumb, are hatred and abhorrence of vice. I was fourteen years old when I entered the University of Madrid. The Revolution of September, 1868, had just taken place; and, in consequence, the professorships had been numerously filled with impious professors. It fell to my lot to be taught by some of the worst in the classes of law, philosophy, and literature; in the number were two apostate priests. Well, I declare, for the information of heads of families anxious to save their children from the contagion of unbelief, that the hatred with which the apostasy of those clerical professors inspired me, and the aversion I felt towards the impiety which led them to apostatize, prevented me from falling into their nets; and not only was I preserved from their contagion, but I was besides fortified and strengthened in the faith of my forefathers. Moreover, what other defence could a boy fourteen years old have against doctrines skilfully presented to seduce the intelligence of youth, against views preached by men of evil but tolerably brilliant repute, against teachers displaying a great deal of gentleness in order to gain partisans? But I knew that those men were bad, that what they taught was detestable, and under such circumstances seduction was impossible. To guard myself against their doctrines I studied good authors; I meditated, compared; and the result was, as already said, to confirm me in truth.

I have mentioned this personal fact because it explains the views I express in regard to the education of the Spanish people, and its value as a powerful element of Christian restoration. And what is the origin of that education? According to my judgment that is two-fold; and foremost are the eight centuries of warfare against the Moors, and the predominance of monastic teachings, the most solid and thorough for the education of a people. Thanks to God, the Spanish people, more than any other in Europe, was educated by monks; and a people so educated is good, sound in doctrine, firm in piety, and disinclined to be led by impiety and modern revolution.

II.

As an effect of that education, all that is valuable in Spain—art, science, literature, monuments, institutions, manners, and even her language—is Catholic. Our art of painting arose at the very time when the pagan Renaissance was displaying all its attractions in

Italy. Thither went many of our great artists; and, notwithstanding the seduction exercised upon a painter or a sculptor by classical forms, Olympic nudities, and mythological fables, the truth is that neither Apollos nor Venuses nor nymphs could be naturalized in our country; the grand Raphaelic designs, as well as the famous Venetian coloring, were used by our painters to represent the ecstasies of the saints, the labors and miracles of Jesus, and the ineffable beauties of the Virgin, the Queen of heaven. Olympus with its false deities was repugnant to our artists, because their love for the beautiful was blended with hatred for everything in a moral sense offensive. This example suffices to demonstrate the correctness of the judgment above expressed in its application to the other branches of knowledge and culture in Spain.

Thence it follows that the conquests of the Revolution meet with an unconquerable resistance everywhere; because the scholar desirous to write and speak well the Castilian language cannot avoid, no matter how deep in unbelief he may be, reading and studying Luis de Leon, Luis de Granada, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross—that is to say, the writings of monks and saints. The artist cannot avoid studying Zurbaran, the great painter of convents; Juanes, whose favorite subject was the Blessed Eucharist, and Murillo, that of the Immaculate Virgin. The philosopher must study Suarez; the historian, Mariana; and the statesman, the celebrated Cardinal Cisneros. Catholic culture does not die; it is the formative principle of all our being; and either one of two things: Spain must cease to be Spain, or must keep in the glorious path of her Catholic history.

On this very account great anomalies are noticeable. Not a long while ago that follower of Kraus, Canalejos, now dead, delivered in the Spanish Academy an enthusiastic encomium on the *Autos Sacramentales* of Calderon de la Barca, which are mystic theology in action; and a little later the sceptic Valera, author of a preface to Voltaire's works, read in the same academy a no less enthusiastic eulogy of St. Teresa de Jesus as a writer and a saint. Unbelievers in Spain, if of any worth, cannot do aught but bow their heads before the Catholic glories of their country, which if they depreciate, they subject themselves to the condemnation of eminent men. Is not this a great element towards Christian revival? This is so evident that in scientific bodies it has been noticed that the members most learned are strong Catholics, and that their numbers are daily increasing. Menendez Pelayo, of truly marvellous precocity, who at twenty-five years of age was a professor of the university and a member of all academies in Madrid, unrivalled for wisdom, and a subject of admiration to both his countrymen and foreigners, never

retires at night without having recited the holy Rosary. On the other hand, the old men who got their knowledge and ideas from the French Encyclopædists are now dying out without leaving any successors. Out of the entire crowd of free-thinking writers now in Madrid, not half a dozen can be named that deserve the name of literary men; leaving, of course, out of the reckoning hungry journalists who write for money, without knowledge, conscience, or decency. Scientific and Christian revivals in Spain are, thanks be to God! bound up together.

III.

Results obtained through revolution have so conduced towards disabusing men of its fallacies as to constitute an efficacious element for beneficial restoration, for many are they at the present time who have reaped suffering instead of enjoyment from the vaunted conquests of the Revolution. The people were told: "The church, through tithes and first-fruits, consumes the products of your labor; revolution will enfranchise you from those tributes and enable you to enjoy all that you raise on your land." Well, revolution indeed did do away with those tributes, which in years of production only absorbed a tenth part thereof, for if there were no products there were no tithes. But instead, by way of change, the modern state has burdened production in Spain with 30 per cent. taxation whether the year be a plentiful one or not; so that the tithe of ten per cent. has been transformed into a tax of nearly a third of the whole, and tribute, formerly being paternal, has now become tyrannical.

Formerly the convent's tenants used to apply to the abbot for assistance when they needed it, and as the wants of the convent were small, the peasants experienced no difficulty in getting it. Let the tenant of the present day go to ask assistance from his landlord! Pressed by his own wants, the landlord of the present day is compelled to squeeze his tenant; and as the land has but a limited production, the tenant is crushed between a landlord who asks more and more and the land which daily gives less.

Despite the promises held forth by revolution, the condition of the more numerous class of society has not improved; and the palpable failure of their expectations causes the people to scornfully smile when the revolutionists promise them that by eating the fruit of the forbidden tree they will be emancipated from God's prerogatives.

It has been very consoling to observe that in Spain of late years,

since the restoration of monarchy thirteen years ago, many convents have been established, and some of the old ones rebuilt. Well, in the villages where this has taken place, and where the old convent once more received its former occupants, the religious were welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm; the return of the monks was hailed as a new era of happiness in the district.

"There is a wide difference," said on one occasion a peasant resident of a place where a convent formerly existed, "between the monastic landlords and lay ones who become such by taking the estates of the monks." Just as with individuals, when a nation begins to be disabused it is on a sure road to salvation; and in Spain, precisely because revolution has been so much in opposition to her past, deceptions have proved numerous and very painful. A Castilian proverb says: "From those warned by sad experience are born the wise"; and the wise begin to be many in Spain.

IV.

Not alone in our country does the universal church invoke the favor of God upon the devout female sex; but here, more than anywhere else, woman is deeply and ardently Christian. Upon her ground modern impiety has made no progress whatever. Schools have been established in the hope of corrupting the heart of the Spanish woman; institutions were started, under the guise of charity, to entice and win her to the revolutionary cause. But all in vain; women, firmer than men in this respect, have resisted seductions, flatteries, and appeals to their vanity; they have stood firm in Christian piety, deploring the weakness of their husbands and preventing as much as possible the fall of their children. We mean, of course, women who fulfil their duties as wives and mothers, and not those who disport in the swim of the *grand monde*, unfortunates who think they are beautified by the foam of the waters which are carrying them to an abyss.

Women in our day are promoting the cause of piety more than ever was done by many generations of nuns during the middle ages. In France the work done by women for Christian revival is incalculable; and, as French fashions are daily imported in our country, all the good done by French women is thus added to the abundant performances of Spanish women themselves. There is not a congregation of religious French women, such as arise in France as numerous as field flowers in the spring, which does not bring out an immediate fruitful reproduction here. The Little Sisters of the Poor

came to Spain in 1865, and to-day they possess not only over twenty splendid establishments, but, moreover, another purely Spanish congregation has been started, which has opened more than eight or ten asylums for the same object. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart possess their own establishments in nearly all of the principal cities of Spain; and their schools are too small for the number of children flocking to them. The development of these female institutions started in Spain during the last ten years with these highly social aims in view deserves a special article, which we intend writing later on. But it is at home that the Spanish woman exercises her all-powerful influence. A great deal of harm is done to domestic hearths by casinos and cafés; but, fortunately, the Spanish woman knows how to protect the sanctuary of the Christian family. There are still homes left in Spain. It is there that woman displays all her art of enthroning a Christian spirit in the hearts of her husband and children. She teaches her children to pray, and those teachings of childhood are never forgotten; she keeps up the habit of asking a blessing and returning thanks before and after each meal; she presides over the recitation of the holy Rosary and the novenas to the patron saints of the family in its divers necessities; finally, by word, prayer, and example, she maintains piety, and diffuses its aroma throughout the entire social body of which the family forms the basis.

Here lies a great element of Christian revival, because the Revolution can avail nothing against the moral power of our women. The leader in our day of demagogy in Spain, Ruiz Zorilla, while a few years ago at the head of the government, delivered a famous platform speech, in which he said: "We must respect the Catholic religion, because it is the religion of our wives." Such a declaration from such lips is an eloquent testimony of the efficacious action exercised by the Spanish woman in the Catholic restoration of our country.

The piety of Spanish women has been called fanatical by some foreign writers. Nothing could be more incorrect. In the defence of truth there is and can be no fanaticism, because fanaticism consists in defending with great tenacity erroneous doctrines. And Spanish women, though led by their southern temperament to extremes in piety, never defend errors, but only that holy and saving truth, to which woman is indebted for her emancipation, and which alone can render man happy and nations prosperous and free.

V.

We have said above that the Spanish people not only loves religion, but also abhors impiety. This fact is proved by the civil wars of modern times in Spain, when formidable armies were quickly raised by the cry of "Long live religion! War to liberalism!" No matter what may be said in our day, when political passions are still excited, the truth is that ninety per cent. of the men who took up arms in those wars did so under the impulse of religious rather than political motives. The personal cause, the monarchical right affirmed by Don Carlos, was of little account; hatred towards revolution was the principal stimulant with his partisans. For having failed to apprehend this, Don Carlos ruined his cause. History, by argumentative facts, from which no appeal can be taken, proves this allegation beyond question. When, after Charles II.'s death, the Spanish crown was claimed on the one hand by the Bourbons, represented by the nephew of Louis XIV., and on the other by the Austrians, in behalf of the Archduke Charles, the Biscayan provinces, and Catalonia, Aragon and Valencia fought energetically against the Bourbons, because the Austrians had to recommend their cause the Catholic traditions of Charles V. and Philip II. At a later day these same provinces have defended most intrepidly the Bourbon cause of Don Carlos. Was it on account of their love for his dynasty? Not at all. It was for reasons similar to those which led them to fight against that dynasty in the beginning of the eighteenth century—because his cause was opposed to liberalism, and represented old traditions, both Christian and Spanish.

The history of those wars, no matter by what criterion they be judged, demonstrates that there exists in Spain great elements of resistance against revolution. The leaders of the liberal parties have themselves admitted on the floor of the Cortes, after the monarchical restoration of Don Alfonso, that the excesses of the Revolution, and, above all, its assaults upon the church, brought on the civil war, and were the incentive which led the largest number of soldiers to volunteer under the flag of the pretender. In fact, it could not be otherwise; for every paroxysm of revolutionary evil has been met by a rising of that party which has ever fought against liberalism, though never attaining enjoyment of the delights of triumph. It thus happens that the elements of Christian restoration in Spain are to be found not only in the field of peaceful ideas and in the delights of home, but they also manifest themselves in arms on the battle-field, when combatants expose their lives in defence of the convictions of their souls.

VI.

The re-establishment of the monastic orders gives evident proof that Christian revival in Spain is in a good way. In 1876 I went for the first time to France and to Rome, and one of the most pleasing impressions of my journey, in a religious point of view, was to see monks with their monastic garb in the streets of Marseilles and in Italian cities. In Spain I had never seen any. To-day things have changed in that respect. Monks go about the streets, and if it is true that at first they attracted the attention of people to whom the sight was new, they are now looked upon without wonder, and treated respectfully by everybody. Convents have been established in many dioceses, and generally they are as prosperous as they were in the best days of ancient piety. It is known that a large portion of the communities expelled from France by M. Ferry's government found a charitable hospitality in Spain. Many of them have settled in the country, which is a proof that this land of saints is still prolific in Christian institutions.

The secular clergy, who are imbued with the national character and education, present also great elements of resistance against modern irreligion. The ancient theological schools of our country, which gave to the church in the past centuries so many illustrious doctors, are fortunately still open; from them go forth eminent priests and bishops, as is shown in the Vatican Council, where Spanish theologians held such a high place.

Spain, though so fiercely attacked by the Revolution, cannot perish, because to perish she must first cease being Christian. She keeps in her bosom powerful elements of revival, which, little by little, are making their way. We, speaking from a philosophic standpoint, have enumerated the principal ones, but there still remains to be welcomed the all-important one, derived from Catholic feeling, which will form the conclusion of this article.

VII.

Some writers have called Spain the Marian nation *par excellence*. So it really is. Devotion to the most holy Virgin constitutes a part of our innermost being. The invocations addressed in our land to the Virgin are too numerous to be recited by memory; love has exhausted the dictionary. Is it possible, then, that a people, loving Mary so strongly can ever lose its faith? By no means; the

storms of the Revolution will pass away, and the *Star of the Seas* will reappear to shine in a cloudless sky.

Even men who profess to be unprejudiced boast of being devoted to the Virgin. Her scapularies and images fill every home and cover our breasts. Miracles through intercession of the Virgin continually occur among our people. Upon that devotion, which goes on increasing instead of diminishing, is founded our strongest hope for Catholic revival.

When shall we see the day of triumph? God knows; but meanwhile let us follow the advice of St. Peter of Alcantara: "Let us reform ourselves, and thus diminish the number of those who need to be reformed."

MANUEL PEREZ VILLAMIL.

Madrid, February 15, 1889.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

NOW to his golden palace in the West
Lordly Apollo, mighty King of Day,
In his far-flaming chariot takes his way.
One snowy cloud above yon mountain crest,
The sunset's crimson glory on its breast,
Floats through the realms of Twilight dim and gray;
And evening zephyrs round the wanderer play,
And waft it through the gates of night to rest.
True type, methought, of some departed soul
Passing unharmed the realms of sin's control;
Still basking in the light of Jesus' face,
Slow struggles up the way that He had trod;
And wafted onward by the winds of grace,
Reposes in the bosom of its God.

THOMAS A. DALY.

New York City.

PAUL RINGWOOD: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A MEETING.

IN the year '80 I was no longer a "tenderfoot," Jack never having been one. On the sheep-farm of Jack's friend, where we had put ourselves for a year's apprenticeship, the men had never offended Jack's ears with an application of that epithet, to Westerners the epitome of all that is contemptible. I grew to be very proud of Jack; there was not a man of them his equal. Strong and bold was Jack, good to look at, clean and pure, and healthy as the blessed life-giving air we breathed. If our sheep-farming was a success, and money—and more than the respect that even money brings with it—came to us, it was all owing to Jack's energy, his pluck that nothing could dash, his courage that nothing could awe; for, like Sir Galahad, "whose strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure," Jack lived in awe of God alone.

In that summer of '77, when the water failed and the sheep died off by scores, never for a single moment did Jack's heart fail, not a despondent word escaped him. And when the mountain snows thawed, and the freshets came, filling the *arroyos* to overflowing, Jack's first thought was to cry out to God his thanks that at last the poor sheep had water. No thought of the money lost—and yet on money depended what he desired much, the taking Bessy Worth to wife. "Thy will be done" was no meaningless prayer for Jack.

Now money did come in; everything he touched prospered; Heaven blessed his work. Men called him lucky and, wonder of wonders, did not envy him. Indeed, Jack was the most popular man in our part of the country, and when, in '78, the house for Bessy was built many a willing hand was put forth to help him. The house was not luxuriously furnished, yet in that simple place, when our women neighbors ten miles off wished to rate a piece of furniture highly they spoke of its being as good as Jack Greene's wife had. In the early spring of '79 Jack went to what we still called home to fetch a wife, leaving me in charge of the ranch. So in dread were we of injuring anything in the new house, we still lived in our adobe hut.

"You'll have to sleep in the new house while I'm gone," said Jack.

"And ruin all Bessy's pretty things!" I objected.

"No, you won't," denied Jack. "They'd get ruined if no one were to look after them. You'll just camp in there, Ringwood."

Thus it was, with our boy servant to help keep things straight, I moved into Jack's house to wait his return. Nearly four years had passed since I left Cecilsburg, and I had not forgotten Elsie. When our affairs began to prosper I wrote her, but to no purpose. I wrote again, and she answered me in few words. Mrs. Hethering more than ever needed her care. Now the poor woman scarcely ever left her bed. "Paul," wrote Elsie, "do not think of me. Dear friend, were it possible for me to make you happy, I would. Can you not see the impossibility of it all?"

Camping out on the plains under the sun, that is truly golden in this country, watching the sheep, Jack far away, tending other flocks, with no companion save my cigarette and the grazing animals, could I help thinking of her? The first year had been the hardest—that lonely life, no one to speak to, no recreation for mind or body, only the everlasting herding of the sheep, the hardest of all possible work until one has the kink of it. Then were my thoughts of Elsie gloomiest, always picturing to myself a weary girl patiently caring for a sick and mind-lost woman. That was a bitter time. In the second year, particularly in the last half, when there was something to divert me, life became more bearable and hopeful, a ride on a mustang the chiefest and best of my few diversions.

So much nonsense for and against the little Mexican horse has been written that a true word about the animal may not be amiss. It is never "jet-black," nor does it ever have "fire-darting nostrils." Neither is it "good for nothing but a bone-yard." It *is* poor to look at; it is small, very small. But for carrying purposes—it is thud, thud over the golden-brown grass of the prairie; clatter, clatter over the rough, stony road; splash, splash through the silently flowing *arroyo*, and, once again on the level, smooth flat of the plain, 'tis a whizz and a whirr through a stiff-blowing breeze. During those four years I had news several times from Philiopolis. Once a letter came telling me that Bert had sold our old home. Other news of my brother, though I sought it, I had none. Then came a letter, black-edged, from Mrs. Link, announcing the death of dear old nurse. It seems that she failed rapidly after Bert sold our father's house. "She always hoped to go back there," wrote Mrs. Link; adding, "she has gone to a better home." And I conscientiously believe that she has. She was a good and faithful servant,

living up to such light as she had. Who does more? That chapter of the New Testament which tells us that "In my Father's house are many mansions" is well thumbed in the little book Father Weldon gave me years ago. I trust there is admission to some of those mansions for my old nurse. She was too simple to unlearn her early prejudices, and too honest a soul to be cast out into exterior darkness.

Jack's home-coming with his wife was the occasion of a general jubilee. Men and women flocked from miles about, many of the women bringing offerings of such simple prairie flowers as could be found. There was an orchestra of two fiddlers and a pair of bones. Unfortunately, the fiddlers knew but one, and each a different, tune, but the bones could play anything, so the discord was not as great as it might have been. The spread, as we call our banquets, was a noble one, and though there was not a drop of liquor, no man complained. An old toper, who went by the name of "Whiskey Bar'l," said: "Jack Greene's plumb right in havin' no fool boozin' round his wife." Poor fellow! had his environment been different he might never have been denominated a barrel of whiskey. This brings me up again to the year '80. I was living with Jack and his wife, he and I were partners, and in a fair way to be called "mutton kings." There is a baby in the cradle, baptized Paulina—Jack would have it so—a girl baby, to the great joy of our wide neighborhood. There is no surplus female population in New Mexico. It was a very quiet baby. They said it looked like Jack; I suppose it did. They said it was very fond of me, but I could perceive nothing that would lead any one to suppose Paulina particularly attached to Paul Ringwood.

We led a quiet life, receiving few visits, making fewer. Once in a fortnight a priest from 'Vegas said Mass at a mission chapel about three miles from the ranch, and we all had an outing on that day. At long intervals some one went over to 'Vegas to make purchases of such household goods as were needed. Jack generally took this on himself, but one night in April of '80 he said that he wished I would take a turn and go to the store. There was a reason for his staying at home, which has been crowded out of my brain by the rapid succession of events that soon took place afterwards. I was willing, and it was settled that I should go on the following day, taking the spring-wagon and bay mare.

"I suppose you want lots of things this time from the store," said Jack to Bessy, who was seated in a rocking-chair nursing Paulina.

"I wish you'd bring a rattle for Paulina," said Bessy to me, blushing prettily.

"What's the matter with the one I made?" asked Jack, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"Oh! it's no account, Jack," answered Bessy, pouting. "The peas have such a dry way of rattling. Paulina cannot bear anything that's not musical."

Jack received this statement of his offspring's precocious musical genius without a doubt. Looking gravely at Paulina, he said in an aside to me: "I was always fond of music, and you know how Bessy can sing."

I nodded assent to this, and then suggested that there was no use in taking the spring-wagon to fetch a rattle; I could put it in my pocket.

"You silly man!" exclaimed Bessy, "there are hundreds of things to bring. I'll make you out a list, and Candelaria—our servant—will give you hers. She's sure to want hair-grease and face-powder, and, Jack, she uses the red ink for rouge!" Then Bessy lapsed into a monologue, the burden of which was how face-painting could be a sin in Terra Maria and a cardinal virtue in New Mexico. Close on to dawn next morning I had my breakfast of sun-drief beef and pone, washed down by Mexican coffee, that has a peculiar scorched taste, bane to a "tenderfoot," nectar to the ranchero. Bessy's list in my pocket, a hundred injunctions from Jack in my ears, I touched the bay mare with my whip, and she sped lightly over the smooth prairie.

Half the sky was a ruby red, emitting rays of gold darting towards the zenith, where the ruby melted into tenderest of lilac, and then the deep blue sky, blue as in no other clime. Presently the golden rays were, as to the sky, all-pervading, and the sun, a ruddy ball, rose glorious from a golden sea. Far as eye could reach the yellow grasses trembled in a softest gale, each of the myriad blades golden in the golden rain of light; while black as ink against the gold the mountains rose in the far, far west, their snow-tops blooming carmine in the golden ether. When the sun was full up the red and gold of the sky was gone, and all day long he went his way, his path intensest blue, with never a cloud or semblance of one to be seen. But all the while the prairie did not lose its gold, nor did the gentle gale cease to blow. How still is a ride over the great gold prairie sea! Save that now and again is heard the grazing of the sheep, the hoarse humming song of a shepherd, there is not a sound. The strange absence of insect-life makes the silence still more felt. To be sure, the red ant is there, but it is noiseless. It is well not to take your horse over one of their hills. Otherwise it would be the end of all for your horse. The red ants swarm against an intruder on their domain, and the hornets are trifles in comparison.

It was a long ride to 'Vegas, for again the wondrous mystery of the changing lights had taken place, and the moon was up before I reached the new town and saw the old town against the hills, on the other side of the fussy Gallinas, a river that never has four feet depth of water in its bed. The new town was a bedlam of noise—the ringing bells of two foolish engines, puffing and letting off a swish of steam, purposelessly rumbling back and forth over the line; the tramping of heavy feet over the boarded sidewalks; harlots with hollow laugh bandying speech with railway-men, ranch-men, tramps, clerks, any one who would hearken to them; the blare of a discordant orchestra in a wretched dance-hall; the squall of a poor woman singing in a place of entertainment so low down in entertainment's scale as to be unratable; noise and bustle in-doors and out, not unfrequent pistol-shots; quiet nowhere, save in the two meeting-houses, dark and silent—were they ever otherwise?—and in the dim-lit, squalid shanties called "Faro and Keno Halls."

The railway was but a year old. It had brought the town with it. Six months before there was not a building where now were banks, meeting-houses, two daily papers, warehouses, shops, dwellings; and it was double the size of the old town a mile away. The new town was in the budding stage of its existence—not at all the pleasantest period of a railway town's growth. Possessor of a vast wrongful business, a vast lawful business, the railway would go on, and much of the wrongfulness with it. Intending to put up at the "Plaza House" in the old town, I took out my watch to see if I would be in time for supper. Eight o'clock; too late by an hour. So I drove up to the "Bon Ton Restaurant" (in big letters on a transparency illuminated by a coal-oil lamp), where, in spite of its name, I knew I would get a good meal. After supper, feeling like taking a walk in the bracing night air, I hired a Mexican to drive the mare over to the hotel, and her deserved rest.

I was smoking a cigarette and walking leisurely along the crowded sidewalk, curiously interested in the odd sights and sounds, when, as I passed the "Las Vegas Hall," where there was an entertainment of some kind, the calling of my name roused me from the study into which I had fallen. Going to the door of the bar through which one must pass before entering the "music-hall," I thought I must have made a mistake. All I could see through the thick clouds of tobacco smoke was a crowd of men and jaded women. Satisfied that my hearing had misled me, I turned to go away, when a pair of horses attached to a light, two-seated buggy at the sidewalk attracted my attention. Fond of a good horse, I walked over to take a look at them, for they seemed to be exceptionally fine animals. Handling

the mane of the off horse, I asked a Mexican standing by if he knew their owner. He shrugged his shoulders, ejaculated the usual "*Quien sabe?*" and then went on to say that they belonged to "*un Americano, muy rico.*" Adding, still in Spanish, "If I had what he has in his pocket now, I'd do no more work." He did not look like a man who would work very hard, and I smiled. I was so occupied with the horses that I did not perceive two men coming from the bar that gratuitously shed its bright light on the sidewalk. The men advanced towards the buggy, and my attention was called to them by an effeminate voice exclaiming:

"I'll be spun into spider's webs if there's not Elsie's Rizzio!"

A quick turn about, and I was facing Tom Hethering and my brother Bert!

CHAPTER XLV.

FIRST LINKS IN A CHAIN.

I stared at them, feeling at white heat. Bert hiccoughed and smiled. Hethering, much less drunk than my brother, had been considerably sobered by the words he uttered. He was not a brave man, and "roughing it" had developed my muscle. Perhaps it was the ugly anger in my face that made him grasp Bert's arm. We stood in this way, staring at one another, when the thought came to me that I could not brawl there, so I made a move to go away. Seeing this, Hethering's eyes twinkled with a devilish sort of merriment, and coming towards me, he said: "You were right not to marry that—"

I cried out in my rage, and struck him, felling him to the ground.

They surged out of the bar-rooms from up and from down the street, a mob of men crowding about him on the ground, and me standing over him. For a moment I thought he had struck his head in falling, and that he was dead; but it was only for a moment. Two men had raised him by the shoulders, and he gazed stupidly about him, blood streaming from his nose. Clinging to his supporters, he got to his feet and sprang into the buggy, calling on Bert to follow him. The crowd murmured that there was to be no fight. Bert whipped up the horses readily enough to a trot, and the buggy was soon lost in the gloom of the old town road. Some of the men crowded about and plied me with questions as to the cause of the "row." Befogged as I was, I would have found it hard to put them off, had not a shrill feminine scream announced

that a fresh disturbance had arisen, this time in the music-hall. With the usual fickleness of a crowd, the men surged back into the bar-room, as a few moments before they had surged out.

I hurried to get away to the prairie, where I would be alone. Never did I so welcome a light as I did the dim, red lamp of the "Lone Star" saloon, that then marked the new town's limits. The sight of Hethering's buggy and horses standing before the saloon entrance made me hurry on the faster. For a long time I wandered aimlessly about the prairie; not thinking connectedly, that was beyond me; not wondering how it was that Hethering and my brother were in Las Vegas—I was not curious to know; only striving to dull the pain that made my heart ache—pain for the insult offered to Elsie. Thank God! I had no thought of punishing Hethering, or wishing his death. And yet I longed for the right to defend his sister. It had been such a length of time—how long the years were, looking back, and would those to come be shorter?—since I had heard of her. She might be dead for aught I knew. The thought threw me into a panic. I must get to the hotel; that very night I would write to Father Clare for news of Elsie.

Hurrying across the field to gain the highway, its being almost light as day did not prevent my stumbling against a low tent pitched just off the prairie road. Growling, a watch-dog sprang forward and would have seized me had not the owner of the tent grasped him by the scruff of the neck. In the moonlight I recognized the man holding the dog to be a young Dane with whom I had had surveying business.

"Is it you, Landsman!" he exclaimed, letting loose the dog, now satisfied I was a friend. "I'm on a surveying party to the Cerillos," he went on to say; "I camp out for quiet; the others are in town."

When I had told him that I was on my way to the old town and had gotten out of the track, he expressed a sleepy surprise, and I went on my way. Not many paces, though, when he called out for the time of night if I had it. Examining my watch, I was surprised that it wanted but a second to half-past ten.

"Half-past ten, Hendrik," I called back.

"Good-night, Landsman." And I heard the opening of the canvas tent flap to as the Dane entered it to sleep. When I reached the foot-bridge crossing the Gallinas I paused a moment to gaze on the convent on the stream's bank, half a mile away, gleaming whitely in the moonlight. How I envied its peaceful inmates!

Again I went on my way, glancing absently at the shallow Gallinas. Not absently did I look a second time at the water. Some-

thing black lay half in the stream, half on its shore. Looking closer, I saw that what lay on land was a pair of trousered legs. My first thought was that a drunken man had fallen into the stream and had been unable to get himself out. My second, that he might have life in him still, was followed by my getting quickly to the water-side and hauling the man out by his legs.

There he lay before me, a cruel hole in his forehead, his eyes staring upward at the moon they would never see again, the bridge of his nose deeply scarred where I struck him. There he lay, powerless for further hurt, the man who had spoiled Elsie's life. There he lay, dead, gone to his Maker—God help him! for he was empty-handed. There he lay, the man I had hated and loathed, and I was afraid in his powerless presence, and full of sorrow for him.

Had it been in my power, poor man! I would have undone his violent ending. No thought of how that ending had been brought about came to me then. I wondered if Bert had gone off for help to move the body.

A sickening dread now came over me that Bert, too, had been murdered, and I searched about in every likely spot, finding no trace of him. But in my search I came across a pistol, which I pocketed, intending to give it into the hands of an officer of the law. I waited no longer, but hurried to the nearest house, the dwelling of a Lawyer Bell. The lawyer came half-dressed to me waiting in his office, and very much astonished he was at my news.

"Somewhere about nine," he said, "I heard a shot; shots are so common I paid no attention to it; and that reminds me, shortly after a vehicle of some kind dashed by like mad."

"I found this," I said, taking out the pistol I had picked up by the water-side.

We examined it by the light of a lamp. A handsomely mounted pistol, on its silver-plated handle was engraved a crest, an oak branch from which hung a ring. On the little finger of my left hand I wore a seal-ring bearing the same crest. Unperceived by the lawyer I slipped the ring into my trousers' pocket. No clue was needed for me to discover the murderer. In a flash I understood it all. My brother and Hethering had quarrelled, and Elbert had killed him. My brain was racked to find ways of preventing this knowledge from coming to others. I was bitter against myself for my folly at not seeing before how the murder must have been done. And now I had put into a lawyer's hands a witness against my brother.

"We must call the coroner," said the lawyer, "he lives close by."

An hour after we went, a melancholy procession, through the plaza to the Plaza House, where we carried the body of Hethering. That night I was unfortunate enough to lose my ring. It was found next day at the water-side and put in charge of the officer who had care of the pistol.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE INQUEST.

It was no letter of entreaty for news of Elsie Hethering that I sat down at two o'clock in the morning to write Father Clare, but one telling him of the murder of Elsie's brother. I did not ask him to communicate this intelligence to her, feeling sure that he would. Without undressing, I threw myself on a lounge, sleeping restlessly till six. Not that I was anxious about my mail, but because I was uneasy in my mind and must be about something. I left the hotel, as soon as my breakfast was finished, to go to the post-office. I was scarcely in the street when I wished myself back in the hotel, safe from the eager questioning that assailed me on every side. I had found the body; I would be the most important witness at the inquest; it was a matter of course that I be expected to satisfy the curiosity of the public.

It was only by representing that I was in a hurry to get my mail that I succeeded in freeing myself from my inquisitors, only to feel my heart sink when I saw the crowd about the post-office. The crowd, however, was too much occupied in reading and discussing the *Las Vegas Journal* and the *Eye* to trouble itself about me. As the post-office was not yet open, I bought an *Eye* and sat down on an empty dry-goods box to read it. I dreaded to do so, fearing to find my brother was the murderer in public opinion. On the night before, and on that morning, I must have heard much about Hethering's speculations in mining shares, and that these speculations had brought him out to New Mexico, for when I read in the *Eye* an account of these things it did not strike me that I was learning anything new.

According to the newspaper, which at the same time spoke of him as a "large-minded, liberal-handed gentleman," Hethering had succeeded in selling his share in a certain gold mine for a fabulous sum. This was on the day of the murder. The *Eye* then spoke of the mysterious disappearance of Elbert Ringwood, "perhaps struck down by the same dastard hand that extinguished the vital spark in the bosom of our liberal townsman, Thomas Dalls Hethering." The *Eye*

wondered could "the constant companion of the assassinated, Elbert Ringwood, be a kinsman of the sheep-king, Paul Ringwood, whose elegant and hospitable ranch is so well known to our readers." My encounter with Hethering outside the Las Vegas Hall was narrated. With newspaper facility for getting things wrong, it stated that I had been attacked and wounded by Hethering, adding poetically, "Hethering's libations had been liberal in the golden essence of the Indian's golden maize." I read the whole of the florid description of the finding of the body, even finding myself amused by the manifold inaccuracies in the account. I only put away the newspaper when I heard a man call out, as if announcing the coming of a new inhabitant into this vale of tears, "The mail's being delivered." There were a number of letters for Jack and his wife, a few business ones for myself, together with one from Father Clare. This last I opened where I stood. Short as it was, I hurried over it, all but the last paragraph, which I read a second time.

"Mrs. Hethering," it said, "died about a week ago, after a long and painful illness. She had been well cared for all these years by Elsie Hethering. But this long confinement to a sick-room has told on Elsie. She is ill. However, Doctor Stancy is very hopeful. The money you charged me to use for her needs comes in very handy just now. She fancies it is a payment made her for embroidery work of hers. She has asked about you, and is much pleased that you prosper. Paul, is it possible for you to come on to Cecilsburg?"

I did not debate the matter. I simply said to myself: "Elsie is ill, perhaps dying; I may be able to save her. There is a train for the East at seven o'clock this evening." There were Bessy's commissions to be attended to, the mare and wagon to get back to the ranch. After the inquest I would make the purchases, and would send them home with the mare and wagon in charge of a Mexican whom I knew to be trustworthy. Whatever faults he may have, a Mexican is almost always honest. At the same time I would send a letter to Jack stating there was urgent call for me to go to Cecilsburg immediately.

The inquest was to be held at eight o'clock, and it wanted but a few minutes of the time. I hurried into the church opposite the post-office, knelt for a few moments in the Presence, and then followed the crowd making for the Plaza House. The body was laid on a table at the end of a long room used for dancing. As I took a chair by Lawyer Bell I wondered if any one who looked on that ghastly sight could ever have the heart to dance in that room. A man stood by it with a feather duster to brush away the flies. There

were but two, and they were not persistent in their efforts to get to the body. Taking this in at a hasty glance, I turned my eyes away, and did not look there again. The jury sat on a long bench beside the table. They made me think of their ancestors about to take part in one of their cannibal feasts after a sacrifice. The coroner, already in his chair, was an American who had gained much notoriety from the fact that he could drink more whiskey than any other man in the Territory.

All the proceedings in a New Mexican court are carried on in English, a language scarcely ever known to the jury, as it was not known to the jury before me. There is an interpreter, and it is wonderful in how few words he interprets for the jury's benefit the longest of a lawyer's periods. Several witnesses, who had very little to tell, were given a perfunctory hearing; the pistol I had found was examined and joked about. In like manner, to my dismay, my ring was passed from juror to juror, no one seeing any connection between it and the pistol. My examination began by the coroner saying: "Now, Mr. Ringwood, see if you can throw any light on the subject; them fellers who've just had the floor an't enlightened the jury much."

I was about to speak, when a smooth-faced, middle-aged man rose and said, addressing the coroner: "I am a lawyer from Santa Fé; the deceased and I were friends; may I put a question to Mr. Ringwood?"

"I don't know 's it's accordin' to rule, but I reckon you can fire away," returned the coroner, as he put his head and half of his body under the table before which he sat. When his head reappeared he winked at the jury and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. It was not till the hoarse murmur of laughter that ran around the room had subsided that the lawyer from Santa Fé said, bowing slightly to me: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Ringwood—my name is Durke—but were you long acquainted with the deceased?"

Hesitating a moment, I said: "My acquaintance with Mr. Hethering was slight"; adding abruptly, irritated by the man's impertinence, "After the inquest, Mr. Durke, I will speak with you."

"Just so!" ejaculated the lawyer, seating himself, and not again speaking during the pretence of holding an inquest.

Word for word, as I was asked it, I told of my encounter with Hethering, of my having taken a walk, my finding of the body. More than once during my narrative the coroner's head had disappeared under the table. When I had finished he turned to the interpreter and asked: "Have them dead-beats"—the jury—"got in all the information?"

Informed that they had, he demanded what they had to say. They said what they had come into the room with their minds made up to say: "Murdered by some party or parties unknown."

"Considerin' the verdicters, 'tan't a bad verdic'," said the coroner cheerfully. "We're all infernal dry; let's adjourn, an' see afterwards about boxing the corpse."

The greater part of the crowd went out of the room with the coroner, leaving me almost alone with Lawyer Bell. I looked about for the gentleman from Santa Fé, but he was nowhere to be seen.

Lawyer Bell broke out into a tirade against what he called the shameful indecency of the morning's proceedings, and when I left him he was crying out against the folly of English speech for Spanish ears.

With a comparatively light heart, for I believed Elbert to be out of danger, I made the purchases for Bessy, not forgetting Paulina's rattle, packed them in the wagon, wrote my letter to Jack, and put all in charge of Pilar Abieta to drive home to the ranch. This work took the greater part of the day left me after the inquest, and it was almost dark when I entered the warehouse of Monzanares to buy myself a travelling bag with some things needful for my journey.

I had but ten minutes left in which to swallow a cup of coffee at the "Bon Ton" and purchase my travelling ticket. The engine-bell was ringing, there was a great letting-off of steam, there was all the useless racket an American train makes preparatory to starting, as I put my foot on the steps of a car to board it. At that moment a hand was laid on my arm, and turning, I saw it was Durke, the Santa Fé lawyer.

"Unless you are going on the train," I said, "we have no time for conversation."

As I spoke, I noticed that a young Mexican whom I knew to be town constable was standing on the platform admiring the engine.

"I am afraid," said Durke smoothly, "I will have to ask you to postpone your trip."

The brakesman and conductor were shouting "All aboard," and I had to shout as well to make myself heard. What I shouted was not pacific. I asked him if he were drunk or mad.

He did not shout in return, but in his smooth voice he said, and I had no difficulty in hearing him: "I have an officer here with a warrant to arrest you for the murder of Thomas Hethering."

I uttered a loud cry, and would have fallen under the wheels of the now moving train had he not caught and pulled me onto the platform. Leaning heavily against Durke, I gasped like a drowning man. He poured some brandy down my throat from a pocket-flask

he carried. When I stood erect, somewhat recovered from the shock I had received, I noticed that he was very white. He too drank of the brandy, then said persuasively: "I have a carriage waiting. Shall we go to it?"

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE JAIL.

In the bustle of the leaving train I was able to reach the hack in waiting unnoticed by the people on the platform. The constable jumped up beside the driver, Durke and I taking the inside seats, and the hack jolted over the uneven road to the make-shift of a jail. Little was said by either of us on the way. I expressed my opinion that he took much interest in the murder.

"Mr. Hethering's wife—widow, rather—" returned Durke, "is a sister of mine. She is out at the Hot Springs—" He paused, as if he remembered that he was saying more than he should say. After a moment he asked me was there anything he could do for me when we got to the jail.

"No," I said, "there is nothing."

The cell I was put into was one of a number of low rooms separated by an iron grating from a stone-flagged courtyard. The other cells were empty, and, save for two turnkeys who sat on the flagstones playing "capas" in the moonlight, I spent the night alone. My cell was without light, and though I groped about to find it, I could discover nothing on which to sit or lie down. In the morning I found the cell was bare of furniture. Seating myself on the stone floor, leaning against the grating, I spent the first part of the night wretchedly enough. Scarcely realizing the danger I was in, my mind would wander to Elsie; then I would find myself eagerly watching the game of cards played by the turnkeys.

After a while I began to burn with thirst, and I called on the card-players to fetch me drink. They went on with their game, one of them laughing at my demand. The thirst became unbearable; beside myself, I called loudly for water. The turnkeys stopped their game to angrily threaten me with the "cooler." I knew from hearsay that the "cooler" was an underground cell where unmanageable drunkards were put. Their threat did not frighten me, my thirst did. Illness, I had read, began with just such a thirst. I continued to beg for water, saying I was not drunk, only dying from thirst.

"*En mañana, en mañana*," one said, impatiently returning to his game.

At last the offer of a peso induced him to bring me a pottery jar holding about a quart of water. I drank the water down almost at a draught. Then to my surprise the turnkey handed back my dollar and went to hold a consultation with his companion. They left the courtyard for a moment, and when they returned they brought with them a bag of corn-husks and a blanket, which they put in my cell.

"Sleep," one told me, whilst the other brought me more water, some of which I used to bathe my head. Again I offered them money, again they refused. I blessed them for their goodness, and stretched myself on the miserable couch. After what seemed a long while I fell asleep, and when I awoke the sun was streaming into the courtyard and Lawyer Bell was standing by my side. A mistake had been made in lodging me, and through Lawyer Bell, who scolded every one alternately in English and Spanish, I was now put into a decent room.

The lawyer assured me of his belief in my innocence, telling me that it was generally believed Hethering had been murdered by his companion, Elbert Ringwood, either in a drunken quarrel or for the sake of the money Hethering had on him—payment for a claim in the diggings. It appeared to trouble Bell that I did not agree with him in his solution of the murder, for he spent at least five minutes pacing the room lost in thought.

Pausing abruptly before me he asked: "Is Elbert Ringwood any kin to you?"

"Before I answer that question, tell me my answer is not to be repeated," I temporized.

"Certainly not," Bell answered. "I'm your lawyer if they are fools enough to bring you to trial."

Thanking him for the interest he showed in me, I said: "Elbert Ringwood is my twin brother."

"I'm sorry for it," returned Bell; "God knows, I pity you, for he is the murderer!"

I tried to laugh away his belief, a belief that was mine. Perhaps what I said was too palpably insincere (though Elbert was my brother, I was craving to be a free man, that I might see Elsie before she died). At any rate, I failed to shake Bell's belief in Elbert's guilt.

"Do you mean to say you are willing to be hanged in order to save him?" he asked. "Remember, I am not alone in my belief."

I answered nothing to this, but before the lawyer left me, I succeeded in getting a promise from him to do nothing yet a while that would lead to the arrest of Elbert. Three weeks after I had been

remanded by the alcalde to the county prison at Las Vegas my trial took place. During this time the fathers at the college showed me much kindness, providing me with books and procuring me tobacco. I have heard and read much against what is sometimes called the noxious weed. Many a time during those three weeks I did humbly thank God for his gift, and I feel sure I was never the worse for using it. I could not bring myself to write to Father Clare, so keenly did I feel the disgrace of being in jail. One of the fathers wrote for me, and his doing so brought me a letter from Father Clare, full of consolation, bidding me hope. And in spite of a feeling in my heart that would not let me hope, the thought of God's goodness and justice did console me. His letter contained one great piece of news; as the summer approached there had been a manifest improvement in Elsie's health.

Jack and Bessy were now living at the Plaza House, and Jack was with me the greater part of the time. Strong in her belief of the consoling influence of the baby's presence, Bessy brought Paulina every day to visit me. I do not think Bessy realized my desperate situation till on an occasion she perceived that I was paying no attention to a long narrative about Paulina. Jack told me afterwards that she had said to him: "Paul's in awful misery, you needn't tell me! He doesn't care to hear about Paulina." Lawyer Bell kept me informed of what he was doing for my defence. He did not inform me that he was searching for my brother Elbert. It was little enough he could do. Everything seemed against me. Public opinion, that had been settling on Elbert as the criminal, turned against me as soon as it was known that I had been arrested. The woman the law called Hethering's widow was moving heaven and earth to bring me to the gallows. On the evening before the trial Lawyer Bell said to me: "The chain of circumstantial evidence against you wants but one link. The money Hethering had on him has disappeared. Where is it?"

"I might have sent it to Jack Greene," I said, trying with little success to laugh.

Bell stared at me, and then bidding me sleep well if I could, left me for the night.

When I heard that Judge Margravine was to sit on the bench at my trial it gave me some hope. Even this hope was taken from me. "It is so much the worse for you that he is a just man," said Bell. "Too many murderers have been let go scot free of late, and Margravine is for hanging the next one brought to trial. He says an example is needed, and if he believes you guilty, his charge to the jury will be to make an example of you. And," the lawyer

added sadly, "I'm afraid your religion won't be much in your favor; that, too, because he is honest in his." This night before the day of my trial and judgment I tried to read my Testament, and failed. I tried to pray, and all I could pray, repeating it over and over, was, "God's will be done, God's will be done." And it was his blessed will that shortly before midnight I fell into a deep, dreamless sleep, that rested me much.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

JUSTICE.

The court-room in which my trial took place was simply the ground-floor of an adobe building some thirty feet long by twenty wide. The windows—there were six—were so badly contrived for the admission of light as to make it necessary to keep the coal-oil lamps hanging from the blackened beams burning all the day. Benches were packed close together to give as much sitting room as possible, and this morning there was not a vacant place. The western end of the room was separated from what might be called the auditorium by a rope stretched from wall to wall. Behind a square table on a raised platform was the judge's chair. Hanging by a tape from the judge's table was a penwiper, a cat cut out of cloth, with white buttons for eyes. It was very odd-looking. Beneath the platform were seated the lawyers at a long table supplied with writing materials. A chair was placed for me opposite the jury seated on a bench against the south wall. Jack Greene was allowed a chair by my side. I was scarcely seated when Lawyer Durke entered, arm-in-arm with a woman in deep mourning. A moment before there had been a deep hum of voices; at their entrance a perfect silence, succeeded by a clamor of tongues that made the cries of "Order" and the rapping of the judge's gavel unheard. From the moment of this woman's entrance I noticed Lawyer Bell was trying to conceal a feeling of uneasiness. A slip of paper on which he had been writing was handed me, and I read: "She is the widow. Does she know anything about you?" On the back of the same slip of paper I wrote: "I do not know her; she does not know me." Watching the effect of my communication, I saw the lawyer's face crossed by a doubtful smile. Again he wrote, and I read: "Indecent curiosity, perhaps?"

For whatever reason she had come, the rope was let down to permit her to pass, and, at a whisper from Durke, some one ran to fetch a cushioned arm-chair, which was placed for the widow but a

few paces from my side. It jarred me to have her there, and when she threw back her long crape veil and stared me in the face I felt myself painfully blushing. She was of a florid brunette type, and, so I have heard, had the reputation of being a beauty. While she stared at me the crowd of people stared at us. While they stared she half hid her face in a handkerchief, whispering to Durke. I suppose she was asking to have her chair removed, for it was put at the opposite side of the judge's platform, the lady visibly shuddering as she passed me to go and occupy it, drawing her garments close about her that they might not come in contact with me. This piece of by-play did not raise me in the esteem of the jury and onlookers.

The opening speeches of the prosecuting attorney and Lawyer Bell were short—that of the prosecuting attorney but an epitome of the case, that of Lawyer Bell a vain promising of evidence that was to convince judge and jury of my innocence. For a moment he buoyed me up with the hope that he had evidence of which I knew nothing; a moment after the hope left me, and I wondered of what avail could be his unveracity. The first witnesses were men who had been present when I and Hethering quarrelled. According to these witnesses, I had struck Hethering without provocation. No doubt they said what they believed to be the truth, for what had passed between Hethering and myself that night could hardly have been known to them. The prosecuting attorney now kept the promise he had made, that he would prove the truth of what I myself had told, that on the night of the murder I had been wandering near the place where Hethering met his death. From a corner where he had sat unnoticed by me till now came Hendrik the Dane. The poor fellow was woefully distressed, and when he had taken the stand threw out his hands with a gesture of expostulation, exclaiming, "God knoweth, Landsman, I have no wish to injure you!"

Rap! rap! went the gavel. "You must not address the prisoner," reprehended the judge.

Hendrik told of my being on the prairie, and how it was he knew so exactly the time of my being there. When the Dane had given in his testimony the prosecuting attorney turned with a smile to Lawyer Bell, and asked did he wish to cross-examine the witness. Lawyer Bell had one question to put: Had the prisoner any appearance of agitation on the night on which Mr. Hendrik had conversed with him?

"No; he looked tired and worried," was the truthful answer.

"You'll burn your mouth with that pudding, Brother Bell," remarked the prosecuting attorney. Then, amidst a general titter, Hendrik went back to his place.

Witnesses proved that on the night of the murder Hethering had with him a large sum of money, and this money was gone. The pistol I had found, and the ring I had lost, were now exhibited. The ring was proven to be mine, not a difficult thing to do, for I had used it to seal my letters. Attention was called to the fact that it bore the same crest as that of the pistol.

Thus stood the case for the prosecution when Lawyer Bell brought forward the witnesses for the defence. In the annals of courts was there ever so lame a one? A priest, a number of merchants, and Jack, to prove me to be of a peaceable disposition, of well-known integrity. They spoke well, and were allowed to speak at length. But I think they only impressed the people with an idea that I was a consummate hypocrite. It was long after mid-day, and the court adjourned till three. Judge and lawyers, Durke and the widow, went out to dine, the crowd of people going out to swarm about the plaza and drink whiskey. Jack brought some dinner to me in the almost deserted court-room. Lawyer Bell had left us, and I told Jack I believed that he could do nothing for me. Jack was very hopeful. "Believe me, as I'm a sinner," he said, "Bell's got the trump card. Now do try to eat something; Bessy saw to the dinner herself."

I tried to do as Jack bade me, but succeeded poorly. One consolation I had. There were a great number of cases on the docket, and they would try to finish with mine that night. I had not given up hope, for I caught myself thinking of what I would do when once more a free man, and it rushed on me that Heaven would not let me die for a crime of which I was innocent. The time dragged. Glad indeed was I when the judge and his court were again seated, and the prosecuting attorney stood up to make his speech. Truth compels me to state that it was a most damning speech, and as the widow listened she would often break into sobs.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the attorney, "the prisoner at the bar is well known to the citizens of this flourishing city of the fields. He is well known to many of you. Gentlemen of unimpeachable veracity have testified to the integrity of his life from the time he came to this glorious Territory of ours to the night he foully did Thomas Hethering to death. But who knows of his life before he came among us with his hypocritical meekness, his dastardly spirit hidden beneath the beauteous cloak of religion? Who knows the former life of the man who could not take a friendly glass, or a hand in a pleasant game? Who knows?"

He paused, then, pointing to the widow, he continued in a low voice: "Ask yonder weeping lady who this libertine is!" His

voice rose higher. "Ask her about his murdered victim's sister—but she will not tell you; she pities her fallen sister; she would not have the name of Thomas Hethering's sister a by-word in the mouths of men. He a man of integrity! Is that the face of an honest man? Is his not the face of a violator of families, of a secret assassin?"

Surely he was stretching license of speech to its utmost. But well might they look at me. I felt myself white; I could scarcely control my voice that struggled to cry out against his slanders, and my heart was wrung with praying to God to spare Elsie's good name. Why had she been attacked? They did look at me; they stood on tiptoe to look at me. Men cursed me, and amongst that lawless crowd my life would not have been worth a song. Jack stood by me, holding my hand in his, whispering soothing words he might have used to still a troubled child. When they had subsided into their seats amidst a silence that appalled me the attorney continued:

"And, with a wonderful charity, Thomas Hethering let this man go unharmed. Time passed, and Mr. Hethering married yonder heart-broken lady, whose future the prisoner at the bar has wrecked. They were happy, these two; Thomas Hethering in the calm love of a man who has been tried in tribulation, Nancy Hethering in her first love. Was it envy of their happiness or greed for Thomas Hethering's hard-earned gold that guided this glistening toy that woeful night?" He melodramatically waved Elbert's pistol in the eyes of the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury, we shall never know. You have heard of the attack, the unprovoked attack, remember, made by the prisoner on his victim in the principal street of your new town, that has sprung up, as it were, at the behest of a magician. Hethering is struck down, but the prisoner slinks away; it is too public a place for murder. It is a dastardly deed, and vainly he resolves it shall be wrapped in secrecy. The carriage carrying the unconscious victim and his friend rattles down the moonlit street. A shadow follows it with stealthy, running gait. There is no struggle by the river-side. A shot is fired, and Thomas Hethering's tenement of clay, bereft of the vital spark, falls partly in the water, partly on the land. This the prisoner himself has said, and who should know better? Let me pause a moment. Has it not struck your enlightened intelligence that it is strange that nothing has been said of the disappearance of Mr. Hethering's friend, together with his carriage and horses? Who is this friend of Thomas Hethering? He is Elbert Ringwood, own brother to the prisoner at the bar!"

An audible breath of suspense was drawn by the crowd.

"He is in hiding that he may not be called on to slip the noose about his brother's neck. Was there a shadow of a doubt as to your verdict, gentlemen of the jury, Elbert Ringwood would have been summoned to testify before you to-day."

Was this a lawyer's quibble, I thought, or did he really know Elbert's whereabouts? I strove to read Lawyer Bell's opinion in his face, but it told me nothing.

"And now the deed is done, his murderer in a panic thinks only of flight across the prairie. But the sense of the folly of such a proceeding comes to him when not far from the town. He hurries to retrace his steps, how blindly and distractedly Mr. Hendrik has told us. And what an unwilling witness against the prisoner Mr. Hendrik was! He stumbles against Mr. Hendrik's tent. (This on a night light enough for him to take unerring aim at Hethering.) Mr. Hendrik is roused from his sleep, surprised to see the prisoner, as well he might be, at that hour of the night in such a lonely spot. The prisoner tells some cock-and-bull story about his having lost his way. Lost his way on a night so like day that he could by the light of the moon give Mr. Hendrik the time of night by his watch! He says nothing at the inquest about having lost his way. He was out for a moonlight ramble. That day he had ridden thirty miles. Do men go out for moonlight walks after such a day's ride? Common sense reverberates in our ears a stentorian No! The prisoner now thinks to make the grand discovery of the body. This discovery is to throw off suspicion from him. The body is discovered. Hethering's gold in his pockets, his hands, as the poet says, 'smeared with gore,' the prisoner goes to rouse Lawyer Bell, who, I am sure, wishes himself well out of the sorry job of defending his client. Now the prisoner commits a fatal mistake. He hands over to the law in the person of Lawyer Bell his pistol, which he says he found by the water-side. Next day a ring was found close to the locality of the murder. You have seen the ring and pistol. There is nothing in that? Oh, no, nothing at all! Only enough to hang the prisoner at the bar if every other link in the heavy chain of evidence against him were missing. Ring and pistol have the same peculiar mark, the crest of the Ringwoods. They claim a noble descent, and wear a crest like any family in this free country of ours may do, if they have a mind to. This crest is a ring with a tree-branch passed through it. No one in the Territory has a ring like the prisoner's, no one has such a pistol."

After the attorney had minutely recounted all my actions on the day succeeding the murder—always with the same false color—he continued:

"Night again draws nigh. The prisoner sends a foolish message to Mr. John Greene, that he is obliged to take a sudden journey East. He prepares for flight by purchasing an outfit at the house of Monzanares & Co. He thinks all is safely provided for, and is about to board the train that is to take him away from the scene of his crime. But all that day Nemesis, in the person of Lawyer Durke, has been abroad; the prisoner is a doomed man."

Then was told the story of my arrest and my confusion thereat. This was followed by a half-hour's harangue, which, as nearly as I can recollect, ended in these words: "Gentlemen of the jury, in the name of the murdered man's sister; in the name of his widow, whose anguish has wrung our hearts this day; in the name of the murdered man himself, I call on you to bring down the utmost vengeance of an outraged law on this scourge of families, this blot on our fair civilization."

Looking about him triumphantly, the attorney sat down amidst a hum of applause, the judge's gavel beating on his table to call order. They were waiting Lawyer Bell for the defence. Not till he had finished writing the notes he was taking from my whispered information did he begin. His speech was not a long one, though he said all that could be said to make good a hopeless case.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began, "I am not here for the purpose of bringing side issues of scandal into this most scandalous trial. Nevertheless, a word must be said to expose a lie that not for a moment men of intellect, such as I see before me, could let influence the decision they have made in their souls, of the entire innocence of my afflicted client. There is absolutely no foundation for the wicked statements made concerning the lady who has the misfortune to be Thomas Hethering's sister. For the sole and only reason that he had tired of his wife, Hethering, without his wife's knowledge, procured a divorce. The poor wife, whose reason had long been tottering on its throne from Hethering's brutal treatment, now went altogether mad; and during long years this wretched woman has been cared and tended by the noble woman whose name should not have been dragged into this trial. Within a week of the granting of the divorce Hethering married yonder lady. We are sorry that we are compelled to speak of it; the prosecution has forced the unpleasant duty on us. Thomas Hethering may have been the first to gain Mrs. Nancy Hethering's affections, but he was not her first husband. She has a husband from whom she has been divorced, living in New York City. His name is Samson Durke, a lawyer, like his brother of Santa Fé."

The widow was not weeping now, but staring angrily at Lawyer

Bell, a light in her eyes that would have done credit to Lady Macbeth.

"It has been stated," pursued the defence, "that Mrs. Nancy Hethering has no wish to make the name of the sister of Thomas Hethering a by-word in the mouths of men. We defy the prosecution to bring forward one trustworthy witness who can allege the smallest thing against the fair name of a deeply wronged woman. In no spirit of compunction does he refuse my challenge. He dare not take it up. The prosecution, failing in the attempt to injure the unimpeachable good name of my client, became desperate, resorting to the infamy of vilifying an injured gentlewoman. That the means used to influence your decision, gentlemen, are illegal, we may have occasion to show in a higher court."

The defence now strove to show that my actions on the night of the murder and the succeeding day were the actions of an innocent man; denied that Elbert Ringwood was in hiding to screen his brother; denounced Elbert Ringwood as the murderer; declared that the case should not be put into the hands of the jury till said Elbert Ringwood had been found; warned the jury not to trust circumstantial evidence of too flimsy a character to be used against a cat; and in the end demanded confidently a verdict of not guilty. The jury looked intensely relieved that the speech-making was over. This was not remarkable; they had not heard two speeches, but four. The speeches of the prosecution and defence had been interpreted to them, and on this occasion the interpreter did his work well.

The judge now condemned me as far as it lay in his power. He honestly thought me guilty. Whilst he protested against the jury's being blindly led by what was purely circumstantial evidence, he charged them to bring in a verdict of guilty. When Jack heard this, poor fellow! he hid his face in his hands and gave vent to a deep groan. The jury filed out, some of the lawyers lit cigars and went to smoke in a side room, where we could hear them laughing and joking. The people talked busily about what verdict the jury would bring in, the widow and Durke conversed in whispers, Judge Margravine's pen went swiftly over the paper on which he was writing. Lawyer Bell drew a chair to my side, and Jack laid his hand encouragingly on my shoulder.

"Should the jury bring in a verdict against you, I'll move for a new trial," said Bell. "If this is refused, there is the Supreme Court. There is in any case a year before us, and I believe I can find Elbert Ringwood in that time. Your dying for him is but moral and physical suicide. This is no time for reproaches, Paul,

but if you had trusted me entirely, you would not be in the plight you are now—"

He stopped abruptly; the jury were returning to their places in the court-room. The lawyers hurried back to their chairs, the judge laid down his pen. I dared not look the jury in the face. My head bent and supported by my hand, my arm resting on my knee, I tried to form a prayer. There was a deep hush, and I felt my mind drifting, drifting away. The foreman spoke, the interpreter interpreted: "Guilty; guilty of murder in the first degree!"

The judge asked if the prisoner had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him. The prisoner looked up and about him wildly, and muttered that he wanted fresh air. Now the judge pronounced sentence, that the prisoner be taken from this place to the place whence he came, and that one year from this day he be hanged by the neck till he be dead, and the judge asked God to have mercy on his soul.

The prisoner had been told to stand to receive his sentence. When the last word of the invocation had been uttered, he threw out his arms, and crying, "God! God!" fell flat on his face to the ground.

HAROLD DIJON.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DREAMS.

LIKE shadow-freighted ships which softly creep
Across some far-off ghostly main,
They haunt the chambers of the brain,
And kiss their fingers to the watchman, Sleep!

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

AN APOSTOLIC COLLEGE.

STANDING on high ground in northwest Baltimore is a large, roomy building known far and wide as the Highland Park Hotel. From its cupola can be seen stretching out to the southeast the city of Baltimore, with the waters of the Patapsco, and in the far distance Fort Carroll and Chesapeake Bay. Little did its former wealthy patrons fancy that their beautiful summer resort would ever become a nursery to train youths to evangelize that race which was formerly debarred from crossing its portals, except as menials. A wealthy Catholic family bought it some time ago and gave it to be used as a Catholic missionary institution, entitled "The Epiphany Apostolic College," to prepare young aspirants for St. Joseph's Seminary for the colored missions.

Colleges are familiar to us; but what is an apostolic college? It is one whose aim is to inspire the spirit of an apostle and a missionary, so that every student entering its halls will be anxious to become another Abraham. It will teach a noble soul to go out from his father's house to strange peoples in order to win them to Christianity and civilization. An apostolic college is primarily intended to supply shepherds for those other sheep not as yet of the fold.

Like all supernatural virtues the missionary spirit is a growth. As in the physical order so in the supernatural, there is no spontaneous generation. That blessed fire of Christ which breeds thirst for souls is indeed enkindled from on high, but yet requires careful tending. Too often, alas! is it quenched while yet but a spark.

The young aspirant to become a missionary must be brought near the church's universality. Before his young eyes the world should roll, like a mighty panorama, around one great focus—Jesus Christ. His zeal should grasp all humanity. Like the Holy Spirit of God, he should not regard geographical or racial distinctions, but he should feel the actual reality of what St. Paul told the Athenians: "that God is near every man." The apostolic youth is on a higher plane, and all men are his brothers. Like Moses standing upon the mount and looking with longing desire to the promised land, the youth filled with apostolic spirit looks at mankind, for whom Christ lived and died, and longs to see them

living and dying for him who gave all for them. Casting his eye over the universe, and seeing so many millions and millions of men who know not their Saviour—China, Japan, India, all of Africa, the isles of the Pacific, their teeming multitudes seeming to stretch out their arms as did the Macedonians of old to St. Paul, crying out "pass over and help us"—he heeds their cries and longs to go to them. The spirit of this youthful evangelist must be like St. Patrick's, who, when he returned to his own country after having seen Ireland, had ever before his vision the forms of the Irish people, and found no rest till he returned to that isle which was to produce so many saints and evangelized it. For the youth aspiring to the apostolate the motto might well be "*Veritas liberabit te.*" Truth in its broadest aspect is his. He sees men as men, and not as members of any particular race. He knows men are created for truth; he knows that God's truth is revealed for men, and that, like the breath of life, truth is universal. The apostle desires to spread the truth among all men. Seeing poor wounded humanity by the wayside, he draws not his cloak about him and passes not on with a side glance, a mere look of sympathy, but raises the poor victim up and cares for him, imparting to him whatever of truth he may receive.

Nor does divine truth eliminate human truth, for truth is essentially one. Among all peoples is an abundance of truth, which the young apostle longs to elevate by crowning it with revealed truth. While yet in his father's house, surrounded by those in full possession of God's truth, he longs to communicate it to others. Like goodness, truth is necessarily aggressive; it tends to expand, and the apostolic soul is not content till he starts out to do his share in spreading that truth among men.

The characteristic traits, then, of a missionary are love of truth and a grasp of the church's broadness. In his eyes the church's mission overrides mountains, rivers, oceans, and makes the human race in very truth one. "I will send you the Paraclete, and he will teach you all truth." The Holy Spirit of God is dealing with every individual, and the apostle yearns to be his agent. But what is the motive? What is the force which energizes the young apostle's zeal? His appreciation of the truth as it is universal. Some force is necessary to impel a soul to heroic endeavor. With the missionary it is a vivid perception of universality. The energy of the apostle is the personal love of our Lord Jesus Christ as the head of the whole human race. His heart knows the Saviour, and knows that he came not alone to save us, but to be the type and perfection of humanity in the supernatural order. The personality of Jesus Christ is the

focus around which centres all the aims and aspirations of the missionary.

"But when Christ was gone his disciples took it upon themselves to go forth to preach to all parts of the earth, with the object of preaching him and collecting converts in his name. After a little while they are found wonderfully to have succeeded. Large bodies of men in various places are to be seen, professing to be his disciples, owning him as their King and continually swelling in number and penetrating into the populations of the Roman Empire. At length they convert the empire itself. All this is historical fact. Now we want to know the farther historical fact, viz., the cause of their conversion. In other words, what were the topics of that preaching which was so effective? If we believe what is told us by the preachers and their converts, the answer is plain: 'They preached Christ.' They called on men to believe, hope, and place their affections in that Deliverer who had come and gone; and the moral instrument by which they persuaded them to do so was a description of the life, character, mission, and power of that Deliverer—a promise of his invisible presence and protection here, and of the vision and fruition of him hereafter. Christ departs, but is found through his preachers to have imprinted the Image or Idea of himself in the minds of his subjects individually; and that Image, apprehended and worshipped in individual minds, becomes a principle of association and a real bond of those subjects, one with another, who are thus united to the body by being united to that Image; and, moreover, that Image which is their moral life, when they have been already converted, is also the original instrument of their conversion. It is the Image of him who fulfils the one great need of human nature, the Healer of its wounds, the Physician of the soul; this Image it is which both creates faith and then rewards it."—Newman's *Grammar of Assent.*

Thus far the apostolic spirit has been mainly considered on its divine side; it has also its human side. The apostle is a man, lives among men, labors for men; consequently, should make men his study. Like St. Paul, he must become all things to all men. The Catholic missionaries have ever adapted themselves to their surroundings. Herein lies, humanly speaking, the secret of their success. Even Protestant writers are witnesses of how Catholic missionaries gain souls by making themselves like their surroundings.

To ignore natural and racial antipathies while searching out for those natural qualities which would best serve as the basis on which to build up the supernatural edifice, is the missionary's task. "*Virtus secundam naturam*" is a recognized principle of St. Thomas. Every race has phases of truth and of virtue which would happily serve as a working element for the missionary; it is his place to find these out, accommodate himself to them, and enlarge upon them. Nay, more, he should study also the civil and temporal welfare of his people, for the missionary is a public character, identified in every way with the people to whom God has sent him. No one but admires Cardinal Manning for the way in which he has taken up

every movement for the public good of the people of England. Archbishop Walsh standing in the witness box in defence of the great Irish leader is as true an archbishop as he is a patriot, and Cardinal Gibbons raising his voice in that noble basilica beyond the Tiber in protestation of America's love for law and order, as well as her devotion to human liberty, sent an echo through the heart of every American, Catholic and Protestant alike.

What we have said is particularly true of the missionary to the negro race. Not only are they to be won to the faith, but also to be taught the elements of temporal success and a just appreciation of civil liberty and its privileges. The negro is to be first made a Christian and then made a man—a man, that is, in the noblest sense of the word; full of those lofty aspirations which true manhood bestows. How is this to be done? It is to be done by the holy spirit of God in the Catholic Church, but by human instruments and in human ways.

The human element in the negro must be built up. To say that the negro race is hopelessly beyond reach is rank Calvinism, unworthy of a Catholic. Far from it; there are in this people natural traits which will serve as a basis for the missionary to work upon. In a few words we may point out the best characteristics of the negro. He is deeply religious, of a sincere and simple faith. For him the supernatural gives a coloring to all the events of life. Like St. Paul, he knows how to be in want and to abound; few races of men better realize that maxim of the Gospel, "Be not solicitous for the morrow." Patience in adversity, silent endurance of the visitations of Providence pre-eminently belong to the negro. His naturally deep emotion, which finds vent at all times in hymns of praise and songs of joy, mark him out as specially chosen for participation in the public services of the Catholic Church. The song of praise which has gone up to the Most High during so many ages in the cathedrals, monasteries, and cloisters of Christendom will gladly meet a responsive echo in the hearts of the negroes, whose own sweet voices would waft fully as pleasing a melody to serve as a sweet accompaniment to the songs of heaven. Again, no race of men better know the lesson of the Sacred Heart: "Learn of me that I am meek and humble of heart." What race among us is as gentle as the negro? Surely a race with so many good qualities which would serve as rallying points round which the missionary might gather his supernatural forces is well calculated to become Christian. Plenty of material is there for the missionary to work upon. Let him teach the negro to sanctify his long hours of suffering, to be gentle for the sake of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to be docile for Christ's sake. To

accomplish much among them it behooves the missionary at any and all times to be pleasant and gentle in manner. Kindness to them in words and in acts is essential. Father Ryan, the poet-priest, once said to the writer: "The best way to reach a negro's soul is through his body." The missionary must identify himself with the temporal interests of the colored race, not indeed in a way to make himself disliked by the whites, for that would work injury to his people. He should encourage industrial training, the learning of trades, thrift, sobriety, early marriages—in a word, the mission-house should be as much a social and industrial gathering-place as a centre of religious influence.

To these many traits add the supernatural truths which the negroes firmly hold. They believe in God the Father, and in Him whom he sent—Jesus Christ. Their reverence for the holy Name might well make many of us blush. They are fond of the Holy Scriptures. What they call change of heart seems to the writer to be very frequently a genuine sorrow for sin. True, they often relapse and fall into former evils; but that is a weakness common to all humanity. Furthermore, the natural sunniness of their disposition enters so largely into their religion that the church becomes the centre of all their joys as well as all their interests, social no less than religious. Nor should we forget that the negroes are a people moving forward and tending upward. They are making themselves felt in every way, not obtrusively or by any other means than by gentle, patient plodding.

No need is there to give the faults of the negro; they are many and grievous; but no race among us can throw the first stone at them; and if now and then we read of dreadful atrocities committed by negroes, they are far from the necessary outcome of their natural character, and nearly always may be laid at the door of the rum-shop, the keeper of which is generally a white man, and we are sorry to add, far too often a Catholic.

From the foregoing one may form an idea of the spirit which it will be the aim of the Apostolic College to infuse into the hearts of its students. This college is a necessity, as the writer's experience during the past ten years of missionary life amongst the colored people fully proves. Of the young men studying for the priesthood in the colleges which he visited, nearly all are in some way bound either to bishop, priest, or patron. They are not free to do missionary work. Again, it is best to take boys fresh from school for this work, and train them, from the beginning of the classical course onward to the end, that they may be ever imbibing the apostolic spirit

and be continually studying the methods peculiarly adapted to their vocation.

The writer appeals with confidence to his brother-priests to supply him with worthy subjects. The conditions for admission are:

1st. A sincere desire for the colored mission in preference to the priestly state among the whites.

2d. Recommendation from a priest.

3d. A sound preparatory course in a good school.

4th. Good health and not less than fifteen years of age.

5th. Besides supplying their own clothing and books, applicants are expected to pay as much as possible of the expenses of tuition.

There are certainly numbers of noble youths in our country ready to take up this work for their Master. It needs only to be known to fill their young hearts with zeal. Nor should it be forgotten that St. Joseph's Society is a band of secular priests, who are ordained "*sub titulo missionis*," like all secular clergy. It is a community having a common table, which is necessary for the proper performance of missionary duty at the South. Its house for the study of philosophy and theology, St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, has just closed its first year with seven students—one of them colored—two of whom were ordained priests in June. The new Apostolic College will open on the feast of St. Peter Claver, September 9, of this year. Thirty-seven students have been accepted for the opening, of whom three are colored. To foster vocations among our colored youth will be one of the especial objects of this institution.

In conclusion, I wish to affirm my conviction that there must be some great providential design in the position of the colored people of the United States, and that it is the evangelization of Africa. Possessed of American citizenship and the Catholic faith, the noblest natural and supernatural gifts within reach of men, the colored people of our land would be led by the spirit of God to carry these twin blessings to the land of their fathers. The writer believes that he will see the day when missionaries, black and white, hand in hand, will go forth to reconquer to religion and civilization the land of St. Augustine and St. Cyprian. This is the centennial year of the Catholic Church in America; it will be noted for many advances in science and religion, not the least of which will be the establishment of the EPIPHANY APOSTOLIC COLLEGE of Baltimore.

J. R. SLATTERY.

A RELIGIOUS ORDER DEVOTED TO PUBLICATION: WHY NOT?

MAN has been said to be what he eats; he may much better be said to be what he reads. Both because he is likely to read the things to which his natural inclinations tend, and because his reading will surely germinate and develop inclinations similar to itself. It is the old maxim, "*Noscitur a sociis*," raised to double power; for what is the company which holds so intimate communion with us, which we permit to reach so unreservedly into our inmost thoughts, to approach us at such unguarded moments, so frequently, so freely, as the company of the silent page which we believe will not reveal the secrets it has surprised in us, the hidden delectations, the unspoken assents to a superiority of which we have no conscious jealousies?

That this is in its way a reading age need not be emphasized. The modern printing-press has transformed the world into a vast reading-room. The worthlessness of much of that reading has furnished the theme for declamation falling into impeachment of the habit itself, and into censorious comparison of the present with more idyllic times, when the masses had scarcely other literature than that of "leaves and running brooks." God, however, is the only one who can correctly strike the trial-balances of the ages, and it seems a more promising undertaking to increase their credit accounts than to seek to arrest their transactions.

It is true, indeed, that a glance at the printed matter daily spread out before men, and greedily devoured before the rising of another sun, is sufficient to appall the reflecting mind. Count simply the daily journals published in almost every city and town of the civilized world; add the semi-weekly, weekly, fortnightly, monthly, and quarterly sheets, magazines, reviews, and periodicals of every kind, in every language, and on every imaginable topic; remember all the publications devoted to some special interest of trade, commerce, art, science, society, sport, amusement, religion, and still further to a single subdivision or article in any one of these; then turn to books, pamphlets, monographs, great and small, old and new, original and translated, abridged and developed, reviewed and annotated, edited and re-edited, diversified in substance, arrangement, form, appearance, type, and binding; reflect upon the circula-

tion of each, the number of copies printed, sold, hired, lent, and passed around; take the census of type-setters, who are for ever setting up fresh matter; of the printers, publishers, booksellers, retailers, canvassers, agents, and distributers, who spread this deluge of printed leaves over the earth and into every corner of it; notice every one you see reading at home and abroad, throughout the day and at night, travelling and at rest, at meals and even at work—the grown man and the small boy, the shop-girl and the very day-laborer—and then say if man does not live on what he reads as well as upon what he eats.

But a second consideration completes the analogy and is of still greater gravity. What we read affects our minds just as certainly as the nature and quality of our food affects our bodies. I defy a man to devote himself faithfully for six months to any particular line of reading without his mental fibre being manifestly modified by it. We all know how the small boy and the Indian became consociate spirits by a sufficient ingestion of the old dime novel. And I do not believe there lives a man of any creed or any calling who could read the lives of the saints every day for half a year without disclosing it outwardly in some way in his conduct.

The repeated phrases, the propositions and sentiments continually reflected upon the mind, become finally stereotyped there, and by an unconscious cerebration we come to produce in our thoughts, in our speech, and in our lives, however imperfectly, multiplied editions of what we have thus gradually been made more or less accurate copy-plates. Frequent statement becomes fact; constant sentiment received, evoked, indulged, and enjoyed becomes nature. We get to look from certain standpoints, to see with special glasses, to compare with familiar prototypes, to judge by these appropriated standards. And though with the great mass the variety and superficiality of their reading prevent, perhaps, any perfect impression of a positive kind, still that predominates which they most absorb; and negatively, at least, so far as their reading has been desultory in direction and indifferent in intensity, they reflect it perfectly by the fragmentary, superficial, and inane nature of the reproduction.

Now, is all this evil? Heaven forbid! Whither the whole race runs with a seemingly natural appetite there must be some odor of truth and its savor to entice and to delight. There is evidently a proper principle at the base of this universal attraction of the human mind for printed thought. It may in part rest in individual mental indolence, it may in measure run into profitless inquiry; it does indeed seem prolific of many evil consequences. But it is certainly an evidence of the intellectual spirit within us, and of its clamor for

its share of food and satisfaction—a living demonstration that man lives not by bread alone. By it the vehicle of thought, language, becomes familiar, the vocabulary of the mind, even adventitiously, becomes enlarged. It increases and facilitates the receptibility of the mind for truth. The sluggish intellect, otherwise entirely supine, is quickened without its will, the critical faculties are awakened and indirectly exercised. Stores of information, whatever their relative importance and however ill-assorted, accumulate in the memory, and if we build not with them well or wisely, they are still possessions of some value in themselves and ready to hand for proper construction. By a more extended knowledge of peoples and of places, of contemporaneous events, of human effort and failure, of public grievances and sufferings, hopes and aims, we all come to be more in touch with one another as a race. And generally, in industrial, social, and political aspects, and at least in a purely earthly view, there can scarcely be a doubt that this universal reading diffuses, broadens, and equalizes human civilization.

This granted and premised, there is no need to rehearse the abuses, evil results, and greater dangers connected with unrestrained, unselected, and undirected reading. It is enough to say that if the matter presented and absorbed be itself unsound, misleading, debasing, or immoral, no more marvellous device can be conceived for diffusing the poison rapidly and making it universally potent—potent to the mass as well as to the individual, over the face of the world as well as in the locus of its noxious origin, for the present hour and, it might almost be said, for every hour of succeeding ages.

This is the only remark upon it which I shall make, as it leads to my next conclusion: the importance, the fundamental interest of taking part in, of affecting and directing the supply, and at the point of supply. The stream that cannot be governed below can be guided at its source. It is idle to say: Don't read; it is much more promising to say: Read *this*. The faculties of man are so clogged by the clay in his composition that he is scarcely more than a negative being; there is little self-initiative in him. He is a creature of temptation. We cannot destroy the temptations to error and vice, but we can multiply the provocations to truth and virtue. The senses solicit us, the imagination entices—we must be tempted to wisdom and subjected to the solicitations of what is good.

The great sources of the supply, the great houses of publication, are conducted on what is called business principles. That is, they furnish what will *pay*. That which most readily attracts the greatest number is what will pay most readily, and therefore they aim in the main to furnish what will attract the greatest number. This is the

test, the standard, and the guide by which they are governed. Of course other considerations may enter in greater or less degree, but they are merely minor limitations upon the rule, and do not materially alter the fundamental aim and end. The world with its undefinable sense has perceived the fact, and to those who have achieved special success in the occupation it accords the palm of business eminence, and scarcely more. Other occupations have been dignified into professions, still others have been raised into vocations; and to these mankind yields more or less fully an additional tribute of reverence and esteem. It cannot be said that this tribute is given because of the results achieved, but it springs from the nature of the calling and its *aims*. We recognize the object and we bow to the motive. Why not so here? Teaching the young has been hallowed as a vocation; why not teaching the adult and the world? Preaching has its anointed ministers; why not this predication of the written message? The evangels of human triviality and error have their zealous distributers; why might not the lesser evangels of truth have consecrated agents to disseminate them with knowledge and good judgment, with devotion and organized effort? In a word, why should so powerful, so universal, so far-reaching a means of doing good be left almost wholly in indifferent and purely worldly hands?

It is true that the force of these reflections has been recognized in part. Sporadic and spasmodic efforts have been made, are making, here and there, in a limited way, to effect the purposes thus suggested. But it seems that as conceived they fail and must fail to fill the requirements of the situation. They lack the fundamental requisite of any lasting work. They are mainly the effort of an individual, or a few, and they live, at best, the length of an individual life. Something greater, broader, larger than individual life and individual aims is what they want; something other than the fatal limitation of *personality*—that ear-mark of mere human undertaking.

What is wanted is vocation and the lasting stamp of God, religious consecration and religious organization.

The engrossing monks of old were, in their way, the publishers of the day. The ages change and their circumstances, but the Divine Spirit, ever the same, can accommodate itself to every need and make itself all things to all men. Is it a vain imagining or a presumptuous fancy to believe that here is a field of energy proper and ripe for holy enterprise and divine blessing?

It is not the purpose of these lines to go into an elaborate discussion of this matter. The nature of the subject calls for abler and more certain hands than mine. But one objection that would naturally occur may be briefly considered. It will be said that the

experience of similar enterprises, previously referred to, points to commercial failure; in other words, that it does not pay. Exactly. So long as attempted on purely human lines, so long as its force depends wholly in its direct and immediate commercial success, it may well be, it must be, that the principles of commercial life will prevail over it. That is the very reason why it requires religious organization, the sources of strength, in fact the material assistance, which religious orders alone appear to possess the secret of gathering to themselves. How do other orders thrive and flourish? Is it by mere commercial aims and enterprise? Look at them in many directions of undertaking, and some, be it said with reverence, which seem utterly to defy the world, the flesh, and the devil. That they do succeed in spite of every drawback, of invidious attack, and of all manner of untoward circumstances, is a fact. And to look at it from a purely human view, they can be much more economically managed, and do their work with much less expenditure. Their character sooner or later procures for them support, endorsements, and facilities, moral and material, which none other receive. Their very nature is a pledge of *permanency* which invites and encourages aid and co-operation. Their means of securing success, of reaching out in many indefinable directions, are superior. There is less of personal and local jealousy of their work. There is a unity and a constancy in their efforts which strengthen and guarantee the result. And lastly, is it an offence to any one to say that there is a superior light, a guidance and a blessing which attend them?

One thing is certain: the field is there, and the human mind is yellowing for the harvest. The man of commerce and cupidity recognizes the fact and multiplies his endeavors. The cheap libraries and the cheap editions tempt every eager eye, enter every household, and pursue us everywhere. Periodicals teem with disquisitions on the subject. We are told what books this great man read, what that other recommends. A reciprocity of advertisement and counter-advertisement prevails. It is not enough to have books flaunted at you on every stall, at every corner, in every retreat of the home and the counting-house, by sea and shore; if you buy one you will find it to contain somewhere between the covers—at the foot, in the text, on the back, on the title-page—ingenious invitations, enticements, and commendations to many others.

On the other hand, what countless volumes of inestimable value lie half unknown, out of print, out of reach, out of mind, or out of price. When by loving study we have learnt their names, who wrote them, what they are about, what has been said about them, we need other industries to find out where they exist; we meet many

disappointments before we get at them, and then how often only to find that we cannot well purchase them at all.

Do not tell me that they would not sell. Have they ever had halt a decent chance? When I see even working-boys attempting Aristotle and Plato, wrestling with Kant or lost in Herbert Spencer; when I meet school-misses with scientific monthlies, struggling with the conservation of energy or protoplasms with as much ardor as Job with the angel or Pasteur with a bacillus; when every youth in the land can teach us the literature of protection and free-trade, and every mechanic can quote text for theories of government and economics; when the very guide in the backwoods will startle you with extracts from Gibbon or Tom Paine; when Confucius, the Koran, and the Rig-Vedas, Swedenborg, the Book of Mormon, and the revelations of theosophists, mediums, and devotees find readers; when every empty theorist, blatant declaimer, and vapid scribbler can get a hearing, I do not believe that there is anything so arduous, so dry, abstruse, stupid, absurd, or repellent but that the human mind can find some delight in it.

All humanity cries: We want to read! we want to read! Tell us of something, talk it up, make it get-at-able, poke it at our fingers, and make it cheap. Don't give it to us in enormous tomes with enormous prices, with print which requires an inverted telescope to read, and a whole life to do it in. We have no money for margins; keep these for the rich and the *dilettante;* dress it up in modern clothes, meet us with it in the street, advertise it like everything else, review it, explain it, make it public and actual, real and life-like, and see if we don't buy it.

O ye masters of human thought!—long sometimes, often ponderous, always grand; whose names are half-concealed by the dust of neglect, whose works are supposed to be too heavy or too good for us, whose profound introspections, pithy sayings, and sublime pronouncements are stated to have been fit only for darker ages; whom we seek with labor, find with difficulty, and pay dearly for on the ground that there are so few would love you—I wonder what you think of your pretended admirers who have so little faith in you and in themselves. O ye giants of the race and its flower! who have sounded every note of truth and sentiment, every chord of tenderness and sweetness, and explored all the copses of contemplation and analysis, in older or more recent times—how I wish I could resurrect you and ask if you take so despairing a view of your kin, if the human mind has lost its capacity for truth, if the "*splendor veritatis*" has lost all its beauty and its charm, if there is no market for it among the marts of men. Are there not enough of us at least, and

an ever-growing number, who would strive to make amends? If not, we want a new crusade, and who shall preach it?

I imagine that I see looming up from the cell of an ancient Benedictine abbey the venerable head of a monk, who, forgetful of the flight of time, has remained at work transcribing some illuminated manuscript of an older age. In wonder he hears the cry and gazes at the scene, and, laying down his pen, he answers me: "God and a religious order."

Perhaps the echo of his voice will reach a wiser and braver soul, and some seer with deeper thought and better inspired devotion will arise and give us the Order of Publication.

ALBERT REYNAUD.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE novels on our table this month are unusually pleasant reading for the most part. Not all of them are new. Charles Scribner's Sons have just issued, in yellow paper covers, a very good translation of one of the most agreeable of the Erckmann-Chatrian series, *Friend Fritz: A Tale of the Banks of the Lauter.* There is something delightfully human, droll, and kindly in it, from the first page to the last. Kobus's predestined but unconscious lapse from the determined bachelorhood of a *bon vivant*, easy-going and sweet-tempered, fond of good eating, good drinking, and shuffling about in old clothes, proud of his unhampered liberty and serene in the untempted security on which it rests, could hardly have been described with greater simplicity and charm. True, there is nothing which can be called elevating about the story. But, granting that the authors look at life like thorough Sadducees, still they not only have no quarrel with the moralities, great or small, but they are plumply and unmistakably enlisted on the side of the natural virtues and social decencies. And surely they have seldom been surpassed as delineators of those common, humble, and kindly aspects of Alsatian village life with which they had a natural sympathy. The Catholic reader of *Friend Fritz* will be apt to take exception to the few pages which describe the visit of Kobus and the tax-collector to Wildlands, not so much questioning their probable truth as objecting to their peculiar *animus*. Yet such a reader, especially if his Catholicity bears the American stamp, finding himself in such surroundings, would feel that true devotion to "St. Maclof, St. Jeronymus, and the Blessed Virgin" would prompt him not only to kneel at their

shrines, but to preach as vigorously as Collector Haan, though in a different spirit, the gospel of prudence, industry, and soap and water. One may be sure that the House of Nazareth shone under their influence; sure, too, that those saints, of whom the Blessed Labré is one example, who have the air of not sharing Father Faber's expressed preference for "the clean macerations," doubtless possessed it in a still higher degree; and that their mortification of it was to them an extremely uncomfortable virtue. It is certainly one that may be classed with those which the spiritual writers tell us may be admired in great saints, but not wisely imitated by us poor ordinary sinners.

The second issue of Lovell's International Series is a clever English novel called *Hartas Maturin*, by H. F. Lester. Unlike most stories which hinge upon a murder, this leaves no doubt for an instant on the reader's mind as to how, by whom, and why the crime is committed. It has been done before his face and eyes by the time the first fifty pages of a long novel are completed. The peculiarity of the situation is that the reader and the author alone share that knowledge with the criminal. By the rest of the world he remains almost entirely unsuspected, he gains all he hoped for from his crime, he is never troubled by remorse, and never brought to the bar of human justice.

Hartas Maturin is a young physician living in North London, in a neighborhood described with a few brief touches which must bring it vividly before the mind of any reader with observant eyes who has sauntered leisurely through such a suburb. He has a rich and pretty wife whom he married for love two or three years before the story opens. He practises his profession as an amateur rather than as a serious student; he is addicted to chemical experiments, has an ambition to get into Parliament, and a growing reputation as a philanthropist. It has been noticed of him, however, that while lavish with his time and money where poverty and suffering are concerned, yet that he

> "made strange exceptions in his charities. Those which were merely practical, and had no sentimental and picturesque side, received less commendation and favor than those which appealed in some striking way to the unreasoning instinct of humanity. And it did not answer to ply the doctor with too many sickening details of disease or destitution; these disgusted him, and cooled his philanthropy. He gave lavishly to rescue poor children or ill-treated women from bad homes or gnawing want; but men seemed to attract his sympathies much less."

Hartas belongs, that is to say, to the genus of which Count Fosco is another shining specimen. When the story begins, he is represented as anxious to further his parliamentary schemes by posing

still more publicly as a philanthropist. He wants to cut out his probable rival for a seat in the House at the next election, by capping the thousand pounds just contributed by him toward a park for the neighborhood, by five thousand of his own. Unfortunately, as he has not five thousand of his own, his wife's fortune having been secured by settlements, it has already become necessary for him to ask her for the money. She has refused it, not entirely through unwillingness to part with such a sum, but also because the scheme and its motive seem mercenary and calculating to her, and detract from that ideal of her husband which she nervously longs to guard in its integrity. Finding it not easy to persuade her, and being constitutionally averse to family disagreements, he quietly sets a trap for her in his laboratory, which he fills with the poisonous gas used to kill painlessly the animals on which he frequently experiments. He is a man "merciful to his beast," and, on principle, never vivisects. Then, after spending an unusually pleasant evening with his wife, he sends her into the laboratory on some trifling errand, to meet her death with his last caressing words still sounding in her ears. The tragedy, in its external aspects, is all over at the very beginning of the work, and besides having almost no external consequences, the internal results of it upon the perpetrator are not of the psychological kind ordinarily relied on by novelists for their effect. There is no remorse, no gradual going from bad to worse in Hartas. He lives, flourishes, gets into Parliament, sleeps and eats well, and at a few years beyond forty, when the reader meets him again, he is handsome, well-preserved, and so youthful in heart that he has not only captivated a charming young English girl of considerably less than half his years, but is captivated by her in turn. Moreover, what has attracted him in her is her singular personal resemblance to his murdered wife. She is the daughter of an old acquaintance, Colonel Vane, and her mother, who brought Netta into the world just after the death of Mrs. Maturin, and who is one of the few people who have suspected Hartas, named her for the murdered woman at the latter's own request. Netta is, in fact, a "reincarnation" of Janet. The motive of the novel develops itself as not psychological but "psychic"; and the doctor's detection, and his death, which follows it by a "psychic" coincidence, is brought about by the expedient of letting the whole details of the crime reproduce themselves to Netta in a waking vision at a time when an accident has obliged her to pass a night in the room where it was committed. We have some slight reason to believe that H. F. Lester is a member of the famous London Psychical Society. He is, at all events, one of the cleverest of that increasing coterie of novel-

ists who find their account in catering to the increasingly prevalent love for the marvellous which pervades the fiction-reading public. He puts his doctrine into the mouth of a philanthropic mystic, Bastian by name. On one occasion Bastian stops a railway train going at full speed by projecting his inner self forcibly against it and putting on the brake, just in time to save a deaf tourist who had not observed that it was behind him. On various other occasions he preaches it in a style which suggests much study of theosophic literature on Mr. Lester's part, but somehow fails to convey the impression that it has produced in him any intimate personal conviction.

A really good and most interesting novel is *Margery: A Tale of Old Nuremberg* (New York: W. S. Gottsberger & Co.), by Georg Ebers. While cordially agreeing on general grounds with the verdict of excellent pronounced by competent critics on all the Ebers novels, this is the first of them which has given us any notable degree of that pleasure which it is the special function of a novel to impart. The Egyptian tales, ponderous with undeniably valuable information, and lighted up into the bargain with many a "ray serene" of that human interest which is independent of archæological, chronological, geographical, historical, or any other environment narrower than humanity itself, nevertheless had an irresistible tendency to range themselves in the same category of joy-givers as a fine Florida orange which was presented the other day to a dainty little girl, just sitting up for the first time after an illness. "Is it good? Do you like it?" asked the giver, watching the listless manner in which one segment after another of the fruit disappeared from her plate. "Oh, yes!" said the little thing politely, "it is very good —but oranges don't enjoy me." It is the first business of a novel, as of any other work of art, to "enjoy" people, and they never really attain their final end in any other way. *Margery* eminently fulfils that purpose. Its readers must feel themselves indebted to the man who could so wholesomely and so fully entertain and recreate their minds.

The time of the story is the first half of the fifteenth century, the place old Nuremberg, the actors all Catholics, and the narrator, Margery Schopper, one of the two most charming young women lately introduced into fiction, the other being her dearest friend, Ann Spiesz. But the tale depends so little upon plot or motive, and so much upon style and character-sketching—the latter done with bold strokes and no niggling—that no attempt at condensation could do it any justice. It is full of incident, too, and what looks like excellent local color. There seems a lack of verisimilitude, however, if not to truth of fact, at least to truth of representation, in making Margery

at once the chronicler of Ann's pure, womanly love, and of Herdegen's characteristic and frequent divagations on his long road to union with her. The fault is of the same kind as that which causes the male critic of female novelists to find their heroes oftener than not priggish and less than manly—painted, that is to say, more with a view to what woman thinks man ought to be than with a solid appreciation of what he is.

A hearty word of approbation is due to the translator of this novel, Clara Bell, for the admirable skill and good taste, the real and sound discrimination shown in her portion of the work. As it stands in the American edition, *Margery* is almost a model of an English style just antiquated enough to suggest a somewhat indefinite past, and at the same time quite free from affectation and those small blemishes in taste which annoy because, in showing strain, they make it ineffective.

A close study of Clara Bell's method in this respect—a method which she modestly describes in her brief "Translator's Note" as a mere effort "to avoid essentially modern words and forms of speech"—would, we can but think, have been extremely useful to T. S. Sharowood, the author of *For a King: an Historical Romance* (New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates). The historical romance, dealing with veritable men and women who once lived in the flesh and still live in the school-books, is such an extremely difficult problem in itself that it is apt to daunt pretty much everything but the innocence of extreme youth and the instinctive temerity of genius. And as no success ever wholly satisfies the most amiable novel reader which falls very far short of that more than natural achievement of Sir Walter which earned him the title of Wizard, even genius is wise when it avoids the complications which an attempt to get local color by stilted archaisms must add to the difficulties inhering in the naked subject. There is a good deal of cleverness shown in *For a King*, and one inclines to believe that if its author had been dealing with her contemporaries, instead of trying to make the dry bones of Charles I. and his adherents live through again their struggle with Parliament, she might have been entertaining as well as enthusiastic and learned. We hope for better things in future from her.

From the same publishers comes a booklet entitled "*Little Nell*": *A Sketch*, by Frances Noble. Its theme is the evil wrought by "pride and anger under the guise of religious zeal." The story is told by a father whose intense desire to prevent his motherless child from contracting a marriage outside of the church leads him in the first place to urge upon her "the desirability of a religious life for a

young girl," and his "wish that a vocation to it might be sent her"; and secondly, to keep her secluded as far as possible from all but Catholic society. One result of his anxious precautions is to make his daughter timid and constrained in his presence; another to make it possible for her to contract a clandestine marriage with an estimable young Protestant on the occasion of her first absence from home unattended by her father. It is a love-match, and the husband makes all the promises required in perfect good faith. He comes himself to break the news to the father, and to offer as the only excuse for the step they have taken, the fact that Agnes had

"told him, with almost heart-broken tears, of my horror of a Protestant marriage for her, even though it might be guarded round by the most sacred promises; she told him frankly that I should mistrust such promises and that she believed, much as I loved her, that I would almost rather see her dead than go into what I should think such deadly danger. . . . I interrupted him, Mr. Fitzgerald; I refused his offered hand; I told him my daughter was right in her surmise: I *would* rather see her dead *now* than that she should have sent him to me with such news; that not only he, but she, his wife, was also a stranger to me henceforth in her disobedience; that, being her own mistress, she had chosen to strike the blow which, of all others, she knew was the most cruel she could have struck. I told him I did not believe one of his promises, that he could go and tell her so, and that I never wished to see her face again; that all I could do was to try, as a Christian, to forgive her the deception she had practised, and to pray God to keep her at least from the worst consequences of her act, that if she should fall away from the faith he would give her time to repent before the end.

"God forgive me! Mr. Fitzgerald, for I think I was in earnest in believing myself right. I was blinded to my own pride and sternness, which kept me from seeing how great must have been my child's dread of my iron will, how entire her hopelessness of any gentleness or pity from me, ere she could have consented to take the final step without my knowledge. I was blind to all this; I told myself I was only animated by my zeal for the faith in all I said or did."

The upshot of the matter is that Mr. Vilette, who is a convert, sticks to his unnatural position, unable, as he says in relating the story years after, to see that he was importing "into our merciful, forgiving religion, my poor mother's Calvinistic spirit." He hears without heeding his son-in-law when the latter says that if his wife had not already made him inclined to love the religion which he saw in her, her father would cause him to hate it. He spurns his daughter when she comes to plead her own cause, and, in fine, behaves in the most cantankerous fashion, all the time approaching the sacraments regularly and persuading himself that in his case at least the wrath of man is working the justice of God. His daughter's death in childbed, still unforgiven, at last brings him to his senses. At the time when he recounts all this, he is bringing up his granddaughter, "little Nell," on lines entirely different from those once laid down for

her mother. He has long since seen the folly of his early ways. He has also seen Nell's father and grandfather die good Catholics, won to the faith by the sweetness and piety of the daughter he discarded. And he is looking forward in a prophetic but resigned spirit to the time when "little Nell" shall become a religious and leave him to expiate by a lonely old age the mistaken zeal of his mature years.

Miss Noble's pages are too hotly peppered with italics. They impart to the little narrative a nervous, hysterical effect with which the simple, unstudied phraseology has almost nothing to do.

From D. & J. Sadlier & Co. (New York) we have received a volume of short stories entitled *Merry Hearts and True*, by Mary Catherine Crowley. All but one of them are reprinted from the *Ave Maria*. They are prettily told, and both in theme and manner well adapted to please girls of thirteen or thereabouts. The gorgeous character of the binding is suggestive of the approaching premium season, to which the contents also have a special congruity.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's new story, *Greifenstein* (New York and London: Macmillan & Co.), is eminently readable, like all its predecessors. Mr. Crawford has an astonishing facility. Plot, incident, conversation, style—all seem to flow out of him as from a fountain. There seems no reason why he should not, like Mrs. Oliphant, or like Tennyson's "Brook," "go on for ever," and, going, continue to interest and entertain.

Greifenstein is the curiously complicated history of the very-high-and-well-born Herren von Greifenstein, father and son, and their half-brothers, the Herren von Rieseneck, likewise father and son. It begins at the period when the younger Von Greifenstein, being then twenty-three, is at home on his final long vacation before quitting the University of "Schwarzburg." Greif has passed all his life, excepting that portion of it spent at the university, in the depths of the Swabian Black Forest, where his ancestral home is situated. He has been betrothed for many years to his cousin, Hilda von Sigmundskron, a young girl of great beauty and femininely strong nature, who is also a child of the Black Forest. She lives with her widowed mother in a neighboring castle, but in a poverty so great that Frau von Sigmundskron has been half-starving herself for years in order that Hilda's young strength may not fail for want of proper food. The young people love each other with a profound and pure passion, which Mr. Crawford has painted with delicacy and intelligence.

Not only has the elder Von Greifenstein, a man of wealth and with a talent for affairs, succeeded in burying himself for nearly a quarter of a century in the depths of a forest where he has neither

social distractions nor the compensations of a sympathetic home circle, but his wife, the mother of the son in whom all his hopes and his affections centre, has done likewise, and with apparently as few regrets. Nevertheless, her vanity, her love of dress, her desire to please, wasted as they are upon her husband and her son, still endure. She paints, she powders, she tortures her colorless hair into unnatural ringlets, she chatters incessantly and absurdly, and is a secret source of perplexity as well as of annoyance to the husband who still shows her all outward respect and courtesy, but who has long since ceased trying to explain to himself the fascination under whose spell he married. His own motive for retirement he has always shrunk from sharing with her, and he knows it cannot be sympathy that has made her the uncomplaining companion of a solitude which has no alleviations. He wonders at times what her experiences may have been before he met her, a young widow, apparently not more than twenty-five. But knowing how carefully he is guarding his own secret from her, he always refrains from curious questions. Von Greifenstein feels himself disgraced by the act of his half-brother, son of his mother by a second marriage. In 1848 Von Rieseneck had been discharged from the army with infamy and condemned to imprisonment for betraying an arsenal into the hands of the enemy. He escaped from prison and fled to South America. Von Greifenstein has a bitter hatred for him, based partly on his crime, and partly on the fact that he did not remove the family disgrace so far as he could by suicide. To neither wife nor son has he ever named him. The old wound is reopened when Greif reaches home on this visit. He has been taunted by a classmate with the facts, has denied their existence, and fought a duel to avenge the insult. Learning the truth, he abandons his hopes of entering the army and sees little before him but a life passed, like that of his father, in the forest.

A few days later an amnesty is proclaimed for all political offenders concerned in the revolutionary movements of 1848 and 1849, and Herr von Greifenstein, sitting with his wife and Hilda's mother, reads out the news, which affects him profoundly. He dreads the return of Kuno von Rieseneck, though he believes that his offence is one not covered by the proclamation. The old wounds will be reopened by the presence of this living disgrace on German soil. Greif will be dishonored. Even his wife may come to learn the long-hoarded secret which shames his house. The old man's troubles become even heavier than they have been through all these years.

Going back to the university, Greif presently makes the acquaintance of a man some years his elder, though still attending lectures, who

interests him by his eccentric talk, and his dabbling with astrology. For a while the reader believes that Mr. Crawford is about to make a great portion of the interest of his story turn on necromancy and magic, and that Greif's new friend belongs to the well-known band of soothsayers and seers with whose arts all attentive novel readers must be growing familiar. But if this were at any time a serious part of Mr. Crawford's scheme, he soon abandoned it; Rex's instantaneously verified prediction on the occasion of Greif's first visit to him, which seemed like the initial one of a startling series, is followed by little or nothing more of the same kind. Even that one, which he pretends to rest wholly on astrological calculations, is in part the outcome of actual knowledge, and in part a shrewd guess. For Rex, who is the son of Kuno von Rieseneck, and in constant communication with his father, knows himself to be Greif's cousin, and has deliberately sought his friendship, but with no intention of revealing their relationship.

In due time Rieseneck returns, but only to find that he is not included in the amnesty, and that if he would preserve his freedom it must be once more by hasty flight. Greifenstein one day receives a letter from him to this effect, and asking for one night's shelter under his roof on the way to safety. If he would he cannot refuse, for hardly has the letter arrived when its author follows it. There is a brief, bitter scene between the brothers, which ends by an invitation to dinner, the assumption by Rieseneck of a false name for the night, and a warning to be off in the morning. Meantime it is necessary that he should be presented to Frau von Greifenstein, as she knows that a visitor has arrived.

The scene that follows is dramatic—only Mr. Crawford's skill prevents it from sinking into low melodrama. But, on the whole, he preserves the dignity of tragedy in a sufficiently trying situation. It is like this: Frau von Rieseneck, to whom a guest is a god-send in her solitude, has got herself up to look as fresh and fair as possible. She descends to the dining-room with the airs and graces of her youth to meet Herr Brandt. Meeting him, she recognizes Kuno von Rieseneck and is recognized by him, but neither shows a sign. It is not until, at table, Clara von Greifenstein, trying to break an awkward silence by addressing her guest, calls him by his own name in an access of nervous distress, that their previous knowledge of each other becomes evident to her husband. Even then he has no suspicion of the actual truth. When it comes it is damning. "I told you my wife was dead," says Rieseneck at last, "and I believed it. She is alive. She has lived to ruin you as she ruined me." Then he forces from her the confession that it

was she who caused his crime, then abandoned him when in prison, and afterwards, learning of his escape, had sent him their son and with him tidings of her death. Hugo von Greifenstein she had married with her eyes open, knowing him to be her husband's brother. Greif is a nameless bastard, and his mother only is to blame. The brothers look at each other. "What has this woman deserved?" asks one, and the other answers, "Death." Whereupon they jointly inflict it. "There was deep silence in the room," writes Mr. Crawford —we fear that condensation is turning his pathos into bathos—"then the stillness was broken by a gasp for breath and by a little rustling of the delicate silk. That was all." Then the brothers commit suicide after each has written a letter to his own son, and so created another batch of complications through which Mr. Crawford skilfully conducts the interested reader to the end of his long novel. If any moral lesson underlies it, it must, we think, be looked for in the contrast between Hilda, Greif's wife, and Clara, his mother, who is also the mother of his friend Rex. "The mother of both was killed by the father of each," says Mr. Crawford quaintly. And the moral is, that by the woman that he loves a man is made or marred. Which may be true, and is at all events very cleverly put by Mr. Crawford in many a page and many a scene throughout this story. Hilda is very well conceived and so is Rex.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE HISTORY OF A CONVERSION.

You ask me to tell the story of my conversion. The bishop who received me into the church said to me after hearing it: "Never tell that story to others, for they will not believe it. I believe it, and that you have no choice but to follow, at all cost, the extraordinary way in which God is leading you; but I tell you in advance, you will need all your courage. Your friends will despise you, and you will get little sympathy from the Catholics of this place, who will feel distrust of one who abandons her own religion; but all the same, you must go on; only ask God to give you the courage you will sorely need."

The bishop's words came more than true, but the courage he bade me ask of God was not refused me, and it sufficed amply for my needs. And now that the lapse of time has proved that it was not an *ignis fatuus* of imagination but indeed the light of God that led me, the story, it seems to me, may be told, since you ask it; the same light that made it carry conviction to my own soul will impress its truth upon others who may be in conditions to be benefited by it.

My life has been like a road illuminated at night by lamps within whose circle of light all was clear, and by which I shaped my course through the semi-obscurity of the intervals until another lamp was reached. The first shines out

very far back, when I was a little child playing about the floor, while my mother entertained callers. Even then the dual nature in me was in force—a nature that on one hand gave me later the name of the wildest tomboy of the neighborhood, that impelled me to ride unbroken colts, to run, skate, dance, swim, climb to the most dangerous heights; and on the other forced me to a constant undercurrent of thoughtfulness, of striving to find out the why and wherefore of all that came within my consciousness. I remember, on the occasion of which I speak, how trifling and petty the things that seemed so interesting to these grown people suddenly appeared to me, and the childish contempt they awakened. I said to myself that it would be a misfortune to grow up if there were nothing better to busy myself with. And it must have been then that the first distinct consciousness of God my Creator awoke in me, for as I asked myself, What shall I do, then? the answer came, "Well, I am here, and I did not put myself here. Whoever made me has the right to do with me what he pleases. He must have made me for some good purpose. I don't know what it is, but the only way I see is to use whatever power I find in myself for the best use I can discover." And then and there I resolved to model my own life on other lines, and to strive to make my influence not only good, but as far-reaching as possible.

My parents were originally Baptists, but had afterwards drifted into another form of Protestant orthodoxy. The Bible became very early my favorite reading. As a young girl I used often to rise at half-past four in the morning to give more time to the study of it. I accepted it all as literally true, and used to pray with great earnestness, and often with what seemed great success, for what I wanted. It appears to me now that my faith was at once singularly vivid and singularly lacking in any emotional quality. I believed then as firmly as I do now in God my Creator, in Jesus Christ my Redeemer, in the Real Presence in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in the absolute right of God to make laws which it was my absolute duty to obey whenever they became known to me; in judgment, hell, and heaven, and in the efficacy of prayer. But all these things had taken shape in my mind by processes of which I distinctly recall none but that of reading the Bible. The first time I remember being spoken to on the subject of religion was on the occasion of a "revival" at the "State Street Church," Portland, which our family attended. I think it must have been a Congregational church, but I never knew it by any name but that. Coming home to dinner one day my father abruptly said to me:

"Molly, where do you think you would go if you should die now?"

"To heaven," I answered promptly.

"But why?"

"Because ever since I knew there was a heaven I have always prayed God to save me, and Jesus said that whatever you ask in prayer, believing, you shall receive."

"Yes," returned my father, "but he also said that he would confess those before his Father in heaven who confess him here on earth, and deny those who deny him."

"But I don't deny him," said I.

"Do you confess him?"

"How can I confess him? You wouldn't like me to go through the streets crying out that I believe in him, would you?"

"I think you ought to join the church."

"I can't, because I haven't experienced religion."

"Why don't you, then?"

I looked at him, amazed. "Why don't I? Because I can't make myself feel

the way they say you must feel. I am willing to *do* anything, but that is all I am able to promise."

The talk ended with his advising me to go down to the church and speak with the minister, which I did without delay. There were a good many at the meeting I attended, and those who had it in charge went from one to another, inquiring into their experiences and offering advice. When the minister reached me, he said:

"Well, my little girl, and what do you feel?"

"I don't feel anything."

"What are you here for, then?"

"Because my father told me I had better come," said I, and then recounted to him what had taken place at dinner-time.

"Don't you feel sorry for your sins?" he asked when I had finished.

"I try never to commit any," said I.

"But you do sometimes, I suppose?"

"Well, whenever I think I have, I am *very* sorry, and resolve never to do so any more."

"Why are you sorry? It is because you love God, isn't it, and don't want to offend him?"

"I *don't* love him; I don't know how to. I try not to disobey him, because I know he made me, and has a right to demand of me whatever he pleases, and it is wrong for me to refuse."

The minister questioned me very closely, trying to elicit some sentiment or some profession of love to God; but while I persisted in affirming that my will was ready to do not only whatever God commanded, but whatever I thought he would prefer, still I had no love for him at all. Finally he said:

"But why don't you ask God to make you love him?"

"So I have, but he never does. I suppose he isn't ready yet."

"Well, ask again, then, and we will all pray for you; for I don't see how we can admit you into the church if you say you don't love God."

He appointed another meeting, which I attended, but still, in spite of all the prayers, in precisely the same state of mind. My case was talked over, and I was labored with, and, in especial, the difficulty of receiving me without proper sentiments on my part was dwelt upon.

"Well," I said at last, "if you can't receive me, you can't; but it is not my fault. I am ready to enter, and I will faithfully keep all the rules, but I *can't* feel, and I will not say I do when I don't."

On that understanding I was admitted a few days later. So far as I was concerned, that step had no especial, or at least no sacred, significance to me. The idea of the church as the mystical body of Christ, into which I was about to be grafted by baptism, or even as the authorized teacher of all revealed truth, had never entered my mind. In a vague way I had taken it for granted that all the different sects which flourished in our city and elsewhere were segments of an invisible circle, all of which taken together made up the Christian body. One could enter whichever pleased him best or was the handiest. I looked on them as a sort of religious clubs, each including a number of people who thought pretty much alike, or who had social affinities, and to which all were eligible who were ready to keep the rules and pay their dues. Still, receiving communion was a serious matter to me. I do not recall that I was explicitly taught anything on this point or on any other. My Bible-reading had made me aware of the peculiar sacredness with which our Lord had clothed that sacrament, and that he had made its reception essential, so that I looked upon it as something that

was required by God to be done, and done in his own way. The thought was always vividly present to me at the communion season that "he that receives the Lord's body unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation"; and with that came the recollection of the injunction: "When thou bringest thy gift before the altar, if thy brother hath aught against thee, go first and be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." It was easy to rid my own heart of aught against my brother, but how to rid his of aught against me? It was often a hard and complicated matter, but I did what I could about it, satisfied that nothing impossible would be required of me, and in much the same way that a Catholic prepares for confession. Still I found no happiness in it, except the peace of mind that follows an unpleasant duty done. I was amazed, though, now and then, that the difficulty of "first being reconciled to thy brother" seemed to be less serious to others than I found it. But I concluded that it was a perplexity known only to themselves, as mine appeared to be unintelligible to others, and anyway it was no affair of mine.

After a while I was asked to instruct a Bible class, and though I was smaller and younger than many of the members, and remonstrated, yet, as my elders persisted in desiring it, I finally accepted it as a thing which God required of me, and for the fruits of which he would make himself responsible. I must have given out some curious views now and again, but the class seemed pleased. I mention the circumstance here because some of my pupils became so attached to me, and so much under my influence, that when I found my own safe guide in the one true church they showed so strong a disposition to believe that I must have good grounds for the step, and such a willingness to inquire for themselves, that on that ground the very unusual course of reading me publicly out of the sect I had abandoned was resorted to. It was done at a time when the church was crowded to the doors, my own father and brother being among those present, by the minister who had received me. He said it was his "painful duty to publicly excommunicate Miss M—— B——, as she had seen fit to unite herself with the Roman Catholic Church, with which we have no fellowship whatever."

As to my conversion, it took place in this way: I had a friend, the daughter of a minister, with whom I was in the habit of taking early walks. Calling for her one February morning and finding her indisposed, I went on alone. My road took me past the chapel that then served as a pro-cathedral, and in going by I noticed that the door stood open. I do not recall whether or not I then knew that it was a Catholic church, but, wondering why it was open on a week-day, I strolled in.

A few people were there already, and, as more followed, I waited to see what they would do. Presently the bishop, whom I knew by sight, came out and vested, and I mildly speculated whether he regarded this ceremony of dress as necessary, or only as a means to impress the people. I remained seated near the door, in the same state of superior-minded curiosity, and moderately interested in what I had no idea of the meaning of, until the moment of consecration, when in one instant my whole soul was enveloped in a flood of illumination, through which I knew the august mystery that was taking place and all the truths of the Catholic faith. I fell on my knees, and knew myself a Catholic.

As soon as Mass was over I went to my friend and asked her if she would help me to procure books which would explain the ceremonies of the Catholic Church.

"Why do you want them?" she inquired

"I am a Catholic" said I, "but I don't understand the ceremonial."

A look of terror came over her face. "Don't say that," she exclaimed, "or you will make yourself believe it is true."

"I wish I could make myself believe that it isn't," I answered, "for heaven knows I don't want to be one; but it is too late now. I *know* that the Catholic religion is the only true one. And as my father is fearfully prejudiced against it, I want to give him as rational an explanation of it as I can. I know what they believe, but I don't understand their forms."

She tried to dissuade me, but my light had been too clear. It would have been as easy to convince St. Paul before Damascus that he had any option about his future course. Finding that I was beyond argument or persuasion, she finally proposed a plan that we carried out. We went to the church late on the following Saturday evening, I in a state of great fear lest I should be recognized and reported to my father before I was ready to explain and defend my position. My friend slipped into one of the confessionals when the people were nearly all gone, and asked the priest sitting there for books of instruction. He questioned her a little, and then said that if she were in earnest, she might come in daylight, on the next Monday, to the bishop's house, and they would be given her. This was another stumbling-block to me, for the house was in a street through which my father was likely to pass many times a day, and I dreaded lest he might see me. But as there was no other way, we went together to keep the appointment. We asked for the priest she had spoken with, but the bishop himself soon came into the parlor, and with a very severe expression demanded:

"What is the meaning of this that Father —— tells me?" And then turning to me, he said: "You are Mr. ——'s daughter, are you not? I hope this is no school-girl folly on your part, for your father is a friend of mine."

Thereupon I told him just what had occurred to me during his Mass on a morning of the past week. When I had finished he said: "Do you mean to tell me that you know the truths taught in the catechism without having studied it?"

"I don't know about the catechism," I answered; "I did not know there was one. I know what the church teaches, but I don't understand the ceremonies."

He instantly rang a bell and asked for a catechism. When it was brought he opened it and began to ask questions here and there, which without the slightest hesitation I answered correctly. Several times he looked at me with surprise, and finally, closing the book, he exclaimed:

"And you say you have never seen a catechism?"

"No, bishop, I did not know there was such a thing."

It was then that he counselled me never to repeat this story, saying that although he accepted it as true, yet it would be generally regarded as incredible. I obtained the books I needed, and, as it was Lent, I began to observe the regulations about fasting.

From my account of the manner of my baptism by sprinkling when I joined the "State Street Church," and my own interior conditions at the time, the bishop saw serious cause to doubt if I had ever been baptized at all, and decided to give me conditional baptism when I should formally enter the Catholic Church. The time until that day arrived was one of bitter anguish. My chief anxiety was to spare my parents and my friends as much as possible, and as obstacles multiplied, the weary time of probation prolonged itself to months. For a time all my friends abandoned me; if we met by chance, they crossed the street to avoid me, or became absorbed in other things, so that they did not see me; I felt like a leper. My father, who shared the general belief that I would not take the final step, told me that the day I entered the Catholic Church I would cut myself off from my home and people.

The day of my reception came at last. In the late afternoon I dragged myself to the little chapel with a heart so heavy that I could hardly lift my feet. I felt as I should have felt had I been going to execution. No one was in the chapel but an old woman, and three stranger nuns who had come from Montreal to found a convent. They were sombre figures, all in black, kneeling immovably side by side, but I was glad they were there; they would pray for me. I was not quite so lonely! I think this must have been true baptism, for the moment the waters flowed on my head I felt all my torture vanish, and for the first time a flood of joy poured into my heart. As I had never felt happiness in religion before, from that moment I never ceased to feel it, except for one terrible hour of darkness long ago. Trials have not been wanting, but none has ever been able to interrupt the overpowering gratitude and joy that I am a Catholic. All else in life of pleasure or of pain has seemed of no account beside that one great, crowning treasure.

TWO VICTIMS OF THE COMMUNE.*

This is a very touching and edifying short account of the lives and deaths of two of the many victims put to death in Paris by the Commune in May, 1871. One, the Abbé Deguerry, the venerable curate of the Madeleine, was a self-sacrificing, holy, and devoted priest aged seventy-four years; the other, Paul Seigneret, was a very promising young seminarian preparing for the priesthood at the seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris. The older victim was shot, with five others, in the prison of La Roquette; the younger one was massacred with a crowd of forty-six others in an open lot adjoining No. 85 rue Haxo. The model curate's companions in death were Mgr. Darboy, Archbishop of Paris; Fathers Ducoudray and Clerc, S.J.; Abbé Allard, a missionary priest; and Président Bonjean, an old and honored judge. With Paul Seigneret were massacred thirty-five soldiers who had refused to be enrolled in the ranks of the Communists, nine priests, of whom three were Jesuits, and two laymen. That part of this narrative which relates to the Abbé Deguerry was published separately at first, and had the honor of being crowned by the French Academy.

The Abbé Deguerry, born at Lyons in 1797, was the son of a lumber-dealer, and at first thought to be a soldier, but afterwards made up his mind to study for the priesthood, and was ordained when only twenty-three years of age. He soon acquired celebrity as a preacher in his native city, and in 1827 was appointed chaplain to the sixth regiment of royal guards. This gave him opportunity to preach in Orléans, Rouen, and Paris, which his regiment was successively sent to garrison, and his fame as a preacher went on increasing. In 1829 Charles X. selected him to preach in the chapel of the Tuileries on Holy Thursday. In his sermon, which was very eloquent, he spoke with entire prudent candor and without attempting to flatter the then reigning power. The revolution of 1830 brought no relaxation to his zealous work. During the Lent of 1835 he preached seventy times. To his fellow-priests he was known as "the good Deguerry." In 1841 he was appointed head canon of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and did much good in the parish; in 1845 he was made curate of St. Eustache. During the insurrection of June, 1848, a mob of insurgents came to the church and beat its portals with the butt ends of their muskets for admission. Abbé Deguerry ordered the doors to be opened, and, wearing his sacerdotal vestments and followed by his vicars, went out to meet the armed crowd which covered all the steps of the church. After making the sign of the cross he said to them in a gentle tone:

* *Deux Victimes de la Commune.* By Imbert de St. Amand. Paris.

"My children, what do you wish of me?" The angry crowd became suddenly appeased, and one of the insurgents exclaimed: "All right, all right, *Monsieur le Curé*, we will defend your church for you." On the 4th of July following he was at the death-bed of Chateaubriand, and administered to him the last sacraments. At the close of that year he was appointed by Mgr. Sibour curate of La Madeleine. Abbé Deguerry, in the twenty-three years during which he had charge of that parish, inhabited by so many persons of wealth and social position, was as efficient as he had shown himself to be in the poorer and more democratic one which he had left. He was eloquent and forcible in the pulpit, to which he drew many and eager listeners; he was devoted to, and beloved by, his parishioners, nearly all of whom he knew by name, and upon whom his influence was strong and beneficial; he was the warm friend and valued spiritual adviser of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul of his parish, and, above all, he was the great and loving friend of the poor. For them he was never tired of saying and doing. In 1850 and 1852 he founded the *Asile Ste. Anne*, a home for one hundred and fifteen destitute aged ladies who had known better days; and the *Petite œuvre du Catéchisme*, a shelter, free of charge, for young girls, who, until they were twenty-one, received a Christian education and were trained to be good work-women. Had he not been prevented by his cruel death, he would have attempted to also found a home for destitute old men, and an asylum for boys on the same plan as that which he had founded for girls. The spirit which animated him is portrayed in the following maxims, which were found written in his breviary:

"*Tout sacrifier au devoir, et ne sacrifier le devoir à rien.*"
"*Etre toujours sincère dans ses paroles et ses actions.*"
"*Aimer le travail et le rendre utile aux pauvres.*"
"*Préférer la simplicité a l'habileté.*"
"*Etre tres difficile dans le choix de ses amis.*"
"*Fuir les esprits moqueurs.*"
"*Se défier de soi-même et compter sur Dieu toujours.*"

Translation:

"Sacrifice everything to duty, and duty to nothing.
"Be always sincere in your speech and actions."
"Love work and render it useful to the poor."
"Prefer being artless to being sharp."
"Be very particular in the choice of your friends."
"Avoid persons of jeering disposition."
"Mistrust yourself, and always place your reliance on God."

His habit of kind tolerance led him in one instance to give a Jewish dealer in opera-glasses permission to sell his wares at the very entrance to the rectory. Twice, in 1861 and 1866, he preached the Lenten sermon in the chapel of the Tuileries in the presence of the emperor, by whom he was selected to attend to the religious education of the prince imperial. In 1861 he declined the honor of being nominated for the bishopric of Marseilles. Pius IX. having expressed an earnest desire to see him, he went twice to Rome, and was received by the Sovereign Pontiff with the most gracious and kind welcome, which he reciprocated by an enthusiastic, tender veneration. When the completion of his fifty years in the priesthood was drawing near he was advised by some friends to take a little rest. "Take a rest," he exclaimed, "why, I have all eternity for that!" His golden jubilee was celebrated in the Madeleine on the 19th of March, 1870, just a few months before the overwhelming disasters of the war with Germany and the siege of Paris. As he could not help by fighting, he tried to do so by prayer, and the excruciating agonies of mind which he underwent were eloquently portrayed in

his letters written from besieged Paris during that period. They breathe the highest sentiments of love for his country, of deepest sorrow for the woes with which she, and Paris in particular, were then afflicted, and the most lively solicitude for the souls under his care. After the revolution of the 18th of March, 1871, he had a presentiment of the coming crimes of the Commune. But after they had begun he showed no fear, and his energy seemed to increase in equal proportion with the danger. On Palm Sunday he inveighed against the sacrilegious desecration of the church of St. Geneviève. On the night of the 4th of April following he was arrested by a band of Communists, who cast him into the prison of Mazas. They allowed him only to put on his clerical dress and take with him a brass crucifix. During his stay there he maintained a most holy calm and resignation to whatever might, under God's will, be his fate; to M. Plou, one of two distinguished lawyers who, supposing that he would be tried by court-martial, had offered to defend him, he said as they were parting: "My dear friend, if I could know that the shedding of my blood would be useful to religion, I would, on my knees, beg them to shoot me." On the 21st of May he and the other hostages were transferred to the prison of La Roquette, and there, after having spent in all forty-nine nights and days in prison, he was taken out at eight o'clock in the evening and shot. Before dying, having been supplied with a consecrated host which his Jesuit fellow-sufferers had found means to convey to him, he had the happiness to receive holy Communion. Président Bonjean the day before said to Archbishop Darboy: "*Monseigneur*, I have spoken much evil of the Jesuits and persecuted them to the best of my power. Well, they have at last converted me, and Father Clerc has just heard my confession."

His remains lie in a tomb in one of the crypts of La Madeleine. M. Thiers was then the chief executive power, and in spreading throughout France by telegraph information of the crimes committed by the Communists, he specially mentioned the curate of the Madeleine as "the best of men."

Paul Seigneret was born at Angers on the 23d of December, 1845, and his first fifteen years were spent at home surrounded by good Christian influences. He was afterward sent to school at Nancy, and his letters written from there to his family give evidence of promise and of great development of religious feeling. His next step was to spend two years at the Château of Dreneuc as tutor of the children of the Marquis of Dresnay. He then sought to carry out his vocation for an ecclesiastical life, and his first preference was to be a Trappist, but his constitution was too delicate to stand the hard work which is the rule of that order. After trying the Abbey of Solesmes as postulant and novice, he became satisfied that he could do most good as a secular priest, and accordingly entered St. Sulpice at the close of 1868. There at Issy he applied himself to his studies with great earnestness and piety, although he felt that his health was too delicate for him to live long. He was led to go to the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, which had been reopened the 15th of March, 1871. His letters written during this period abound in piety and elevated sentiments forcibly expressed. After the civil war had broken out in Paris, on Sunday, 2d of April, the seminarians of St. Sulpice were urged by their superiors to leave Paris on the 5th of same month. Nearly all obeyed, but Paul Seigneret preferred to stay, and finally yielded out of a spirit of obedience to repeated requests to secure his safety. Having gone with a fellow-pupil, both wearing ecclesiastical dress, to the Prefecture of Police to obtain the needed permit to get away, he was enticed into a room, where a Communist officer, who, sitting at a table in company with a woman, was drinking, cursing, and swearing, informed him that he would be committed to prison prior to his being shot. Several other seminarians fell

into the same trap. He was imprisoned at Mazas until the 22d of May, when, along with other companions in misfortune, he was transferred to La Roquette. During the whole term of his imprisonment he wrote several very edifying and eloquent letters to his family and friends. These show his entire resignation to whatever might happen, and his readiness, nay, joy, to undergo martyrdom, if such were God's will.

At 3:30 on the afternoon of the 26th of May he was called to take his place in a procession of the forty-six other captives of the Commune already mentioned. These, headed by a canteen woman, and a Communist officer wearing a Garibaldian costume, both on horseback, an armed agent of the Commune bearing a red flag bringing up the rear, moved on to their doom. The priests prayed as they went, and from time to time addressed pious exhortations to the soldiers condemned to die with them. On the way an infuriated mob howled imprecations at them and cries for their death. After an exhausting march, and a half-hour's detention to allow the men in charge of the procession a chance to get a drink, they arrived at No. 85 rue Haxo. There a ruffian admitted them one by one into the vacant lot, buffeting each priest that passed him, and the killing began with revolvers, chassepots, and bayonets handled by men and women who had followed for the purpose. It lasted one quarter of an hour. The next day men came with knives to strip the corpses of their clothes and despoil them of any valuables they might happen to have on them. Paul Seigneret's face was easily recognized; it had preserved the same expression of sweet modesty, serenity, and candor which had shone upon it during life. B.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

Under very favorable auspices the first list of books has been issued by the Columbian Reading Union. It will serve as a model for all future lists. The preparation of it involved much labor and research, for which we extend grateful acknowledgment to the Cathedral Library Reading Circle of New York, and to its founder, the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon. From the introduction we quote the following outline of the plan:

"The preparation of the following list of Catholic historical novels was undertaken at the request of the Columbian Reading Union. Two ends have been considered: to give some useful information about the books, and to furnish lists of books suitable for collateral reading in connection with the novels themselves. It is hoped that many if not all the readers of this list will thus be induced to enter upon a more serious study of the history of epochs than is afforded by the perusal of an historical novel, no matter how great its merit.

"The novelist is sometimes driven by the exigencies of a plot to take liberties with facts and to make statements that are not strictly correct. Historical study alone can give accurate knowledge; the historical novel lends a charm to the study of history through the local coloring introduced in the attempt to reconstruct a period. As an aid to make us realize that people in far-off times were real men and women, whose ordinary lives were taken up with very much the same commonplaces that fill in ours, and that the heroic with them was not so ordinary as the historical perspective would lead the casual reader to suppose, the historical novel is invaluable.

"*Ben Hur*, for instance, does more to make Christ real to ordinary people than many tomes of archæological and exegetical study, although, of course, it is entirely dependent upon them for its truth; and surely the ordinary reader will take more interest in the early church or in Gregory VII. after reading

Fabiola or *Bertha* than if he had at once plunged into the pages of Darras. The historical novel furnishes that touch of nature that makes us realize our kinship with those men of eld, whose deeds monuments attest and whose lives history preserves.

"The study of history expands our views and brings wisdom. The historical novel furnishes a charming introduction to that study, and we have cited books to be read together with the novels, trusting that the picture of an epoch furnished by the romance will receive its proper framing from an historical study of that epoch.

"For a description of a most practical method of historical study we refer the reader to the remarks of the distinguished Catholic scholar, Brother Azarias, on the subject, in his article on "Books and How to Use Them" (CATHOLIC WORLD, July, 1889, to be published in pamphlet form by the Cathedral Library).

"The genesis of the English Catholic historical novel will be found in the preface to *Fabiola*, and in a disquisition on the subject prefixed to *The Pearl of Antioch*. The comments and criticisms made in this list are excerpts from reviews contained in the files of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

"The list itself (which, by the way, makes no pretence to completeness) has been submitted to several distinguished Catholic *littérateurs*, and has met with their cordial approval. For the valuable suggestions and references made by them we desire to express our sincere thanks.

"The list of novels is first given; then follows a list of books of reference dealing with the period treated of; then some comments upon the works are made."

We give below only the titles and authors, omitting the names of publishers, the prices, and the valuable comments:

Group A.—History of the Early Church.

Fabiola. Wiseman.
Callista. Newman.
Dion and the Sybils: A Classic Christian Novel. Miles Gerald Keon.
The Ferryman of the Tiber: An Historical Tale. Mme. A. K. de La Grange.
Lydia.
The Money God; or, The Empire and the Papacy. A tale of the third century. M. A. Quinton.
Cineas; or, Rome under Nero. From French of J. M. Villefranche.
Tigranes.
Bertha.
Irene of Corinth.
Pearl of Antioch. A picture of the East at the end of the fourth century. Abbé Bayle.
Palms. Anna Hanson Dorsey.
Thecla; or, The Malediction. Mme. A. K. de La Grange.
Martyrs of the Coliseum. Rev. A. J. O'Reilly.
Victims of the Mamertine.
Ierne of Armorica. J. C. Bateman.
The Vestal. Mme. de La Grange.
Viva Perpetua.
Last Days of Jerusalem.
Eudoxia. Hahn-Hahn.
The Vengeance of a Jew. C. Guenot.

WORKS OF GENERAL REFERENCE.

"Darras—*History of the Church;* Alzog—*Universal History of the Church*, translated by Pabisch and Byrne; Brueck—*History of the Church*, translated by Pruente; Birkhaeuser—*History of the Church;* Goodyear's *Ancient and Modern History;* Labberton's *Historical Atlas.* For those who would wish more exhaustive histories—Darras' complete History (in French); Rohrbacher (French); Möhler-Gams (German, translated into French by Belet); Hergen-

roether (an English translation is preparing; an English translation of his *Church and State* has already been made). Cantù—*Universal History* (Italian; a French translation has been made).

WORKS OF SPECIAL REFERENCE.—GROUP A.

The epoch as described in the works of General Reference. *Stories from Church History*, by Formby; *Little Book of the Martyrs of the City of Rome; The Roman Catacombs*, by Northcote (this is an abridgment of the great work, *Roma Sotteranea*, in three parts, containing the history, the Christian art, and the epitaphs of the Catacombs); *Youthful Martyrs of Rome*, by Oakeley; *Histoire des Persécutions par Allard;* Whiston's *Josephus; Lives of the Saints*, particularly of St. Agnes, St. Augustine, St. Monica, St. Jerome; *Pictures of the Fifth Century*, by Hahn-Hahn; *Civilization in the Fifth Century*, by Frédéric Ozanam; Works of Thomas W. Allies: *The Formation of Christendom, The Throne of the Fisherman, The Holy See and the Wandering of the Nations;* Montalembert's *Monks of the West;* Mommsen's *History of Rome;* Ranke's *History of the Popes* (these last two are by non-Catholics, and consequently to be read with caution); Cardinal Newman's Works, *The Arians of the Fourth Century, Church of the Fathers, Development of Christian Doctrine, Historical Essays and Sketches*, will be of great service to those studying the history of the early church; the analysis of historical methods in the *Grammar of Assent* will be particularly valuable.

Group B.—The Middle Ages.

Barbarossa. Historical novel of the seventh century. Conrad von Bolanden.

Bertha; or, The Pope and the Emperor. McCabe.

The Betrothed (I Promessi Sposi). From the Italian of Manzoni.

The Truce of God. A tale of the eleventh century. George H. Miles.

Mathilda of Canossa. Bresciani.

Florine, Princess of Burgundy. A tale of the First Crusade. McCabe.

WORKS OF SPECIAL REFERENCE.—GROUP B.

De Maistre, *Le Pape* (also in English); Gosselin, *Power of the Pope in the Middle Ages* (French and English); *Life of Gregory VII.*, Bowden (1840, rare); *Life of Gregory VII.*, Voigt (German, translated into French by Jager); *Reformation of the Eleventh Century*, Cardinal Newman, *Essays*, vol. ii.; *Dissertatio*, Jungman, vol. iv. (Latin); *The Work of Gregory VII. the Turning-point of the Middle Ages*, W. S. Lilly in *Contemporary Review*, vol. xlii.; Balmes' *European Civilization;* Digby's *Mores Catholici* (new edition by P. O'Shea); Maitland's *Dark Ages* (non-Catholic); Works of Frédéric Ozanam; Janssen's great *History of Germany and the Reformation* (in German; also a French translation); *Life of St. Charles Borromeo*, by Guissano; *Catechism of Council of Trent on Impediments of Matrimony; Encyclopædia*, art. "Plague."

Group C.—Later Epochs.

Winifred: A Tale of the Jacobite Wars. Dacie.

The Lion of Flanders. Conscience.

Wild Times: A Tale of the Days of Queen Elizabeth. Cecilia M. Caddell.

King and Cloister; or, Legends of the Dissolution. Stewart.

The Yorkshire Plot. Stewart.

Margaret Roper; or, The Chancellor and his Daughter. Agnes Stewart.

Willitoft; or, The Days of James I.

Alvira, the Heroine of Vesuvius. Rev. A. J. O'Reilly.

Constance Sherwood: An Autobiography of the Sixteenth Century. Lady Fullerton.

The Old God. Conrad von Bolanden.

The Castle of Rousillon. Mrs. J. Sadlier.

For a King. F. S. Sharowood.

SPECIAL REFERENCE TO ENGLISH HISTORY.—GROUP C.

Lingard's *England;* S. Hubert Burke's *Historical Portraits of Men and Women in the Far-off Time;* Audin's *Henry VIII.; Life of Wolsey, Life of Sir Thomas More, Life of Bishop Fisher* (all three by Agnes M. Stewart); Bridgett's *Life of Fisher; Life of Reginald Pole* (Stewart); Gasquet's *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries; Our Lady's Dowry*, Bridgett.

Group D.—American History.

House of Yorke, The. A story of American life. M. A. Tincker.

The Romance of the Charter Oak. William Seton.

The Pride of Lexington. A tale of the American Revolution. Wm. Seton.

Group E.—Russian History.

Iza. A story of life in Russian Poland. Kathleen O'Meara.

Narka the Nihilist. Kathleen O'Meara.

Group F.—Modern Rome.

Saracinesca. F. Marion Crawford.

Marzio's Crucifix. F. Marion Crawford.

The space at our disposal will not permit the publication of the supplementary information and critical opinions added to the list. Copies of the list itself will be forwarded to the members of our Union, and to all who have sent ten cents in postage. Duplicate copies may be obtained by remitting ten cents in postage to the Columbian Reading Union, No. 415 West 59th Street, New York City.

Good words of encouragement have been received from the Philomathean Society, St. Mary's of the Springs, Ohio; L. W. C., Strafford, Ontario, Canada; St. Thomas Reading Circle, Faribault, Minn.; T. F., St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.; E. A. S., Chicago, Ills.; S. P. S., Morristown, N. J.; E. A., Boston, Mass.; M. H., Milwaukee, Wis.; E. V. B., Hartford, Conn.; E. A. M., Chicago, Ill.; J. J. M., Fonda, N. Y.; F. L. T., Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. P. U. and K. D., Ludington, Mich.; J. T. C., San Francisco, Cal.

We hope to get many communications showing what sort of recognition is given to the demand for Catholic books in the various public libraries. From information already received we feel assured that librarians generally will be thankful for the aid to be furnished by the lists of the Columbian Reading Union. We must rely, however, on the activity of our members to make use of their local knowledge in placing the lists where they will do good. Requests coming from reading clubs and literary societies are much more powerful than the appeal of one individual. Here is a letter which gives a glimpse of a small library in a Western State:

"Our town is an old town of about 500 inhabitants. It has a library of 900 volumes, and one would naturally draw the conclusion that a very intelligent class of people belong to it. And comparatively they are, but oh, the bigotry!

"The library is not public, being only accessible to members of the Literary Society, which numbers about 500 throughout the county. This society exerts an influence, though not directly antagonistic to us, yet all the worse for its stealth. It insinuates itself subtly, so that the influence is scarcely felt. My own observation convinces me of the dangers surrounding Catholics in country places. The Protestants having the greater advantages both scientifically and socially, and Catholics being mortals as well as their neighbors, unite with the crowd and before long become lost in its midst. 'Tis just as impossible to preserve a few good apples among a basket of rotten ones as to expect the uneducated Catholic to be uncontaminated by constant intercourse of this kind.

"I know of several families who have fallen away from the faith entirely and attend Protestant churches. They were brought to do this, I am convinced, only through ignorance. This is not the worst place, our priest tells us. I hope God may have mercy on the others so placed, and inspire every intelligent Catholic with zeal to take hold of this Reading Circle work, thereby uplifting his fallen brother or his children by the diffusion of good books which they have never seen.

M. C. M."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THAT UNKNOWN COUNTRY; or, What living Men believe concerning Punishment after Death. Together with recorded Views of Men of former Times. Springfield, Mass.: C. A. Nichols & Co.

This handsome octavo volume of 900 pages contains 51 essays, by as many different writers, all Americans except eleven. In this number are included two Catholics, one Israelite, a few lay professors, a few from the ranks of Protestants not generally recognized as "orthodox," and the majority representing the commonly received orthodox Protestant doctrine, with a more or less rigid adherence to the theology of the Old School. Besides the expositions which are professedly Christian, there are essays on the Jewish, Mohammedan, Chinese, and Buddhist doctrines.

Professors and students of theology will find this volume a valuable repertory of information concerning the beliefs and opinions more or less prevalent among Protestants, in respect to the final destiny of men, from strict Calvinism and Lutheranism to Universalism. A work like this cannot be accurately estimated without some weeks of careful examination. It appears, however, on the face of it, to have been prepared with great care, and by competent authors, selected by the publishers according to their best knowledge and judgment.

We regret to see that Bishop Huntington, in his article, has again indulged in coarse and insulting language respecting the Catholic Church. Probably, few of his readers will approve of this style of controversy, which is happily, as a general rule, falling into disuse in scholarly works.

DES JUGEMENTS Q'ON DOIT APPELER SYNTHÉTIQUES A PRIORI. Par le R. Dr. O'Mahony. Dublin: Gill & Son.

Dr. O'Mahony is the rector of All Hallows College, and his present essay is a reprint from the report of the Catholic Scientific Congress of Paris, at which it was read and discussed. From such notices of the congress as we have seen in the papers, it appears that no memoir read before it excited more interest than this one. We have not received the report, and therefore cannot appreciate the full import of the discussion, having only the text of the memoir before us, which is necessarily brief and succinct. Every student of philosophy will see that its topic is one of prime importance. Dr. O'Mahony contends that there are intellectual judgments which are properly called synthetic and *à priori*. It might seem at first sight that this implies the acceptance of the philosophy of Kant. This is not the case, however. This able and interesting pamphlet cannot be duly criticised in a brief notice. For the present, we can only recommend it to the perusal of all who give their attention to philosophical questions.

Later on, we hope to pay our respects to the distinguished author in a review by a competent hand.

HENRY VIII. AND THE ENGLISH MONASTERIES. An attempt to illustrate the history of their suppression. By Francis Aidan Gasquet, Monk of the Order of St. Benedict, sometime Prior of St. Gregory's Monastery, Downside, Bath. Vol. II. London: John Hodges. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.)

The worth of Father Gasquet's patient labors will be best appreciated by

candid Protestants, for they have suffered most by the calumnies of the Elizabethan dispensation of modern heresy. They have been lied to and have believed the lies. No channel of information but was muddied with the sweepings of the royal cabinets of Elizabeth and her father. When the providence of God for unsearchable ends permitted love of country to be allied with Tudor tyranny for the extermination of England's old religion, the common masses of the people were victimized by fables. The self-imposed championship of the Catholic religion assumed by Philip II., joined to his persistent endeavor to make England a Spanish protectorate under the Duke of Alba, gave an air of civic virtue to hatred of Catholicity. This made every Englishman ready to believe any lie about the Catholic faith and to credit any atrocity laid to the door of his own Catholic forefathers.

All England simply settled down into a uniform and unquestioned tradition that Catholicity was everything infamous, immoral, and especially un-English—

"a tradition," says Newman, "of nursery stories, school stories, public-house stories, club-house stories, drawing-room stories, platform stories, pulpit stories; a tradition of newspapers, magazines, reviews, pamphlets, romances, novels, poems, and light literature of all kinds, literature of the day; a tradition of selections from the English classics, bits of poetry, passages of history, sermons, chance essays, extracts from books of travel, anonymous anecdotes, lectures on prophecy, statements and arguments of polemical writers, made up into small octavos for class-books and into pretty miniatures for presents; a tradition floating in the air which we found in being when we first came to the years of reason; which has been borne in upon us by all we saw, read, or heard in high life, in Parliament, in law-courts, in general society; which our fathers told us had ever been in their day; a tradition, therefore, truly universal and immemorial; good as far as a tradition can be good, but, after all, not more than a tradition is worth. I mean some ultimate authority to make it trustworthy. Trace up, then, the tradition to its very first startings, its roots and its sources, if you are to form a judgment whether it is more than a tradition. It may be a good tradition, and yet, after all, good for nothing. What profit though ninety-nine links of a chain be sound if the topmost is broken? Now I do not hesitate to assert that this Protestant tradition on which English faith hangs is wanting just in the first link. Fierce as are its advocates and high as is its sanction, yet whenever we can pursue it through the mist of immemorial reception in which it commonly vanishes and can arrive at its beginnings, forthwith we find a flaw in the argument. Either facts are not forthcoming or they are not sufficient for the purpose; sometimes they turn out to be imaginations or inventions, sometimes exaggerations, sometimes misconceptions; something or other comes to light which blunts their efficiency and throws suspicion on the rest" (*Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England*, pp. 80 and 81).

Father Gasquet's work brings those facts to light which clearly show the Protestant tradition concerning the monasteries to be invention and imagination; it proves that the "first link in the chain is wanting"; it is a bill of particulars of Newman's arraignment of one of many Protestant fables. The fond dream of Englishmen was that the monasteries were one and all sinks of corruption, and that rough Henry was well fitted to deal with them, and dealt justly with them; his very roughness was a congruous element in the procedure. The truth is, and is now fully enough admitted as it is indubitably established, that the monasteries were societies of men and women nearly altogether clean in their morals and godly in their behavior. They were robbed of their property, simply that, and now plainly that. The reason why the English monasteries were suppressed is the reason why your house is burglarized, because there are burglars and their "fences." The burglar was in this case Henry VIII., the founder of the modern English church by law established; his "fence" was the English aristocracy.

In this second volume of his work Father Gasquet not only continues the

history of the dissolution of the lesser monasteries, but gives the reader a patient and critical study of those events which preceded and which gave some countenance to the suppression by royal authority of the greater monasteries. Henry's greed found pronounced and energetic rebuke in the popular risings against the calumnies and robberies of his "visitors." The people, especially those in the north, were too loyal as yet to countenance the wrongs which a later age was schooled to look upon as justice. But the struggle was an unequal one; it only served to hasten the work of plunder and to invest its accomplishment with the horrors of bloodshed. To the story of these troubled times Father Gasquet has brought all those qualities of the historian which win the appreciation of the candid: patient research, soundness of judgment in the value of evidence, and that freedom from passion and prejudice which belongs to the presentation of historic truth.

The work is well bound and printed, and enriched with a full index, many valuable appendices, and a number of maps illustrating the spread of the various religious orders throughout England during the reign of Henry VIII.

GLEANINGS FROM SCIENCE. By Gerald Molloy, D.D., D.Sc. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

The gift of making science popular is not a common one among scientific men. Not a few of them seem to think it beneath their dignity as scientists to abandon even for a moment the purely scientific method. There are, of course, exceptions, and very illustrious ones. But the dry, technical, uninteresting treatment prevails, and many important and practical branches of scientific knowledge are overlooked, or even shunned, by educated persons for this very reason. It is quite certain that the great mass of intelligent minds will never wade through dry disquisitions, no matter what amount of useful information may be gained from their perusal.

This is one of the great obstacles to the more general diffusion of highly instructive and useful scientific knowledge. Yet it is altogether possible to treat even the most rigidly scientific subjects in such a manner as to make them attractive and interesting to the general reader. Dr. Molloy's *Gleanings from Science* is an absolute proof of this. Here we have some of the most difficult problems in physical science presented before us in familiar and beautiful language and illustration. The theory of heat, for example, than which there is nothing in the whole range of scientific investigation more perplexing, is explained with a clearness and force that make it seem quite simple. The identity of lightning and electricity is shown by experiments that are graphically described and copiously illustrated. The different kinds of electric batteries and their history, the storage of electricity and the principle of the dynamo and the electric light, are all brought to the comprehension of the average reader. The mystery of solar heat is probed, and the latest theory, with the evidences that go to sustain it, is unfolded to us. And finally the Alps are scaled, and the glaciers and their formations and movements are described for us in the most attractive manner.

The simplicity and grace of Dr. Molloy's style is well known, but in these scientific lectures he seems to have surpassed himself, and we know of nothing in the way of popular science addresses that are superior to them. The theories he advocates are the very latest, and his views, while perfectly sound, are advanced.

His publishers have done him justice in the get-up of his book.

THE HISTORY OF CONFESSION; or, The Dogma of Confession vindicated from the Attacks of Heretics and Infidels. Translated from the French of

the Rev. Ambroise Guillois, by the Rt. Rev. Louis de Goesbriand, D.D., Bishop of Burlington, Vt. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

The venerable Bishop of Burlington has rendered a great service to English readers by this translation. Father Guillois' book has long been held in high esteem in France as a most complete and instructive treatise on Confession. It contains many facts and testimonies that have never been hitherto collected in one book, and it cost the writer, as he confesses, long and laborious research. In its preparation he consulted over five hundred authorities.

The work had its origin in a correspondence between the author and a young lawyer who had maintained that confession was a human institution. The author's aim, therefore, is not only to show the antiquity of its practice but to vindicate its divine institution, and to prove this not alone from historic evidence but from principles of human reason as well. There is a special chapter in which the ordinary objections are refuted, and another on the testimonies of Protestants in favor of confession. The obligation, the utility, and the seal of confession also form the subject of special discussion.

The treatise is sufficiently developed and yet sufficiently condensed to be of service to the general reader, while the clergy can find in its pages matter enough to furnish the outline of an excellent course of sermons or instructions on the subject. Bishop de Goesbriand has made the English translation of the book better adapted for such a purpose by dividing the matter into chapters, and not into letters, as it is in the original. He has, besides, omitted whatever was merely personal and local, and has added much new matter to what is the most important chapter of the work, viz.: that which treats of the institution of confession by our Saviour.

OLD ENGLISH CATHOLIC MISSIONS. By John Orlebar Payne, M.A. London: Burns & Oates, Limited; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Mr. Payne's new volume is his third contribution to the elucidation of the past history of Catholics in England; and those acquainted with the works previously published will welcome this new volume. Like them, it is a work of original research. The papers upon which it is based are some seventy-eight old Catholic mission registers found by him in Somerset House. Here, by act of Parliament, all the original parochial registers of England and Wales have been transferred for safe keeping. But this act did not apply to non-parochial registers, such as were the registers of the Catholic missions; and those that have been found there seem to have been sent notwithstanding a resolution of the bishops to the contrary. The registers, therefore, examined by Mr. Payne form but a small portion of similar material scattered in the missions through England and Wales.

In fact, of the seventy-eight registers Yorkshire and Durham are the only counties that are at all adequately represented, there being forty-five from the former county and twelve from the latter. The most Catholic county in England—Lancashire—has sent only one register. The incomplete character of these materials has, of course, rendered it impossible for Mr. Payne to give an exhaustive account of the position of the faithful in England as illustrated by their mission registers. We hope, however, that the interest and value of this specimen will lead Mr. Payne and other English Catholics to work out the vein which has been opened.

The interest of the work, of course, is greater for the old English families.

However, there are many things which others will appreciate. The mission clergy often made their registers serve as a record of their experience in the ministry. For example, the pastor of Danby-upon-Yare enters in his register: "I assisted at the marriage of Joseph Harker, a Protestant, and Jane Errington, a Catholic. Harker afterwards broke his solemn promises about changing his religion; never will I again take a Protestant's word about religion." Again, "The two children were re-baptized in church. O tempora, O parson, O shame!" In the same register an entry similar to the following occurs no less than five times in fifteen years: "Michael Errington foolishly married a Protestant." The register of St. Mary's, Leeds, contains three curious medical prescriptions, remedies "against the Infection of Aer, sickness, etc.," "against wormes in the stomack," "against the graveill." The first would scarcely meet with the approbation of total abstainers; it is: "A quart of brandy; infuse into it an ounce and a half of Roman Treakle; when incorporated drink a little glass."

In a very interesting preface Mr. Payne gives additional information as to the position of English Catholics. Directories in our times are for the express purpose of giving the addresses of the clergy and the churches. The "Laity's Directory," which seems to have been first issued in the year 1759, did not venture for more than thirty years after its first publication to publish the name of a single living priest, nor to give a list of churches until the year 1793. Such was the state of fear and terror in which Catholics lived up to that time. In the year 1798 a singular admonition is given to women, "to forbear the unbecoming freedom of approaching the Communion with hats or bonnets."

Two full and complete indexes are given of the name of every person and of every place marked in the registers.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF PREACHING. By the late Rev. John Ker, D.D., Professor of Practical Training in the United Presbyterian Church. Edited by Rev. A. R. Macewen, M.A. Baliol, B.D. Glasgow. Introduction by Rev. Wm. Taylor, D.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

The author treats in this volume of preachers and preaching, giving an historical summary of the one, and sketching methods for the other. It contains an embodiment of the usual rules found in treatises of the kind, well expressed and not abstractly given, but scattered here and there throughout the historical summary.

The style is elegant and finished, indicating careful treatment of the subject assisting great natural ability. We cannot say that the author has added anything original to the literature for the training of preachers, but the book is readable and contains the elements essential to the study of the topic.

We regret to be obliged to say that the author seems to be ignorant of the history of preaching in the Catholic Church, or else has purposely suppressed the truth. The best sermons of modern Christianity are those of the great French pulpit orators, Bossuet, Fénelon, Bourdaloue, Masillon, and others; and this is admitted by many non-Catholic critics. The preaching of the mendicant orders in the middle ages is something absolutely unapproached by the preaching of any Protestant religious movement. At the present day the regular, average presentation of the truths of religion by the Catholic clergy to their people is more intelligent, more in accordance with the rules of persuasion, and more efficacious of results than that of the Protestant churches. It is the word spoken, not read; it is the word of men in authority and certain of their doctrine, not of professionals.

Yet Dr. Ker did not see in Catholic preaching aught to compare with the abusive tirades of Luther against "the vices of the clergy." It does not lead

men to God to rail at anybody's vices except those of your own hearers. Luther's preaching built up nothing. He was in his grave before Protestant Christianity had the form and substance of organized religion. Much the same may be said of many of Dr. Ker's model preachers. The preaching of the divine word is not to pull down but to build up. Christianity is positive religion; it is not protestant.

The greatest of Protestant preachers was by all odds John Wesley, a real hero of the pulpit. And however great and fatal were his errors, they were mostly those of omission; he preached a positive religion, and founded and established in his own day what he deemed to be a way of salvation. But the heroes of Catholic pulpit oratory are numbered by the hundred in every age of the church, and their saintly lives and the marvellous results of their ministry are tokens of a divine mission wholly absent from the greatest Protestant preachers.

MANUALS OF CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY.—LOGIC. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

The highest praise that can be given to this manual of logic is that it is just what it claims to be in its preface—that is, it fulfils the end for which it was written. In the words of the author, "The need of a Catholic text-book of logic in English, corresponding to those which are in general use in Protestant schools and universities, has been long felt on both sides of the Atlantic." To the English-speaking student the difficulties attending the study of logic in Latin are innumerable, and the attempts that have hitherto been made to give us English text-books, however praiseworthy, have been unsatisfactory, from the simple fact that they were not English. On the other hand, the charm of the style of John Stuart Mill renders his works all the more dangerous. It is the sugar-coating that makes palatable many a dose of poison, and we have not thus far been able to offer an antidote to the student unfamiliar with Latin. For this end the book before us will be of inestimable service. It is written in clear, vigorous English, and the attractiveness of the style will serve to make the study of logic interesting to many a student who has heretofore been wearied and perplexed by the unfamiliar, and therefore to him obscure, terms of the scholastics. The illustrations, so important in a text-book on logic, are numerous and well chosen. We would note, however, an exception on p. 236, when the author appears to make the extraordinary statement that "hares and rabbits are not mammals." Also the case against the Kantian doctrine of synthetic *à priori* judgments is weakened by an illustration. In the analysis (on p. 63) of the idea of a straight line the author gives as an example the distance from Fastnet Light to Sandy Hook, which is not a straight but a curved line on the surface of the earth. But these are minor points. The book is worthy of the highest praise, and we most heartily recommend it for adoption in our Catholic colleges.

SWEET THOUGHTS OF JESUS AND MARY. By Thomas Carre, Priest of the English College at Douay. Edited by Orby Shipley, M.A. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This is announced as the first volume of a reprint of old English ascetic books, and is a selection of meditations from the original works published at Paris in 1658 and 1665. The author, Thomas Carre, though living in an age of excited controversy, devoted much time and labor to composing and translating spiritual books. He was also the director of a religious community founded in 1633 by some English young ladies at Paris.

Mr. Shipley has arranged these meditations in groups around the principal

events in the life of our blessed Lord and the Blessed Virgin; and, while preserving the thoughts of the author, has clothed them in words more in use at the present day than when first written. They seem well adapted to move the affections of pious readers and at the same time convey solid instruction.

THE FAIR MAID OF CONNAUGHT, AND OTHER TALES. By Kate Duval Hughes. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

This is an excellent and entertaining book for the young. It tends to ennoble the natural character and to develop Christian virtue.

THE GREAT COMMENTARY OF CORNEILIUS À LAPIDE. The Holy Gospels and the Three Epistles of St. John. Six vols. Translated by Thomas W. Mossman, B.A., assisted by various scholars. London: John Hodges. (For sale by Benziger Bros., New York.)

The commentary of Cornelius Van den Steen, better known by his Latin name, Corneilius à Lapide, is held in the highest esteem by students of the Holy Scriptures. It is one of the most learned and richest commentaries that has ever been written. The scholar will not, of course, find in its pages the weapons to meet the special lines of attack made by modern rationalism on the authenticity and veracity of the Holy Scriptures. The tactics of the disciples of the so-called New Exegesis are not treated in this commentary; the special difficulties raised by Kant, Paulus, Eichhorn, Semler, Strauss, and Weisse are not considered. From an archæological point of view, also, the student may not find in these pages the wealth of Calmet, but just as Calmet is regarded by many as the father of biblical archæology, so does the work of Corneilius à Lapide stand at the head of patristic commentaries. Quotations from the Fathers occupy a large portion of these commentaries and serve the author in bringing out the main object of his work, which is the literal interpretation of the sacred text. There are many digressions, but they are all made to subserve his general purpose and illustrate particular subjects, contain solid moral reflections, or throw a flood of light upon some dogma of religion. The value of these commentaries to the general reader is, therefore, at once apparent. They are a storehouse for the preacher and a valuable aid to the devout lovers of the Word of God among the laity.

It is to the latter class that we commend the translation before us. The clergy, of course, will naturally prefer to read the work in the original Latin. But as an aid to the intelligent and methodical reading of the Holy Scriptures there is nothing better calculated for the laity than this translation of a great Catholic authority. Dr. Mossman has placed all those to whom Corneilius à Lapide has hitherto been a sealed book under a great debt of gratitude. He has placed within the reach of the laity the best means of making the Holy Scriptures not only profitable but most attractive and pleasant reading. The work of translation had doubtless, under God, the effect of opening his eyes to the full light of the truth, for he died in the bosom of the church.

The commentary has been carefully translated into strong, idiomatic English. It is honest and sufficiently complete. Whatever of the original has been omitted is due to the exigencies of publication, and not from any intention of perverting the text, the omissions being all carefully noted. Here and there are evidences of distinctively Protestant phraseology, and the text is that of the King James version. But this is a matter of little consequence for the Catholic reader, who will use it, of course, for the commentary, and this he will find to be useful and fruitful in opening out to his mind all the beauty and the heavenly wisdom of the Gospels.

ELEMENTS OF INFINITESIMAL CALCULUS. By Joseph Bayma, S.J. San Francisco: A. Waldteufel.

We do not remember seeing an elementary work on the calculus more satisfactory than this. Of course it is impossible to ascertain what book is best for the average learner except by actual trial; but this seems to leave nothing attainable to be desired in the way of simplicity and clearness.

We believe the author to be quite right in dropping the theory of limits, so much in vogue with the English school. It will probably always have its advocates; but however much it may be used in text-books, we venture to say that mathematicians, even those who favor it, forget all about it in actual investigations and form in their minds substantially the same idea of differentials as that given in the introduction to this work. Practically they acknowledge it to be the true one. Learning the calculus by the method of limits seems very much like learning to swim by the aid of corks; if one cannot learn in any other way it is certainly better than none; but when one has learned in this way he has a good deal to unlearn. It is better to get hold of the practical and actual conceptions of the matter at once; and that these have a sound basis Father Bayma very ably shows in the introduction above mentioned.

Another very commendable feature is the treatise on the application of the calculus to mechanics at the end. The number of those interested in pure mathematics will always be small; the charm for most minds is in the application of the science to the physical problems of the universe, great and small. We have long been firmly convinced that the reason why so many are disgusted with algebra, and of course with all that follows it, is that they imagine it to be only useful for settling questions about foxes, couriers, and casks of wine; that they have not the faintest conception of the expression of general laws of nature by means of its formulas, and of the process of obtaining these laws through its means. No stage of mathematical study after arithmetic can be too early to place this idea, as far as possible, before the student's mind. That the chasm between the particular case and the general formula is a difficult one for the learner to bridge is not to be doubted; but the introduction of the elements of mechanics helps in the work immensely, and the sooner it can be made the better.

SERMONS AT MASS. By the Rev. Patrick O'Keefe, C.C., author of *Moral Discourses*. Third edition. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

These sermons have already been commended in these pages, but we are glad to note this third edition. It is additional evidence of their value, and sustains the verdict of praise and approbation they have received from the episcopate and the press. They are models of clear and forcible preaching, and as such are worthy of the study of seminarists and those of the younger clergy who are not yet acquainted with their value.

THE SEVEN WORDS OF MARY: Derived from St. Bernardine of Siena. By Henry James Coleridge, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Our regret at not having received this little volume in time to recommend it for May devotions would be greater if it were not for the fact that we can sincerely commend its use at all times. Father Coleridge has gathered a few golden thoughts from the notes of sermons left us by the great Franciscan preacher, St. Bernardine of Siena. These thoughts he has developed easily and

naturally with a master-hand, and has given us a compact little book, full of theology and of devout love for the Virgin Mother.

There has been a fruitful harvest of meditations gathered from the seven last words recorded of our blessed Lord; but here we are reminded that there are seven words recorded of the blessed Mother of Christ, that they are words full of wonderful depth and virtue, and they show us how full she was of sevenfold grace.

THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. By Thomas Charles Edwards, D.D., Principal of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

This is one of a series of a so-named "Expositor's Bible" prepared with a view to furnish Protestant Sunday-school teachers with a kind of running commentary of the Scriptures.

As might be expected, the explanation of St. Paul's doctrine is based upon the fundamental principle of Protestantism that all Scripture is of private interpretation, each and every one being left, as supposed, to make out the truths of Christianity and the obligations of the law of Christ as best he may from reading the Bible with care and pious intention. Hence there is no recognition in this volume of any divine authority, nor any human one either, to which the seeker for truth is or can be referred to decide what is or what is not the sense of Scripture. While distinctly acknowledging and proving the "oneness" of the Mosaic and Christian dispensations as a sacrificial religion, the writer, as a Protestant, justly shirks the evident conclusion that this "oneness" of idea demands of Christianity the exhibition of some kind of sacrificial oblation *as an act of worship*. By what right, we might well ask, do Protestants take it for granted that God established a divine visible church under Moses and then utterly abolished that fundamental idea of a practical religion at the coming of Christ? Where, then, is the "oneness" of the dispensations? Was not the sacrifice of Christ the *true* sacrifice of the Mosaic dispensation typified by animal sacrifices in the practical religious worship of the Jews? Where is the Protestant Christian sacrifice "showing forth the death of the Lord" in religious worship as the Jewish sacrifices showed it forth and in a most striking and appropriate fashion?

We would beg this pious author to once *suppose* that St. Paul had the establishment of some such a Christian sacrifice in mind while writing this Epistle to the Hebrews, who had no idea of any other worthy kind of worship. We fancy he would discover in St. Paul's language a little more logical consistency than his interpretation gives evidence of.

A, B, C FOR CATHOLIC CHILDREN. A series of Stories for Young Readers, with a word, now and then, to parents and grown folks. By the Rev. A. M. Grussi, C.PP.S. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

What strongly marks this enjoyable little volume is the high religious motive inspiring its composition, of which every page gives evidence. This tone of affectionate pastoral interest which pervades it will deepen very sensibly the impressions which the ingeniously illustrated lessons in virtue it contains are calculated to make. It is just one of those "good" books which every boy or girl who is fortunate enough to get will read from beginning to end. Parochial libraries will need more than one copy to supply the demand. There is just one hastily penned, and we think regrettable, sentence in it, put in the form of a question on page 236, intimating that prayers for those who die apparently in sin are of little or no use.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

S. ALPHONSI M. DE LIGUORI, EPISCOPI, CONFESSORIS ET ECCLESIÆ DOCTORIS LIBER DE CÆREMONIIS MISSÆ. Ex Italico idiomate Latine redditus. Opportunis notis ac novissimis S. R. C. decretis illustratus necnon appendicibus auctus, opera Georgii Schober, Congregationis SS. Redemptoris Sacerdotis. Editio altera emendata et aucta. Ratisbonæ, Neo Eboraci et Cincinnatii: Sumptibus, Chartis et typis, Fr. Pustet.

THE STORY OF WILLIAM AND LUCY SMITH. Edited by George S. Merriam. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THOUGHTS OF MANY HEARTS. By a Member of the Ursuline community, Thurles. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE LITTLE FOLLOWER OF JESUS. A Book for Young Folks, based and built on *The Following of Christ*. First and Second Book. By the Rev. A. M. Grussi, C.PP.S. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

THE POPE AND IRELAND. Containing newly discovered historical facts concerning the forged bulls attributed to Popes Adrian IV. and Alexander III. Together with a sketch of the union existing between the Catholic Church and Ireland, from the twelfth to the nineteenth century. By Stephen J. McCormick, editor of the San Francisco *Monitor*. San Francisco: A. Waldteufel; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE DARK SIDE OF CIVILIZATION.*

IF we seek to lay the foundation of the most "dismal" of all sciences—the "economy" (as one might call it) "of crime"—the materials will be found to hand in the *Moralstatistik* of Von Oettingen, which reached its third edition in 1882. Its title is unduly imposing, since it contains the fouler side of the "moral" record only, being a register up to date of known criminality, profligacy, and immorality, omitting, however, the vice of gambling in its many direct and indirect forms. Still, however defective or incomplete, and although not yet honored with an English translation, it should be in the hands of every man who shares in guiding the public life of a nation, since it covers with we believe as yet unchallenged impartiality a wide area of what we call civilization, and within it measures the volume and traces to some extent the progress of those elements which unquestionably tend to the dissolution of society.

With regard, on the other hand, to the progress, if any, towards amelioration in the non-criminal majority it tells us nothing; and further, as it can register the quantity of crime and wickedness with only approximate exactness, and with much less exactness its quality, so it can but indirectly gauge the amount and stress of temptation, and can hardly estimate at all the resistance offered to criminal inducements by the counter-pressure of moral principles. How far, therefore, that resistance, where those inducements are abnormally great, may counterbalance or more the amount of depravity manifested by those who yield to them, is still an open question. It is,

*With reference to statistics of illegitimacy in Catholic Germany given in this article we refer the reader to THE CATHOLIC WORLD for September and October, 1869, and April, 1870, "Moral Results of Romanism," in which it is clearly shown that the illegitimacy figuring in the public reports is not moral but legal, being the fruit of marriages not recognized by the state.—ED.

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in short, statical rather than dynamical; somewhat as in a leaky ship the actual depth of water in the hold is no index to the energy put forth by the crew in keeping down the increase. Thus, there appears to be a widely-diffused class of offences which varies inversely with the cheapness of food and fuel and with the abundance of remunerative labor. It seems clear that during a period of suspended industries or inflated food-prices the effort implied in holding out against such tension may indicate moral forces of more account than those in the opposite scale of facile yielding, just as the greater the virus of a pestilence the greater is the constitutional strength of those who resist or shake it off.

To fit into environment is the law under which physical life flourishes; to withstand it is often the only law compatible with a vigorous moral life. In reference to this physico-moral anti-climax, the most disheartening of Von Oettingen's pages are those which relate to great cities and densely-peopled areas. If proof be yet needed of the corruption of human nature whence springs that depravity which loads these statistical returns, what so cogent as the fact that a concentration of human beings becomes everywhere inspissated with criminality, that moral turpitude assumes its deepest dye precisely where there is the greatest number of those beings within arm's length of each other?

But the question may best be studied as a dry problem of arithmetic. I venture to present it thus:

Let A. and B. be two average men placed in the closest mutual contact, so that the greatest possible amount of influence may be exerted by one on the other. Let the beneficent and maleficent units of character be supposed so nearly balanced as to be represented by two consecutive numbers, say, for convenience, by 10 and 9, leaving the question entirely open whether the beneficent units be 10 and the maleficent 9, or *vice versa*, and merely noting that they represent moral opposites. Then we might fairly represent the aforesaid maximum of influence exerted, by the product of A.'s 10 into B.'s 10 and of A.'s 9 into B.'s 9—all the opposite units in each factor of character by all of the corresponding factor in the other. The result is represented as $10\times10=100$ to $9\times9=81$, or nearly as 10 to 8.

Next, suppose instead of *two* persons *six* to be exposed to this mutual maximum of influence; the result will then be represented by the same units of each opposite factor multiplied sixfold, or $10\times10\times10\times10\times10\times10$ to $9\times9\times9\times9\times9\times9=1{,}000{,}000$ to 531,441, which is little short of 2 to 1.

Similarly, if we took in 12 persons we should approximate to a ratio of 4 to 1, and if we extended the process to 100 persons, since

100 is rather more than 8 times 12, the result would be represented by very close upon 32 to 1.

Of course this theoretical maximum of mutual influence is never in fact reached, but still the *tendency*, which it embodies and illustrates, is always exerting itself. This tendency is therefore to increase enormously the initial disparity by a ratio of constantly increasing inequality in proportion as a larger and larger number of human beings are thrown into closer and closer contact.

It has been all this time left open *which* of the two initial factors of opposite character is the greater. Here, then, comes in the gravest element of the whole problem. All that I claim for the above figures, be it remembered, is that while they exaggerate the actual facts they still show faithfully the tendency—the more clearly, of course, through the exaggeration.

It is clear, then, that if the original disparity of the opposite factors had been in favor of the beneficent side, taking those factors as they exist in the average human individual, the result of closer contact of larger numbers must be in favor of the beneficent virtues. There must then be a constant tendency to minimize in great cities those elements of force and fraud by which men prey upon each other, and a natural approximation to their extinction. Is that so?

I have already noted the defects in Von Oettingen's moral *calculus*, and we may allow any reasonable margin for those defects as qualifying his results. But when all reasonable allowance has been made, the conclusion to which the statistics of crime and immorality for great cities universally tend is that the evil elements of our common nature tend there to become more intense, not only absolutely, but relatively on the whole to the good. Indeed, the vice of gambling on the large and popular scale seems an extra special product of such assemblages of humanity. Where population is sparse and contact rare it seems incapable of flourishing. This, then, has to be superadded to all the more general forms of force and fraud above referred to. And the conclusion is that the original disparity aforesaid must in the average individual be in favor of the maleficent side. In other words, human corruption in this department of character stands demonstrated. In discussing this problem the sexual relation and the tendency to strong drink have been kept, for simplicity's sake, out of view. How fearfully when they are introduced the odds mount up in favor of evil, and all these various elements act and react upon one another in each human unit, and in the society which those units constitute, would bewilder calculation. But some glimpse of

the results, and therefore of the tendencies, may be gathered from the following remarks.

Postponing, however, for the present sampled details from great cities, we will glance at wider areas. Von Oettingen's tabulations seem to include, with an occasional glance at America, all European countries except Spain, Portugal, and Turkey. If a map of Europe were before us, shaded in proportion to the returns of known vice and crime, the darkest shadow would seem to rest exactly where the boast of intellectual light is greatest—in Saxony, the very shrine of modern culture, the fortress of "free-thought." We will proceed, then, to put the figures due to Saxony, throughout the criminal category, before the reader first. Let us begin with the marriage-tie and the home, and trace down the dismal descent through each successive stage. We shall find that—

> "Fecunda culpæ sæcula nuptias
> Primum inquinavere et genus et domos:
> Hoc fonte derivata clades
> In patriam populumque fluxit."

In all Germany there are about one per cent. of marriages dissolved; but in Saxony the rate rises to 2.58 per cent. And here the actual number of such was 1,049 in 1871, but in 1879 had grown to 1,728, of which we find—

In 1871	Dissolved at request of husband,	475		Dissolved at request of wife,	574
" 1879		754			994

To those who believe that woman was created a wife, facilities for divorce are obviously her ready-made bane and natural ruin. Among the *illuminati* of Saxony that belief is probably rare, and therefore divorce is frequent, and the women there have been rushing upon their bane at a rate increasing by 70 per cent. and more in eight years.

As a proper pendant for divorce take next illegitimacy. This is set down for all Europe at 7 per cent. of the total births, but Saxony claimed in 1878–9 about 13 per cent.; and to show how the marriage rate dropped down as the bastardy rate rose, take the following short table:

	1834	1840	1850
Marriage rate,	34.82	33.43	34.05
Bastardy rate per marriage,	.61	.71	.78

And here we may pause to notice that in the abominable kindred vice of abortion (so far as known, for it is probably the most occult

form of crime) New England leads the world. As regards cases of crime in general, these increased from 1860 to 1879 in Massachusetts in the proportion of nearly 16.2 to 28, or over 70 per cent., while those due to drunkenness rose in the same State in the proportion of 63 to 162, or by over 257 per cent., in the same years. The same State in 1860 divorced 1 couple in 51 marriages, but in 1878 had risen to 1 in 21. It is worth while, moreover, observing that as between the local populations, Catholic and Protestant, in Germany the latter show a marked excess both as regards the number of divorces and of suicides; while certain Catholic cities show a bad pre-eminence in their rate of bastardy. Thus in Rome (1871) illegitimate births were 44 per cent., while a few years earlier Vienna and Munich were credited each with 50, and Grätz with 62, per cent. of the total births. In Ireland, as compared with these figures, the same rate is wonderfully small; and so in Rhineland, where it is given at a little over 3 per cent. of the same. But here, as the comparison is between large areas (although including, of course, their cities) and cities only, further allowances must necessarily be esteemed due to the concentration of moral malaria in the latter.

But we return to Saxony to note that in suicide it stands portentously ahead of all. To show this duly let us take the table of countries furnished as below. It will be observed that the groups of years noted there are not strictly identical, but are near enough for practical comparison. Thus, the annual average of suicides and rate per million of population was in

1874–8,	for Saxony,	939	or 338	per million.	
1874,	" Thuringia,	209	" 305	"	
1874,	" Baden,	269	" 177	"	
1873–6,	" Würtemberg,	303	" 169	"	
1874–8,	" France,	5,850	" 160	"	
1874–8,	" Prussia,*	3,921	" 152	"	
1873–7,	" Austria,	2,781	" 130	"	
1873,	" England and Wales,	1,685	" 69	"	
1874–8,	" Italy,	1,052	" 38	"	
1871–5,	" Scotland,	115	" 34	"	
1874–8,	" Ireland,	94	" 17	"	

It is further stated that, taking in one year more, 1879, the number of Saxon suicides increased in 1874–9 nearly 56 per cent. (from 723 to 1,126), while the population was increasing only 7 per cent. The extremes of life, which elsewhere are exempt from

* In the Prussian army—an artificial sphere of life in which domestic influences are neutralized—suicides are about seven times as numerous as in Prussian civil life.

suicidal mania, are found included here. Thus in Saxony there were—

	1870–75	1875–80
Boy suicides,	24	59
Girl suicides,	2	10
	1854–78	1856–80
Elderly suicides (50 to 70 years),	31.07 per cent. of total of suicides.	31.31 per cent. of same.

And, to sum up the ghastly tale, Saxony is said to have reached at the last census 408 suicides per million, while of the total of these 70 per cent. die by hanging, simply as the readiest method, there being few households without a piece of rope. We cannot explain this frenzy against one's own life by stress of poverty and hardship, or how could Ireland be at the bottom of the list? As a finishing touch, to connect the conclusion with the starting-point, divorced couples in Saxony furnish nearly five times as many victims to this mania as on the average they ought to do, showing the enormous proportion in which unhappy marriage contributes to self-destruction, a proportion which is still, it is said, increasing.

Criminals punished by law increased in the same country as follows:

1871	1872	1873	1874	1875	1876	1877
11,001	12,766	13,089	15,144	16,318	19,012	21,319

or nearly cent. per cent. in seven years, while the population's growth was seven per cent. only. Of these, the cases of assault and murder rose in the same years by 556 per cent., and those of rapes upon children—most wanton foulness of all—by 918 per cent. in seven years, while criminals under eighteen increased by 430 per cent., and child criminals by 100 per cent. It is said that since 1876 a more searching criminal code came into force, but the above figures progress uniformly up to the last, inclusive. Here and there another district of Germany is found to surpass Saxony in some one detail of its moral hideousness; *e.g.*, in the Duchy of Mecklenburg one-third of the total of births were illegitimate in 1868, and Bavaria was more lately ahead of Saxony in this rate of turpitude. But, taken all round, this garden of the Muses radiates moral pestilence at a rate which ancient Rome and ancient Corinth at their worst could hardly surpass. For an example of the laurel trailed in the common sewer commend us to cultured Saxony! It may probably challenge at heavy odds any spot of equal area and population in the whole world, civilized and savage, for proficiency in the collective depravity evinced by divorce, illegitimacy, suicide, general crime, murderous assault, child rape, and child criminality.

After this sensational picture of intellectual eminence wallowing in vice the rest of the record becomes tame by comparison. What, for instance, is so commonplace as the weary tale of drunkenness repeating itself as a constant factor of crime wherever we take a sample of national morals? Then the next steady factor is sexual libertinism. Besides raising the tariff of general criminality everywhere by recruiting the ranks of miscellaneous transgression from the born lawlessness of illegitimate and foundling children in their homeless myriads, it reproduces a yet larger balance of its own like. An ever-rising generation which knows nothing of the bare human sanctities of home life is ever prepared to trample on them anew. Easily overthrown by temptation, it renews its touch of the base earth whence it sprang, and when adult is ever an *ætas parentum peior avis*, ready to beget a yet more dissolute progeny. In strong drink we learn that Germany, which before 1879 had shown a slightly decreased consumption, rises 6 per cent. in the later report of the years 1882–3. Per head of population, it drinks four times as much beer and three times as much brandy as France. Probably the wine-bibbing energies of the gayer nation may somewhat redress this disparity. But yet France had in forty-five years (ending in 1875) increased per head its beer consumption by 150 per cent., and its brandy by 200 per cent., while "alcoholic insanity" in France had increased fivefold since twenty years ago. The dismal record seems to have been stimulated by the recent direction taken by law, allowing unrestricted competition to the venders of intoxicants, who before were under some restraint. Thus, since 1873 Alsace-Lorraine, profiting by this license, has increased by 50 per cent. its drinking-saloons. Again, the consumption of brandy as against that of wine in the same region gives a fearful index. Its figures of wine to brandy are, in 1876, as 4 : 1, in 1877 as 3 : 1, in 1878 as 2 : 1, in 1879 as 1½ : 1, or doubled in four years. In Bavaria, the land of beer, a single generation has seen the consumption of its staple liquid more than doubled. A German temperance (not total abstinence) society has arisen since 1883 as a protest against the growing bane. But its results are necessarily in their infancy as yet.

If, as has been said, seven per cent. of births represents the bastardy of Europe, that of the German Empire was in 1872-9, 8.6; in 1879, 8.62, and in 1882 the census returns over one-ninth of the total, or more than eleven per cent., as illegitimate. In some of what were the most corrupt states there has been in 1878-9 a movement the other way. Thus the figures of those years are for Würtemberg 11.31 and 8.51, for Saxony 13.41 and 12.39, for Bavaria 15.30 and 12.39. It remains to be seen whether the improvement has been

since sustained. It is said that in some of these states laws which directly discouraged early marriages, and proportionately stimulated illegitimacy, have been lately repealed. As a further consequence is noted an increase of retrospective marriages, by which we understand the legitimation of what had been an unlicensed tie extended to the offspring. But on this point no data are quoted later than 1876. In connection with this branch of the subject is the death-rate of infancy, which stands higher for Germany than for any European country except Russia, and in Würtemberg rises to close upon forty per cent. of the births, while mortality among the illegitimate children doubles that of the legitimate.

We have spoken of divorce in Germany as a whole, and in Saxony in particular. Its increase for three years in Prussia was nearly twenty per cent., or about four or five times that of the population. But the special *nidus* of this social bane is Switzerland for the Old World and (as seen above) Massachusetts for the New, in each of which it touches or approaches five per cent. of the total of marriages. The divorce rate of France, now probably a semi-infidel country, grew in eleven years (1866–77) by nearly fifteen per cent. with a population almost stationary. We noticed above that as between the Protestant and Catholic nations on the Continent the former run up the far higher score of divorces. Take a sample where the two are mixed in the same or nearly adjacent territories, as in Bavaria. There the latter went in 1836-50 from 54 to 52, the former from 85 to 79. In Switzerland divorce forms, as we have seen, almost a domestic institution. The Protestant to the Catholic populations of the various cantons are as 3 to 2; their divorces in 1879 stood as 8 to 1, or for equal populations as 16 to 3. The experience of Alsace-Lorraine appears to confirm this. Society there would seem to have undergone a violent displacement from its moral basis by the shock of conquest. Divorces have since 1874–8 increased from 21 to 87, or more than four-fold in five years. Germany must on the whole count as a Protestant power; here are the fruits of the ascendency of "private judgment" carried out without reserve in private life. It is the infidel theory of society eating its way into the home circle. The "weaker vessel" first shows the flaw. Womanhood finds a tainted atmosphere and withers down to animality. More damning fact yet, the maximum rate of divorce follows that of education (so called) and æsthetic refinement. In the city of Berlin divorces more than doubled for both sexes in the thirteen years, 1867-80, and find their most potent stimulus in art and literature. These refined professions furnish 2 per cent. of the marriage rate and 3 per cent. of the divorce rate. In France the tendency

is yet more pronounced, where such "superior persons" marry as 2.4 per cent. and divorce as 3 per cent. Is it not evident that if such formed the bulk of the population instead of a mere sprinkling, the social bond would be broken, the repulsive would overcome the attractive forces, and nothing could keep the social system from flying to pieces? Again, leaving divorce for the present aside, 2 per cent. of the French population are highly "educated," but nearly 5 per cent. of the criminals are so. In Germany the liberal professions score from 2 to 3 per cent. of the gross census of employments, yet among their votaries crime went in ten years (1866–75) from 2.9 to 4.7 of the total of criminals. In Russia 10 per cent. of the people, but 25 per cent. of the criminals, can read. As in the concrete results of art which fill the public eye on the stage and in the *Pinakothek*, France leads and Germany follows in a headlong license of carnal sensuousness, and the theatre is fed with carrion plots of criminal intrigue. In Germany crime used to find a deterrent in home-life, and married criminals were a minority of the whole number. They are so, perhaps, still, but are increasing their proportion, especially in the great cities. There can hardly be a more formidable index of tendencies than this. It looks as if the swollen current of evil were loosening and shaking the foundations of society. As regards the classification of crime, offences against property in the eight old provinces of Prussia increased from 1871–7 by nearly 50 per cent.; but those which imply education on the part of the offenders grew disproportionately. Thus, falsified accounts showed cent. per cent., fraudulent bankruptcy nearly 150 per cent., official frauds over 350 per cent., of increase. Assaults with personal violence outgrew all save the last of these, showing 200 per cent.; of these, licentious assaults showed cent. per cent., and as compared with 1868, 121 per cent. The graver cases of such assaults, with which alone the higher courts deal, show up to 1878 the frightful increase of 300 per cent. In Bavaria, for seven years ending 1879, impure violence increased by 237 per cent., and in Würtemberg by 218 per cent.; while in England the increase for twenty-four years was 67, and in France 63, per cent. only. In the eight Prussian provinces, for 1871–7, duelling rose from 3 to 35 cases; perjury, within the same limits of time and place, was more than doubled; breaches of public order grew by nearly 75 per cent., and counterfeited identity by nearly 250 per cent. The moral balance of Germany was disturbed by victorious war, as proved by various items in the above list. In all classes of society men plunged into guilt to share more largely in the spoil. Nothing demoralizes a nation so fast as a glut of victories. There was all the loot of the French milliards to be scrambled for, and the *auri sacra fames* seized on "the

Fatherland." Hence the sickening catalogue of sins of the balance-sheet and the clearing-house, as if fraud had bitten the very roots of national morality. Then came the usual results of over-speculation, the crash of commercial houses; the circle of ruin widening, as in an earthquake, with every oscillation. Since 1882 something of a sad sobering has set in, and with improved harvests some forms of crime show symptoms of decrease; but from 1874 to that year the total of Prussian crime had increased 10 per cent., or nearly half as fast again as the population. In Würtemberg the criminal total grew in five years (1872–7) by 83 per cent.; in Bavaria, by over 53 per cent. As an incidental feature of foulness, rapes of children increased in Würtemberg in seven years (1871–8) nearly four-fold; while in France, during thirty years, the increase was 350 per cent. All the more advanced European countries have lately shown an improved record as regards juvenile crime; but in Germany the improvement seems to come more slowly than elsewhere. We have already given the table of suicide, showing that its rate, comparatively low for Italy and the British Isles, leaps to three figures per million the moment it touches French or Teutonic soil.

A glance at great cities shows a concentration of the forces which make for evil, confirming the calculation made in the earlier part of this article. We spoke a little above of married criminals as indexing these victorious forces.

	1876	1878
In Berlin male married criminals were . .	47.3	49.1
" " female " " " . . .	42.9	52.9

In Hamburg licentious assaults grew from 20 to 48 in the years 1872-79. In Paris it is stated that nearly half the birth-rate of the city finds its way to nurses who farm babies in the suburbs. This seems incredible, but there are the figures. No one pretends to reckon up, unless by conjecture, the ranks of female licentiousness in Paris, from the *femmes à vingt-sous* to the gilded obscenities of the higher *demi-monde*. And here whole families are found bonded together in sexual sin, about 10 per cent. of shameless women being related to one another. In Berlin prostitution has grown twice as fast as population. Marriage decreases as harlotry increases; and half the population are old bachelors and spinsters, while of such marriages as there are over 5 per cent. end in divorce. There were there in 1867 *divorcés* 1,127, and *divorcées* 2,464. In 1880 these had more than doubled. Hamburg, in respect to facilities for impurity, is said to be worse even than Berlin; while Leipzig, Dresden, and other centres of "culture" press very closely on these two cities in their

foul record. Nearly 20 per cent. of the loose women in Berlin live in their fathers' houses and pursue their calling at the domestic hearth; while of the 730 brides there in 1880, 358 had forfeited the virgin crown. On the whole, great cities tend to loosen, and in extreme cases destroy, the feeling of home, and build the brothel, the household of lust, on the ruins. Such cities have an organized trades-union of impurity. Their agents play into each other's hands in the vile trade of procuring, decoying, concealing, and transporting. In Vienna alone 500 women are believed to be the agents of such work. Berlin is supposed to have 4,000 men of the vile trade known in our Hogarth period as "bullies," but abroad as "Louis." Compared with Berlin the prostitution of Paris and London may be viewed as stationary. The former city has increased its population greatly in the last thirty years, its prostitution twice as fast. The dense package of the former leads directly to the latter as a result. There are 171 houses in Berlin where 10 persons share one room, and 11 are reported with from 13 to 20 crowded into a single apartment.

As regards religions, we have noticed one remarkable sympathy in Protestant populations, viz.: that for divorce. Against this must be set such a fact as this: In Prussia the Catholics are a minority. The return for general crime shows one Catholic criminal for every 2,750 of population, 1 Protestant for every 3,428, or a greater percentage of criminality among the former. Another result which excites reflection is that minorities of belief are, as regards sexual purity, relatively superior to the surrounding majorities. Thus Bavarian and Austrian Protestants, as also Saxon and Prussian Catholics, are from 2 to 3 per cent. below the bastardy rate of the surrounding mass of opposite belief.

But as regards the Jews, statistics tell an opposite tale. They are relatively isolated everywhere; but a Jew criminal is counted for every 1,760 of the Prussian people. Classified, they exhibit for criminal impurity an excess of 20 per cent.; for fraud, 67; for perjury, 136; for counterfeiting, 150; for forgery, 377; for fraudulent bankruptcy, 1,666 per cent. (!) beyond their quota in proportion to population. There can be no mistake, taking the figures as true, in the tendency which these reveal.

"Rem,
Si possis recte, si non, quocumque modo rem,"

describes it closely. And the hatred of Jews, of which we have heard so much, is largely, no doubt, a tribute of envy to their superior proficiency in the unscrupulousness of commercial greed.

Infidel theories regarding man and nature, rising into barren and naked materialism, have acted with a solvent and mordant power upon Franco-German society, and we have here the results. It is interesting, especially in respect of suicide, but also of crime generally, in Germany, to compare the spread of the philosophy of despair—pessimism.

Precisely during the years which our table of suicide as above given covers, Von Hartmann, as the popular exponent of Schopenhauer, was rising to the zenith of favor with the German public. Between 1870 and 1878 his best-known work went through eight editions. It formulates the theory of which suicide in cold blood is the practical outcome—a veritable "gospel according to Judas," preaching the noose and the precipice; and among the highly educated circles, and the general higher education of great cities, finds its most numerous recruits. The renegade of all human hope—of that influence which "springs eternal in the human breast"—Schopenhauer found the way prepared for him by the socialist, materialist, and secularist agencies, which had honeycombed the German mind for a generation previous; and, lastly, Von Hartmann found a yet more potent stimulus in the demoralizing results of the Franco-German war. Precisely where intellectual appetite is keenést, in the country where you might pave the roads with the books and pamphlets published there, the philosophy of life-turned-sour has raised suicide, as was said a while ago of murder, to the sphere of the fine arts. More atrocious in its renunciation of humanity than the epicureanism which said, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," this philosophy says, "Let us growl and snarl at our portion in life, and die to-day," and so, like

"Sad Sir Balaam, curses God and dies."

HENRY HAYMAN, D.D.

Aldingham, England.

1791—A TALE OF SAN DOMINGO.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

SAN DOMINGO, naturally, is "The Queen of the Antilles." It was the boast of Columbus, when its virgin richness and beauty burst upon him, that he had found the original seat of Paradise.

At the date of our story its sovereignty was divided between France and Spain. The French colony comprised the western portion of the island. It area was ten thousand square miles, or one-third of the whole. It embraced three provinces—Northern, Southern, and Western—presided over by a governor-general. Cape François, in the Northern province, was the metropolis, and, at that period, the Paris of the Western World.

The colony had become a French possession under these circumstances: In 1630 a small body of French and English that had established themselves on St. Christopher, one of the Windward islands, were ruthlessly driven out by the Spaniards. The greater part found refuge in Tortuga, a small island near the northwest coast of San Domingo, where they increased rapidly, and, as buccaneers, became the terror of the neighboring seas. Predatory excursions soon gave them a footing on the western coast of San Domingo. Eventually the English buccaneers settled in Jamaica. The French portion continued to gain ground in San Domingo, where gradually they left off piracy and became planters. The French government now began to extend its care, appointing governors and otherwise aiding advancement. The colony in 1697 had greatly developed in numbers and importance; and the Spaniards, unable to cope with France, by the treaty of Ryswick formally ceded to the latter country the western portion of the island.

From 1750 to 1789 (the beginning of revolutionary activity) the growth of the colony was marvellous, reaching a height of prosperity unparalleled in the history of colonial possessions. The utmost effort had been made to stimulate and improve agriculture, and on every hand the teeming colony smiled with successful industry. Spread over it were a thousand sugar plantations, and three thousand of coffee, not to mention the cultivation of indigo, cacao, cotton, etc., and the splendid tropical fruits yielded to trivial care. The narrow

plain of Cul de Sac itself contained one hundred and fifty sugar plantations, while the rising slopes, up to the Spanish lines, were clothed with coffee farms that appeared from the hill-crests as so many thickets. In 1789 the colony laded for France alone four hundred vessels. It supplied Europe with half its sugar. Its exports were valued at $28,000,000. Numerous roads, spacious and most beautifully kept, intersected the country in all directions. The planters lived in jovial splendor, in the loveliest homes in the world. Many of them, enormously rich (hence the phrase, "as rich as a creole"), lived half the year in Paris in the most sumptuous style, attended, as a special act of legislation allowed, by retinues of slaves; passing the winters in their beautiful West India homes. Others resided permanently in France, and spent all their revenues abroad; yet, so vast were the capabilities of the island, that under a careful system of tillage, which "wrested from a most fertile soil the most immense wealth," riches multiplied as if by magic. The private luxury and public grandeur of the colony astonished the traveller, and its accumulation of wealth was a constant source of surprise to the mother country.

In 1791 the colony numbered 40,000 whites, 450,000 slaves, with mulattoes and free blacks reaching some 24,000. The former, called creoles or planters, as distinguished from a small body of European functionaries, were excessively imperious, impatient of restraint, jealous of wealth and honor, unbounded in self-indulgence—a race of sybarites, yet hospitable and charitable. The mulattoes often bore characters that extorted respect, yet meanness of birth could not be forgotten. The whites looked down upon them scornfully, as upon a bastard race. They were denied important civil rights, and exposed to perpetual insult and humiliation. Many had been highly educated in France, and were cultivated men, opulent and large slave-owners; and the privation of political and personal rights was borne with a gathering and ominous sense of resentment. The circumstances connected with the introduction of the negro slaves to replace the exterminated indigenes opens the blackest page in Spanish history.

These indigenes—as they appeared to Columbus, before they had been broken and debased by the Spaniard's cruelty—were an interesting race. Reliable accounts represent them as being of lighter color than the inhabitants of the neighboring islands, and generally superior; singular in feature, but not disagreeable; timid and gentle in their demeanor; in person not tall, but well shaped and active; weak in body, incapable of much labor, short-lived, and extremely frugal. They possessed fair apprehension; were remarkably obe-

dient to their rulers; humble, patient, submissive—in short, an unoffending, peaceable, and loving race. Their character was in keeping with the native fauna of the island, which contained no beast of prey and no wild animal larger than a hare.

The bold bearing of the Spaniards, their great size and strength, and splendid aspect in shining armor and on caparisoned horses, produced in the minds of the simple islanders a reverential awe. They regarded them as having descended from the heavens, and gave them the honor due to superior beings. But the Spaniards proved ravening wolves, and, enslaving the Indians, worked them till they spat blood and the milk dried up in the breasts of nursing women. Multitudes perished in the four chief mines, multitudes disappeared from suicide, famine, and superinduced disease. They fled, as they could, from the deadly oppression to dens and forest hiding-places, and the limestone caverns in the mountain-sides still reveal the bones of the wretched fugitives, who preferred death here by starvation to Spanish cruelty. Undefended by a superior physique, the ordinary heritage and protection of underlings, the entire race sank almost at once from view, and at the end of fifty years there were not five hundred remaining out of the one and a half million who happily inhabited the island upon its discovery by Columbus. It is a horrible story against Spain, and out of these infernal wrongs has arisen the wrath of God to wither to this day the Spanish-settled portions of the New World. The inhuman treatment of the indigenes raised up advocates. The most notable was Las Casas. He thought it less cruel to work negroes. These had greater powers of endurance, one negro being considered the equal of five Indians. To mitigate, therefore, the sufferings of the latter, as well as to sustain the colony, now languishing for labor, the Emperor Charles V. adopted Las Casas' suggestion, and granted to one of his Flemish favorites a patent for the yearly importation of four thousand. This privilege, sold to Genoese merchants, became the foundation of a regular trade for supplying the colony, a trade that continued to increase throughout the whole archipelago, where the negroes multiplied with prodigious rapidity.

At the date of our story the colony's social status was just of that character most favorable for the advent of a revolutionary spirit, and the political upheaval in the mother country found a ready response. In the discussions in France (1787-88) that preceded the meeting of the States-General each race became profoundly interested. The doctrine of "Liberty, equality, and fraternity" was warmly endorsed by the whites—yet for themselves alone. The mulattoes saw the opportunity for realizing political and social rights.

The slave, too, became an interested listener, and began to feel the stirring of new aspirations. The latter at the outset remained quiet, though, as Rainsford observes, the efforts in their behalf by La Fayette, Mirabeau, and the Abbé Gregoire made their condition a prominent topic of conversation and regret in half the towns of Europe. The mulattoes, however, promptly insisted upon political equality, and at once arose between them and the whites a bitter struggle, which the vacillating course of home legislation—now favoring one party, now the other—prolonged and greatly intensified. It was a most deplorable state of affairs, and tore the colony dreadfully. Both sides were in arms, and not unfrequently in bloody encounters. There were collisions, and then settlings towards repose; then fresh aggravations and impending conflict, followed by recedings from the verge of war. Finally (May 15, 1791) the National Assembly passed a decree, warmly supported by La Fayette, Condorcet, Gregoire, and other leaders, granting to "the people of color" full political rights. The tidings reached San Domingo in June, and fell like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. It at once consolidated all parties among the whites against the mother country. In a frenzy of rage they determined to reject the civic oath. They forced the governor-general to suspend the operation of the decree till they could appeal to France. In the Northern Provincial Assembly (then in session at Cape François) a motion was made to raise the British flag.

The mulattoes, alarmed, yet exasperated to the last degree, gathered in armed bodies. The sentiment prevailed that one or the other party must be exterminated. War seemed inevitable, when the blacks (August 15), rising in vast numbers, suddenly appeared upon the scene, and within four days laid one-third of the Northern province in utter ruin. The whites, in consternation, now promptly granted civil rights to the mulattoes, and these (generally slave-holders) turning against the blacks with all the zeal that the powerful interests of property inspire, peace appeared not improbable, when the fatal legislation of the National Assembly reached its climax. For, moved by the remonstrances of the planters' agents, who raised the cry that the colony was about to be lost, and ignorant of the black rising and the accord between whites and mulattoes, the Assembly (September 24) repealed the decree of May 15. The mulattoes could not be persuaded that the planters had not instigated the repeal, lost all confidence in the whites, threw themselves into the negro camp, and a furious and fatal war ensued. Thus perished —amid unparalleled scenes of uproar, butchery, and beastly outrage—this splendid colony, founded in the cruelties of the Spaniard

and the buccaneer. It was a day of blood for blood, of vengeance for those wretched indigenes whose merciless slavery these blacks had been imported to bear. It is amid these scenes that the following narrative takes its rise.

CHAPTER II.

CAPE FRANÇOIS.

Cape François, before its destruction by the revolted negroes, was a splendid city, the real capital of French St. Domingo. It was strikingly situated upon a small plain hollowed out from between two noble mountains (called *Mornes* by the natives) that rose from the city's limits towards the west and the north, the latter ending abruptly upon the bay, and giving a strong site to Fort Picolet, whose guns commanded the entrance to the harbor. A narrow passage to the northwest, and a broader one southward, between the Western Morne and the bay, led to the celebrated "Plaine du Nord," whose fertile expanse was studded with thriving towns, smiling villages, and its far-famed coffee and sugar plantations. Thirty well-built streets crossed each other at right angles; public squares were numerous and attractive, and in its air of graceful wealth and elegance the Cape, as it was commonly called, rivalled the foremost cities of Europe.

It was on an August evening, 1791, in a handsomely furnished room at the Hôtel de Ville—a fine stone structure on la rue St. Louis, and facing the Place de Clugni—that Charles Pascal and his son Henry were conversing in earnest tones. The elder Pascal was dressed with scrupulous neatness, in the style prevailing anterior to the Revolution: a square-cut and collarless coat, long-flapped waistcoat, stockings gartered at the knee and beneath the breeches, which buttoned over them; low-quartered, square-toed shoes, with red heels and buckle. The hair was gathered in a queue, and a broad black ribbon, called a *solitaire*, encompassing the throat and fastened behind, completed the attire. He was a tall, spare, rather feeble-looking man, who had scarcely turned fifty, but one would take him to be far older. A settled shade of care or grief lessened the effect of regular and clearly-cut features. His manner was grave and courteous, yet firm withal.

A year before—a victim to the uproar and terrors of the times—Charles Pascal had lost a beloved wife, *née* Beatty, from one of the Carolinas, whom he had met in early life, during a business visit to Baltimore. Recent pecuniary losses had all but wrecked an abun-

dant fortune. The first inroad was an outlay as endorser for his brother, who by injudicious investments and mismanagement lost his wealth, and was now living in Jamaica, whither he had gone with the hope of rebuilding his fortune. About the same time an opportunity offered to buy at advantage a valuable plantation, which, as adjoining his own, he had long desired, and his bank-balance was well-nigh exhausted in the purchase. He soon realized his mistake; for the revolutionary spirit in France, extending to St. Domingo and embroiling the whites and mulattoes, had paralyzed trade and spread ruin through the colony. The planters were especially affected. That the slaves should be indifferent to passing events was impossible. They had grown increasingly restless, insubordinate, and idle, and agriculture, that before had proven enormously remunerative, was now conducted at a loss. Under these circumstances plantation life had become exceedingly irksome to M. Pascal, when the confirmation of certain fears hastened a change he had been contemplating. Dismissing his salaried manager, and placing plantation affairs in the hands of his body-servant, Jacque Beatty, he closed his mansion, and had that morning domiciled himself at the Hôtel de Ville.

His companion was a well-proportioned young man of three-and-twenty, with light hair and clear gray eyes, inherited from his mother. Excepting the chin—a feature so often deficient, but here perfect—and an excellent set of teeth, his lineaments, taken singly, were not specially noticeable. The combination, however, was unusually attractive, and gave the impression of an amiable, intelligent, and resolute character. He had received in the best schools of Cape François a finished commercial education, declining, in view of his parents' feeble health and being an only child, an opportunity his father offered to study at the French capital. For some years he had been agent for Thomas Harrison, a wealthy Englishman, who conducted in Baltimore a large trade in West India fruit. Since the outbreak of the revolutionary spirit his business had greatly declined, and Mr. Harrison, in appreciation of his efficient services, had been corresponding with him in reference to the transfer of the agency to Jamaica, and connecting with it a branch house for the sale of American goods. He had but recently returned from an extended visit of inspection to Kingston, and it was a current *on-dit* that he was on the eve of removing thither.

"You are doubtless surprised, Henry," said the elder Pascal as the former entered the apartment in response to a note from his father, "at my being domiciled here, and without a line to you of my intention."

"In truth I am," he replied, "though these are days of surprises."

"Life at San Souci, Henry, had become a heavy drag."

"I know that, sir, and have often advised your spending a portion of your time at the Cape."

"I should probably have remained, however, had I not had grounds for apprehending an outbreak of the slaves."

"An outbreak of the slaves!" cried Henry Pascal with a mingled sense of astonishment and dread, for he knew his father possessed a cool, clear judgment, and was little controlled by idle alarms. "I trust, indeed, you are mistaken, sir."

"I have such fears, Henry."

"No such fear is felt here," quickly rejoined the son.

"Ah! Henry, the spirit of liberty is abroad, often, alas! wild and irrational; but its cry, for good or for evil, rings through the air. The Commons are seizing it in France; the mulattoes are struggling for it here; may not the slave, too, strike to be free?"

"Why, sir, I cannot but think—and I express the common opinion—that the negroes have been remarkably quiet under the extraordinary provocations to excitement they have received for the past two years."

"I have noticed a tendency to deliberate," replied the elder Pascal.

"And what inference do you draw?"

"That deliberation among slaves is the prelude to revolution. They are a vicious set, corrupted by their profligate, sybarite masters, and ready for anything."

"Do you think," asked Henry Pascal reflectively, "if a revolt were precipitated, it could possibly be successful?"

"Why not, Henry?"

"Because a black rising would at once consolidate the whites and mulattoes; and against the alliance what could the slaves effect, without wealth, education, or military means?"

"Upon the question of success I might say, Henry, that there is a point where mere numbers must outweigh the united force of wealth, intelligence, and prestige; that the blacks possess splendid physiques, are not deficient in personal courage, and stand nearly ten to one against whites and mulattoes combined."

The elder Pascal had been speaking in a quiet manner, but at the same time in a manner so assured that his son could not avoid suspecting that behind his calm utterances there was something which had not yet appeared. Pausing a moment, he said:

"My dear father, this is a matter of startling import. Let me hear the precise grounds for the fear you have expressed."

"They are briefly stated," he answered, counting off the argu-

ments upon his fingers. "First: these days of uproar and change tempt to such a movement. Second: we have among us not a few recently imported Africans, who sigh for their savage freedom, and remember against us the wrongs done them, the kindred from whom they have been torn, and the horrors of the middle passage. Third and especially: the negroes are becoming convinced that the mulattoes will triumph in their struggle for political rights, and fear the result upon themselves. Though apparently quiet, they have been on the alert and eager in their inquiries, and are as conscious of the general course of affairs as you or I. They have leaders who keep them informed. They see that the sentiment of the National Assembly is becoming more and more Jacobin, and developing overwhelmingly on the side of the mulattoes; and that, with the whole power of France exerted to enforce the 15th of May decree, the mulattoes must win. The mulattoes are known to be hard masters, and with the enlargement of their civil rights the negroes fear their own lot will become more straitened."

"I must say, sir, that these grounds appear to me largely speculative."

"Have you seen, Henry, the Abbé Gregoire's letter, addressed to the people of color upon the passage of last May's decree?"

"Yes, sir."

"It distinctly declares," continued the elder Pascal, "that the logical sequence of that decree must be the ultimate liberty of the blacks."

"But why not believe with the abbé," rejoined Henry Pascal, "that emancipation will come by-and-by, and peacefully?"

"Never, Henry, never! African slavery is essential to the best interests of the colony, and has so grown into the body politic that it could not be torn away without rending a thousand fibres and letting out blood. The abbé's most unfortunate letter has already sped through the blacks as a fire among dry leaves. Besides," he added, bending towards his son and speaking in a lowered and intense voice, "I have had a warning from Jacque."

"What, from Jacque!" exclaimed Henry Pascal, starting from his seat and suddenly showing the most profound interest. "Has Jacque Beatty had aught to say about this?"

"He has," replied his father.

"What are the disclosures?" was the hurried inquiry.

"Two days ago he sought me in private, and I will confide his information upon the pledge of secrecy he required, as involving his life."

"The pledge is given," said Henry Pascal; when his father proceeded:

"Jacque's words were few but startling—that a movement looking to revolt was widespread and well-organized; and that the outbreak would probably occur within a few days. Inquiries could elicit no more."

"God knows, it is enough!" ejaculated the younger Pascal.

"The interview ended," continued his father, "with my obtaining permission to speak of his disclosures to you. Your duties often take you to the plantations, and, as you were unconvinced by other considerations, it becomes necessary to give you the benefit of this faithful negro's warning."

Henry Pascal for some moments remained buried in thought. By all who knew him Jacque Beatty was held in the highest esteem. His fidelity to the Pascal family had been thoroughly tested, and Henry Pascal at once realized the gravity of the disclosure.

"Would it violate the pledge," he asked, "to advise the authorities, on general grounds, to take steps against the danger?"

"Not a finger, Henry, can be raised in that direction. The pledge to Jacque, that what he said should lead to no action beyond the personal safety of my family, is sacred. He has risked his own life for mine, and my word of honor shall be inviolate."

"At least I can speak to Col. Tourner, and urge his coming to the Cape. The relations I bear to his daughter place his family within the conditions of the pledge. I must see him to-morrow."

Further conversation followed in this direction, when the elder Pascal said: "There is another topic, Henry, pressing for consideration. You know the condition of my personal affairs. What real estate I own in this city is now all but valueless, and planting is carried on at a loss. Even if matters become no worse, the course of my affairs is directly towards bankruptcy. An outbreak of the negroes is upon us, and, whether ultimately successful or not, it would further depress agriculture, and I am broken up root and branch. A frail state of health at my age excludes the hope of rebuilding my fortunes, even should the colony prosper again; and I must be looking towards you, Henry, for aid. Mr. Harrison's considerate offer—for so, I think, I may call it—is most opportune. Your business here has greatly declined, with little prospect of recovery. You speak English as fluently as French, and would have in Jamaica superior opportunities. I advise acceptance. I would go with you, and would leave this accursed island without a regret, did not your mother's dust rest within its soil."

Henry Pascal was a noble son, full of warm sensibilities, and his father's tone struck deeply into them. His filial look and manner gave the true reply. His words were:

"My dear father, Mr. Harrison's proposal, as you are aware, I have been very carefully revolving, and shall now most probably feel obliged to accept it, though tender ties bind me to St. Domingo. Wherever I am my strength is yours, yours always." And of the spirit of these words Henry Pascal's entire life had been the faithful expression.

Filial affection, how lovely a grace! Alas! that it is fading out in this material age. Parents are parents still, and encircle their children with pure, rich currents of love. But children know not parents, or, like dumb cattle, are mindful only of the hand that provides. Alas! for our Christian name, that filial piety decays, and to-day finds its best expression in a heathen land. It was a late hour when Henry Pascal bade his father good-night, and left for his lodgings on la rue St. Simon. The elder Pascal soon retired, but it was long before he slept. A thousand thoughts thronged his mind. He dwelt upon his married life, upon its happy course, upon his wife's love; and with the memory of her loss was mingled a sense of satisfaction that she was removed from the burden of such days. His mind ran back to his early years, to the home of his youth; and the scenes and incidents illustrating his parents' tender care and his own conduct towards them he recalled with all the freshness of yesterday. With a restful feeling his thoughts then turned upon his noble, generous son. The angry cloud that had gathered so suddenly, and was about to burst upon the distracted colony, would complete, he knew, his financial ruin. But through the gloom filial affection was a star of hope that shone with a steady and cheering ray.

CHAPTER III.

LA PLAINE DU NORD.

William Tourner came of a good English family. A wild, reckless young man, and overwhelmed by debt, he fled his country and found refuge on the island of Tortuga, among the buccaneers—a French and English piratical aggregate. A difficulty resulted in the separation of the nationalities. The English buccaneers became settled in Jamaica. William Tourner, for some cause, remained with the French section, which finally secured a firm footing on the western coast of St. Domingo. There, like many others of the buccaneers, he amended his ways, became a cultivator, and took to wife a Spanish woman, from which union descended the Col. Tourner of our narrative.

Col. Tourner—his former rank in a militia regiment gave him the title—was a well-preserved, middle-aged man of character, taste, and cultivation. True to his English and Spanish origin, he manifested, save to his intimates, a somewhat reserved disposition, the more noticeable among the lively French creoles. He was blunt of speech and impatient in temper, a frequent cause (to speak in a Johnsonian way) of his being disagreeable to others and a source of unhappiness to himself. Those who knew him well valued his worth. Good men are better than they seem to be, and bad men are worse.

His fortune stood in his estates, which he cultivated with pride and successful care. Though far from being a voluptuary, as the planters generally were, he supported, under a stimulus from Madame Tourner, a superb and expensive establishment, and accumulated little out of his revenues. His creole wife, *née* Marie André, was an attractive and accomplished woman, free, affable, amiable, but over-indulged and worldly-minded, and a votary to the ostentation of wealth. A leader of fashion and a devotee to display, she maintained an elegant style of living, and paid homage to riches as the means of gratifying her luxurious tastes.

Their only child was a daughter, Émilie, a beautiful character, harmoniously blending the best qualities of her parents. Henry Pascal had won the heart of Émilie Tourner. The families lived near each other in the same parish, and were intimate. The children grew up, as it were, together, and had formed for each other an affection of the strength of which they were unconscious until separated by Émilie Tourner's going abroad.

The disturbed condition of France induced Col. Tourner to send his daughter to England to complete her education. Eighteen months before she had returned in the fulness and freshness of her charms. Henry Pascal eagerly pressed his suit, and bore away the prize from a number of competitors. Marriage, however, had been deferred, first, by the death of Madame Pascal, and again by the disastrous conflicts between the whites and mulattoes, and the distracted state of colonial affairs. Among those who had sought her hand was a young ex-proprietor, Louis Tardiffe, an accomplished man, but thoroughly unprincipled. Shrewdly perceiving at the commencement of revolutionary activity the probable course of affairs and depreciation of property, he had sold his valuable San Domingo possessions and invested the proceeds in foreign funds. Fifty thousand pounds in the Bank of England was for those days a substantial worldly guarantee. Though a rejected lover, M. Tardiffe continued to pay occasional visits to the Tourner family, where he was warmly received by Madame Tourner, with whom

he had early ingratiated himself, and who admired him the more as the wisdom of his investments became more and more apparent; and, generally, his solid wealth, when fortunes were everywhere crumbling, made him a person of marked consideration. As colonial troubles multiplied he had had thoughts of quitting the island. A mingled sentiment of love for Émilie Tourner and revenge against his successful rival restrained him; and in the waning fortunes of their families and his own secure wealth he began, as he thought, to perceive a lever which, worked with the address he felt conscious of possessing, might yet capture the one and crush the hopes of the other. He was now living in fine style at the Cape, on the interest of his investments, and in politics professed to be an extreme Republican.

Belle Vue, the home of the Tourners, was five leagues southward from Cape François, on the road between Petite Ance and Doudon, and a league from the former village. The Pascal plantation, known as *San Souci*, lay a league and a half east from Belle Vue, on the road connecting Petite Ance and Grand Rivière. A morning ride in the West Indies is delightful. But to enjoy it one must be up betimes, for the sun rises at six, and his early ray is powerful. The morning after the conversation given in the last chapter Henry Pascal rose with the earliest dawn. He had slept but little. Thoughts of the impending revolt, of its possible success, of its disastrous effects in any event, of the distractions it would add to the already distracted colony, of his father's embarrassments, of his leaving San Domingo, of Émilie Tourner, filled his mind and banished sleep for hours.

He dressed hastily and looked out. A rain—for the wet season was at hand—had fallen during the night. Save a stretch in the east, which was slightly reddening, the sky was still overcast; but the clouds hung high and moved lazily. In the upper air a few bats were skimming for the morning's meal. Otherwise, all nature lay in repose, and looked freshened by the evening's rain. Having despatched a simple breakfast, he mounted the livery bespoke the previous evening, and, stirring the mettle of his horse, in a few moments lost sight of the Cape behind the Western Morne.

His road lay through the finest portion of *La plaine du Nord*, and the opening day disclosed, in its kind, a scene of unrivalled beauty. The French colonists adopted every means to stimulate and improve agriculture, and the best results were exhibited on this celebrated plain. On every side the deep, dark, rich soil was tilled with the utmost care, and with prodigious returns. Separated commonly by citron hedges studded with wild flowers that never

lost their bloom, field succeeded to field, the sameness being relieved here and there by the plantation houses and the luxurious mansions of the proprietors and managers, approached through magnificent avenues, and all embowered in flora of varied and splendid description. It is usual throughout the West Indies—sometimes on the same plantation—for cultivation to be carried on the whole year round. A ride, therefore, of a few miles often suffices—as on the morning before us—to show the cane at every stage of advancement, from the planting to the cutting. From the well-kept road—shaded almost at every point by rows of lime-trees, or the graceful papaw or spreading mango, and with wild flowers innumerable decking its borders—wide stretches of cane-cuttings, of the dense, dark-green middle growth, or of the cane in flower and waving its delicate lilac crest, came successively in view. And when the glorious tropical sun arose and spread his radiance over the scene the effect was magical. The prospect was, indeed, eminently beautiful, and though Henry Pascal had ofttimes witnessed it, its influence was still fresh and irresistible, and dispelled for the moment the gloom into which his thoughts had plunged him.

On entering the Belle Vue plantation he became conscious of more than ordinary activity and bustle. Here, as elsewhere, great columns of black smoke were rolling up from the sugar-works. His attention, however, was particularly drawn to the gangs of slaves, who, under the field overseers, were cutting down the straw-yellow cane, and, though at all times a merry race, their unusual hilarity, while with boisterous song and sally they vigorously plied their work, indicated, as did the aspect of the fields, the "Crop Over," or what elsewhere is known as the "Harvest Home," when, the last cane having been cut and sent to the sugar-house, each slave receives a quart of rum, a holiday, and a feast and dance prepared for them on the green.

A gang of negro women near the road-side, in turbaned head, and osnaburg petticoat well tucked in at the waist, were especially noticeable for their queer song, the dolorous sentiments of which were in sharp contrast with their superb physiques and the abundant evidences of rich and joyous life around them. One served as leader, the rest joined in the refrain; and the words Englished would run as follows:

"Sangaree da kill de capt'in,
Oh! Lor', he mus' die;
New rum kill de sailor,
Oh! Lor', he mus' die;
Hard work kill de nigger,
Oh! Lor', he mus' die."

From the road entrance, framed in massive stone and iron, the approach to the Belle Vue mansion was through an avenue of superb mountain-cabbage trees, towering often a hundred feet. Behind these on either side, and some distance off, stood the negro cabins—the better class rudely made of stone, roofed with a thatch-work of palm; and all embowered among mangoes, Java-plums, sour-sops, sapadilloes, and other trees bearing sweet and pleasant fruit. The mansion—an ample frame building, somewhat low for its area and simple in structure, yet possessing an air of elegance, with large, high-pitched rooms, wide, airy passages, and girt with deep galleries, protected by trellis-work on the sun-exposed sides—occupied a central eminence in the midst of a green lawn as smooth as velvet. A succession of terraces formed so many blooming and brilliant circles. Fountains and swimming-pools, cut in stone, cooled the air. Winding walks, set in beautiful little shrubbery, and shaded by trees in graceful variety—the feathery-plumed mountain cabbage, the stately palmetto, the waving cocoanut, the palm, the papaw, sand-box, and silk-cotton—led through the spacious grounds, the open places of which abounded with flowers, rich in many colors, and splendid beyond description.

Henry Pascal rode up, flung the reins to a valet, and a moment after was closeted with Col. Tourner.

"I have ridden hard and early," he said, after the exchange of salutations, "to make a vital disclosure, but require a pledge to secrecy, and to no further action than the safety of your family may demand."

"Zounds! Henry Pascal, you all but take away my breath," exclaimed the colonel, whose look of surprise at his visitor's unusually timed call and urgent manner was increased by his words; "and you will completely do so, if you strap me up so tightly."

"There is no alternative," Henry Pascal gravely answered. "I have so received the communication, and must so transmit it."

"But, in all seriousness, monsieur, do you deem it wise and safe to bind one's self thus absolutely, and in regard to an unknown and what you call vital communication?"

"The conditions," his visitor answered, "are unyielding."

"But, suppose," the colonel continued, "I should bind myself to a wrong?"

"Col. Tourner," came the impressive reply, "I am here for your good. The pledge is required for the protection of a friend. It must be given, or I am compelled to return with the word unspoken, and the consequences upon your head."

The colonel's scruple was advanced rather on the spur of the in-

stant than as seriously entertained. It was a momentary resistance to a sudden and unlooked-for assault upon the will, and easily gave way, as reason asserted its office, before the high character and peculiar earnestness of his guest. He therefore added, after a moment's pause :

"I yield the point. Let me hear what you have to say."

"It is even this : Jacque Beatty reveals to my father that a negro insurrection is at hand, and has advised him to improve his chances of safety by a residence at the Cape."

"Mon Dieu ! And what action has your father taken ?" asked the colonel quickly, and with a changing countenance.

"He is now domiciled at the Cape, twenty-four hours after the disclosure."

"Dreadful ! dreadful !" murmured the colonel. "God take mercy on us !"

"But what precisely," he added, looking up at his visitor in an eager way, "did you gather from Jacque's communication—that a plot is forming, or that an outbreak is actually at hand ?"

"The latter," was the reply.

"And you have full confidence in Jacque's statement ?" the colonel asked.

"Implicit. You must know, indeed, that the circumstances of the colony for the past two years afford speculative grounds for supposing such an event highly probable; but Jacque's word is enough."

"And you think," asked the colonel again, "there is no exaggeration ?"

"You know, monsieur, Jacque's character for prudence and fidelity. Not a doubt exists with me that an appalling calamity hangs over us."

"Why, Henry Pascal," broke out Col. Tourner as a new thought struck him, "I feel confident my slaves would defend me. They are preparing to celebrate the 'Crop Over' this very evening ; and I have never seen them more contented, or enter so heartily into the spirit of the occasion."

"That may be," his visitor rejoined ; "but do you suppose there are even chances that the defence would be successful ?"

"What, then, in Heaven's name, do you advise ?" asked Col. Tourner, throwing himself back in his chair with an air of anxious uncertainty.

"That you follow my father's example, and go with your family at once to the Cape."

"Henry Pascal, you are right," said his host after a thoughtful

pause. "No other course is open. 'Twould be folly to risk my family by remaining here."

"My God! what a prospect!" he bitterly added, and in apparent soliloquy. "I have been persuading myself that a brighter day would dawn; but, should the slaves rise, no hope remains, at least for the present proprietors. The colony becomes a wreck, and all of us beggars."

It was finally arranged that Henry Páscal should secure apartments for the Tourners at the Hôtel de Ville, when the former, again pressing upon the colonel immediate action, bade his host adieu, to join Émilie Tourner, whom he had observed upon the lawn. Slightly above the medium height, with the graceful symmetry of outline in form and feature so expressive everywhere in tropical life, in the bloom of youth and health, her full, dark eyes beaming with intelligence and sensibility, Émilie Tourner, in her personal charms, amply sustained the reputation for which creole maidens are famous. Her character, in certain aspects, was a tropical exception. Possessing the simplicity, the enthusiasm, the purity of heart and warmth of affection characteristic of creoles, she was without the ordinary air of languor and tendency to inactivity and indolence, born of an enervating climate and habitual dependence upon retinues of slaves. Whether due to her remnant of English blood, or to her English education, or to both combined, her mental fibre had in it a useful element of firmness and energy. If we add a sweet voice and a winning manner, the portraiture is complete.

Some work to be done in the grounds preliminary to the "Crop Over" had required her direction, and she was returning as Henry Pascal approached, her graceful figure showing to advantage in the morning costume—simple, as became the hour, yet elegant, as became the daughter of a San Domingo proprietor. They met with the recognition of lovers. Startled, as her quick eye read the troubled mind of Henry Pascal, Émilie Tourner was the first to speak.

"Monsieur," she exclaimed hurriedly and with a look of alarm, "what has happened, tell me what has happened? You seem worn and anxious as I have never marked before."

"Be not disturbed, mademoiselle; I slept little last night, and have ridden since the morning's dawn."

"Are you not from San Souci?"

"No, mademoiselle; I left the Cape at four."

"Why, then, this long, early ride? And I am told by the valet that your horse has been urged!"

"The condition of the colony, mademoiselle, is sufficient cause for anxiety."

"Such, monsieur, has been its condition for two years and more. So much angry discussion, so much rumor and turmoil and conflict, so many sudden and wild changes—all this has bewildered me. I am kept in a state of fearful expectance, and ready to start almost at my own shadow. Pardon my precipitancy. But your look, monsieur, and the circumstances of your visit, argue something unusual, and I must know what it is. It is far better, in these dread days, to know the worst than be racked with imaginings about some danger suspected."

To this appeal Henry Pascal replied that she had conjectured correctly; that there was something unusual; and that in truth he had sought her to speak of it. He then pointed out, in a general way and at length, that the struggle of the mulattoes for civil rights was exerting the same influence upon the negroes that the struggle of the Commons in France had exerted upon the mulattoes; that the slaves, in many quarters, were ominously restless and threatening; that he greatly feared they would very soon be another element in the disorder of the colony; that the times were becoming more lawless, and plantation life more unsafe; that his father, in consequence, had just changed his residence to the Cape; that he had come over to advise similar action to Col. Tourner; that, as the result of the interview, her father had instructed him to secure apartments for his family at the Hôtel de Ville, and that he earnestly desired her to stimulate her parents, so far as she could, to immediate action.

"I shall do as you wish me," she answered, pausing to reply, "for I confide in your judgment. Yet all this has about it a suddenness I cannot fathom."

"I am forbidden now, mademoiselle, to speak my mind more fully. You shall know more hereafter. Trust me," he added in significant tones, "and heed my warning."

She glanced at her companion, but said nothing. They had been slowly walking along the shaded way, and having now reached a seat beneath a silk-cotton, occupied it in silence—Émilie Tourner absorbed in what she had just heard, her companion in the thoughts to which he was about to give expression. Presently he spoke, and with a touch of hesitation:

"Mademoiselle, I begin to despair of the colony, and my thoughts have been running upon the Harrison offer."

"O Henry!" she cried, her manner suddenly assuming great tenderness, and tears filling her eyes, "will you—can you add to these new forebodings the prospect of your leaving San Domingo?"

"Dearest Émilie," he replied, deeply touched, and speaking in a

strain of equal tenderness, "it is my love for you that moves me. My own business, as you are aware, is sadly reduced. My father's fortune hangs by a thread. He has but his estates and slaves. Should trouble with the latter arise, the former are valueless. If the Harrison offer justified it, I would ask you to name our bridal day, and take you with me from this distracted island."

"Have you, then, decided upon going?" she quickly asked, catching at what she supposed might be his implied meaning, and turning upon her companion a searching glance.

"I have not," he replied. "I was but speaking of what might become necessary."

"Do you think your going probable?" she again asked.

"Press me not, Émilie. I could not answer without speaking of matters upon which my lips are for the present sealed."

She had regained outward composure, but deep and despairing grief was in her words as she replied:

"My heart, Henry, has become lead, and sinks within me. I thought the excitements produced by the 15th of May decree were calming down, and danger disappearing. The darkness is gathering again, and seems deeper than ever. If there be light beyond, God help us to reach it!"

"I will not disguise from you, Émilie," replied her lover, pressed with fears, yet anxious to cheer her, "what I regard as the extreme gravity of affairs; but keep a brave spirit. The skies shall yet brighten for us. Hasten your father to the Cape; you will there be secure, and we can speak together of these matters more fully."

The horse had been ordered, the adieus were spoken, and Henry Pascal, mounting the gig, and urged by the energy of his thoughts, was speedily at the Cape again; for the road was excellent, the sky still somewhat overcast, and the day an unusually cool one.

E. W. Gilliam.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN OLD FRENCH DICTIONARY.

It must have gone rather heavily with a man's disposition before it could occur to him, in glancing over the books of an old library that perhaps a dictionary would amuse him. And yet if this happened to be "*A Dictionarie of the French and English Tongues*, compiled by Randle Cotgrave. London. Printed by Adam Islip, Anno 1611," hope's flattering tale, for once, would not have deceived. For he could hardly turn over a few pages without having his attention arrested, and receiving perhaps pleasure, and instruction certainly. The copy we came across is a small, well-printed folio. On the engraved title-page, in a hand that seems contemporaneous with the publication, is written "Ex libris Gulielmi Fitzherberti," the name of an ancient English Catholic family, which often occurs in the annals of persecution. One member of it was the first husband of the celebrated Mrs. Fitzherbert, the ill-used wife of George IV. As the date shows, it was when King Jamie was varying his favorite avocations of hunting and theological controversy with occasional attention to the government of three kingdoms; in the year following the publication of Bacon's treatise *On the Wisdom of the Ancients*, and while he was actually meditating his *Novum Organon;* in the very year, perhaps, that witnessed the first performance of "Hamlet," in which one Mr. Will Shakspere acted the part of Ghost; a few years after Gay Fawkes' "Gunpowder Plot," and while the Pilgrim Fathers were still brooding over the wrongs which led to their excursion in the *Mayflower;* in short, it was more than a century before the Powers of Europe had begun to think that America was worth quarrelling about, that Mr. Randle Cotgrave gave his *Dictionarie*, the fruit of many years' labor, to the world.

It begins, of course, with a dedication: "To the Right Honourable and my very good Lord and Maister, Sir William Cecil, Knight, Lord Burghley." This is a grandson of Queen Elizabeth's minister of headshaking celebrity and multiform notoriety, and nephew of Robert Cecil, first Lord Salisbury, minister of James. It contains a dexterous compliment. After thanking his lordship for dispensing him from "th' ordinarie attendance of an ordinarie servant," in order to give him leisure hours to compile "this bundle of words," he remarks, "nor could I have bestowed them on a work of lesse use for your lordship, the French being alreadie so well understood by you and all yours." Next comes an epistle in French, "Au favorable

Lecteur François," signed by "Ton très affectionné Patriotte T. L'Oiseau de Tourval, Parisien," with a triangle appended, which no doubt represents the gentleman's *parafe*. This is a somewhat barbarous composition, destitute of the ease and neatness of modern French. In fact French had to wait for Corneille and Bossuet before it was tuned to classic modulations. The object of this letter is to recommend the *Dictionarie* to the French nation. One might have thought after this that the latter would be treated with respect in the course of the work. We are sorry, therefore, to find such translations as this: *Une jambe de Dieu*—"So doe the canting, blasphemous rogues of France tearme a cankered, gangrened or desperately-sore leg." Probably Mr. Cotgrave's zeal leads him astray, as, no doubt, a desperately-sore leg was thus named, just as lepers were called "Pauvres du bon Dieu," on the principle "Whom God loves he chastiseth." There is little sectarian feeling displayed in this volume; which is the more surprising as bigotry was rampant at the time it was written. Both Catholics and Puritans were being persecuted, and we should have expected some virulence from a member of the court party. But he seldom uses his innumerable opportunities. Only occasionally we find touches like *Portiuncule*—"An indulgence obtained (as some report) by St. Francis of the Virgin Mary for the remission of all the sinnes of those who *(en payant)* came in at one and went out at another doore of a church dedicated unto her in Angiers." Or again in the proverb *Reliques sont bien perdues entre les pieds de pourceaux*—"Reliques are quickly lost among the feet of hogs; (and may not one justly wish them lost rather than in the hands of such hogs as now-a-daies keep them?)" It is true he is not respectful to monks and friars, but so neither, as we shall see, was the very Catholic French nation which he interprets.

His method is to append to each word an indiscriminate bundle of meanings; then some phrases, and lastly some proverbs, in which the word occurs. In the first, one finds a curious exuberance of synonyms, often piled one on the other without adding anything to the elucidation. Thus, opening at random: *Mollisse*—"Softnesse, suppleness, tendernesse, limbernesse, pliantnesse, easinesse, gentlenesse, mildnesse, remisnesse, tractablenesse, wantonnesse, delicacie, faintnesse, effeminacie, cowardise." *Friander*—"To feed daintily, tast curiously, eat lickorously, picke the best morsells out of meat, to love or live on sweet and daintie acates." *Bien avantagé en nez*—"Nosed with advantage, well nose grown, having a gnomicall or goodly long nose." Or, again (to give an instance or two which may lend the charm of variety to our daily life): *Douillet*—"Dain-

tie, tender, soft, effeminate, a milkesop, one that cannot bear a feather without breathing; also quaint, curious, as nice as a nunne's henne." *Coquard*—"A proud gull, peart goose, quaint sop, saucie doult, malapert coxcombe, rash or forward cokes, one that hath more wealth than wit, or is much more forward than wise." *Benet*—"A simple, plaine, doltish fellow, a noddipeake, a ninnyhammer, a pea goose, a coxe, a sillie companion."

One point that M. de Tourval commends in his friend's work is, that he has preserved many expressive French words, which have become antiquated because they "sembloyent trop revesches pour la douceur du palais de noz Damoiselles, ou grater l'oreille delicate de Messieurs noz Courtisans de ce tems-cy." Perhaps among such desirable terms which offended the daintiness of the court damsels of a degenerate age would come *Ferrementiporte*—"A wandering priest who ever carries about with him the ornaments of the Mass." We should fancy that if one of the heroic French missioners in Canada heard himself called a Ferrementiporte, he would feel like the lady whom O'Connell called a scalene triangle. *Liripipioné*—"Wearing the red hood of a graduate; hence mellow, cupshotten, faithful to the pot, and therefore bearing the red-faced livery thereof." *Metagrabouliser* and *Philogroboulisé*, which mean, respectively, "to puzzle" and "to be at one's wit's end," are others equally melodious.

The phrases and proverbs, also, which follow a word are sometimes multiplied to an extraordinary extent. Under *Droit* we have no less than two hundred and thirty-seven phrases with explanations; it forms almost a glossary of feudal rights, and very curious some of them are. Under *Faire* there are two hundred and thirty phrases and eleven proverbs. Under *Grand* four phrases and forty proverbs. *Femme* has six phrases and thirty-nine proverbs. *Fol* has forty-six proverbs, whereof the last is *Tout est perdu ce qu'on donne à fol*—"All that is given to a foole is cast away; (whereupon some critick will perhaps conclude that all the labour bestowed on this word hath been misbestowed.)"

Latin words oddly intrude at times in some phrases. Thus, in the sixteenth century, if you wanted to inquire after a man's olive-branches you would say: *Comment se portent vos petits populos? Vous en saurez le tu autem*, means—"You shall know the point, head or knot of the matter, or you shall understand all the storie, the whole matter itselfe." Very likely this comes from the conclusion of the lessons in the Canonical office "tu autem Domine," etc., so that to know the *tu autem* was to know a thing from beginning to end. *Quand oportet vient en place il n'est rien qui ne se face*—"That which

must be will be; absolute authoritie, or urgent necessitie, are excellent workmen." *Tu auras miserere jusqu'à vitulos*, is a threat that would hardly frighten our modern French atheists; yet it means: "Thou shalt be soundly whipped." Formerly it was a common penance in monasteries, even for small faults, to make a man strip and receive the discipline. This process was timed by the recitation of psalm l., "Miserere." Now, *vitulos* is the last word of the psalm, so that *un miserere jusqu'à vitulos* indicates a prolonged execution. *Le retour de Matines* is also, according to Mr. Cotgrave, a monastic phrase; it is "A mischief done in the darke or at unawares; (from the customes of Friers, who commonly make choyce of that obscure season for the surprising and thumping their hated companions.)"

For the explanation of some phrases we have to fall back on history. *Les cousteaux Jean Colot, l'un vaut l'autre*—"Like our: Neither barrell better herring. From the name of a certaine merie Artificer in Troyes who ordinarily wore about him three knives in one sheath, all not worth a good sheath." *Pour un point Martin perdit son Asne*—"A small error may turn a man to much prejudice. (This Martin being abbot of a cloister called Asellus, and setting over the gate thereof 'Porta patens esto nulli claudaris honesto—*i.e.*, O gate, be thou open, to no honest man be shut,' was deprived of his place for putting a comma after the word nulli. This of course changed the sense to 'O gate, be thou open to no man, be shut to the honest.')" *Resolu comme Pihourt en ses heteroclites*—"Said of one that in a learned companie is forward to speake or will come in with his vy (as one that would seeme to understand somewhat as well as others, or cares not how little he understand himselfe, so he be not understood by others). For this Pihourt, a mason of Rhenes, finding at Chasteau-briant (whither he came to consult about the making of a castle, with others) the chiefe workmen of France, who talked of nothing but obelisques, etc. (which he understood not), to be even with them, sayd that Sans, etc., l'Oevre ne peut proceder, selon l'équipolation de ses Heteroclites; and so, as he thought, put them all down)." Perhaps it may be useful to mention here that when one of our friends comes out of jail, if we wish to be sprightly, we should "lui demander sa chanson," which it seems "is spoken jestingly to one that's but newly come out from prison, where having been (as a bird in a cage) inclosed he may, perhaps, have learnt to sing!" On the subject of prisons we may note La Morgue, "a certaine chaire in the Chastelet of Paris wherein a new-come prisoner is set and must continue some houres without stirring either head or hand, that the keeper's ordinarie servants may the better take notice of his face and favour." Nowadays La Morgue is a

ghastly little house on the bank of the Seine, where suicides are exposed, that men, women, and children may go in to notice their face and favor. This is a very popular exhibition in Paris. In the dungeons of the Inquisition one might or might not find a Saubenite, "a sleevelesse, yellow coat or gowne painted all over with representations of divells, and put upon such as are found guiltie by th' Inquisition." With regard to the generic name of the fallen angels, which occurs remarkably often in this volume, it is nearly always spelt as above, and doubtless so pronounced. Curiously enough, this pronunciation still prevails in Ireland, and the English make merry over it as a "touch of the brogue." No doubt it was imported into Ireland from England with King James' famous Ulster plantation, which took place not long before the appearance of this dictionary. So that the Irish is the real, classical, Shaksperian pronunciation, and it is the English which has become corrupt, probably from more frequent usage.

We obtain here and there along the columns glimpses of Cinquecento art and science. In the art, for instance, of cookery, here is a specimen which we commend to the courageous antiquarian: "A sauce or condiment made of hogs' feet, first boyled, then broyled, then cut into great flat pieces, then scorched on a gridiron, then stued in veriuyce with onions, then seasoned with mustard, and then boiled in a dish with hot coales put both under and over it." This dainty is, it seems appropriately, called *Sauce d'enfer*.

In natural history, again, we learn of the strange beasts that once haunted "antres vast and desarts idle." We have the *Cucuye*, "an admirable bird in Hispaniola (no bigger than a thombe), having two eyes in her head and two under her wings (which are double, a greater and smaller paire), so shining in the night (wherein only she flies) that five or six of them tied together give as much light as a torch." The *Eale*, "a blackish (Ethiopian) beast that hath cheekes like a boar, a tayle like an elephant, and two long hornes, which he extends or draws inward at pleasure." The *Manticore*, "a ravenous and mankind Indian beast that hath a face like a man, a bodie like a lyon and three rankes of verie sharp teeth." The *Scolopendre*, "a certaine fish which, having swallowed a hooke, vomiteth her bowells, and rid of it, sucketh them up againe," and others which, however wonderful, have not apparently been found fittest to survive to our day.

The medical terms bring before us an age of savage quackery. On reading them one ceases to wonder that in old ascetic books we are generally exhorted to have patience, not only in maladies, but under the remedies, generally worse than the disease. These violent

traditions have been better maintained in France than elsewhere; so that we can understand the remark of Father de Ravignan, that "medicine, no less than sickness, was instituted in expiation of our sins, and looking at the matter in this way, I have more faith in allopathy than homœopathy, for it is more faithful to its providential mission."* We have here a list of cauterizing irons which, when we remember that anæsthetics are a modern invention, is appalling. There are eleven of them: "*Cautère cultellaire, Cautère ensale, Cautère emporte-pièce,*" etc. "*Cautère à platine*" is "a kind of flat cauter wherewith members cut off are seared to prevent corruption and gangrenes." No one who is familiar with Molière will have any difficulty in imagining the Galen of those days, with his long gown and his pointed hat, armed with his *scarificateur* in one hand, his *cautère* in the other, and his proverb in his mouth: *Debonnaire mire fait la playe puante*—"A gentle chirurgian makes a stinking sore"; and then, after his efforts had been crowned with success, turning to the sorrowing relatives with a shrug and a *Contre la mort n'y a point de médecine*—"No medicine against death; no remedie for death." What wonder if the revolt of the popular mind expresses itself, murmuring behind the doctor's back: *Une pilure formentine* (wheaten pill), *une dragme sarmentine* (dose of the vine), *et la journée d'une geline* (egg) *est la meilleure médecine*—"A manchet, a cup of wine, and a henne's dayes taske is the best Physicke a sicke man can aske." Or, *Qui a du bugle et du sanicle fait au Chirurgien la nique—i.e.*, "He who has bugle and sanikell may pull a face at the surgeon"; "(properly by putting the thumbe naile into the mouth and with a ierke (from th' upper teeth) make it to knacke)." These last proverbs, however, can only have been of purely speculative use; as in practice the sick bed is presided over by inexorable love, which never permits the intrusion of common sense on science. It is curious how many diseases are called after saints, perhaps because in their lives they had a special gift of treating them. There is Mal S. Mathurin, S. Mein, S. Roch, S. Sebastien, etc.; others with imitation saints, as Mal S. Genou, which is "gowt." Let us hope that *Onguent Apostolorum*, "a certaine detersive salve compounded of twelve ingredients," or *Diacatholicon*, "a composition so tearmed because it purgeth all kind of humours," alleviated some of these evils. Alas! they could not avail against Mal S. François, a disease which is still epidemic in our times. It is "want of money, not a crosse in the purse." Mr. Cotgrave gives several other remedies which have somehow fallen out of repute, one or two of the most repulsive character. However, he does not always commit himself to recommending them. He some-

* *Life*, p. 258.

times edges in a parenthesis "(if some phisitians may be believed)." Nay, occasionally he goes even further, as in *Grace de Sainct Paul*, "A certaine little stone that's good against the biting and stinging of venomous beasts; (*as the Coseners say that would sell it.*)" Do we not seem to recognize here the contemporary of Bacon? Do we not seem to see in these manly restrictions, as it were, the first streaks ushering in the dawn of that Light of Modern Science whose full meridian irradiates our day, fostering while it justifies the consciousness which most of us feel of our superiority over all preceding ages, whether individually or collectively?

Perhaps it is in the proverbs, which are appended to words, that the chief interest of this dictionary lies. There are many who set a higher value on the knowledge supplied by the proverbs, or again by the popular ballads, of a nation than on what can be drawn from the chronicle of its kings and battles. They enable the imagination to penetrate the domestic interior of the people, and open to it the secret of their love, their hate, and their laughter. Each proverb is, as it were, a prism crystallized out of the ordinary stream of common sense along which men float the raft of their lives. They are not merely representative of the people's every-day thoughts, but they helped in great measure in their formation. There is a class of men to whom proverbs and the dicta of authority are the ultimate court of appeal in matters of morality—busy, practical men of the world, who, having neither time nor gift to search after the ultimate cause, fortify themselves with "wise saws and modern instances." They are represented in Plato's *Republic* by Polemarchus, and contrasted on the one hand with Thrasymachus, the wild, unpractical theorist, and on the other with the true sage, Socrates, who, dissatisfied with the former and despising the latter, "in the principle of things sought his moral creed."

As one might expect, it is the more obvious topics that furnish the greater number of proverbs. In these, as occurring oftener, the busy, practical man of the world requires a larger supply, to regulate his opinions and to give neat expression to his emotions. As a rule we shall give, with marks of quotation, Mr. Randle Cotgrave's translation, though sometimes the temptation of rhyme leads him to amplification, as in *Qui plus qu'il n'a vaillant despend il fait la corde a quoy se pend*—"He that spendeth above his abilitie may at length hang himselfe with great agilitie." Or, *A la trongne cognoist on l'yvrogne*—"Two things a drunkard doe disclose, a fiery face and crimson nose."

In the proverbs which concern men and women in general there is a strange contrast. The masculine proverbs contain little

that savors of irreverence towards the sex. Whatever contempt there may be falls on particular classes of men, not on the generality, as: *Bon poete mauvais homme*—"A good poet an evill person." The sex is treated with respect. But in feminine proverbs we find the exact opposite. They mostly refer to the sex universally, and are impregnated with a bitterness which, though some disposition to temper it appears, does not altogether exhale in the translation, as: *Qui femme croit et asne meine son corps ne sera pas sans peine—i.e.*, "He who believes a woman or drives a donkey will have some trouble of it. Belike, because the one is (*sometimes*) as false as the other is ever foolish." *Il faut acheter maison faicte et femme à faire*—"(For by building is many a man undone, and with a widow (if she list) any man shall have ynough to doe)." *Femme se plaind femme se deult femme est malade quand elle veut*—"Women lament, weep, sicken when they list." This suggests a question we should like to put to those who defend the equality of the sexes. Seeing that women are more energetic than men in their use of the faculty of speech, why have they obviously so little influence on the nation's proverbs? Why is there nothing under *homme* or *mari* to balance the misogyny of the following? *Ce n'est rien, c'est une femme qui se noye*—"It is nothing; it is only a woman drowning." *A qui Dieu veut aider sa femme lui meurt*—"Whom God willeth to help, his wife dies." *Qui perd sa femme et cinq sols, c'est grand dommage de l'argent*—"He who loses his wife and sixpence hath some losse *by the money*." In short, popular Common Sense with regard to the sexes, as revealed in French proverbs, may be summed up in: *Un homme de paille vaut une femme d'or*—"A man of straw is worth a woman of gold." This want of power in a sphere in which one might expect woman's influence to be paramount would be curious on the hypothesis which is the basis of Women's Rights. In connection with this subject we may note the crystallized wisdom of our ancestors on the higher education of women. *Soleil qui luisarne au matin, femme qui parle Latin et enfant nourri de vin ne viennent point a bonne fin*—"A glaring morne, a woman Latinist, and wine-fed child make men crie, had I wist." Like the sky reddened by the rising sun, it seems beautiful for a moment, but its end is (they thought) storms and dissolution.

The author of the following proverb was, perhaps, one who had personal experience of office and superiority: *Qui sert commun nul ne le paye, et s'il défunt chaseun l'abbaye*—"He who serves the commonaltie is controlled (or, rather, barked at) by every one and paied by none." And this, on the other hand, seems to be the conclusion of some one under authority: *Il n'y a si petit sainct qui ne désire sa*

chandelle—"There is no man in authoritie how small soever but lookes for the respect that's due unto him." With regard to wealth and money-making we have: *Qui a argent a des chapeaux*—"He that is rich is reverenced." *Pour devenir riche il faut tourner le dos à Dieu*—"He that will soone grow rich must God renounce"; more worldly-wise, perhaps, than our "Honesty is the best policy." The next is more doubtful in these days: *De bien commun on ne fait pas souvent monceau—i.e.*, "Men do not often make their pile from public funds." Belief in the almighty dollar is not a new article of faith: *Amour faict beaucoup, mais argent faict tout*—"Love is potent, but money omnipotent." Yet here is a word for good blood also: *Bon sang ne peut mentir*—"A noble nature will not yeeld unto base conditions; or cannot, when occasion is offered, conceal itself." And here is for the poor: *Il n'est si grand dépit que de povre orgueilleux*—"The spight of a proud begger is unmatchable." *En grande povreté n'y a pas grande loyaulte*—"In great povertie there's no great loyalty." One for the old: *Mieux vaut l'ombre d'un sage vieillard que les armes d'un jeune coquard*—"The shadow of an advised grandsire is better than the sword of an adventurous goose-cap"; and the young may give a timely lesson to their too active elders with: *Les vieilles gens qui font gambades à la mort sonnent des aubades*—"Old people's frisking doth presage their ending." An *aubade* is, properly, music at dawn (*aube*), like the song in "Cymbeline," "Hark, hark, the lark in heaven's gate sings," etc. It corresponds to serenade, which is music in the evening. Together they form the Matins and Vespers of Love. Here is now one for disciplinarians: *Fille fenestrière et trottière rarement bonne mesnagere*—"A gazing and gadding maid seld proves good housewife"; ends sometimes, we fear, by becoming a *Femme Stygienne*, "A most divellish quean."

Eating and drinking is a subject of continual occurrence, and seems to wake sympathetic chords in the breast of the lexicographer, for nowhere else does he expand more genially. In 1611 the customs of polite society were rather different from ours. Dr. Lingard,* speaking of the masques which were then fashionable, says: "Ebriety at this period was not confined to the male sex, and on some occasions females of the highest distinction, who had spent weeks in the study of their parts, presented themselves to the spectators in a state of the most disgusting intoxication." He subjoins a letter, which he thinks may amuse the reader, written by a guest at an entertainment, at which, perhaps, Mr. Cotgrave himself was present, for it was given by the Earl of Salisbury, the uncle of

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his patron, in honor of Christian IV., King of Denmark. We shall not quote the letter, as it is more calculated to disgust than to amuse. Here are a few out of many phrases and proverbs: *Il n'a pas tenu le bec en l'eau*—"A man may safely say he is drunke; but he that says with water, wrongs him." *Un ferial beuveur*—"A square drinker, a faithfull drunkard; one that will take his liquor soundly." *Rouge visage et grosse panse ne sont signes de pénitence*—"A Swizzer's bellie and a drunkard's face are no (true) signs of penitentiall grace." *Celui est bien mon Oncle qui le ventre un comble*—"Hee's my best uncle who fills my bellie most." *Un clerc jusques aux dents* is, "Well red in a porridge pot, an excellent clarke in a Cooke's shop." *Souffler à l'encensoir*—"To drinke hard, to plie the pot; (for they that use to blow the censor becoming drie, steale often to the wine-pot provided for the Communion, and there sucke up as much wine as before they let out wind)." Before leaving the subject we should like to ask why *Vin théologal* should mean, "Notable good and strong wine, or the best wine of what kind soever." The exact opposite, we should fancy, to *Vin oligophore*, which is "a wine that will not bear much water."

With regard to the learned professions, popular opinion does not seem to have been altogether favorable. We have seen enough as to medicine; here are a few crystals on the bar and the church: *Homme plaideur menteur*—"A pleader, a lyer." *A plaideur plaideur et demi*—"Said of a knave well macht with a worse than himselfe." *Disner d'advocat*—"A large dinner; *eaten* (explains Mr. Cotgrave, as if he knew) not bestowed." *A l'advocat le pied en main*—"viz., of partridges, pheasants, capons, to grease his fist withall." *Bon advocat mauvais voisin*—"A good lawyer an evill neighbour."

The only thing that seems to concern dentists is: *Mentir comme un arracheur de dents*—"To lye like a tooth-drawer." However, it does not really touch the profession, which is a choice product of recent civilization. Formerly an "arracheur de dents" was synonymous with a barber; and accordingly Mr. Cotgrave subjoins to the above "(we say that barbers have all the newes in a country, and that he that tell much newes tell many a lye)."

As one might expect, the clerical profession affords occasion for much popular wit. The mere fact of reverence for the state, and faith in its sacred character, will, of themselves, make men sensitive to the incongruity, when they perceive remains of human weakness in its members. Just as very slight occasions make us laugh in church. Hence it is not surprising if in a Catholic country, as France once was, priests and monks are the objects of some proletarian merriment. Accordingly, we find that a *Pas de clerc* means:

"A foolish trick, impertinent act, fond part, any childish, ignorant proceedings in matters of the world." *Collation de moine*—"A monk's nunchion, a large collation, as much as another man eats at a good meale." *Face d'abbé*—"A iollie, fat, and red face; a fierie facies." *Il jure comme un prelat*—"He swears like a prelate—viz., extreamely (a Huguenot's comparison)." We have the same in: *Il jure comme un gentilhomme*—"He swears like a thousand pound a year." Savonarola generally gets credit for the following, though it is much more ancient, and is quoted by St. Bernard: *Evesque d'or, crosse de bois; crosse d'or, evesque de bois—i.e.*, Bishop of gold, crosier of wood; crosier of gold, bishop of wood; "the lesse a Bishop's staff, the more his vertue shines; pompe first corrupted prelacie." The next is more satisfactory, and is creditable to archdeacons. *Crotté en Archidiacre* means: "Dagd up to the hard heeles (for so were the archdeacons in old times ever woont to be by reason of their frequent and toylesome visitations)." Here are sage and practical specimens for the clergy: *De prescheur qui se recommande en tout temps bonheur nous défende*—"From preachers who themselves commend, God and good fortune us defend." *Pendant que les chiens s'entregrondent le loup dévore la brebis*—"While churchmen brabble Satan feeds on souls," or "Churchmen's contention is the divell's harvest." The translation of the following gives one a surprise: *Bon gré mal gré va le prestre au Sené*—"Needes must he goe whom the divell (necessitie) driveth." Doubtless, priests have to attend synods, but it seems odd to make this obligation the type of stern necessity. Boys would be boys in the middle ages, and we regret to find that sometimes they spoke of clergymen as *Revegrand* "(an ironicall allusion to Reverend) much doting." The following phrase, by the way, makes one suspect that girls also in those days insisted on being girls: *Elle fait plusieurs petites melancholies à son amy*—"She puts him into many pretty extasies."

We shall give now a few miscellaneous words and proverbs which struck us as we turned over the leaves, apologizing for the inevitably spasmodic style of this paper: *La mort n'a point d'ami le malade n'a qu'un demi*—"Death hath no friend, the sicke man but an halfe one." *L'amour apprend les asnes a danser*—"Love makes the cokes turn courtier." *Amour vaine tous les forts qui le cœur felon*—"Love conquers anything but a fellonious heart." *Reprenons notre chevre à la barbe* in modern French is *Retournons à nos moutons;* and in Burnand "*Notre mouton avant qu'il soit froid.*" *Voila une belle sagesse* means: "That was a worthie, wise act, the verie creame of Apolloes braine-panne." Here is one that shows an eye to busi-

ness: *A celui qui a son pasté au four donne de ton tourteau*—"Give of thy pie to him that hath a pastie." In Palemaille and Piccadille we recognize the origin of the name of the well-known London streets, Pall Mall and Piccadilly. The first is "A game wherein a round box bowle is with a mallet strucke through a high arch of yron, etc."; the second, "the several divisions or pieces fastened together about the brimme of the collar of a doublet." Perhaps the next is the original of Hamlet's "There is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so": *Rien ne vaut la chose sinon ce qu'on la fait valoir.* We may note: *Nous savons ou gist le lièvre—i.e.*, "We know where lies the hare," as giving the etymology of our word gist, as, the gist of an argument. In families where husbands or brothers are in the habit of being kept waiting by the female contingent, the following may be employed with advantage: *Quand la Messe fut chantée si fut la Dame parée—i.e.*, "By the time Mass was over madam had got on her Sunday clothes." Pronounced with proper derision this cannot fail in the end to produce a salutary reform. If, on the other hand, brothers are given to bragging, sisters may say sarcastically: *Vous étiez le chien au grand collier*—"You were the onely noted man, th' onely kill-cow, th' onely terrible fellow." Again, in these days of tea-parties and abundant amateur music, the following will suit the cantankerous: *Les mauvais musiciens ne sont jamais ennuyeux à eux-mesmes—i.e.*, "Bad musicians always form a delighted audience for their own performance." The next two or three phrases point to a greater familiarity with religion in the masses than one would probably find in these days. *Chanter Magnificat a Matines*—"To do things disorderly, or use things unseasonably." *Mangeur de crucifix*—"A notorious hypocrite, one who, to seeme the more holie, is ever kissing a crucifix." *Il est au bout de son breviaire*—"He is at a plunge, he hath no more to say." *Jecter l'ancre sacrée*—"To employ their last and chiefest remedies, to fall unto prayer, or employ the divine assistance when all other meanes doe faile." Here is a mine of wisdom: *Il ne faut jamais enquerir d'ou soit l'homme le vin et le dit mais qu'il soit bon* — "No matter whence come a man or a bottle or a saying, so they be good." *Il ne faut pas manger les Cerises avec les grands Seigneurs*—"Meane men are not to eat cherries (viz., are not to be verie familiar) with great Lords; least the stones of the best fly faster at their eyes than (their portion) the worst into their mouthes."

Different nationalities furnish the following: *Peigne d'Aleman—i.e.*, a German's comb, "the four fingers and thumb." *Les Alemans ont l'esprit aux doigts;* "The Germans' wit rests in their fingers; viz., they are better artizans than artists, better at handy-

crafts than at head-craft." *Payer à l'Espagnole*—"To give knockes instead of coine, or to rifle such as he should requite (a phrase devised by some Dutchman)." *Un Espagnol sans Jesuite est une perdris sans orange*—"A Spaniard without a Jesuite is (wee may say) cheese without mustard." *Anglois* means not only an Englishman, but (for mysterious reasons) "A creditor that pretends he hath much money owing, which is never like to be paid him." We may suppose from the following that the French had greater trust in their fellow-men than the English. *Secret de deux secret de Dieu, secret de trois secret de tous*—"Wee onely say that two may keepe counsell when one is away." *Compère de la Pouille couste et despouille*—A companion from Apulia will "both feed on you and filch from you, and at length wholly fleece you." *Le boucon des Lombards*—"An empoisoned bit (for the Lombards are said to be great empoisoners)."

These are only a few out of hundreds which are interesting either for their wisdom or for their quaint turn or for the ludicrous translation appended by the ingenious Mr. Cotgrave. Yet, though they might interest, it is doubtful whether they would give, on the whole, much pleasure. They form too true a representation of human nature not to be somewhat saddening. The spiritual side of our multiplex nature, the wise, the vulgar, the cynical, and the unclean, all find their expression among them; the latter in abundance. One cannot turn over many pages without offending on specimens of what the French call *La vieille Gauloise*, meaning things unsuitable for publication. These we omit. Of the wise and the vulgar we have already given sufficient. But for odious cynicism could the following be easily surpassed? *Qui preste à l'ami perd au double*—viz., "both friend and money." *Qui veut entretenir son ami n'ait nuls affairs avec luy*—"Let him that will hold a friend have little to doe with him." *De qui je me fie Dieu me garde—i.e.*, "From the man we trust good Lord deliver us." *A vray dire perd-on le jeu*—"By speaking truth men loose their game." *Qui mieux aime autruy que soy au moulin il meurt de soif*—"He that hurts himselfe to helpe others will dye of thirst at the mill-tayle." However, it would be no use to complain of these, as our cynic would be ready with the proverb: *Ce sont les pires bourdes que les vrayes*—The bitterest taunt is truth. We conclude with a few proverbs of more agreeable character, in the hope they may temper the unpleasantness of what has gone before. Here are some which have surely been repeated by many a master of novices to successive generations. *Grande moisson l'obéissant recueille*—"Great is the gaine of those who are obedient." *Deux orgueilleux ne peuvent estre portez sur un asne*—"One poore asse

cannot carrie two proud ones." *Qui veut la conscience monde il doit fuir le monde immonde—i.e.*, "Who wants to keep his conscience clean, must fly an unclean world." *Envis meurt qui appris ne l'a*—"Unwillingly he dies that hath not learnt to die." Nevertheless, *Bonne la mort qui nous donne la vie*—"Good is the death which brings us unto life; God's favour's great not to reprieve such as end well, and die to live." The following is an epitome and brief chronicle of the spiritual life: *Qui bien se cognoit peu se prise, qui peu se prise Dieu l'avise*—"He that himselfe knowes well himselfe despises, the self despiser God heeds and advises." The next is the groan of some pious soul over a sad abuse in spiritual persons: *Le Sainct de la ville n'est point oré*—"We seldome crave the helpe of our owne Patron." And this is a warning from the same to the same: *De mains vides prières vaines*—"Emptie hands make idle supplications; he that gives nought, by prayer getteth nought." And this is what the pious generally testify: *Qui sert Dieu il a bon maistre*—"The servant of God hath a good maister." And this, the last, "th' onely necessarie," as Randle would say: *Il ne perd rien qui ne perd Dieu*—"Hee looses nothing that keepes God his friend."

B. B.

REMINISCENCES OF A FINE GENTLEMAN.

My friend was, indeed, of illustrious ancestry. While so many trace their life-stream to pirates or usurpers who shed their brothers' blood to possess their brothers' power, it is a distinction worth recording that this Fine Gentleman was descended from a princely person in Switzerland who saved thirteen lives, and whose ancient portrait is loaded like a French marshal's with the ribbons and medals of recognition. Though of foreign origin, he did an exclusively American thing at my introduction to him—he shook hands. I dropped a Scythian white stone the day he arrived. It is needless to say I liked and understood him, blonde, aggressive, wilful, from the first. He had even then, despite his extreme youth, the air of a fighting aristocrat—a taking, swashbuckler attitude, as he stood at the open door; the look of one who has character, and a defined part to play, and whose career can never reach a common nor ignoble end. Comely in the full sense he was not; but impressive he was, despite the precocious leanness and alertness which comes of too rapid growth.

He had every opportunity during his babyhood and later of gratifying his abnormal love of travel; but he managed to see more of city life than was good for him, thanks to many impish subterfuges. His golden curiosity covered everything mundane, and he continued his private studies in topography until he was kidnapped and restored by the police, an abject, shamefaced little tourist, heavy with conscience, irresponsive to any welcomes, who sidled into his abandoned residence, and forswore from that day his unholy peregrinations. But he had a roaming housemate, and grew to be supremely happy journeying under escort.

His temper at the beginning was none of the best, and took hard to the idea of moral governance; any such obstacle as a barred gate he overcame after the fashion of a catapult. His sense of humor was always grim; he had a smile, wide and significant, like a Kobold's; but a mere snicker or a wink was foreign to his nature. With certain people he was sheer clown; yet he discriminated, and never wore his habitual air of swaggering consequence before any save those he was pleased to consider his inferiors. But the sagacious and protective instincts were strong in him. For children he had the most marked indulgence and affection, an inexhaustible gentleness, as if he found the only statecraft he could respect in their midst. For their delight he made himself into a horse, and rode many a screaming elf astride of his back for a half-mile through the meadow before coming to the heart of the business, which was to sit or kneel suddenly, and land poor Mazeppa yards away in the wet grass, a proceeding hailed with shouts of acclaim from the accompanying crowd. And again, in winter, he became an otter, and placing himself upon his worthy back at the summit of a hill, would roll repeatedly to the bottom, drenched in snow and buried under a coasting avalanche of boys.

He never found time, in his short life, to love many. Outside his own household and one charming cat, he was very loyal to one lady whose conversation was pleasingly ironical, and to one gentleman whose character was said remarkably to resemble his own. Several others were acceptable, but for these two visitors he had the voice and the gesture of joyful greeting.

He had so arrant an individuality that folk loved or hated him. One could not look with indifference on that assertive, splendid bearing, or on the mighty muscles, as of a Norse ship. A civil address from you made him your liegeman. But the merest disregard or slight, no less than open hostility, sealed him your foe. And there were no stages of vacillation. A grudge stood a grudge, and a fondness a fondness. He was a famous retaliator, but none

ever knew him to ride first into the lists. Nevertheless, battle was his element. He had a gentlemanly dislike of scenes; therefore, when a crisis came, he preferred to box or wrestle, and what he preferred he could do, for no opponent ever left a scar upon him. A rival less in size, or impudent solely, he took by the nape of the neck and tossed over the nearest fence, to resume his walk with utter composure. Training and education helped him to the pacific solving of many problems; but his good dispositions were once badly shaken by a country sojourn, for he had been taught a bit of cabalistic boys'-Latin, whose lightest whisper would send him tip-toeing to every window in the house, scanning the horizon for a likely enemy with a rapture worthy of another cause.

He was rich in enemies, most of them of the gentler sex. Upon a civic holiday three villageous women were seen to bear down upon him, as he was peacefully inspecting the outposts of their property, laden with weapons (*timor arma ministrat!*) no less classic than a pail, a broom, and an axe. Not Swift's self could have added to the look of withering comment with which he turned and confronted his assailants, a single glance which dispersed the troops, and held in itself the eloquence of an Aristophaneian comedy. Eternal warfare lay between him and the man who had flapped his haughty nose with a glove before his first birthday anniversary, and revenge boiled in his eye long after at sight of a citizen who had addressed to him a word unheard in good society. A loud tone, a practical joke, a teasing reminder of a bygone fault disconcerted him wholly. Sensitive and conservative of mood, my Fine Gentleman could never forget a rudeness nor account satisfactorily for such a thing as a condescension. All his culture and his thinking had not taught him to allow for the divers conditions and dispositions of mankind. To the last he looked for well-bred courtesy, for intelligence, and, alas! for fashionable clothes, in his ideal. For the Fine Gentleman was a snob. Hunger and nakedness, even honest labor, had for him no occult charm. Throughout his youth he courted patrician acquaintances, and on the very highway essayed to make worse rags yet of the floating rags of a beggar's coat; but the experience of friendship with a kindly butcher's lad made inroads upon his exclusiveness, and I know that had he outlived his little years there would have been one more principled democrat. His own personal appearance was of the nicest; by scrupulous superintendence of his laundry, chiefly by night, he kept himself immaculate and imposing. His colors were those of the fallen leaves and the snow; the November auburn falling away on either side from the magnificent brow and eye, and

from the neck in its triple white fold, a head to remind you of Raleigh in his ruff.

I can attest that he was patriotic, for he revelled in the din and smoke of the Fourth of July. He had heard much music, learned something of it, and had been known to hum over recitatives of the late Herr Wagner. Singular to relate, he had an insuperable objection to books, and protested often against the continued use of the pen by one he would fain esteem. Yet he seemed greatly to relish a tribute of personal verse from a United States Senator, and the still more elaborate lines of a delightful satirist.

His health, aside from his spirit and nervous vigor, was never steady nor sound. Every chapter of the Fine Gentleman's biography is crammed with events, perils, excitements, catastrophes, and blunders, due in great part, by a scientific verdict, to this tremendous vitality balancing on too narrow a base. With years there began to come the "philosophic mind." His sweetness and submission grew with his strength; never was there a sinner so tender of conscience, so affected by remonstrance (for he had long outgrown severer discipline), so fruitful after in the good works of amended ways. New virtues seemed to shoot on all sides, and the old ones abided and flourished. He had never tried to deceive, nor to shirk, nor to rebel, nor to take what was not his, nor to appear better than he was. In the country town where he had many a frolic, and where he now lies buried, he found congenial circumstances. There were no gardens there, no timid neighbors; he had opportunity, being allowed to inspect everything that moved upon the earth, or in the waters under, for the pursuit of natural history, which was his passion; he ate what he pleased, he lorded it as he liked, he shifted half of his responsibilities, he had endless flattery from the inhabitants. His frank acknowledgment of all this was unique. On his return, while his escort was still in the room, the Fine Gentleman was asked whether he would rather remain at home, or have a week longer in the fascinating precincts of Oxton. He arose briskly, bestowed on the questioner, whom he professed to adore, his warmest embrace (a thing unusual with him), and immediately, pulling his escort by the sleeve, placed himself at the door-knob which led into the more immoral world.

His last accomplishment was to acquire an accurate sense of time; to make his quarter-hour calls, his half-hour walks, when sent out alone. "As wise as a Christian," as an honest acquaintance was wont to say of him (perhaps on the suspicion that the Fine Gentleman, after he reached his majority, was a free-thinker).

He was in his perfect prime when a slight seeming disgrace fell

upon him, through an incident never clearly understood. His believers believed in him still, but, for the need of quiet and impartial adjustment of matters, persuaded him to stay a while in the beloved farming district where many of his early vacations were spent. So that, after all his tender rearing, he was at last abroad and divorced! —with a mist, such as we recognized immortals call sin, upon his spirit, and because of that, a scruple and a doubt upon another's, responsible for so much of what he was. Before the eventual proof came that his beautiful brain was jangled a little, and that he was clear of blame, there were thoughts of an imperative parting, and a reaching for the rectification towards the happy hunting grounds, where, at an era's end, we could be joyous together; and where, under the old guiding now never unskilful, the old sympathy now never erring, the Fine Gentleman could be to his virtue's full, and, in no misapprehending air, his innocent, upright, loving self again. But instantly, as if to wipe out for ever that possible evil of which men could dream him guilty, came the moving and memorable end. Amid the tears of a whole town, and the thanksgiving of some for a greater grief averted, very quietly and consciously, under the most painful conditions, the Fine Gentleman laid down his life for a little child's sake. The fifth act of his tragedy had a sort of drastic consistency to those who knew him; it was in line with his odd, inborn, unconventional ways; the fate one would have chosen for him, and the fittest with which to associate his soldierly memory. In exile and cashiered, he had overturned his defamers at a stroke.

It is not too proud a sentence to write over him, that this world, for the most part, was jealous of his nobility. Human society was some sort of a huge jest to him; he did not always do his best there, as if the second-best were the shrewder policy, and the neater adaptation to the codes of honor he found established. But his main interest certainly was the study of mankind, and he stood to it, a free and unbookish philosopher, looking on and not partaking; with his reticent tongue, his singularly soft foot-fall, his "eye like a wild Indian's, but cordial and full of smothered glee." To his own race he must be an epic figure and a precedent, and to ours, something not undeserving of applause.

> "Go seek that hapless tomb! Which if ye hap to find,
> Salute the stones that keep the bones that held so good a mind."

Such are the only annals of the Fine Gentleman—a dog, faithful and unforgotten, who bore a great Bostonian's name nearly five years without a stain, and who is to one or two of us not alone a friend lost, but an ideal set up: Perseus become a star.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

OVER LAND.

Over land and over sea,
  Past the sunset red,
Stands a stately refuge town
  Whither one has fled
Who had scarcely sought, I ween,
  All its joy divine,
Could he only have foreseen
  This sad town of mine.
Smile on lips and harp in hand,
  Victory on his brow,
Far from me and my cold land
  He is singing now!

Soul of mine, couldst wish him back
  To the toil and tears,
To the tumult and the rack
  Of the coming years?
Nay. Be glad his soul has sped
  Past all pain and wrong;
In that town beyond the red
  Thou wilt be ere long.

Over land and over sea,
  Past the sunset red,
Soul of mine, there's room for thee
  With thy happy dead!

Lucy Agnes Hayes.

THE LOVELINESS OF SANCTITY.

THE saint whose name is invoked in a special manner on the *Twenty-sixth of May* is one of our favorites, ST. PHILIP NERI.

We are apt to get it into our heads that these our modern matter-of-fact times are not the times to make saints, as if the Eternal Principle of all sanctity could not distinguish one time from another! We must get this into our heads, viz., that the saints were men of clearer vision, men who, as the lesson read at Mass on St. Philip's day says, "*wished*," and understanding was given them; "*called*," and the spirit of wisdom came upon them. These are the saints, and let us remember that all this began on earth; and as the church, which is God with us, is to last till the end of time, and then continue as the church triumphant throughout eternity, so will the means of sanctification be within reach of all men of all times. No age so far but has its glorious illustrations of this truth, and so it will be unto the end. The *confirmed saints*, those who are now in ecstatic enjoyment of the everlasting joys, secured their claims to their present felicity while here on earth. Such as we are they were; such as they are we must be. It rests with us to *wish* and to *call* and to *choose* as they did, and, like them, we may declare that all good has come to us through this wisdom.

Let us look well at the pictures of St. Philip. We have several *portraits* of this genial and gentle and holy man, the beloved not only of his dear *Filippini*, but of all who love the glory of the House of God, for of such stones is it built. Who has ever yet succeeded in describing a human countenance? The sweeter, the purer, the holier our love, the more beautiful grows that face, even though we look upon it through dimmed eyes. What of the eyes of our soul looking through another soul? Ah! here indeed words grow meaningless and colors fade. Still, we may begin even here that contemplation of holiness which is to make part of our everlasting rapture. We *may* look into the soul of a saint, for what more transparent than sanctity? what more difficult to conceal? It escapes even the merciless guardianship of humility. It tells on itself, and we are the better for it. It is well for us to covet this beauty, to feed upon it. Let us study every feature of the beautiful soul of St. Philip. Then we shall declare that beautiful beyond words to tell or colors to paint is the face of our beloved saint. We

could not choose a more irresistible argument in favor of the *loveliness of sanctity* than the life of Philip Neri, and yet his face only shadowed forth dimly the splendor within. Our authority for the sketch here undertaken is his latest, and we may safely say his most charming, biographer, Cardinal Alfonso Capecelatro, Oratorian. He says:

"Philip Neri, who was the greatest reformer of his time, was a saint of a beauty very rarely approached since; gentle in appearance, and in manner gentle; gentle in looks, in words, in everything; revealing in the expression of his face the beautiful poetry of his soul; humble in his attire; in appearance or in reality *eccentric* at times, but in his eccentricities always a saint; noted especially for a sort of heavenly gladness of heart, which never left him in sufferings or in contradictions; glowing with a love of God and of his neighbor so intense that he seemed at times beside himself with love."

Let us look upon one of these pictures, now hanging in the Doria Gallery in Rome, painted by Baroccio—"a handsome boy of about twelve years, with eyes that seem to be looking at something lovelier than we can ever hope to see outside of Paradise." This painting of the *Buono Pippi* (his pet name as a child) shows us as brilliantly as brush can the light of grace and of a higher love illuminating and consuming the soul of this darling boy-saint. It lifts him very far above us, though; it is not easy to know with what heroic resolve he will forego the sweets of earthly love, tear himself from beloved parents, from his two sisters, to enter upon the narrow way of perpetual sacrifice. There is a peculiar charm about the boyhood of this saint, for he was a saint even then. As a boy he was, we are told, comely, well-proportioned, sprightly and joyous, eager and self-restrained; with a gentle sweetness of look and bearing and speech; his forehead was lofty and ample, his eyes were small and blue, so expressive and penetrating that neither then nor subsequently could any painter adequately render them; his complexion was exceedingly fair and delicate. This is how Philip looked in 1527. Philip Romolo Neri must then have been twelve years of age, for he was given unto us in 1515, in the same year as Teresa di Cepeda was born in Avila, Spain. St. Philip died on the 26th of May, 1595, the day that we call his "festa," thus having sojourned amongst us eighty years, a goodly period, which we will endeavor to retrace.

St. Philip's age was also the age of St. Ignatius Loyola, of St. Charles Borromeo, of St. Francis Xavier, of St. Cajetan, of Pope St. Pius V., of St. Teresa, it was the age of Luther, of Henry VIII., of Zwingli, and of John Knox; an age of extremes very like our own. It was the age of the pagan Renaissance and of

the Council of Trent, an age of reactions not unlike ours. If we study the maladies of that age, we surely must admit the saving remedies were in skilful hands. Marvellous, indeed, and ever to be praised and blessed, are the workings of God in the world through his confidential messengers, the saints. Not the least marvellous in our eyes is the adaptability of these saints to meet the special wants of their times. Study the history of Ignatius of Loyola, the "soldier-saint," then say if he was not the "right man in the right time" and place. Manifold and great were the evils of that time; scandals in high places, error because of insubordination in the schools, dissolution in society, relaxation in the cloisters, "woe and desolation" in the sanctuaries. Everywhere reformation was needed, and Reformation was the cry. And there was a reform, but not brought about by Luther, nor Henry VIII., nor Zwingli, nor Calvin, nor Knox. To the other group whose names are identified with the sixteenth century must we turn as to the reformers. To the Council of Trent we must look for the remedies of the great evils that convulsed the world. Let the records of ecclesiastical, monastic, and secular Catholic life since then tell whether the remedies were efficacious or not. Read an impartial review of the clashing theories of the self-appointed teachers, Luther and his allies; then cease to wonder why Protestantism has come to rationalism and agnosticism, deadly fruits of withered branches! When Luther conceived the mad design of reforming the fixed, unalterable, divinely instituted, therefore irreformable, church he confounded the abuses and evils among men professing religion with religion itself. He forgot that the individual Catholic is in constant need of reform in his life, but the Catholic Church on her divine side needs no reform. Whether speaking through councils or through her individual pastors, the church aims at reforming her children. She will modify her external life, her discipline, whenever in her divinely imparted wisdom she deems it advisable for the greater good. The light shines out dazzlingly in that darkness, the light of knowledge from Trent, the light of sanctity from the saints of that time, many of whom were active workers, during the many sessions of that great council. Hence Ignatius and his Society of Jesus, hence St. Teresa and St. John of God with their renewed monasteries, St. Charles Borromeo with his ecclesiastical seminaries, St. Cajetan with his pious oratory, St. Philip Neri with his countless *Filippini*, and ever so many more leaders, to say nothing of the willing multitudes led and maintained in the way of Christian perfection. These were the reformers and the reformed in the only sense of words acceptable to him who believes in the Church One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic.

St. Philip, though he entered upon Holy Orders only after what we may call a "public life" in the world of sixteen years, was to be one of the chief laborers in the reforming of the clergy of his time. The church teaching cannot err, but the church in her ministers considered only as men may, alas! fall from her high estate; though infallible in her doctrine, she is not impeccable in her representatives. The "gold had grown dim" in many places; the "salt of the earth" had "lost its flavor." We needed holy priests, and they were given to us. St. Charles was a priest, St. Cajetan a cardinal, St. Philip Neri will become a priest in spite of his humble protests. He will be the ideal priest realized; he will prove the possibility of poor, frail humanity reaching the standard of holiness expressed in the awful words of priestly ordination.

The Neri family was noble, though at the time of our acquaintance with it fortune was not commensurate with its just claims to aristocratic distinction; but its noble scion, its last representative, Philip Romolo, was to enhance the name as all the wealth of the Indies could not do; but "with him," as Capecelatro says, "the Neri ended, but with him, too, the *Filippini* began."

He had a brother Antonio, younger by several years; he died in early childhood. There were two sisters, Elizabeth and Catherine, six or seven years younger than himself. These "little sisters" must have been like everybody else's little sisters, and helped Pippo to be good. We are told the good Pippo shed very bitter tears over an act of impatience provoked by either Lizzie or Katie; certain it is, "he pushed his sister," says the biographer, "because she disturbed him in his beloved devotion, the recitation of psalms." She protested against his long prayers in various ways, and "one day he rudely pushed her." His papa reproved him, and poor Pippo would not be comforted; long and bitterly did he bewail his "sin of anger," and "never did it again." Can we question the delicacy of this wide-awake, healthy boy, when a single act of ungentleness was for him the cause of an abiding contrition? Happy parents to possess such a child! Happy child to have learned at home his first lessons of true greatness! Grace in the youthful Philip was seconded by education, or, rather, his education was a great grace. What a delightful and profitable study it would be for the Christian parents of to-day to ascertain the exact details of this education. His biographers do not tell us much about this, but they lead us to infer it was thorough and judiciously practical. They were "genteel" people, and genteel people after the Tuscan meaning of distinction were very genteel indeed.

Philip, whom all future generations are to designate as "*The*

Apostle of Rome," was a Florentine by birth and education. This must be read as a guarantee of a refined mental and moral disciplining, of an artistic moulding of thought, and of a severe intellectual grasp of things. Philip was a frequenter of the renowned "Rucellai Gardens," and the other sanctuaries of art for which his native city is famous. He was a frequent listener to the learned discourses and lectures. Here was art criticism carried to such a degree of nicety as to make Florence the standard for the rest of Italy. Here he might take notes on the theories of political economy, of philosophy and literature. Here he might kindle in his soul the ambition to shine among men as a scholar, as an artist, as a leader in politics. Apart from this unquestionably rich opportunity of acquiring a brilliant education, he enjoyed a regular course of study under the direction of an able tutor named Clemente, a man who was in great repute even in Florence. Philip's classics under this master were all that an enthusiastic teacher and a willing pupil could make them. Still, we must not be surprised to learn that this young man's ardor for the ancients was not as fiery nor as passionate as was then the fashion. He studied the old masters with love, but not with idolatry. It is a great blessing for Philip that in those years of facile impressions the arts and sciences in Florence were, in some degree, Christian in their expression as well as in their conception; but the greatest blessing of all, and the one by which, after a singular grace from God, we have a Saint Philip Neri, was that of the home influence exercised over him, influence of lovely examples. "His parents understood that the souls of their children were trusts from God; that the soul must ever tend towards and nourish itself on the thought of God and on the love of God." Another blessing was the free and almost constant intercourse of their son with the best religious of his time.

He was always at home among the Dominicans of San Marco, and in later years in Rome, on one of the rare occasions when he spoke of himself, he said to the Dominicans there: "Whatever good there has been in me from the first I owe to your fathers of San Marco, especially to Fra Zenobio de' Medici and to Fra Servanzo Mini." Congenial, indeed, to the contemplative yet ardent soul of Philip must those peaceful cloisters have been. Friendly the intercourse with these holy men, among whom were kept beautifully alive the traditions of their saintly founder, in whose memories dwelt the sweet voice and beautiful face of Fra Angelico. Here had dwelt the eager though somewhat overzealous Savonarola. Veneration for this man was a cherished tradition in the Neri family, as in all the better families of Florence, who saw in the great preacher,

even while deploring his impetuosity, a forerunner of the great and true reformation that was to be. Happy days those, when the pious and studious youth could pass from a refined home to the classic shades of the Rucellai Gardens; thence wander at will among the long corridors and cells of San Marco; linger without fear of disturbance before some of those Madonnas of the angelic painter; go in and out of the great cathedral. Happy, indeed, too happy to last, but never to be forgotten. During these years of enviable opportunities the boy of twelve has almost reached man's estate; he is eighteen years of age, holy and refined, as were his surroundings. He has not got thus far on the road of life without having experienced how sharp is the conflict between body and soul; in other words, he has realized what his spiritual teachers mean when they caution Christian youth against the perils attendant on that phase of life called the awakening of the passions, a time of dangerous initiations. Philip has understood how vigilant he must be if he is to come out of the ordeal unscathed.

Whatever may have been the intensity and the length of his conflict we know not, but on the testimony of those who were near him during those years, we learn that at no time was his external serenity ruffled; he left off none of his pious practices, nor did he seek for other friends than those he met in his own family and among his dear Dominicans. Philip was an only son now; the family name must not be lost. Whatever have been the signs of a vocation to a life of greater piety, we know no definite choice had been made; we know, also, there was no violence on the part of his parents, not even a formally expressed desire, as to Philip forming an alliance that would insure the transmission of a name of which they were so justly proud.

But as early as his eighteenth year Philip had reached that sorrowful time in almost every life, when we must leave home. There must be a parting; Philip must go away. Philip, in spite of his predilections for books, and for the noble arts so lavishly represented in his beloved Florence, feels it is right and honorable for him to make some effort to return, at least in part, what his parents have done for him. An opportunity is at hand, and he will sacrifice his tastes, his love for home, to relieve his father's mind relatively to the endowment that father is so anxious to bestow upon his son; he need be no longer a burden on his good father's mind; and whatever patrimony the family can dispose of will go entirely to his two sisters. Philip knows that life is labor, and though his heart-strings may break, he will go—go to San Germano, a small town nestling at the base of Monte Casino. A relative, whom he

calls his uncle, is engaged in a thriving business there—a bachelor uncle, with no one on whom his heart is set but on this beloved, so-called nephew, Philip Romolo Neri. The wealthy merchant had written to Philip's father, asking that the young man might come, and be helped through, as we would say, a practical "commercial course," intimating his intention of making Philip his heir. This sounds very practical, indeed, for a saint; for one who, though in the world, has already made great strides in the mystic life. But, after all, the saints are very practical, though they exhibit their concrete wisdom in curious ways. It is easy to understand why Philip, whose sense of indebtedness to his parents was proportionate to his sense of delicacy and gratitude, equal to his appreciation of their love for him, found strength to renounce life in Florence for one that held out to him nothing in harmony with his tastes and habits; strength to tear himself away from his home, leave his beautiful city, his dear friends, to do what was in his eyes a filial duty. Whatever may have been his intimate conviction that another career was traced out for him, the time had not come yet to break definitely with the world and its chances of prosperity.

Hence, somewhere about the years 1532 and 1533 he left Florence, left it for ever. So little do we know when we say "Good-by" whether the "Welcome back" will ever be heard! Three hundred and fifty miles—that was a long journey in those days. There were in 1532 few carriage-roads in Italy, and very few carriages. These three hundred and fifty miles must be made on horseback, and even though the route lay through Umbria, and Rome was one of the halting places, it was a painful and a lonesome journey. Our solitary traveller was going to assured riches, but he was poorly equipped for a long journey, his wardrobe very scanty for a gentleman's son. It was a beginning of the detachment he was to practise and to teach during the remainder of his life. These privations went far towards confirming him in his convictions as to the vanity of all earthly things; he learned how very little indeed "man wants here below." The "kindly Light" was leading him on, seemingly to San Germano, not "to thrive and grow great after the fashion of prosperous humanity"; but really he was being led on to the love and espousal of Holy Poverty; led on, as only the "kindly Light" can lead, to the full comprehension of the fundamental principle of beatitude conveyed in the words of the Owner of all things: "Blessed are the poor in spirit!"

San Germano lies half-way between Naples and Rome. Should we visit it to-day, we might well wonder that such an enterprising business man as Romolo Neri should have prospered here; but in

the sixteenth century several of these small cities had become great commercial centres through the agencies representing the richest families of Rome, Naples, Florence, Genoa, etc. This Romolo, whom Philip called his uncle, was only a second cousin, by many years his senior. He had always loved Philip; his adopting him as heir and successor was only the executing of a purpose he had formed from the earliest childhood of the beloved Pippo.

How far are God's ways from our ways! Romolo intended to show his dear Philip how to get the most out of life. The adopted heir will learn the secret, but not as Romolo understood it. Although the piety of Philip was far beyond the ordinary, and although there had been several supernatural manifestations of the grace within him, yet no vision is granted him, no articulate words from heaven have sounded in his ears, and his arrival in San Germano has all the appearance of being the outset of a worldly career no less honorable than successful. His welcome from the generous relative who had bade him come was hearty, nor was Philip indifferent to the unceasing kindness of his protector, though he sorely missed his dear friends, the monks of St. Mark's. He soon learned the shortest way up those heights on whose summit stands the world-renowned monastery of the Benedictines, who have kept aflame on this holy mountain the beacon-light of European civilization—Monte Casino!

We must adore the Providence which placed the man who was to be known as the "Apostle of Rome" under the shelter of all the holiness investing this mountain at that perilous time of his life when he so much needed counsel and strong example. His soul was athirst for God, but nothing was definite in his mind as to the means by which he was to do his share towards advancing God's cause. The greatest saints have had their trials of uncertainty and of human fears. Philip was no exception. The world had powerful attractions. There was a noble name to perpetuate; wealth was insured. He must needs pray and keep a close watch over his heart, because in those matters it is always the heart that decides. He could, indeed, live a holy life, attain sanctity—*i.e.*, love God and serve him faithfully—by walking in the common path; but his soul could find no rest in that determination, nor will he rest until he sees unmistakably that God calls him to perfect union with his Holy Spirit. His goings and comings through the consecrated domains of Monte Casino had much to do towards hastening his life-resolve.

St. Ignatius was drawn by grace to spend some time in this holy seclusion before he laid the foundation of his great society. So is St. Philip, who is to institute a great work, led by God to the "Holy Mountain." His yearnings for a life of immolation were gaining form

and consistency. Says a Benedictine chronicler of the seventeenth century: "Philip laid the foundations of a pre-eminent sanctity in San Germano and in Monte Casino, in which places for three continuous years he drank in the spirit of piety and of holy virtues mainly under the guidance and teaching of the most religious monk of Monte Casino, Eusebio d'Evoli, a noble Neapolitan." Those whose happy privilege it is to go on a pilgrimage to the great Benedictine monastery cannot fail to carry away among their many precious souvenirs a strong impression of an altar dedicated to St. Philip Neri in the Church of the Holy Trinity, nor can the pilgrim forget the painting which represents our saint—it hangs on the walls of that church. This is the most popular shrine among the many shrines of the mountain. From the Abbot Dom Bernardo Gaetani the author to whom we are indebted for the latest life of St. Philip has learned and tells us that

"not far from Gaeta, which is about fifteen miles from San Germano, a hill rises steep and abrupt from the sea. It is held in great veneration by all the people of that part of Italy, because an ancient tradition says it was rent when the earth quaked at the death of Christ. In the eleventh century we find it a sanctuary dedicated to the Holy Trinity. In St. Philip's time it belonged to the Benedictines. About the middle of the fifteenth century a mass of rock fell from the summit of the mountain upon the cleft, which is about seven yards across; when it had fallen two-thirds of the height of the mountain it embedded itself so firmly that no power of man could move it. A certain Argeste of Gaeta then built on the fallen fragment a beautiful circular chapel, seven yards in diameter, the windows of which command a wide expanse of sea, which flows also far below under the chapel. This is the sanctuary of the Holy Cross. From the church of the Trinity we reach this chapel by a kind of ladder formed by thirty-five bars of iron riveted in the side of the mountain. And thus the memory of the rock riven at the death of Jesus was revived; pilgrims thronged to the spot, and to this day the devotion is unabated. It is especially dear to sailors. The light in the little chapel thus suspended in the cleft of the rock shines from afar over the sea, and when in the gloom the sailors see it they cry: It is the Trinity! They uncover their heads, pray, and give thanks as they round the mountain into the harbor. When the sea is calm and bright they salute it with discharge of guns."

In this shrine, we are told, St. Philip spent much of his time. In this retreat came at last to his soul a direct inspiration as to the form his service was to assume. It was an interior and wordless voice, but he heard it distinctly, and to hear was to respond. Here it was that, before his twenty-first year, Philip said to himself: Poverty is my choice; I will devote myself to the acquisition and practice of the spirit of poverty. And then to his beloved and afflicted uncle, his adopted father: "I for ever renounce what you so kindly hold out to me. I shall always be a poor man." Not the

language of the average young man coming of age; but the saints are not average men. Will this singular young man join the brotherhood of mendicants, who continue the sublime folly of St. Francis Assisi, the chivalrous Knight of Christ, who, inspired by "Him who had not whereon to lay his head," "wooed and won" the lowly maiden known in supernatural language as Holy Poverty? Will this new suitor vow himself to her service among his beloved Dominicans?—he was almost one of them since his youth—or will he not rather simply say, as so many thousands had said before, to St. Benedict, living in the person of the father-abbot: Let me, too, be counted as one of the "blessed." He loved the place and the monks; he was no stranger there. Philip did not feel drawn to make a formal vow of poverty; but he was fired with a desire to live henceforth in the spirit of detachment from all things without formulating his renunciations. Had he, in his long meditations on that wonderful Sermon on the Mount, caught some special meaning of the first principle of blessedness? So it would seem; for irrevocably was it fixed in his mind, this singular resolve. Alas! that it should be singular. For is not the theory of happiness, as worded by the Preacher on that mount in Judea, addressed to all men of all times? Must we not all "use the things of this world as if we used them not"? The world needed a reminder of this theory, and St. Philip will show us that it is a practical theory, that conveyed in the Beatitudes. We shall have voluntary poverty practised by a man who does not join a monastic order. He rejects, as gently as he knows how, the rich inheritance his good uncle intends for him, though his good heart aches at the pain his resolution inflicts. In obedience to the call of grace, he tears himself away from a place he had begun to love as dearly as Florence. He will set out upon the new road, which will lead him to the scene of all he is destined to do towards the work of reconstruction going on in the Christian world. He will go to Rome. There he will labor, there he will die, there his sanctity will receive its crown. This man, who does not aspire to the priesthood, will become the model of priests. In Rome he will give the lie to the so-called Reformers, who proclaimed so loudly that the church had lost her life-giving power, that she was totally steeped in sin. Whatever may have been the scandal given by rich churchmen, here is an example which thousands will gladly follow. And Philip, whose humility could not have endured the word reformer as associated with his efforts, will be acknowledged as such by all future generations, and his reform will be chiefly felt by the clergy.

He reached Rome in the latter part of 1534, shortly after the

accession of Paul III., and at the time when the tremendous revolt in Germany had convulsed all Europe and dismembered Christendom. It was just before the opening of the Council of Trent. All minds were intent upon the awful questions of the day. We may say that we are engaged in the same study. Thrillingly interesting times those were and these are; thrilling, because we who know the right answers to the questions of the human soul suffer at seeing so many noble minds answering wrong and believing wrong answers. We cannot conceive of Philip going through those times without taking an active interest in all those agitations, even though he was a man of almost incessant prayer, aye, and a poet, too, but not an idle dreamer; nor will he ever give himself up exclusively to the contemplative life. What dreams he had were not "all dreams." Those eyes of his, so downcast in their modesty, were very observing eyes. He was young, only twenty-one; he would look on the drama then being played upon the world-stage and learn; better still, he will take a very conspicuous and beautifully real part in the great *action;* he will pray that "all may end well," and it is ours to applaud, and the angels and saints are with us in the applause. Are we not all "given as a spectacle to angels and to men"? The voice so plainly heard at Monte Casino, and so promptly obeyed, will speak again and command the sacrifice of his humble protests against embracing the clerical life, and though it be with fear and trembling, he will say: "Behold thy servant," for I heard thy voice. Yet he will have walked in the strength of the first call of grace at San Germano for sixteen years before his vocation is made definite and clear to him.

Can any Catholic feel like a "stranger in a strange land" in Rome? From the day on which the golden sands of Montorio were dyed red with the blood of St. Peter, who, by dying, took possession of the Imperial City, every child of the church of Peter has a right to call himself at home in the monumental city of the world. It is ours by right divine; so felt Philip Neri. Yet, though one may go in and out of the three hundred and sixty-five churches, may linger in the galleries and museums, may pray undisturbed in all the consecrated shrines, he may not walk into every house or any house and expect food and lodging without paying for it. In this respect Philip was indeed a stranger and alone in Rome; but his trust was great. Had he not left San Germano to obey the grace that called him to Rome, there to live in perfect detachment? Still, man must not tempt Providence; he must earn his bread. Philip renounced wealth, renounced the luxuries and many of the necessaries of life, but he did not presume on a miraculous supply of

what was rigidly required to keep his strength. He was not long without finding a chance of useful employment that would still leave him free to follow his inspiration. A few days after his arrival in Rome he heard of a Florentine named Caccia who, with his wife and two small children, resided not far from the Pantheon. He went to these good people, begged shelter and such relief as any beggar might beg. Nor was he turned away; he was told he might abide with them, a small room in the upper part of the house he might consider his own. This room proved his first "Roman Oratory." For all during the sixteen years of labor in the schools, in the hospitals of Rome, and in various other ways, this will be his lodging place. Here he was free to spend his leisure in prayer and study; but he will not abuse the charity of these good people, on whom he has no claims but their common love for Florence. He will earn his meagre living; better still, he will repay them superabundantly for their kindness by educating their two children. Happy parents! Happy children!

The Roman schools of philosophy and theology were open to him, and he needed no money to draw from these fountains. Hence, during the three first years of his sojourn in Rome, Philip studied philosophy and theology, although he had no idea of becoming a priest. During these years of humble retirement, of extraordinary preparation, he would accept only absolutely necessary assistance from his friends—much to their regret. They, especially the children, loved him tenderly and devotedly. He was laying deep and strong the foundations of sanctity, humility, and mortification, making a sure groundwork for the spiritual edifice. Those were years of violent combat, too, though his friends could not detect in him any weakness. He was young, refined; he was handsome; he was such a youth as even men would turn to look at in the crowded streets. Virtue must be tried by temptation; but strong in the grace that goes with humility and self-denial and constant vigilance, he triumphed. Pleasure no more than riches ever won from him the slightest concession. During these sixteen years as a layman in Rome his temptations, whatever form they took, were only temptations. That means so many victories. Not until 1538, four years from the time he bade farewell to San Germano, did the race he was to run trace itself out to him in a clearly discernible direction. We have reached a third turning point in his life; he will not leave Rome, but he will leave the schools. He will give up his studies, sell his books, and give the price to the poor. Not solely out of compassion for them, but that these beloved books may not distract him from God. Have we not seen St. Benedict, who was to be the

founder of the great schools of the Christian era, fly from the schools of the Rome of his day? Not from fear of pagan corruption, however, did Philip leave the schools, for he really loved them. But God's ways are not easily analyzed. Therefore, let us say he knew enough of what can be taught even in the best schools. Knowledge is power, no doubt, but it is no such power as charity. The world had grown cold; it needed examples of charity. Knowledge was being passionately pursued everywhere at the risk of puffing up with pride. If we study with the light of faith the signs of those times in which Philip made his singular sacrifice, we shall see what it was impelled this student to abandon the schools. There is much to learn outside of the schools in all times, but especially was this the case in the sixteenth century.

Philip renounced his books; if he returns to them, as we shall see him do in after years, it will be in obedience to his conscience. "It is a remarkable fact, which the history of the saints discloses, that few of the founders of the great religious congregations were distinguished pre-eminently by their learning, as we interpret the word; this light was to be brought on their work by their sons." Ignatius was not so learned as Suarez and Bellarmine. St. Philip in his congregation is eclipsed as a scholar by Baronio and others.

Philip was twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, a layman and unknown, when he came forth from his hidden life. He did not leave his lodgings with the Caccias, but he gave up his long hours of study and teaching there. Philip began that life of charity which was to spread so widely and be so mighty an aid in the holy work of reformation. He anticipates St. Vincent de Paul. It is his charity for suffering humanity that drew Philip from his obscurity to the Roman hospitals. For twelve years the handsome, modest young man, whom so many in Rome love already only from seeing him, will fill out an apostolate of brotherly love. He will entice many to do the same. Soon after he had begun his pious and charitable ministrations in those gloomy, ill-kept hospitals several of Rome's richest and noblest might be seen each day in the wards comforting by word and deed the poor sufferers who were crowded there. Bad as the world may be at any time, always there will be found souls ready and anxious to do what is right. The world, any more than the individuals who people it, is not totally bad. Always there will be much good in it, even when there seems only evil. The leader in this movement, which humanitarians would call philanthropic, was followed by an evergrowing *suite* of emulators. It became, not the fashion but a beautiful custom, for noble young men, for priests and cardinals, for potentates of the classic realms of literature, to

spend some time each day in the visitation and service of the sick in the hospitals or in their wretched dwellings—we cannot call them homes.

The result was many conversions among the poor invalids whom he served so patiently and lovingly, but chiefly among those who at first had ridiculed his work because they did not understand it. "Love conquereth many things." His love conquered hardened hearts; and foremost among his happy imitators were several who had been loudest in denouncing him as an innovator. He did not confine his ministrations to the sick; layman though he was, he exhorted the people not only privately but in the streets and in the shops and in the warehouses and in the banks, and the children in the schools; he spoke to them of God, of his love and his justice, in the very churches. We are told that in the church of San Salvatore he often spoke to the crowds that had followed him there. Strange as it may seem, he was not opposed in this, but was earnestly besought to respond to the desire of the anxious multitudes, who loved to hear him discourse so warmly of God. They believed him when he said it was sweet to serve God. Like his Master, he was meek and unobtrusive, even when most earnest; yet he was often earnest unto vehemence, but always lovable. Few were they who could go on their frivolous or sinful ways after hearing Philip Neri say how noble and wise and sweet it is to walk in paths of virtue. Indeed, many felt their hearts changed by merely looking at his face, so radiant was it with that inner light of love and faith and hope. Great must have been his consolations when he saw so much of the good seed springing up and bearing fruit. This kind of consolation the saints, the apostolic workers have a right to desire and to enjoy, though God, in his wisdom, does not always permit his workers to reap here what they have sown. Well for us that we have his word for it that no effort on our part, and purely for his glory, is ever an ineffectual effort. Capecelatro and all the biographers of St. Philip tell of several rich young men who, after hearing or seeing the gentle preacher, went and sold their goods and entered upon the narrow way of the "counsels." Much of his influence was due to what we would call his "personal magnetism," but which was besides that the unction of the Holy Spirit.

St. Ignatius, who was then in Rome, was wont to say that "as the bell calls people to church while it remains itself in the tower, so Philip called many to the religious life in various orders, while he himself remained in the world." He had devoted himself to the rescue of souls from sin, having neither direct office nor mission. His one aim was to bring souls to God through repentance, by ex-

ample and discourse, by prayers and tears. His contemporaries tell us he went about everywhere, constrained by his ardent love of souls. He met many congenial souls, souls like his, all on fire for the spread of the kingdom of God on earth. Particular mention should be made of St. Camillus, founder of a fraternity known as "the Servants of the Sick." The hospitals were likely places for such encounters, and strong and lasting was the friendship that existed between these kindred souls.

But is there nothing of the highest order of gifts to speak of in this true story of true love? Was this most edifying Christian whom we have canonized in our hearts, even while his probation still endures—was he not favored with miracles and visions?

While only a layman, with no higher vocation yet manifest than to realize in his life the ideal Christian in the world, we have many things to tell that would illuminate many pages—things of the supernatural order far transcending even his extraordinary daily round of superhuman activity. Suffice it to say for the present that many times, while he was still a child in his parents' home, unmistakable signs of the highest form of sanctity were visible—sensible transports of love for God, abundance of tears at the mere thought of sin, to say nothing of several miraculous escapes from peril. Then, during his ministrations of the sick in Rome, many cures are recorded as due to the healing power that was given his gentle hand; his kindly look was sufficient to heal not only the soul of the sufferer upon whom he smiled or over whom he wept, but even physical infirmities oftentimes were suddenly cured. As for the soul-cure, innumerable were the cases of great sinners feeling the touch of grace at sight of him, and lasting conversions were wrought without his having even said one word to the repentant ones. We must not omit to mention here the frequent bodily encounters of St. Philip with the enemy of all good. Several times had the devil under various forms tried to shake the constancy of Philip, but always the pious and self-denying young man, whom all Rome was beginning to call its apostle, came off victor, because always he was armed with the weapons of vigilance, mortification, and prayer.

His love of God was manifested in the most unmistakable way—through his raptures in prayer. We are told he spent whole nights in going from one to another of the great churches in Rome (a pilgrimage of ten miles), and this after days of incessant labor in the hospitals, the schools, and the streets. Love must show itself not only in mystic communings and silent colloquies, but it betrays itself in spite of the rigid strictures humility (the saints' discretion) places upon it; even our poor human love chokes the utterance, suffuses

the eye, blanches or burns the cheek, trembles in our whole body, "so mighty is a little love"! It must needs go and do something for its object, live for it in labors and perplexities, even die for it. Now, what if I have caught a glimpse of the Author of Love, of his everlasting beauty and goodness and truth? What if that dim glass through which all mortal eyes must look darkly be for a moment cleared for me so that it appears to be of crystal transparency? Can I ever again feed solely on the beauty of creatures, on reflected beauty? Can I ever again love even the noblest and best and dearest creature with an inordinate love? These are idle questionings. Most emphatically have they been answered in the negative in the lives of all the holy men and women now feeding on the eternal love in heaven, or striving for it here on earth. Love is the secret of all things which we in our culpable ignorance term extravagant, which we even dare to speak of as foolish. If this love be the key, the cipher, to the proper reading of the life of a saint, let us use no other in endeavoring to make a consistent whole of St. Philip's sojourn on earth. Were the expression permitted, we should say that he was passionately in love with God. He must needs tell all men how lovely are the courts of his Lord. He must wear himself out in the effort to convince the erring children of earth that one day spent in those courts is fuller of bliss than thousands of years in the palaces of sin. He will succeed in luring many souls into these delectable courts, in fact. This will be his characteristic work, the making lovable the service of God, especially in his temples—work so successfully carried on in this our time by his loving and faithful sons, the priests of the Oratory, especially in Italy and England. The fire that burned in St. Philip's soul, consuming it with the desire to draw all men to God, glows unabated in the hearts of his worthy successors.

But was this love, so strong and so warm, always sensibly felt by Philip? In other words, had he ceased to carry on that warfare which reduced even the dauntless Paul to cry out, in his weariness, for death to relieve him from the fight? The saints loved always, but the joy of love was not always granted them. St. Philip was no exception; he was acquainted with sorrow and weariness and desolation of soul. He, like all of them, the blessed children of God, "ate his heart away" in homesickness. He, too, felt that "the night was dark, and he was far from home." So must we all, if we expect to rejoice for ever in that home, where the "kindly Light" shines no more through mists and vapors, but in undimmed splendor and beauty.

Some of the saints were given, we know, to show us literally

what St. Paul calls carrying in our body the sufferings of Christ. We speak of the stigmata of St. Francis Assisi; the crown of thorns of St. Catherine of Siena. Was St. Philip favored with anything of this kind as a love-token? The following is condensed from what Capecelatro tells us in his admirable work. He speaks of an extraordinary mark left on the body of our saint. We may look upon it as the symbol expressive of the work he was to accomplish. In the sixteenth century, as in the nineteenth and all through the centuries of the Christian era, the Roman catacombs have been considered holy places, and up to the eighth century we know it was customary for pious pilgrims to resort there for prayer and meditation, even though these pilgrimages were fraught with many dangers, so many, in fact, that from the eighth until the early part of this century nearly all these subterranean sanctuaries were literally closed up, closed to archæologists as well as to pilgrims. But among the few open in St. Philip's time the catacomb of St. Sebastian was often frequented by those who loved to linger where were "deposited in peace" so many of the early witnesses of that church which in the sixteenth century was being abandoned by many of her unworthy children. It is easy for us to conceive the peculiar attraction this seclusion exercised over Philip's soul. He knew well what allowances must be made for the inevitable changes in outer things the successive ages had brought and would continue to bring. But he knew, too, that the spirit which animated the earliest Catholic pontiffs and priests and people was the same spirit which, though seemingly dormant in many, was not dead, could not die, and here he would go, inspired by the very spirit he was so anxious to reawaken. And here it is, on the occasion of one of his retreats, that a most extraordinary favor was granted him. Here he received the impression of the stigmata, not in his hands and feet, like St. Francis; the precious memento of his crucified Love was really, physically, visibly left on his heart. Visibly? Yes; as exhibited in the protruding and abnormally arched appearance of the two ribs over the heart; his heart during the rest of his life was physically enlarged beyond the ken of all the physicians of Rome to explain. The medical faculty of Rome was not unfamiliar with that disease of the heart known as enlargement, but Philip's disease was not of the kind for which a cure has to be sought, rather it was of that kind which it would be well for all men were it contagious. Philip, in his humility, however, was pleased ever afterward that men should speak of this miracle as of a disease.

This grace was received on the Feast of Pentecost, 1544, the day of the commemoration of the descent of the Spirit of Love in the form of a ball of fire, which we know divided and visibly

rested on the head of each one of the eleven Apostles and of the Blessed Queen of the Apostles in the shape of tongues of flame. In like manner, "the apostolate of Philip had its Pentecost. He was still living in the world; he had no companions yet in his ministry; hence none were present with him at the miracle of the catacombs, at his second confirmation. It is not the tongue of fire that he will receive; but his heart is to be a heart of fire. Therefore the symbol will be a flame, whole and rounded, which goes down into his heart and pervades and clothes it."

This happened six years before his entering into Holy Orders. High, indeed, was his preparation for the priesthood; high the example he left in the world for the encouragement of the great multitude of men who are not called to the service of the altar as ministers direct, nor to the heights of religious perfection. His transfiguration in the dim catacomb of St. Sebastian was his glimpse of the eternal beatitude. "It was but a passing gleam, too bright to last in its sensible form," . . . but "the great and abiding reality was a fulness of love which had in him effects most astonishing." From that day until his death he felt that fever of love which externally showed itself in the burning of his breast, the glow of his face, the glistening of his eyes, the trembling of his body. The two ribs remained displaced throughout his life; one of these precious relics is the treasure of the Oratorians in Naples. It was given to them by Pope Urban VIII. in 1639.

A giant step had been taken by the future founder of a congregation of priests whose success was to do so much towards asserting the sanctifying power of the church, then so vilely misrepresented by Protestantism. It remains for us not to measure that gigantic step, but to note the strides he made from that day in his apostolic career. Already the work of true reformation was begun. New congregations of men and women were organized, and the primitive fervor restored in some of the older ones. It suffices to mention the Society of Jesus, the Barnabites, the Camaldolese, the Capuchins, the Clerks Regular, the Somaschi; all these date from about 1648. Powerful arguments these against the men who proclaimed that the church had lost her power of generation. Philip must have been much comforted by all these signs of healthy vigor. His love for his fellow-men had grown with his love for God. More assiduously, more tenderly than ever did he serve them in the hospitals, exhort them wherever he met them, urging them on to try and see how easy is the road when borne on wings of love. It is at this period of his life that he became so much identified with the schools of Rome that all school-children may claim him as their patron saint.

It is also about this time he founded his pious congregation known as the "Trinità dei Pellegrini." Philip was not yet a priest, nor could he bring himself to think of ever becoming one, so great was his humility, so exalted his idea of the priesthood. He could not, therefore, presume to form a congregation of priests, much less attempt a reform of the clergy. Nevertheless, it is what he will do; he will enlarge upon the idea of St. Cajetan. This other great reformer had organized an association of priests known as "The Oratory of Divine Love," whose fame had already spread throughout Italy.

St. Philip, in concert with his confessor, "began on the 16th of August, 1548, the Confraternity of Pilgrims and of the Convalescent." They assembled in the Church of St. Salvatore in Campo. Their devotional exercises were the same as those of the Oratory: the worship of God, prayer in common, and preaching. The difference arose from the fact that St. Cajetan was a priest who had friends in high places, most prominent among whom was Cardinal Caraffa, afterwards Pope Paul IV. He thus gathered around him the flower of the clergy. Philip was yet a young man, a mere layman, though not unknown to some of the great ones. He began with fifteen persons, all living in the world, pious but poor and simple. How does it sound for lost vitality of the church to read that fifty years later, during the jubilee of 1600, this confraternity entertained in three days 444,500 pilgrims, besides 25,000 women, nearly one half-million people? The Oratorians met for works of piety only, while the brethren of St. Philip, apart from prayer, were engaged in works of broadest charity. They were the philanthropists of the sixteenth century. These men had no mission to preach; hence at their meetings they simply *talked* of God. Talking of God! Yes, that was St. Philip Neri's mode of preaching. Nor did he change in after years when a priest, though his ministry was to be carried on chiefly by preaching. Let those whose privilege it has been to hear the dear, sweet Father Faber discourse of the "Easy Ways of Divine Love," of the "Precious Blood," of the "Creator and the Creature," say whether such preaching can be superseded. How many tired souls are being refreshed and made lightsome and warm again by the continued ministrations of the gentle, lovely saint who lives in every one of his devoted sons!

The sequel of this beautiful love-story will show us the humble servant of the pilgrims and of the sick and poor, ever more humble, though his glory grows apace. St. Philip the Priest remains to be spoken of; but were his career to have ended here, in his thirty-sixth year, could we question the loveliness of his sanctity or the sanctity of his loveliness?

M. L. M.

Ottawa, Ont.

BOOKS AND HOW TO USE THEM.

II.

SHOULD you ask me what to read I could not give you a definite answer. The choice will greatly depend on yourself. Lists of books, except for the pursuit of special lines of study, are valueless. You have before you the whole range of literature and thought, from *Alice in Wonderland*—a child's book which we none of us are too old to profit by—to that late beautiful creation of a mother's love and a woman's genius, *Little Lord Fauntleroy;* from the primers of science to the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace; from the fairy-tales of boyhood to the great thinkers; historians, poets, orators, philosophers, political economists—all place their wealth at your feet and ask you to make it your own. Before selecting, draw the line between the literature of the hour, that is so much foam upon the current of time, flecking its surface for a moment and passing away into oblivion, and the literature of all time, whose foundations are deeply laid in human nature and whose structure withstands the storms of adversity and the eddies of events. The literature of the hour we cannot ignore; it has its uses; but we may and ought to guard against wasting more time and energy upon it than is absolutely necessary.

The daily press is flooding us with sensation and distraction. It were the height of unwisdom in us to devote any but the most limited time to our morning paper. The monthly magazine and the quarterly review also claim our attention. The story is told of Madame de Staël, how she asked Fichte to give her in a short quarter of an hour an idea of his philosophy. The philosopher was horrified at the thought that anybody could in so few minutes take in the meaning of a system that had been for him a life-labor. Well, that which caused Fichte to shudder is now of every-day occurrence. The magazines and reviews come to us laden with articles on every conceivable topic, in which the learned of the world condense their life-studies; and within little more than a quarter of an hour we are enabled to become familiar with issues that it would take us years to master to the degree of our newly-acquired knowledge. Is this a boon? The knowledge so acquired cannot be rightly apprehended unless we have brought to it previous special training. It is simply a cramming of undigested facts. It is not culture. Culture

implies severe mental discipline, continuous training, and methodical study of the best thought and most polished expression. Magazine articles can be of use when judiciously selected and read with care. Do not attempt to read all. Choose those only that are in your line of reading. In these remarks I have in view the secular press. But we Catholics must not forget that there is also a religious press, and that it is an imperative duty upon us to support that press. Much good is done by every well-edited Catholic journal. Now, many of our Catholic weeklies are instructive, edifying, and improving. Their editorials serve as an antidote to correct the poisonous effects of the venom frequently instilled into the daily press. They determine our bearings as Catholics upon the issues of the day. They signal to us the dangers that beset us. This is in a higher degree true of our Catholic magazines. Those published amongst us are few, and are easily enumerated. There is the *Ave Maria.* Weekly does it place at the feet of Mary a bouquet of flowers, rare and choice, contributed by the most graceful Catholic writers. There is THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Every month it comes upon our tables laden down with strong food for reflection and sweetmeats for amusement. You cannot pick up a number without finding amid its great variety something to suit every taste. There is the *American Catholic Quarterly Review,* edited by one of the most erudite among scholars, and treating every topic in the light of Catholic theology and Catholic philosophy from an elevated plane of view. It may interest you to know that cultured non-Catholics are among its most constant readers, regarding it as the fullest and most authoritative expression of Catholic opinion in America.

Memoirs and biographies and books of travel and manuals of popular science form the staple of our reading, and instructive and entertaining reading they make; but we must bear in mind that the ninety-nine hundredths of them are books of the hour, satisfying the wants of the hour and nothing more. They excite a momentary interest, and are then forgotten. Let them not monopolize all your spare time. The only biography in our language which has passed into the literature of all time is Boswell's *Life of Johnson.** Auto-

* There is one biography which I would like to see in the hands of every Catholic young man. It is *Frederic Ozanam: His Life and his Works*, by the late Kathleen O'Meara. I can introduce it to you in no more fitting words than those I have used elsewhere:

"The second London edition, now before us, has been found worthy of a long and valuable introduction from the pen of Cardinal Manning, to what His Eminence calls 'this deeply interesting narrative.' With great firmness of grasp the author handles the salient events of the day, and groups around Ozanam all the leading characters of that most interesting period of French history—interesting above all to the Catholic student—and follows her hero through the whirl and turmoil of Paris, and notes amid the seething of thought that was then going on in all active brains the self-possessed student through 'eighteen years of great intellectual and spiritual intensity' (Cardinal Manning's preface, p. 9), strong, energetic, earnest, carving his

biography has been recently most disastrous to the writers thereof. Mark Pattison, who seems to have written in order to vent a personal spite; John Stuart Mill, Carlyle—all wrote themselves down overestimated idols with feet of clay. The one exception is that admirable piece of soul-dissection, so outspoken, with honesty written on every page; that revealing of a soul to which tens of thousands are bound up by ties of gratitude, love, and admiration—the *Apologia* of Cardinal Newman, a book which will henceforth rank with the *Confessions* of St. Augustine.

And here I would ask you to distinguish between the suggestive book that sets you thinking, and after reading which you wish for more, and the book that leaves nothing unsaid, and in a measure does all your thinking. I need scarcely tell you that the suggestive book makes the more profitable reading. It is invigorating; it is of the highest order of writing. All the world authors—Plato, Aristotle, Dante, à Kempis, Shakspere, Goethe—are eminently suggestive. They exhaust no train of thought; they are content to designate the lines on which the reader should travel in order to attain the goal. Hence the libraries of books that have been written, and that will continue to be written, upon each of these without ever exhausting their infinite suggestiveness. The suggestive book may be great or small. A modern suggestive book should be confined within a small compass. Would that I could bring home to writers the ease with which this may be done! How much weariness of spirit the reading world would then be spared! The process is simple. Let the writer reject from his book whatever there is of padding, of negations, of repetitions of things that have been better said by others; let him eschew all grandiloquent description and what is

way to eminence, and inspiring youthful souls with his own chivalric impulses. Faithfully she traces his footsteps as, weak in body, he wanders through many lands in search of the health that was ebbing fast away from him; but, well or ill, always returning weighted down with erudition gathered from musty tomes hidden away in the recesses of dust-laden libraries; now picking up legends in Catholic Brittany; now culling flowers of sweetest poesy and song in the garden of St. Francis of Assisi; now imbibing inspiration in the land of the Cid; now following the slow and solemn tread of the great Dante, delving into that inexhaustible mine of high thought, the *Divina Commedia*—glad always and above all things when he could establish a branch of his dear Confraternity of St. Vincent de Paul. It is all told with an indescribable charm. . . .

"Had Kathleen O'Meara left no other work from her pen than this biography she would well deserve the gratitude of Catholics. If we were asked what book we would recommend to be placed in the hands of young men in order to quicken their sympathies in behalf of misery and suffering, and aid the good that is in them to bloom out and bear fruit, we should name without fear of demur or contradiction Kathleen O'Meara's *Frederic Ozanam*. It is a story of great talent utilized and bearing compound interest; an illustration of great opportunities created and seized upon and used to advantage; a revelation of sweet and charming domestic virtues. In Ozanam we behold the man of the world whose pulse beats in sympathy with all the literary, political, and social movements of the day; the ripe scholar, the unwearied student, and the beautiful, saintly soul. The book is strong enough to mark an epoch in the life of any thoughtful Catholic young man."—*The Ave Maria*, March 16, 1889.

called fine writing; let him confine himself to his subject, meeting difficulties and objections in the clear light of the predominant idea, condensing whole chapters into paragraphs, whole paragraphs into sentences, whole sentences into single words and phrases. In this manner may books be written in keeping with the busy life men lead and the many claims of the age that press upon them. In this manner would there be less waste of paper, less waste of ink, less waste of labor, less brain-waste; the millennium of the reading world would be at hand. The reading of strong and terse writing fires the soul and strengthens the intellect; the reading of emasculated books will make emasculated intellects.

I need scarcely tell you that the great bulk of the novels of the day are of the lightest froth. It were intellectual suicide to spend one's time and waste one's energies unravelling improbable plots or watching puppets of the brain—mere wax-works—dance before one through page after page and volume after volume, leaving it difficult to determine which is deserving of most censure, the presumption of the writer in rushing into print, his bad taste, or the mongrel language in which he expresses himself. The British Museum recently made a rule to let out no novels to readers till after the expiration of five years. How many of the novels published in this year of grace will be read five years hence? Ask the Mudie or any other circulating library what is the duration of the popularity of books of which the presses, worked day and night, were unable to supply the demand. The popularity of the hour is no criterion of worth. *Ben Hur* lay long months untouched upon the publishers' shelves before men awakened to its beauty and power; *Lorna Doone* was for years struggling into public recognition; and who that has read *Dion and the Sybils* will say that it has yet received a tithe of its full measure of justice? The popularity of the hour is most misleading. Among living authors the one that bids fairest to become a classic—I regret that I cannot unreservedly recommend him—is one who worked for years in poverty and obscurity before obtaining recognition; even at the present moment his readers are limited. His prose is as repellent to the casual reader as is the poetry of Robert Browning. But, like Browning, he is a keen analyzer of human motives; every novel is a soul-study, and almost every sentence is an epigram. I allude to George Meredith. A careful study of his *Diana of the Crossways* —the original of which, by the way, was the Hon. Mrs. Norton— will give you some insight into his great power and unrivalled merit.

But there is no dearth of novels that have passed the ordeal of time and are pronounced classic. Scott is still read, and will con-

tinue to be read as long as men will appreciate the spontaneous outpourings of a genius who writes as the blackbird sings. There is about his novels the freshness of the morning dew. We Catholics will pardon him the misrepresentations of our monks and the caricatures of our religious practices that disfigure some of his pages, for we know that he bore us no malice, and had he known better he would have done us more justice. The large majority of his books are wholesome reading.

Though we have no single great national novel, either for America or for England, as Cervantes' *Don Quixote* is for the Spanish; as Manzoni's *I Promessi Sposi* is for the Italians; as Tolstoï's *Anna Karénina*, that great prose epic of Russian life in its good and its bad aspects, is for the Russians; still, in Dickens, in several of Bulwer Lytton's—*My Novel*, for instance, and nearly all his later ones—in the great modern master of novelists, him of the big heart and the generous sympathy, that great lay preacher and critic of manners, who has written such classic prose and given us such grand character-studies in *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis* and *Henry Esmond* and *The Newcomes*—in all these and many others we can find amusement, instruction, and improvement. It will interest my readers to know that Thackeray was in strong sympathy with the Catholic Church. His bosom friend, William B. Read, of Philadelphia, in a valuable little book, published anonymously and now very scarce, bears witness to the fact; and I quote his words all the more willingly, for the reason that when this essay of Mr. Read's was republished in a series printed in New York the interesting passage was omitted. Bigotry dies hard. "Thackeray," says his friend, "was in one sense—not a technical one—a religious, or, rather, a devout, man, and I have sometimes fancied (start not, Protestant reader!) that he had a sentimental leaning to the church of Christian antiquity. Certain it is he never sneered at it or disparaged it. 'After all,' said he one night to him who writes these notes, driving through the streets of an American city, and passing a Roman Catholic cathedral, 'that is the only thing that can be called a church.'" We will think none the less kindly of Thackeray for this good word. I know no better antidote against a craving for the trashy stuff that is now flooding the world than to make a thorough study of one or other of the great novelists. After one has become accustomed to fare on wholesome food one is not apt to feed on husks and swallow swill.

Not but that among novels, as among poems, which have not yet received the sanction of time we perceive many a gem bringing home to us many a beautiful lesson, and we may humbly and thank-

fully accept the gift. I find in several of our living writers purpose, style, and art of a high order. One of the most successful of them—Mr. W. D. Howells—once remarked to me that he could no more conceive a novel without a purpose than an arch without a key-stone. Various are the ways in which the goodness of that purpose may be shown: now it is to place before us an ideal of life in its diverse phases, now to caution us against some of the evils gnawing at the vitals of society, now to bring the past nearer, now to photograph glimpses of an order of things passing away for ever, now to put us in presence of higher truths; and we have well-written and powerful novels illustrative of all these ways. To mention names were tedious.

I am not unmindful of the distinctively Catholic novel. It is of recent growth on English soil. That eminent churchman and scholar, Cardinal Wiseman, saw in the *Last Days of Pompeii* the model of an idea which, carried out, might prove most fruitful in bringing before the minds of the people a vivid picture of the Christian Church passing through the various stages of her struggles and her triumphs. His fertile brain accordingly projected a series of novels intended to rehabilitate the past, and, with his usual versatility, he turned aside from his oriental and scientific studies, and led the way in that delightful story of *Fabiola*, which continues to be read with unabated interest. Then followed *Callista*, a classic of finer fibre and more delicate structure, abounding in subtle traits of character, and penetrated with that keen sense of the beautiful so peculiar to the Grecian mind. It is a book that grows upon one with every successive perusal. Other works of merit were modelled on these, and though the list is short, it is select.

Nor am I unmindful of a number of living writers professing the Catholic faith whose pens, though not devoted to exclusively Catholic subjects, have produced, and still produce, good reading. Two of the most prominent—Lady Georgiana Fullerton and Kathleen O'Meara—have recently dropped out of the list. Rosa Mulholland, Christian Reid, Annie Keary, Mrs. Cashel-Hoey, Miss Tincker—in her earlier works—Richard Malcolm Johnston, Justin McCarthy, Marion Crawford—with some exceptions—the Rev. John Talbot Smith, Maurice Francis Egan, and those two honored pioneers of the Catholic novel in America, Mrs. James Sadlier and Mrs. Hanson Dorsey, are among those that recur to memory. I name them for the reason that all of them have left some work and exercised some influence for which we may be grateful.

But there is now coming into vogue a pernicious species of novel, all the more dangerous because of its insidiousness. It is not open-

ly immoral. It is, as a rule, artistically written, and loudly praised by the critics in sympathy with its principles. It is the novel of pessimism. Not only is it anti-Christian in its spirit, but it is even anti-human. It represents men and women under the cold and barren influence of agnosticism or positivism—either system has the same ultimate result—with their theories filtered through their lives and moulding their opinions and characters. Within its pages you look in vain for a Providence, immortality, spiritual existence. Its summary of all life is a natural development of the physical man or woman, happy in the airy fancies youth weaves; then a crisis which precipitates all illusions; afterwards hardened feelings, bitterness in speech, and either railings at all life or the resignation of despair, recklessly, hopelessly submitting to the Must-be. You cannot detect its subtle influence till it has left the iron in your soul, and the sweet prayers of your childhood have grown insipid, and the ritual and ceremonies of the church have lost their attraction, and you no longer think of God and your future with the same concern. It is in steering clear of such novels that direction is especially necessary.

It is only within the present century that English-speaking Catholics have begun to build up a distinctively Catholic literature. During the eighteenth century our English and Irish missionaries found it difficult to live. The hardships and privations they endured were most exhausting. And yet their pens were not idle. Their people needed plain and solid instruction, and they met the want. They placed in their hands the Rheims-Douay version of the Sacred Scriptures. Bishop Challoner wrote his *Catholic Christian Instructed;* Bishop Hay was led into the church by the reading of an anonymous pamphlet, *Papists Represented and Misrepresented*, and afterwards put out those beautiful works of doctrine, *The Pious Christian, The Devout Christian, The Sincere Christian;* Bishop Hornihold explained the Commandments and Sacraments; Dr. Husenbeth wrote on the Creed; Bishop Milner wrote his admirable *End of Controversy;* Alban Butler left us that great monument of erudition and repository of learning, his *Lives of the Saints.* Bishop Walmesley was a man of vast scientific attainments, and was one of the mathematicians employed to regulate the calendar preparatory to the adoption of the New Style in 1752.* This was the nature of the work done by our clergy in the eighteenth century. It was not brilliant, but it was solid, useful, and necessary work. These men did not cultivate style. They were obliged to study abroad, and after spending years

* See Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors* for a list of his religious and scientific books in Latin, French, and English. Several of his MSS. were burned in the anti-Catholic riots of 1780.

on the Continent, they returned to England with foreign accents ringing in their ears and foreign idioms slipping into their writings.

English classical literature, since the days of Spenser and Shakspere, has been Protestant. The authors who have helped to build up our language; the authors from whom we cull those expressions that have become part and parcel of our daily thinking; the authors to whose pages we refer for the allusions in which the writings of the day abound are, with a few exceptions, in spirit and tone Protestant. And yet it is a surprise and a happiness to know that outside the domain of history, which has been shamefully perverted by the Burnets, the Robertsons, the Gibbons, the Humes, the Macaulays, and the Froudes, a Catholic can take home to himself a goodly portion of this literature without having his Catholic instincts wounded or his moral sense blunted. I have strayed into many fields of literature, and culled flowers in many languages, and I can bear witness that whilst there are certain works in other languages which I appreciate more highly than works of the same grade in our own tongue, still, taking the literature of various countries as a whole, there is none of less objectionable character and of more elevating tone than is English literature, in its grand roll of authors from Widsith, the old English gleeman of the third century, down to the present laureate. But for this boon we are not to thank the Protestantism of England. It is rather due to the fact that the roots of English literature struck deep in Catholic soil, and the conservative character of the English people kept up the Catholic spirit and Catholic traditions long after the very name of Catholic had become offensive. That Catholic spirit still lingers in the cloistered aisles and corridors of Oxford. It hovers over the vacant tomb of Edward the Confessor within the hallowed walls of Westminster Abbey. It speaks in dome and pillared town throughout the land, "of which every arch has its scroll teaching Catholic wisdom, and every window represents some canonized saint."* It breathes through the Catholic prayers still preserved in the Book of Common Prayer. It has become transfused into some of the noblest passages in *Paradise Lost;* the Arianism and the Protestantism are Milton's own; but his noble lines clothe many a sentiment of tenderness and sublimity culled from the pages of Cædmon, St. Avitus, the Catholic mediæval miracle plays, and the Catholic drama, "Lucifer," of Voudel, the great Catholic and national poet of Holland.† It lurks in the *Pilgrim's Progress,* as much of it as John Bunyan chose to spell out of the prose translation of the original *Pilgrim's Progress, Le Pélérinage de*

* Kenelm Digby: *Mores Catholici*, vol. i. p. 22.

† Francis Junius introduced Milton to Cædmon; Roger Williams, of Rhode Island, taught him the language of Voudel.

l'Homme of the Cistercian monk, Guillaume de Deguilleville.* It is our Catholic heritage of thought and sentiment that has inspired the sublimest passages in our Wordsworths and Tennysons, our Longfellows and Lowells. And whatever Shakspere may have been in practice, the whole spirit of his immortal plays is Catholic. Even Carlyle regards him as the flowering of mediæval Catholicism.† "Indeed," says Digby, "a book might be composed on the latent Catholicism of many natives of this country, where everything solid and valuable is, after all, either a remnant or a revival of Catholic thinking or institution."‡

All honor, then, to those who at many and great sacrifices, and actuated by the pure love of God and their religion, have sought to wrest back for us a portion of our Catholic heritage in English literature. Do you ever bring home to you what these sacrifices may be? Take the conscientious Catholic publisher. He would rather see his house burned down than knowingly print a single sentence contrary to the teachings of the church. He invests time, energy, and capital in the printing and selling of Catholic books. How is his work appreciated? How is it patronized? Take the editors of our ablest Catholic periodicals. Are they properly remunerated? The managers of our ablest Catholic periodicals will tell you that their journals—whether weekly or monthly—have not, with few anomalous exceptions, circulation sufficient to provide competently for the editors. Take our Catholic authors. Do those of them writing exclusively Catholic literature fare any better? Cardinal Manning recently remarked that when he was a Protestant he wrote books and made money by them, but since he became a Catholic his books brought him little or nothing. Have we not actually known, within the last decade, one of the most scholarly Catholic writers in London to die in want? For such was the fate of S. Hubert Burke, whose portraits of the men and women of the Reformation in England are so clear and truthful and the best refutation extant of the romancings of Froude. Let us say it aloud: Catholics do not patronize and encourage Catholic books and the Catholic press as they might.

*Not *The Wandering Knight* of Jean de Cartheny, as has been recently asserted; not even, perhaps, the complete copy of the *Pilgrimage of the Lyf of the Manhode*, which I have before me; but an abridgment of it which, Mr. Wright tells us, was copied and circulated in MS. in the seventeenth century (*Pilgrimage of the Lyf of Manhode*, preface, p. x.) John Lydgate made a poetical translation of the poem in 1426. There are two copies of it in the British Museum, the best of which is in the Cottonian Collection (Vitellius, c. xiii. foll. 2–308).

† *French Revolution*, b. i. ch. i.

‡ *Mores Catholici*, vol. i. p. 25. Mr. P. O'Shea has made American Catholics his debtors by the publication of this magnificent work, hitherto so long out of print, hard to procure, and expensive. It is a great Catholic classic. The more it is read the better it will be appreciated.

There are names connected with Catholic literature in America that we all should ever hold in honor and benediction. Such is the name of Orestes A. Brownson. Do we realize all the greatness covered by that name? America has produced no more powerful intellect than Brownson's. There was no problem, social, political, religious, or philosophical, that he did not grapple with and find an answer for. After trying creed upon creed to find out the hollowness of each, the aspirations of his strong and generous nature and the invincible logic of his acute intellect led him into the church in the strength and maturity of his manhood. Forthwith he consecrated his pen to the vindication of that church and the defence of her doctrines against all comers. Mediæval knight never bore lance with greater singleness of purpose, or with more bravery and determination, in the cause of his lady-love than did Brownson wield his pen in behalf of the church. To his dying breath he was faithful to his vow. He viewed, and taught others to view, the doctrines of the church from an elevated plane, from which they were taken in as a whole and all their grandeur and beauty revealed to advantage. Men might differ with him in politics—his political opinions were odious to the great bulk of his readers; men might differ with him in criticism—his literary canons were frequently narrow and inadequate; men might differ with him in philosophy—his language smacked too much of Gioberti to please the intellect trained on exclusively scholastic lines; he may have been mistaken in matters of theology—in unguarded moments, in the heat of controversy, he sometimes expressed himself in language that a more trained theologian would not employ, or would modify considerably; but he was still great; there remained in him enough to inspire and elevate.* The very ring of his sentences was a

* Brownson himself, in his old age, with all the candor and humility of a great and noble soul, recognized his own shortcomings in the following generous sentences: "I have always regretted that circumstances not under my control seemed to compel me to appear as a Catholic reviewer on the morrow of my reception into the church, while almost totally ignorant of Catholic theology, and still more ignorant of Catholic life and usages; and I have often admired in later years the wondrous charity of the Catholic bishops and clergy in overlooking the crudeness and inexperience, if not the overweening confidence, of the neophyte, and in giving a generous support to his *Review*, notwithstanding the manifest inaptness of its editor. It is true I studied hard day and night for several years, under an able master, to supply my deficiency; and, also, that I published very little which was not previously examined and revised by one of the ablest and soundest theologians I have ever personally known; but it was a great drawback upon the usefulness of the *Review* that its editor and principal writer had not had leisure previously to make his course of theology and to place himself *en rapport* with the Catholic community, and that he had in every successive number to write up to the very limits of his knowledge, if not sometimes beyond them. I had always to write as an apprentice, never as a master. I have not made much progress in the knowledge of theology, and still less of spiritual life; I have also forgotten much of what I had acquired; but I have learned this much—not to venture beyond my depth, and not to broach questions that I have not mastered, or, at least, think I have mastered. If I could have done so in the beginning, I should have spared myself and my friends many mortifications."—*Brownson's Works*, vol. xix., p. 587.

trumpet-blast to us of the rising generation. He taught us how to take our stand upon his own high plane of thought, and thence survey the beautiful harmony of our creed with all that is good and noble in the natural world. He brought home not to us alone, but to the cultured intellect throughout the Christian world—for he had admirers in all parts and among all creeds—the great truths of natural and revealed religion with a grasp, a force, and an energy of expression worthy of an Aquinas. We were led to hold up our heads and to be proud of the faith that could inspire such sublime thoughts and control such a noble nature. His great intellect was only equalled by his profound humility. Once his bishop told him that in consequence of some objectionable tenets in his *Review* he would be obliged to censure him publicly. The old man's reply was: "Bishop, you may condemn and burn my books if you will, but by the grace of God I shall die a Catholic." And a docile, pious, believing child of the church he died. We of America owe Brownson a debt of gratitude that our children's children can but ill requite.

When Brownson was already a leader among men there used sit at his feet a youth whom he looked kindly on, and who afterwards, growing into manhood, threw aside the shackles of prejudice and error, and entering the church, became a freeman with the freedom that truth alone gives.* To speak of books or of reading and not to mention the name of Father Hecker were an unpardonable oversight. Only three short months ago he passed away from amongst us, and the wail of regret that went up throughout the land still echoes in our ears. Would that I could speak worthily of him! He was a man of generous impulse and noble aspirations, who thought better of the world than the world has deserved. His thirst for souls was insatiable. Having learned how good it was to live within the pale of the church, he would bring all men to share his peace and his joy. He loved American youths with the eager, hungering love of a father who saw his children in danger of drowning and would save them at any cost. He felt the pulse of the American youth, divined his yearnings, laid bare to him his better aspirations, and showed him where every beat of his heart and every question of his soul would find satisfactory response. You could not be in his presence for five minutes without feeling your soul set aflame with the same pure and noble fervor that was ever urging him on to make

* He says of his conversion: "It was one of the happiest moments of our life when we discovered for the first time that it was not required of us either to abandon our reason or drown it in a false excitement of feeling to be a religious man. That to become Catholic, so far from being contrary to reason, was a supreme act of reason."—*Aspirations of the Soul*, p. 286.

for the best. He was in an especial manner the apostle of Christian culture. He loved good books; he encouraged others to read good books; he inspired many to write good books; he freely disseminated good books. The Catholic Publication Society is a standing testimony to his zeal and energy in the cause of good Catholic reading. It was under his fostering hand that THE CATHOLIC WORLD grew up and flourished. His own works abound in that strong common sense so dear to the American mind. Who can number the souls that, weary and parched in traversing the arid sands of philosophic speculation, have stopped and drunk of the pure crystal waters of clear, philosophic good sense flowing from his refreshing volumes, and, strengthened, have resumed their journey with new-found hope that has cheered them on to a home and a resting-place in the Church of God? He has passed from amongst us, but his spirit still lives in devoted disciples of his, who are carrying on his work as he would have it carried on, in the spirit of charity for man, zeal for souls, and an abiding trust in the practical good sense of the American people.

And there has fallen another whose life was an apostolate sacrificed for the Catholic press. He fell in the breach; fell fighting till summoned by the death-knell; fell with aspirations unrealized, plans and projects unachieved; fell in the noon-day of his life, feeling that while he had done something he had left much more undone. Only the friends that knew him intimately and were favored with an insight into his noble aspirations and the high ideal he always placed before himself are in position to weigh and measure the solid worth of Commendatore Patrick Valentine Hickey. He also was one of the chosen few who labored in the interests of Catholic literature and Catholic journalism with a singleness of purpose and in a spirit of self-denial and self-devotedness truly heroic. Moderate in his views, unbending in his principles, charitable in his judgments, he was a ripe scholar, a profound theologian, a clever writer, a fair-minded and honorable opponent in controversy. He was never known to sully his paper with personal abuse. He always bore the respect and esteem of the non-Catholic press. Be his memory cherished amongst us as the Bayard of Catholic journalism. Let us not forget or ignore such merit and such devotedness. Let us love the literature for which such noble souls sacrificed themselves. Let us cultivate it, each according to his capacity; let us patronize it, each according to his means.

BROTHER AZARIAS.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION: A PLEA FOR JUSTICE.

THE number of those fair-minded people who are ready to recognize the just claims of Catholic citizens and taxpayers is rapidly increasing. Nor need any one be discouraged by the spasmodic outbursts of extremists here and there throughout the country. This display is mainly due to blind religious hatred, and the school troubles in Boston, Pittsburgh, and elsewhere merely supply occasion for turbulent spirits to exhibit their unreason. The intelligent, thoughtful, and conservative of our people are desirous of reaching a solution of the educational problem, and one that will satisfy all classes.

Let us examine the grounds upon which the Catholic claims are based.

1. All who pay taxes ought to share in the benefits of taxation.

2. To compel payment of taxes, and to exclude from participation in their expenditure, is political injustice.

To the average American these two propositions ought to appear in the light of self-evident truths. Their substance and meaning are embedded in the letter and spirit of our Constitution. It is entirely beside the question to say, as is sometimes said, that Catholics are not excluded from the benefits of the school-tax; that Catholics can share in the benefits of school taxation; and if they exclude themselves, that is their own fault. Every honest man understands at present that the fundamental principle upon which the public-school system of education is based excludes, and must necessarily exclude, not only the child of Catholic parents, but the children as well of the believer in supernatural religion. No Christian parent can endorse in his own conscience a system of instruction that is professedly non-Christian; a system that takes no account of the existence of a soul or a supernatural life; a system that occupies itself just as little with the mission, history, and teachings of the divine Founder of Christianity as it does with the life and doctrines of Confucius or Buddha. The reason, then, why Catholic taxpayers cannot avail themselves of the benefits of the school-tax is a reason founded on conscience. And to ignore this is an evasion of the whole question. The treatment Catholics, and all others who are in accord with the Catholic position, receive is therefore a plain violation of the rights of conscience and the first principles of justice, since they are taxed for something the benefits of which they are practically debarred from enjoying. Is not this political injustice? Is not

this a violation of those rights of conscience guaranteed to all under the Constitution?

The next argument advanced in favor of the claims of Catholics runs thus:

3. To offer education, either without Christianity or with indefinite Christianity, to the people of the United States—of whom the great majority are definitely and conscientiously Christian—is a condition that ought to be impossible of acceptance. The answer generally made to this line of reasoning is that Catholics simply want to control the public schools; that what we are aiming at is to teach Catholic Christianity in the public schools; and since this, of course, would be entirely distasteful to non-Catholics, the American people are asked to close their ears to the Catholic plea for justice.

Now, in all honesty and candor, our opponents should understand that we have never thought of such a thing as forcing our religion upon anybody, either in the schools or elsewhere. We have never dreamed of offering "education with Catholic Christianity to Protestants," unless they want that kind of Christianity, as many of them seem to do who send their boys and girls to Catholic colleges and sisters' academies. Once more let us repeat: all that Catholics look for is the free exercise of the natural and divine right of parents to educate their children. And when Catholic parents have discharged that duty satisfactorily one would naturally suppose that they ought to be in justice exempted from the doubtful obligation of educating other people's children, except those of pauper and delinquent parents. Is not that fair? Our fourth argument may be presented in this form:

4. To confer the exclusive control and enjoyment of the school funds on one class of the community alone is to create a grievance of conscience, which is especially foreign to our constitutional system. A large class of the population—the Catholics—who conscientiously refuse to accept education without Christianity, or schools of indefinite Christianity, are compelled to pay taxes for the support of such schools.

But, say those who are opposed to doing justice to Catholics, it would be impossible to parcel out the school-tax to the different denominations. If we give Catholics their due share, it will be impossible to refuse others who may advance a similar claim; a division of the school fund cannot be thought of, because the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and other religionists would put in their claims for a share of the tax. I make the obvious answer that justice ought to be done no matter what happens. Furthermore, a system under which all citizens can enjoy a share

of the school-tax, and have religious schools as well, is found to work well in the neighboring Dominion of Canada. Why not here? Moreover, it is generally understood that all, or mostly all, of the Protestant sects are satisfied with the public schools as they are at present. Let them keep those schools, if they like, and some accommodation be permitted their Catholic fellow-citizens for the maintenance of religious schools for their children, or exempt altogether from the school-tax those Catholics who are educating their children in the parochial schools.

There is no argument which the average man understands so readily as that which is addressed to his pocket. The money argument on this subject may be summed up in this way:

5. The parochial schools save annually the public revenues at least $10,000,000.

6. Again, if the parochial schools were extinguished, it would cost the people of the United States a vast sum of money to buy sites and build the schools necessary to replace them, and an enormous annual increase in the school-tax necessary to maintain them. These reasons should be apparent to the property-holder, who already complains of the weight of public taxation, especially in our large cities. The enormous sums of money that Catholics save to the people of the country ought certainly dispose fair-minded persons to look around for an adequate and just solution of the educational problem. How would it be if non-Catholics had to endure such a heavy burden of what is practically a double system of taxation? Most likely they, too, would complain, and that rather loudly. And they, too, would keep on agitating until there was a public recognition of their grievances. Why should not Catholics do the same? Why should they be branded, even by the Fultons and Joe Cooks of the land, as wanting in patriotism and as opposed to republican institutions when only redress from grievous wrongs is sought for? This, surely, is not fair play nor honest dealing. What answer can be given to the following?

7. Religious schools are the only safeguard of the rights and conscience both of parents and children.

8. They embody the freedom of the people to educate themselves, in opposition to the pagan and revolutionary claim that the educator of the people is the state.

It is usually admitted that from the Catholic standpoint these reasons are valid. If non-Catholics fail to perceive the force of the argument, they are certainly free to set up their own safeguards. If the public-school or state system is in their judgment all the safeguard to conscience that Protestants demand, well and good.

Catholics have not a word to say against the sufficiency of safeguards that others may adopt for their children. They claim, however, the same right to judge of what is necessary to safeguard their own rights of conscience. That is all. In reply to the reasoning here laid down, the writer noticed recently the following:

> "No one, that I am aware of, disputes the right of any parent to educate his or her children in any way he or she deems proper, so long as it is not at the expense of the majority, who may think different. In other words, no objections are made to parochial schools so long as they pay their own bills."

Here we have the barbarous principle that "might makes right," and a distortion of the maxim that "majorities rule." But even these principles cannot be applied to the case, since Catholics do not ask the majority to pay their bills. All they want is simply the privilege of paying their own bills and no more. As the matter stands at present it is plainly this: Instead of the majority being asked to pay *our* bills, we, after having paid our own bills, are forced to pay our share of the majority's bills, for which we get nothing in return for our hard cash. Such a proceeding, in ordinary commercial dealing, we call by its proper name. Does it not look on the face of things like the grossest injustice, to use a rather mild term?

9. State education as at present conducted is the worst form of education, fatal to the personal independence of the citizen, destructive of national energy and character.

10. The effects of a purely secular or state education have proved disastrous wherever it has had a trial.

Here are the proofs: There is, as everybody knows, a clear distinction to be made between education and instruction. According to the definition of the word, to educate means to draw out, to develop the intellectual, moral, and religious faculties of the soul. An education that improves only the mind and memory to the neglect of the moral and religious faculties is at best an imperfect and defective system. Yet this is exactly all our state education aims, or can aim, at doing. The state cannot officially teach morals or religion. It does not propose to do so in the United States. Therefore the state system is, as compared with all known systems, the most defective form of education.

That it is fatal to the independence of national conscience, energy, and character is no less apparent. The general proposition is true, that wherever the state encroaches upon individual rights there is invariably a weakening, that increases in direct proportion to the de-

gree of usurpation by the state, of those three great elements of national strength. Now, under our public-school system the state absolutely usurps parental rights. It is evident, therefore, that such a system of education must prove fatal to the personal independence of the citizen, weaken his conscience, and enfeeble his character. Besides, is it not patent to every one that conscience, as known to religious men and women, does not count at all in the system? And as for energy and character, "paternal" government by the state is about the speediest way to weaken and finally destroy both.

The Revolutionary period in American history was characterized by the highest degree of national energy and character. There were giants in those days; and, strange to say, they did not receive their education in public schools. Who holds that we are as independent in character and as full of energy as were the Revolutionary fathers? And yet we are in the enjoyment of the boasted blessings of our glorious public schools!

The reason why this injustice is perpetrated is, say the unthinking, because "it is unlawful" to divide the funds. Let us take a parallel case: Suppose it was unlawful for Roman Catholics to worship their Creator according to the dictates of their own consciences, should we be bound to silently submit to this injustice and wrong simply on being told by some blind persecutor that it was "unlawful" to do otherwise? Should Catholics tamely endure the wrong and injustice, not moving hand or foot to redress themselves? And are not the educational grievances of Catholics almost on a par with the case I have supposed? People sometimes get so accustomed to doing wrong to others that they fail to see any wrong in it. I am afraid we have come to that dangerous condition of mind in America on this school question.

That Catholic schools furnish instruction to pupils in secular matters fully equal to that given in the public schools is now generally recognized by all who have examined the results and efficiency of both systems. At present parochial schools are within the reach of most of our Catholic children. And any one who sees daily the large, nay, even the crowded, attendance of these parochial schools is satisfied that parents not only recognize their duty as Christians but also believe these schools to be equally efficient as the public schools in secular training. The constant demand for additional school room, the large number of elegant new buildings being erected all over the country, the ill-concealed feelings and angry outbursts, such as witnessed in Massachusetts, against the liberty of parents to educate their children in the way they

deem best and proper and most conducive to good citizenship, are proofs conclusive that priests and people are determined to put in force the legislation of the Council of Baltimore on this important subject of education.

It is not denied, however, that there are some Catholic parents who, for sufficient causes, do send their children to the public schools. There are others, again—but they are the exception, and are by no means representative Catholics—who, in face of plain Christian duty, persist in sending their children to the public schools. These are the exceptions that prove the rule. Hence the reason stands. But, after all, this is no sure or certain test of the efficiency of the schools—the choice of the parents. Very few parents visit the schools; a large number never think of comparing the efficiency of one system with the other; most parents are influenced by other considerations in selecting a choice of schools for their children.

The proper way of testing the superiority of one system over the other would be an honest competition between the pupils in equal grades of the two systems. We have no means of applying this test. I understood that within the last year or two one of the Catholic pastors of Pittsburgh publicly challenged the authorities of a neighboring public school, the most efficient one, I am led to believe, in the county, and the challenge was not accepted. Honest investigation goes to show that in the fundamental or elementary branches, and these are what the majority of the pupils need, the parochial schools are fully equal to, if not in advance of, the public schools in efficiency and thoroughness of work.

In Great Britain and Ireland statistics prove what here we have not the same means of showing, that Catholic schools and colleges more than hold their own against the state and non-Catholic schools. I have before me a summary of the results of the "intermediate examinations" in Ireland held last June. The result is that, without any external advantages, the Catholic students succeeded in carrying off a full share of the prizes. The necessity of religious and moral training in the schools has been strongly insisted on by the Royal Commission of Elementary Education (appointed by act of Parliament) in England in its recently published report. Here is an extract:

"While the commission desire to secure for the children in public elementary schools the best and most thorough instruction on secular subjects, they are also unanimously of opinion that their religious and moral training is a matter of still higher importance alike to the children, the parents, and the nation. To secularize elementary education would be the violation of the wishes of parents,

whose views in such a matter are entitled to the first consideration. The evidence does not warrant the conclusion that religious and moral training can be amply provided otherwise than through the medium of elementary schools."

Those who think that home and the Sunday-school are able to supply and do supply all the moral and religious training needed will do well to scan closely the last sentence of this extract.

Catholics are not alone in condemning the bad results of a non-religious system of education. In a recent issue of the *Churchman*, a Protestant-Episcopal paper, a writer calls attention to the practical outcome of a purely secular system of instruction in these words:

"It is noteworthy, though it is perfectly natural, that absconding clerks and other defaulters are mostly men who have received such learning as they possess from the public schools. That the public schools do turn out a large number of smart men is indisputable, but their neglect of moral teaching and training, which is confessed by their best friends, makes them quite as likely to turn out smart rogues as competent citizens. . . . It is greatly to be feared that the indirect effect of the methods of teaching in our schools is distinctly and unequivocally immoral. In nearly all secular schools the one thing which is always kept before the mind of the scholar is the indispensable necessity of getting on. The stimulus of emulation is constantly applied. Year after year children are impressed with the thought that the first duty of life is to get ahead of other people. Why should one wonder if the practical outcome of many years of such training should prove to be disastrous to morality? Teach a child that success in getting on is the supreme object of all his efforts; teach him little or nothing of the conditions of right success; practically ignore duty as the guide of every step in life, and then why should you wonder if the result of your fine system of education proved to be the making of a successful (or unsuccessful) rogue?"

When has a Catholic drawn up a more weighty indictment against the public schools? If, then, these be the fruits of a godless system, Christian parents are to be justified in entering their solemn protest against such education. Catholic citizens and taxpayers have a right to demand that this glaring wrong be remedied.

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PAUL RINGWOOD: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XLIX.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

It is Christmas Eve of the year 1880, the last Christmas Eve I shall ever see on earth. Six months in a prison-cell have not accustomed me to the thought of the disgraceful death I am to suffer next June. It is not the fear of death, though I know how unworthy I am; but the shamefulness of the death I am to die is what troubles me, the extrinsic shame to my religion, the intrinsic shame in the thing itself to my name. I have not lived so spotlessly as to feel that I have done nothing to bring this shame on myself. Heaven, for some good I cannot in my darkness perceive, allows this punishment to overtake me. Were my ending to be in any other way, I could have a welcome for death; not from any weariness of life, for though I have had my troubles, I feel keenly how good the gift of life is. There is a sweetness in it, and it may be that its sweetness is pleasanter to my palate because of the very bitterness that from time to time has been given me for food. The welcome I could give death would be because of the better life hereafter. It may be presumptuous on my part; nevertheless, I have an unwavering hope that in this better life I shall have a share, for is not He to whom I go the Almighty Good?

They have been putting up a shed somewhere in the jail-yard. I cannot see it, though I have climbed to the bars to look, and I know it is a shed only because the turnkey told me so. At first the hammering on the joists caused me a sort of panic; it was so like what it will be when they put up my gallows. I shut my ears with my thumbs, but that did not deaden the sound. Then I sat down on my little bed to accustom myself to it. I succeeded so well that now I can hear a hammer without shuddering. The strings about the parcels of food and little comforts Jack is allowed to bring me reminded me unpleasantly of my end. To overcome this I preserved some pieces of string, made a slip-knot, letting it suddenly tighten by the weight of some heavy article. The first time I did this in horror I threw the string and its burden from me. But I forced myself to pick them up and repeat the oper-

ation. In about a month's time I had become skilful in this kind of work, and callous to the impression it had first made on me. Yet, in spite of all my efforts, the thought of the way that I am to die is ever new to me, ever presenting a fresh combination of horrors to my mind.

Father Clare has written me many letters, and in one he suggested the writing of the autobiography I am now finishing. If it has done no other good, at least it has made the time pass more agreeably for me. And now that I have come to the last words a strange feeling of sadness comes over me, as if I had another self to whom I was bidding farewell. Presently I shall wrap this MS. in paper, to be sent to Father Clare when I am dead. Vanity, indeed, but what fond and tender feelings I have for the man whose life is told in these pages! I have many indulgences granted me. Were this not so I would not now, at eleven o'clock at night, be writing by the light of a candle of Jack's providing. Jack visits me as often as he can get away from the ranch; oftener, I fear, than he should for the welfare of his property. Bessy and Paulina are well acquainted with my cell, and my confessor visits me daily. It is only at night that I am alone. Fortunately, my will has been made more than a year ago. I am a rich man as times go. One-fourth of all I have is for Jack, one-fourth for sundry charities, the remaining half for Elsie; and should she die without heirs, this half is to revert, share and share alike, to Jack and the beforementioned charities.

Lawyer Bell has failed in all the efforts he made for a new trial. I have not heard from him for many weeks. I do not know whether he has found Elbert Ringwood. I do know that I hope he has not. I do not wish to see my brother in my place. That would be too dear a price for liberty. A little patch of cold moonlight can be seen through my prison bars. And now the Christmas joy-bells are ringing, the happiest day of all the year has come. My candle is almost burned out. What better way of ending this narration than to say with the singing angels, with the everlasting church now in adoration before her spotless altars, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth to men of good will"?

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—As Mr. Ringwood's autobiography does not complete the story of his life, Dr. Stancy—mentioned several times in the pages of the autobiography—has been persuaded to give a narration of the events that led up to Mr. Ringwood's release from jail. Using my editorial rights, I have cut out from the doctor's narration such passages as only concern Doctor Stancy's discovery that alkali is a well-nigh infallible remedy for gout and

rheumatism. An asterisk will show where such passages are omitted. Any one curious on the subject should get *Stancy on Gout* (Fordwell, N.Y.; Tiswall, Soho Square, London. 1884). When Doctor Stancy has omitted important matter, important as bearing on the life of Mr. Ringwood, the omissions have been supplied from notes given me by Lawyer Bell and Mr. Ringwood.

DOCTOR STANCY'S NARRATION.

Perfectly convinced that there never has been written an autobiography worth the reading, unless we call *The Confessions of St. Augustine* an autobiography; and no biography worthy the name, Boswell's *Johnson* alone excepted, I cannot imagine what has entered into the heads of Paul Ringwood's friends to persuade him to publish what can have no interest to a stranger, and it is only as a stranger that he will come before the public. He is a man of no note, unless having been tried for and found guilty of a murder which he did not commit has made him noted. If he is remarkable for any quality, barring a wonderful facility he has of getting himself into trouble, I am not cognizant of it. I have known several persons possessed in an equal degree of this facility, but I never heard them extolled for it, or that any one wished them to publish their lives on that account. The man who is to edit this says that the autobiography is for Ringwood's posterity. If Ringwood's posterity has nothing better to do than read its progenitor's autobiography, it will come nigher to hanging itself than its progenitor ever came to hanging.

[Dr. Stancy gave up his practice in 1878. In 1880 he was entreated to see if he could do anything for Elsie Hethering, then boarding on Park Street, Cecilsburg. She was very ill, and this was the illness spoken of by Father Clare in the letter Paul Ringwood received on the day of his arrest. Miss Hethering revived under Dr. Stancy's novel treatment, and when in 1881 the doctor and his sister Margaret started for New Mexico to test the alkali largely predominant in New Mexican waters they induced Miss Hethering to accompany them, hoping the air of the Territory would complete her recovery. Miss Hethering knew of her brother's death, but in consideration of her wretched health it was thought best to conceal the manner of it from her. No one of the party knew of Paul Ringwood's arrest and sentence. Had not Father Clare been in Canada he would have heard of their plan to go to New Mexico, and would have warned Dr. Stancy accordingly. As it was, they went blindly to the very town where Paul Ringwood lay in jail.]

If Dr. Fitch could have seen Elsie Hethering when I began my treatment of her with the natural oxides of gold and iron, in judicious proportions, potash a constituent, and have seen her when

she went out for a walk with me a few days after our arrival at Las Vegas Hot Springs, were he not as hard to move as Balaam's ass when confronted by an angel—I don't know about my being an angel, though he is an ass—he would acknowledge that I am not a mere theorizer.* It requires a considerable matter to upset me, for—and I say it without a particle of conceit—I am one of the most even-tempered of men, able to harmonize with the most contrary dispositions, which fact goes to prove the perversity of mankind in general, for I do not know how many men have quarrelled with me who never quarrel with any one else. Even smoothest waters meet with rocks in their way, and on the day I speak of as having taken a walk with Elsie Hethering I was still suffering from the agitation caused me by a rock I had come against the day before. There is something wrong about my metaphor, I do not see precisely what, but the editor can put it in shape; it is his business. After dinner on the day I speak of I had gone out on the piazza of the hotel to smoke a cigar and read a book, but I had scarcely seated myself when a woman smothered in crapes and black ribbons took a chair close by mine.

"You needn't mind me; smoke ahead," she said. "I reckon I can stand your smoke if you can stand me. Oh! you needn't look surprised. I saw you make a face when I come out; you've got an ideer that smoke and ladies don't go t'gether; you an't hit the mark this time. Was a time when I could smoke a bit m'self, but, Lor' save us! I an't no taste for nothin' now."

With all her superabundance of mourning and her vile slang, there was something pathetic about the woman in spite of her bold style of beauty. "You have lost a friend?" I interrogated.

Sighing deeply, she stared at me and said: "Where have you come from, anyhow? An't you acquainted with the case of Tom Hethering's murder? I'm Tom's widow."

I gave a great gasp, and in doing so my cigar fell on her crapes swarming over the piazza floor. Immediately our olfactory organs were assailed by the peculiar odor of burning cotton, and the woman jumped up and shook off the cigar onto the grass.

"You are awkward!" she exclaimed, as I made an apology.

I opened my book to read, and she said, with the petulance of a spoiled child: "An't you got no more cigars?"

I nodded my head and began my book.

"An't you goin' to smoke?" she persisted.

I took out a cigar and lit it. I had finished a page before she spoke again. "Is your name Stancy?" she asked when I was turning a leaf.

"Yes," I replied, puffing with much vigor.

"I seen your name, an' a Miss Stancy, an' a lady as has the same name as m'self, in the register," she stated. "Who is Miss Hethering?"

I still kept my book open before me as I responded: "Tom Hethering's sister."

"I guessed that much las' night," she said. "I looked at her fur an hour. She looks like Tom. His first wife, she were good-lookin', too; leastways, her picture was. What could Tom see in me after them?"

"I don't know, madam," I said over my book.

"You're a reg'lar brute!" she exclaimed.

"Granted," I rejoined.

"Has his sister come out here to see the man as murdered Tom?" she now asked.

I put down my book. "Has your loss turned your head, Mrs. Hethering?" I questioned in the most placid of tones.

"You don't mean ter say as she weren't in love with Paul Ringwood?" she cried. "This an't no market for no such goods; I an't takin' stock in no such."

I was beginning to feel upset. A man at sixty-five has not the control over his feelings he once had. "Madam," I asked, and my voice was shaky, "do you mean to tell me that Paul Ringwood is supposed to be the murderer of Tom Hethering?"

She stared at me as before. "You mus' jus' be come out of th' woods," she said. "Why, Ringwood's been tried for the murder, an' 'll be hung for it June comin'."

The woman was equal to a shock from an electric battery. I fancy my grasp of her wrist must have been a rough one. She was a powerful woman, and she shook herself free of my grasp, exclaiming, "You old fool, see what you've done!" exhibiting a lace cuff very much torn.

"What do you mean," I asked, and I was perfectly calm, "by saying that Paul Ringwood murdered Hethering?"

"If you want to talk to me you've got to talk civil," she replied. Exasperating as she was, I commanded myself sufficiently to ask, "Were you in the conspiracy to hang Ringwood?"

She was in a pretty temper as she snapped, "Is that what you call bein' civil? What do you mean by conspiracy? Wasn't the man arrested legal? Wasn't there fair an' hones' proofs that he killed Tom?"

Then this whimsical woman turned pale, and tears filled her eyes. I cannot bear to see any one weep; I always lose control

of myself, and now I began to beg this weathercock's pardon if I had hurt her feelings, reminding her that all she told me about Ringwood was entirely new to me.

"Tom wasn't a good husban' to me," she whimpered; "an' I reckon he wasn't to his firs', neither; but I loved Tom, that I did."

I have not the least doubt but that she did love this Tom, poor wretch! Perhaps the pity I felt for her was excessive, as I thought of the kind of man he was whom she had loved. She was a perfect pagan, without education, with passions as little under control as are those of a savage, and he must have made her suffer for them.

"Tom kep' track of his sister fur years," her loquacity impelled her to say; "an' he knew jus' what she was doin'. He said he wasn't goin' to 'low his sister to marry Paul Ringwood. But when he seen Ringwood wasn't disposed to he was madder'n a wasp. He said as Ringwood had giv' her th' mitten. I guess that weren't so. Anyhow, Tom, he believed it, and when he seen there weren't no talk of marryin' he was worse than when there was. My Tom was a perfec' gentleman, sleeker'n a rat, but when he took a notion he could cuss, he could."

I had no desire to discuss Elsie Hethering with this female, but I was anxious to hear further concerning Paul Ringwood. "Do you object to telling me how Ringwood became implicated in the murder of Hethering?" I asked.

She looked stupidly at me, and I repeated my question in other words: "How is it people believe Ringwood killed Hethering?"

Her face lighted up with intelligence, and she answered briskly: "No one did think so at first; Durke found him out—"

"Who is Durke?" I interrupted.

"He's my brother-in-lor; I was divorced from his brother before I married Tom." (She had grace enough to blush as she made this abominable confession.) "Durke an' Tom had a sight of business together about a mine, an' they didn't gee well, but Durke's sorry enough fur all their squabbles, an' was glad enough ter make it right in huntin' down him what's killed Tom. I never seen Durke so hot on anythin'; he got up the case hisself, an' turned it over to the prosecution. The day they tried Ringwood I went to court, an' it did give me a turn to see the man what killed Tom. I an't goin' ter forget it in a hurry."

[The relation of the trial, as given by Durke's sister-in-law, for obvious reasons is omitted.]

"You say that Paul Ringwood is now lodged in Las Vegas jail?" I asked when she had finished.

"You bet he is; an' he's goin' to stay there till the rope's ready to hang him!" She said this so viciously that my patience was exhausted. I got up abruptly and was leaving her without a word when she followed me and laid her hand on my arm. "Look here," she said, "you an't got no call to be mad at me. It an't my fault Ringwood killed Tom."

"Madam," I said, and I believe that I was inspired to say it, "Ringwood did not kill Hethering—Durke did."

A moment before she had been all languor, now she was alive with excitement. "If I thought that, I'd kill Durke myself!" Lapsing into her languid state, she said: "But he didn't; you've got the wrong sow by the ear."

She went back to her seat, and I went off to find my sister Margaret to let her know that I was going to Las Vegas, and would probably be gone for some hours. I could not rest till I had seen Paul Ringwood. Margaret was busily engaged analyzing some specimens of alkali I had found that morning in the dry bed of a stream.* I would have had difficulty in gaining admittance to Ringwood had I not been so fortunate as to meet his lawyer at the prison gate. He heard me ask to be admitted to Ringwood, and the jailer's refusal because I had no permit. Introducing himself as Lawyer Bell, he asked me if I were a friend of the prisoner. Telling him my name, and the interest I took in Paul, he entered into a conversation with me that occupied a good half-hour. He shook my belief in Durke's guilt by what he told me of Elbert Ringwood, a young man of whose existence I had scarcely been aware up to that moment. "I think I am on Elbert Ringwood's track," said the lawyer. "In a day or so I expect certain information as to his whereabouts. Now, permit me to say a word to Montalbo; I think I can get you admitted. Let me warn you, you will find our friend much changed. Confinement and trouble have told on him."

It was as Lawyer Bell expected. As he said, it was all right, the jailer willingly gave me admittance. There is a comfortably loose way of doing business in the West, quite refreshing at times. We crossed a flagged courtyard, stopped before a large door, which, when unlocked, let us into a long passage-way, on one side of which was a stone wall with slits in it to admit light; on the other, a series of cells. Selecting a key from the bunch he carried, the jailer inserted it in the lock of one of these cells, and a moment after I was in the presence of Paul Ringwood. Lawyer Bell had not exagger-

ated in what he had said about Paul's health. I have heard of perfect wrecks of humanity, but Paul Ringwood was the wreck of a wreck, and my first thought on seeing him was, "God help him, he'll never live to be hung!"

He was lying on a narrow plank bed, his back turned to the door, when we entered the cell. The jailer spoke to him in Spanish, and he turned about on the bed.

"Don't you know me, Ringwood?" I asked, going over to him and taking his hand.

I think he was trying to smile, but it was only a feeble trembling of his lips as he exclaimed in a husky voice: "Doctor Stancy, you here!"

He was about to rise, but I gently prevented him, and sat down on the bed beside him.

"You are not looking well, Ringwood," I said, speaking consolingly. "Courage, man, courage!"

The thought that my telling him to have courage might be distorted by him into an entreaty for him to face his hanging bravely made me hasten to add: "Don't give up hope; all will come right."

Once more his lips trembled, and he responded resignedly: "Not here, doctor; after I am dead, oh, yes!"

I was endeavoring to say something that would put heart into the poor fellow when he asked suddenly: "You don't believe that I killed him, do you, doctor?"

"As surely as I hope to be justly judged, Paul, I believe you to be innocent," I said, and pressed his hand in mine to assure him of my confidence in him.

"Very few people believe me innocent," he said. "I have long wanted to know," he continued, "but have asked no one—it cannot be wrong for me to know — does Elsie Hethering believe me guilty?"

"She knows nothing of your being accused. I knew nothing myself till to-day," I answered.

It was not a flash that spread over his face, it was more like a dark shadow. "She is here, in Las Vegas?" he stammered.

I hesitated, but calling to mind that a veracious statement is never unwarrantable, I told him that at that moment Elsie Hethering was at the Hot Springs.

"Will you tell her you have seen me?" he asked.

"If I do not tell her about you, some one else may, and that will be a thousand times worse," I returned, and as I spoke I never saw anything more distressing than the look of silent woe in Paul Ring-

wood's face. I had thought of it before, and now put it in words. "When she has been told she may desire to see you," I said.

This agitated him a great deal. "You must not let her come here," he exclaimed. "If I could feel sure she will never know of my miserable end!"

"If she wants to come, I cannot prevent her," I veraciously asserted. "There is no reason why she should not. I would think very badly of her should she not wish to see you, now that you are in trouble."

"But, doctor, you forget!" he answered. "She to visit the man who is to be hung for the murder of her brother! Cannot you see the indecency of it?"

"Nonsense!" I retorted. "What indecency? You have not killed the man. If the law is such a fool as to say you did, you had better remember that this same law you are so infatuated with six years ago gave Hethering the liberty to ruin the lives of his wife and sister."

"It is not the law alone," he persisted. "Public opinion is entirely against me. There would be a difference did people think me innocent."

"I'd like to perform an operation on Public Opinion!" I exclaimed. "We have progressed so far in this age of progress that we no longer sin against God; we sin only against the conventionalities."

"Should we not respect the conventionalities?" he asked.

"Respect my old shoe!" I cried with some degree of heat. "I respect women, I hope, but that does not mean that I am to make a slave of myself to every whimsical chit who makes a tottering idiot of herself with high-heeled shoes, and ruins her abdomen by tight lacing!"

This should have clinched the argument, but it did not; he was bent upon being perverse.

"You have not convinced me, doctor," he said.

"That's because you don't want to be," I retorted. "What has public opinion done for you? Rashly judged you, and would, only we won't let it, rashly hang you. Will you be so good as to tell me what debt you owe it?"

"She will not come, however," he said, begging my question.

I stoutly insisted that she would, and notwithstanding all he had said to the contrary, I think my saying so pleased him, for he brightened up considerably, and then it was that I got him to tell me about his trial, and particularly I questioned him as to his proceedings on the night of the murder, and what he knew of Durke.

He was thoroughly convinced that it was his brother who shot Hethering, and I had to acknowledge to myself that it looked very much like it.

"That is what makes me hopeless," Paul said. "The only way I can be freed is by Elbert's taking my place."

I remained till his supper was brought him, then I was obliged to leave, promising to return on the following day. When I got back to the hotel at the Springs I found Margaret waiting to give me the result of her analysis. *

Elsie Hethering and myself had a very silent walk up the hill-side, for I had not fixed in my mind how to tell her about Ringwood, and I was debating how it could be done without abruptness, which, in her not yet absolutely restored state of health, might produce a relapse that would be more than precarious. I could not tell her as we walked, so when we had reached a spot made umbrageous by a number of lofty piñon trees I asked her to rest on a smooth slab of stone conveniently disposed under one of the tallest of the piñons.

"It does fatigue one, climbing these hills," she said as she seated herself, "and you do not appear to be yourself this morning, doctor."

I made haste to avail myself of the opportunity she had given me of speaking without abruptness.

"No, I am not myself," I said; "I am the incarnation of worriment."

Elsie looked at me inquiringly, and I proceeded to ask: "You remember Paul Ringwood?"

She shook her head, and turned her face from me. The French are noted for their tact, but I modestly think that few Frenchmen have anything to record like to the tact with which I now put the whole matter into a nut-shell.

"Well," I said, "is it not enough to worry one to think of that poor fellow in jail, waiting to go out of it to be hung?"

Owing to my prudence she was not in the least overcome, and it was only with some little disquietude she cried: "In prison! What has he done?"

"He has not done anything; he is as innocent as a baby," I replied.

Elsie looked very troubledly at me, and entreated me to explain myself. "I am very stupid, doctor; I don't understand," she said humbly.

As she would have the whole story, I told it to her, and she is worthy of all praise for the manner in which she listened to me, not

interrupting me even once. When I had finished she asked: "Did you know this when we left Cecilsburg, doctor?"

"I have already told you I only heard of it yesterday," I said.

"Yes, yes, I remember," she said; continuing after a moment's thought: "Is there no way of proving his innocence?"

"I believe that there is; and now that you know everything, I am going to Las Vegas to see Paul's lawyer. There is no time to be lost; this is the middle of May, and in June—" Here I paused.

"He is to be hung," she ended my sentence. "You are going to see Paul Ringwood to-day?" she questioned.

I answered that I was, and she asked if I would take her with me.

"He is in trouble; were I his sister I would visit him—"

"Are you not afraid of public opinion?" I interrupted her to ask.

"No, I am not afraid of it," she answered proudly. Seeing I did not speak, she asked: "Am I wrong?"

"No, no, child," I returned, "you are perfectly right."

"And I am to go with you?"

"To be sure you are," I said.

She expressed her contentment by taking my arm, and in this way we returned to the hotel. Elsie had displeased me not a little. In no way had she pretended to feel the dreadfulness of her brother's ending. There was excuse, it is true, for any indifference she might feel as to his fate, but such slaves are we to sham pretences of sensibility that I did wish she had given utterance to one word of regret, however false it might be. My opinion of Elsie's want of heart changed altogether when, later in the day, she kept me waiting above an hour in the chapel at Las Vegas, whilst she prayed for the repose of the soul of Thomas Hethering, and a half hour besides, while she made arrangements for Masses for him. Could she believe that wretched man to be waiting on probation before being called to receive an everlasting reward from the hands of a just as well as a merciful Judge? But who am I, to pass sentence on a fellow-sinner?

We were fortunate enough to find Lawyer Bell at home, and, though busy, willing to give us a consultation. Elsie's introduction to him involved a complicated explanation as to who she was. When he had been made to understand that she was the sister of Hethering he looked curiously at her, not otherwise expressing the surprise he must have felt at seeing her there. We took the chairs he placed for us, and he waited for me to communicate what it was that had brought me to consult him.

"Lawyer," I began, not without much hesitation, for at the moment it seemed to me I was about to say a very absurd thing, "have you ever thought of Durke as the murderer?"

"As an accomplice, yes," Bell answered promptly.

"You believe Elbert Ringwood guilty?" I questioned further.

The lawyer looked steadily before him and said, almost without an inflection: "If Elbert Ringwood is not the man, I don't know who can be. In any court where justice is sanely administered Paul Ringwood's indictment would have been quashed, or, at least, the trial postponed till his brother had been found. But then, though I have nothing to say against Judge Margravine, justice is not always sanely dealt out here. Any number of rogues get off scot free; then something happens to rouse judge, jury, and people, and one poor devil is made the scapegoat of many."

"In the name of everything that is reasonable," I exclaimed, "if you know the guilty party, why has he not been found?"

With the most exasperating coolness Bell replied: "Elbert Ringwood has been found."

For a moment I was speechless; then, with a strong effort controlling myself, I cried: "You intolerable bundle of red tape! If you can put your finger on Elbert Ringwood, how is it that he's not locked up in place of his brother, dying by inches in that abominable hole yonder?"

Elsie had hold of my arm, a very excitable woman, and she was crying in a very silly manner: "Doctor! doctor!" Not budging from his seat, the lawyer said in a tone meant to irritate me: "The reason that Elbert Ringwood is not here is that he is dying by the square rod in the hospital at Santa Fé."

"You may think that to be wit," I rejoined, "but let me tell you, Lawyer Bell, that I, who am a friend of Paul Ringwood, do not appreciate it."

The man's next words were intended for an insult. Fortunately, my self-control clad me in mail impenetrable to his shafts.

"It is a pity, as you are a friend of Ringwood's, that you did not appear sooner, Dr. Stancy," he said. "One word"—I had been about to speak—"you had better allow me to know my business. If you are to interfere, I throw up Ringwood's case. Mad talking, and, much less, mad acting will not avail him. This is final."

"I answer for Dr. Stancy's not meddling," Elsie Hethering astounded me by saying.

"Madam," I said calmly and gravely, "do so. I wash my hands of the whole business. All I have to say is this: if there is to be a lawyer hung hereabouts, I'll gladly witness the ceremony."

It will scarcely be credited, the lawyer laughed, and it had been many a day since so jocose an expression lit up Elsie's face.

"Dr. Stancy," the lawyer said, "it may please you to hear that I have succeeded in procuring a reprieve of six months for Paul Ringwood. You must not think I have been altogether idle."

However it happened, the next moment I was shaking Bell by the hand, and Elsie was patting me gently on the back and telling me to trust entirely to the lawyer.

I would not give in altogether, and said: "I trust God alone entirely." The lawyer smiled, and Elsie said that I was incorrigible.

"Have all these wonderful things happened, lawyer, since I saw you yesterday?" I asked.

"I knew of Ringwood's being in Santa Fé a day ago; I go to question him to-day. The reprieve reached me within the last hour. Would you like to inform Paul of it? You would save me an hour, and I am much pushed for time."

He meant it kindly, and I was about to thank him, when Elsie exclaimed: "And we are occupying your time! Shall we go now, doctor?"

We got away from the lawyer's office then, and I do not know whether he was the more pleased at my going or I to go. On the way to the jail Elsie asked me whether I had a permit to visit Paul Ringwood. I replied that I had not, that one was not necessary. We had a reprieve, and that was sufficient to gain us admittance. I was not wrong. The reprieve did admit us, or was it what I left with the jailer to celebrate the good news that a six months' respite had been granted Paul? Having expected Elsie Hethering to exhibit some agitation at seeing Ringwood, womanlike, she disappointed me. Their meeting was without embarrassment on either side, the meeting of two friends under ordinary circumstances, who might have parted the day before. Ringwood was looking much better than when I saw him last; a clean shave and some attention to his garb in general had much to do with this change in his appearance.

He placed the only chair in the cell for Elsie, offered me a seat on the bed, and sat himself on a box against the wall. Then the pair of them began a conversation brimful of wit, overflowing with humor, and very instructive withal. Elsie said that it was glorious weather, and Paul replied that the climate of New Mexico is the loveliest in the world, and she wished to know whether it ever rained, and he said that it did, but seldom, and so on. It was nauseating. I stood it as long as I could, which I am free

to confess was not very long. "Sun, moon, and stars!" I cried, "you are not in a drawing-room that you need bore yourself with asinine remarks about the weather. I'll be hanged if I can stand it!"

Poor Paul looked at me and smiled. "Pardon me, doctor," he said, "it is I who shall be hanged."

I was an old fool for making that awkward speech, and, thinking to cover it with the good news I had brought, I took out the reprieve with a flourish, and, having read it aloud, gave three cheers, which brought the turnkey in haste to see if any one had a fit or needed a strait-jacket. To my amazement, Paul did not appear to enter into my feelings, but sat stock still, gazing vacantly into space.

"You have been too abrupt, doctor," said Elsie, speaking rapidly. Even while she spoke Paul closed his eyes and rolled off the box onto the floor. In a moment Elsie had loosened his collar and I was bathing his head from a pitcher of water. Elsie raised his head and rested it on her arm, and a few moments after he opened his eyes and saw her bending over him.

"You don't think I did it?" he asked with an effort.

"Could I be here if I did?" she said.

He smiled contentedly, and, never having considered the matter before, it struck me at that moment that Paul Ringwood was not altogether a bad-looking fellow. Between the turnkey and myself we got him on his bed, then Elsie and I went away—Elsie to keep me waiting at the chapel, as I have stated before. From that day I began to treat Ringwood as I had treated Elsie. It is needless to say that he mended under my treatment. He was very careless, however, about taking his medicines. I even found several doses one day dissolving in a basin of water. Having taxed him with his carelessness, he blushed violently and promised to be more careful in future. On that occasion I strengthened the doses because of the loss he had sustained in having gone a day without his medicine; I may add, with the most beneficial result.

About a week after his fainting fit, Elsie, Paul, and myself were sitting in the cell, when we were unexpectedly joined by Lawyer Bell and a young man, who was introduced to Elsie and me as John Greene, owner with Ringwood of a ranch and I don't know how many thousand head of sheep. A great, muscular fellow, with what the Scotch call a bonny face. After John Greene had seated himself on the end of the table, a position he seemed to have no difficulty in accommodating himself to, and the lawyer

had taken the foot of the bed, he, the lawyer, said to me: "Dr. Stancy, permit me to compliment you on your acute perceptive and detective qualities."

Not trusting this absurd speech, I merely looked at him, waiting him to say further.

"You are right, doctor," he continued; "Durke killed Hethering."

In great excitement Paul sprang to his feet, exclaiming: "Then Elbert is innocent; thank God, thank God!"

I believe that we all were thanking God, for Elsie's lips were moving as if in prayer; John Greene assented by saying: "God be praised indeed!" and even the lawyer said: "Yes, Ringwood, Providence has shown a way out of your troubles." A revulsion of feeling had taken place in Paul, for he said doubtingly: "Are you sure, Lawyer Bell?"

"As sure as that the sun is shining," said the lawyer, and we all found ourselves looking up through the barred window to verify that statement. The lawyer, using Paul's only pillow to lean against, took a folded MS. from his breast-pocket.

"This document," he said, flattening out its creases, "contains a statement made on oath by Elbert Ringwood, now in the hospital of the Sisters of Charity at Santa Fé."

The man spoke pompously, affectedly clearing his throat, then proceeded to read from the MS. he held in his hand. Probably he was in imagination before a crowded court:

"I, Elbert Ringwood, sane in mind, knowing that I am about to die, for the easing of my conscience, and for the clearing of the good name of my brother, Paul Ringwood, do purpose to tell all I know of the murder of Thomas Hethering on the night of Friday, the 30th day of April, 1880. I swear solemnly to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God.

"For years past Hethering had a hold over me because of a check I had forged in his name. I had squandered the property left me by my father (would to God he had left it to my brother Paul!), and I lived by gambling and doing Hethering's dirty work. William Durke, a brother-in-law of Hethering's second wife, and a lawyer in Santa Fé, induced Hethering to visit New Mexico to see about investing in the newly discovered mines. Partly because I hoped to make some money, partly because Hethering needed me, I followed him and his wife out here. As usual, Hethering was lucky, and I lost what little I had at the time. On the 30th of April, 1880, Hethering, Durke, and myself went to Las Vegas, new

town, to meet a certain John Slowcombe, of Albuquerque, who was to be induced by Durke to buy Hethering's share in a mine in the placers. The mine was supposed to be worthless, otherwise there would have been no question of selling. Slowcombe held off till Hethering had come down fully one-half from the sum first asked for his share of the mine. I am glad to say that I have learned that Slowcombe has found a fortune in this mine. After this business transaction we adjourned to Manzanare's bank, where Slowcombe cashed a check, Hethering insisting on having his money down. The money paid, Slowcombe and Durke left us, and Hethering and I passed the remainder of the day about town, drinking heavily.

Having spent a good part of an hour after dusk in Las Vegas Hall, Hethering proposed that we return to the Hot Springs. He wanted to get to bed, for he intended going to Santa Fé next morning. It was when we left the bar-room that we met my brother Paul. There was a quarrel, but it is not true that it was brought about by Paul. Hethering grossly insulted him, and Paul struck him. He did right. Paul was always a man; that is the least I can say of him. Hethering did not strike back, though he had been knocked down. He crawled into the back seat of our buggy, begging me to drive off—that Ringwood wished to murder him. When passing the Lone Star saloon Hethering insisted on stopping. He wanted a drink to brace him up. 'I'm like ice,' he said, 'just feel my hand.' I did so. It was like ice. Hethering took several drinks before he said he had enough. I did not drink. Hethering was intoxicated when we left the saloon, so much so that he did not recognize that the man who came running up, calling on us to wait for him, was Durke. When it oozed into his brain who it was getting into the buggy, he insisted, with drunken cordiality, on Durke's taking the whole of the back seat; he himself, he said, would drive; he was feeling glorious, just in trim to handle the reins, and what a night it was for a drive! Durke was in a very bad humor. He called Hethering a fool for letting the mine go for a song. In this he was unreasonable, for it was quite as much his fault as Hethering's that the share in the mine had been sold. He went on to say that he knew now for a certainty that there was a fortune in the mine. Hethering, partly sobered, gave Durke the lie, and their quarrel blazed hotter and hotter. Beyond the Lone Star there is a branch road to the right, another to the left, both leading over a prairie. Over this latter road we were dashing at full speed, every moment in danger of being thrown into one of the many alkali-pits about the town. By sheer force I got the reins from

Hethering. He had been unsparing in the use of the whip, and I had much difficulty in pulling up the horses and turning them in the direction of the old town.

"My taking the reins had enabled me to get the horses under control; at the same time it had enabled Hethering to give the whole of his attention to Durke. I wore a short summer jacket, and from where Durke sat he could see the glint of my silver-handled pistol sticking out of my pistol-pocket. We were in sight of the Gallinas; their quarrel was at white heat. In a half-hearted way I was endeavoring to pacify them, when Durke called out Hethering's name, prefixing an insulting epithet to it. Hethering put his hand behind him as if to draw a pistol, when Durke, unarmed in deference to the law of which he was a representative, whipped my pistol from my pocket and shot at Hethering, killing him instantly. Hethering fell off the seat behind the dashboard.

"'You will witness it was done in self-defence,' Durke cried, unmanned by fright. 'Here is your pistol, Ringwood; take it, take it!'

"Seeing that I would not touch it, he threw it from him, and it fell on the shore of the stream. I had pulled up the horses, and Durke, somewhat calmer, jumped down from the buggy. 'It might have been you as well as me,' he said; 'help me put the body in the water, and we will go on to the Springs and let it be found. I'll take care we're not suspected.'

"What crazy notion he had I don't know; but I positively refused to touch the dead man. Half-dragging it, half-carrying it, he got the body to the river-side. The moment I was rid of it I whipped up the horses and fled. Like a flash it had come to me that a score of witnesses could be collected to swear that I had been with Hethering, not one who knew of Durke's being with us. I stood a thousand chances to Durke's one of being accused. Never for a moment did it occur to me that Paul would be suspected. What caused Durke to lead up suspicion against my brother Paul? His infernal cunning. Had I been the one arrested I could have told the whole story, and my word would have been as good as Durke's. From what I am told, things did look black for Paul, and he could tell no tales.

"Beyond Glorietta I saw my horses were giving out. A few miles further they fell in their tracks. I unharnessed them, and had I had powder and ball, would have put them out of their misery. On foot I made my way to the mines. My only idea was to hide myself, to make enough money to take me out of the country. A week ago there was an explosion in the mines, and

I was brought here to the sisters to die. Their name is Charity, and they live up to that name. I knew nothing of Paul's trial and sentence till Lawyer Bell told me of it. This is all I know of the murder of Thomas Hethering. I beg my brother Paul's pardon for all the wrongs I have done him all his life long. If I dare say it, may God bless him!

"ELBERT RINGWOOD.

"Witnesses: THEODORE BELL, Attorney-at-Law.
"JOHN GREENE, Sheep-Farmer.
"SISTER PLACIDA, Sister-servant of Santa Fé Hospital of the Sisters of Charity."

There was perfect silence for a few moments after the lawyer had finished reading Elbert Ringwood's statement. The silence was broken by Paul. Unaffectedly, and as if communing with himself, he said: "God is very good to me."

Elsie was the only one who commented on what the lawyer had read. "I suppose," she said to Bell, "you endeavored to trace Elbert Ringwood by the horses and buggy. If the horses were left to die on the roadside, and the buggy left in the road, is it not strange you never heard of them?"

"The carcass of a horse more or less," rejoined the lawyer, "would not attract much attention out here. As for the buggy, that, undoubtedly, was appropriated."

"Why indulge in euphuisms?" I interposed. "Why not say stolen?"

"Because a thing abandoned cannot be stolen," retorted Bell.

"Did Ringwood leave a placard on the buggy stating it to be abandoned property? If not, how was one to know whether or not it was waiting its owner's return?" I asked sharply.

What answer the lawyer would have made me I don't know, for John Greene, who hitherto had been silent, broke in with a request to know what was to be done to get his partner out of "this hole." The lawyer was the only one who could suggest anything feasible. Another attempt was to be made to have the decision of the Las Vegas court reversed. Bell was sanguine that, with Elbert Ringwood's statement to back him, this reversal of judgment could be obtained. In the meantime, he said, he had a warrant out for the arrest of Durke. "We will get hold of him," he added, "if his sister-in-law does not make short work of him."

"Is she aware of Durke's guilt?" I asked, much surprised.

"I had to trust her," Bell returned. "She is likely to know of his whereabouts."

It was dark when Elsie and I returned to the Springs. Half-starved as I was, the news Margaret had for me kept me a time longer from the supper-table. She had succeeded in her experiment.*

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

When I undertook to edit the autobiography of Paul Ringwood it was with the distinct understanding that I would be allowed to keep myself in the background, and that no part of his history was to be told by myself. Unfortunately, an event has taken place which forces me either to alter my decision or to put forth an autobiography without an end. I have chosen the former course. By some mischance, Dr. Stancy has seen the proof-sheets of his narration as far as ready. When he discovered that his long passages on the beneficent qualities of alkali had been mercilessly cut out he demanded in a passion the return of his MS. He would listen to nothing I said; so, to avoid a scene, I complied with his demand. The old man, about the best-hearted Christian I have ever come across, left me, convinced that I am in the pay of a certain Dr. Fitch, whom he accuses of doing all in his power to destroy confidence in his, Dr. Stancy's, discoveries. Luckily, I have material at hand that will in great part supply the place of the lost MS.

Two days after the reading of Elbert Ringwood's statement Paul Ringwood received a letter in which was an account of his brother's death. It stated that Elbert died asking forgiveness of his brother and pardon of the God he had so much offended. The latter was written by Sister-servant Placida (servant is the title of a superioress of a convent of Mother Seton's Sisters of Charity). Four days later Dr. Stancy, his sister, and Elsie Hethering left for the East. A pardon for Paul Ringwood reached Las Vegas a month after. Lawyer Bell had counselled that petition be made for it, the Supreme Court being slow in its movements. A reversal of judgment coming after would wipe away any stain that might have attached itself to the name of Paul Ringwood.

As soon as he was at liberty Paul Ringwood went to John Greene's ranch to wind up his affairs preparatory to leaving the Territory for ever. He had not decided where to go, but as a man of means he could choose his dwelling-place. While Paul Ringwood was settling his affairs news came of the arrest of Durke. The arrest was brought about by his sister-in-law. Court was in session at Las Vegas, and Durke's trial took place almost immediately after his arrest. In the meanwhile the judgment against Paul Ringwood had been reversed. The verdict in Durke's case was that he had killed Hethering in self-defence. Scarcely had he been pronounced a free man than he was arrested on a charge of conspiring against the life of Paul Ringwood. He was found guilty, the chief witness against him being his sister-in-law, and was sentenced for a term of years which now, 1889, is far from having expired.

In November of 1881 Paul Ringwood and Elsie Hethering were wedded in Manresa Church, Cecilsburg. After the wedding they went to Europe, remaining there above a year. As it should be, Mr. Ringwood will end the autobiography.

POSTSCRIPT BY PAUL RINGWOOD.

At last a time came when Paul Ringwood was free to stand before the woman he loved and say to her: "Elsie, will you be my wife; shall it be that you will help me and I help you through the remainder of our days?"

And, Elsie having said yes to this, one bright morning they went to the good old priest who had so often befriended them, and by him they were wed. They spent some time abroad, and whilst in England a boy was born to them. Coming home, they settled down in that hallowed land on the shores of the Potomac, not far from old St. Mary's.

My wife and I are very happy. From time to time our old friends visit us; indeed, at this moment Jack Greene is out on the porch telling wondrous tales to our boy. He is very anxious to take me and my family back with him to New Mexico. This cannot be. The territory has too many unpleasant remembrances for me. There are two little girls besides our boy. His name is Paul, and at times he startles me, so like is he to a little Paul I once knew. He is a good, happy child, and if not spoiled, will make a fine gentleman.

My wife and I feel fully the sweetness of our life; still, we look forward to that happiest day that hath no end. May God, so good to us, give it to Elsie and me, with our little ones, to live that never-ending day!

HAROLD DIJON.

THE END.

AN OLD-TIME TOWN.

It is a common thing to hear French people remark that the "English are everywhere but in their own country." By the English they wish to designate, with a fine disregard of detail, all English-speaking people; to them, between the Briton *pur sang* and the American there is only a distinction too nice to be drawn in general conversation. From this comprehensive point of view they have a certain show of reason. North, south, east, and west of France one hears one's mother-tongue spoken almost as freely as the language of the country. In the Midi, on the shores of the Mediterranean, on the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, the all-pervading Anglo-Saxon abounds; and yet, strange to say, in some of the places immediately around Paris he is conspicuous by his absence. Within ten or twelve miles of the capital there are towns unknown to the exploring foreigners.

One of these little-frequented towns is St.-Germain-en-Laye. Of course, every one who visits Paris makes an excursion there, and in the brief two or three hours of his sojourn there is shown what he imagines to be the lions of the place. He promenades the terrasse and the parterre, walks through the museum, dines at the Pavillon Henri IV., birthplace of the illustrious Louis XIV., and stands with bated breath in the room where that great monarch first saw the light; he furthermore makes the tour of the gardens and admires the sentiment which prompted, and the ingenuity which contrived, to clip the densely thick yew-trees into the shape and semblance of cradles in, it is to be presumed, remembrance of that never-to-be-sufficiently-honored berceaurette in which "La Grande Monarque" was rocked to slumber. Our tourist may even, if he be very enterprising, penetrate some little way into the forest, after which he triumphantly marks St.-Germain in his guide-book as one of the places he has thoroughly "done." Apart from the thriving town of over sixteen thousand inhabitants, of whose existence he is ignorant, it would probably surprise him very much to hear that St.-Germain has a hundred points of interest actual and historical, and besides a record of past and present prosperity, has considerable claims to a place in the list of fashionable resorts. It is what would be called in slang parlance a "swell neighborhood," and from May to October is full of very grand people indeed; grand, that is, as far as past pedigree and present title go to constitute grandness.

Behind the château and the park, and away on the long roads which branch from the centre of the town, there are numerous smart villas and pretty cottages, some of them standing in large grounds, which in the summer are occupied almost exclusively by members of the old nobility, descendants of those lords and ladies who dance so gaily through the pages of French history—dancing so gaily, poor things! that the loud music and the sound of their shuffling feet drowned the ominous rumblings of the approaching earthquake, until one fine day the ground they had thought so solid yawned into an open chasm, and then it was too late for many of them.

It would seem as though in the great caldron of humanity there are three quantities which will never fuse with the mass of ingredients—the Jews, the gypsies, and the French aristocracy. The latter revolutions and counter-revolutions, bogus empires and citizen kingships, have left unchanged; in these last days of the third republic they are as much apart as ever. Some of them are very poor, rarely emerging from their gloomy old châteaux; some of them are enormously rich, and make a figure in the world in Paris, London, Nice, wherever the votaries of fashion congregate; but one and all they have the same traditions, the same race prejudices, the same society, the same social and political cultes. Now and then one of the men may marry outside their ranks, but the women never. If a man does so it is from sheer necessity; the old coat-of-arms is sorely battered and shabby; the vicomte or the baron feels that he must "dorer son blason," and, as Madame la Vicomtesse, his wife will be received even if she *be* the daughter of a chocolate manufacturer or a sewing-machine maker. In Paris this old nobility is spoken of collectively as "the Faubourg," because it clusters principally in the quarter known as the Faubourg St.-Germain, where there are streets and streets of old family mansions called hôtels. In the country it is impossible to be so gregarious; manoirs and châteaux must lie miles apart; but there is a large proportion of unfortunate individuals whose ancestral domains were destroyed or confiscated during the terrible storm of 1789. After the restoration these people found themselves, so to speak, homeless (for in many cases confiscated estates were not returned); they had to build or buy themselves houses somewhere, and many of them chose St.-Germain-en-Laye, always a great royalist centre.

The two principal streets of the town are long, narrow, ill-smelling, and ill-paved, the population largely composed of dirty children, lanky cats, and half-starved dogs, who play harmoniously around the

little heaps of garbage that adorn the sidewalks. The main street, La Rue de Mareil, ends abruptly; the land seems to break away, and a rough road leads down a steep hill, called the côte, into a valley. When one reaches the summit of this côte one strikes a view which compensates for all the ill endured in reaching it. A wide, undulating stretch of country, with glimpses of the silvery Seine stealing between green meadows and vineyards, here and there dotted on the landscape or clustering up at the foot of a wooded hill is a group of stone houses; a slender spire rising in the midst indicates one of those old-world, long-forgotten feudal towns out of line of steamboat and railway; they dream through a half-existence round the ruins of a château whose lords, once the mainspring of their being, have passed away, leaving only name and memory behind. Away to the left, on the forest heights of Marly-le-roi, are the ruins of the famous aqueduct, its curved lines and fine arches still standing clear against the sky. Louis XIV., not satisfied with Versailles, St.-Cloud, St.-Germain, and half a hundred other castles, must needs build the palace of Marly. Crowning folly of his long reign, the site pleased him, and, in comparison with the royal pleasure, such things as enormous natural difficulties and a severely tried exchequer were trifles. There was no water at Marly, and it must be brought from Bonjeval, several miles away; so the great aqueduct was built. Millions of francs were expended on the château, which was the most perfect, the most luxuriant, the most picturesque of all the royal residences, and it naturally bore the brunt of the people's wrath when at last they rose in their might. One searches now in vain for traces of it; not two stones are left standing.

Some one once said, to know Ely Cathedral was a liberal education. To know, or, rather, to understand, St.-Germain thoroughly one must be, to put it mildly, tolerably well read. I would caution all who have not a taste for historical research to avoid it. Dead-and-gone dynasties, and the great personages attached to them, meet one at every turn. When, with a view to appreciating the château, one has carefully read up the reign of François I., one must then brace up for a severe course of Henri IV. and Louis XIII., both of whom have left their marks on the town; but it is not until the seventeenth century that one faces one's actual labor. The whole town is pervaded with souvenirs of the Grande Monarque, and the periods immediately preceding and succeeding him. In the quiet and sleepy by-streets there are great old houses, some standing flush to the road, others lying back in deep court-yards barred with high iron gates. On the walls facing the street there is often a placard setting forth that in such and such a year this was the abode of Monsieur de

Sully, Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Montespan, Monsieur Colbert, or some other famous worthy or unworthy, most of whom, as will be seen from the given examples, flourished in the reign of Louis XIV.

I have spoken several times, but only incidentally, of the château; it is time we accorded it more than passing notice.

Leaving the puny little railway depot, one emerges onto a large, square place. Immediately across it is a row of irregular houses, with streets branching to either hand; on the left of the railway station, so close to it that they touch the building, are the iron railings which enclose the park. Half across the place, on the same side, stands the château, a most noble and imposing building; finished during the time of François I., it is in the best period of French renaissance. Built of brick with stone facings, it possesses a depth and warmth of tone which is very charming. What was once the castle grounds are now public gardens, called collectively the parterre, and in summer always gay with beds of flowers. Behind the parterre rise the tall trees that line the trim allées, and behind the allées is the forest itself, stretching away for many a mile. It is not, perhaps, so grandly wooded as Fontainebleau, but it covers, nevertheless, a charming tract of country, and one may ride or ramble there for ever without tiring of its cool glades and green deeps.

Perhaps the terrasse is after all what the good folks of St.-Germain most delight in; it is a broad, straight road three miles in length, with the forest coming to the very edge on one side; on the other is the valley of the Seine, with Paris in the far distance. The terrasse was made for a kingly promenade, and fabulous sums were spent on its construction. Even with modern engineering it would be no easy thing to make, for the ground sheers away so steeply. Looking over the railings, one sees the peasants plodding away in the vineyards which slope down to the little village of Pecq, where the train from Paris has to put on an extra engine before it can pull puffing up the hill to St.-Germain. Beyond Pecq is the river, then fields and gardens, then Paris itself, guarded on one side by the impregnable fortress of Mont Valerien and on the other by Mont Martre, crowned with its Church of the Sacred Heart.

On fine summer Sundays the band plays on the terrasse, and all St.-Germain, nobles, bourgeois, and soldiers, with their wives and families, parade up and down to the music.

The château, with its airy lines and spirals and its graceful flying buttresses, brings out in strong relief the exceeding ugliness of the church, whose west front faces the principal entrance to the château. It is a consolation to know that when the church was first built it

was less hideous than the present building; but when St.-Germain was at the height of its glory, and the king and his courtiers crowded the town, and it was necessary to enlarge it, the original design was smothered under the improvements, and in its modest stead rose one of those awful Franco-Greco, would-be classic structures in stone and stucco peculiar to the eighteenth and end of the seventeenth centuries, a style which culminated under Napoleon and languished and expired under Louis Philippe.

Inside the church there are many tombs and mural tablets adorned with effigies of counts and barons, some leaning gracefully over their funeral urns, others recumbent, all in enormous curly wigs, and trying to look as much as possible as they did when they sat under the great mahogany and gilt pulpit.

Among the tombs there is one at which, in spite of one's nineteenth-century knowledge of the Stuarts, one feels an indescribable emotion, a little of the old enthusiasm which the unhappy line inspired in its followers. (Such at least was the writer's experience; but it may be only a case of "chien de chasse, chasse de race," for laid up among other treasured relics is there not a certain silver brooch worn by a great-great-grandfather at Culloden?)

In a side chapel in the quiet church of St.-Germain lies the body of James II., the last Stuart king of England, the last English king. His resting-place is very simple; it must be owned, even very ugly; there is an immense tablet covered with a pompous Latin inscription, beneath which is a stone slab supported on four pillars, on which such tokens as wreaths of immortels, of beads, sometimes of fresh flowers, show that he is not forgotten. Under the slab are sculptured the crest and coat-of-arms of England; indeed, it is not these latter insignia which are wanting, for Her Majesty Queen Victoria, taking on herself the restoration and preservation of her great-uncle's (?) monument, has had the walls repainted, and all over a background of lively lilac ramp "the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown." If, to continue the old song, "the lion beat the unicorn all round the town," its presence there shows a certain sense of the fitness of things. When the unhappy James fled so weakly, dreading foolishly lest his father's fate should be his also, he took refuge in France, and was received most graciously by Louis XIV., who placed at his disposal the royal château of St.-Germain, where for years James held his mockery of a court, surrounded by his faithful followers, making with them endless schemes for the resumption of his crown, but lacking always the nerve-power to carry out his plans. Among those who went with him into exile there were many English, but more

Scotch and Irish. Who says the Irish are not loyal, let them read history; they spilt their best blood like water, dying by thousands for their king. One thinks with pity and strong admiration of those who served James Stuart so disinterestedly, bearing hardships and, to them, greatest of all trials, expatriation, sooner than submit to an alien rule, and one says regretfully, thinking of the noble hearts broken, the brave lives fretted away in this foreign land, "If only he had been worthy of it!"

In the town, and in the immediate surrounding country, there are traces of those exiles, not merely in the cemetery, where there are many tombstones to their memory and many nameless and forgotten graves (how can it be otherwise, dying so far from clan and kinsmen?), but among the living their descendants remain, though to many of them the traditions of their race are extinct, and England, Scotland, Ireland are but empty sounds; only the old names remain. Without including the ducal family of Fitz-James, the Viscounts O'Neil de Tyrone, the MacMahons, and the Graemes, who have passed into the ranks of the French nobility, there are De Clunys, Cluny MacPhersons, Connors, Reilleys, Leonards, Craigs, Taverners, Despards, Desmonds among the bourgeois and working classes who cannot speak a word of English.

St.-Germain is essentially a military town. Besides the large cavalry barracks, always occupied by one or more regiments of mounted chasseurs, there is the camp, about three miles out in the forest, which, with its long, low stable buildings and groups of red-roofed huts, reminds one somewhat of Aldershot. One of the prettiest sights I can recall was the entrance of a new regiment into the town. The old "Onzième" had been there so many years we all looked on it as a fixture and spoke of it affectionately as "ours," when suddenly it was ordered, not to Paris, not to Versailles, but away, away to the remote Swiss frontier. Oh! then was heard the sound of weeping. Brothers, cousins, friends, not to mention sweethearts, were to be torn ruthlessly from us. Fate was inexorable; they went, and for two days red eyes were very prevalent, and heads were averted as their owners passed the deserted caserne; after that spirits began to revive somewhat, and conjectures were hazarded as to what "they" were like. Every sorrow has its consolation.

"They" made their appearance about nine o'clock one very lovely September morning. Slowly they came in sight, winding along the narrow road, bordered by green-gray willows, which leads into the town at the further end. Their bright blue tunics

and scarlet trousers (both toned down with dust to a somewhat softer hue than when spick and span) made two long parallel lines of color, above which their drawn swords flashed and sparkled in the sun. There were so many of them the avant-garde had climbed the steep côte and disappeared into the town while the tail of the glittering train was still dragging its long length far back among the woods of Marly.

Oddly enough, soldiers are at somewhat of a discount. At St.-Germain it is not the ambition of every French servant, as it is of her English commères, to "walk out" with a gay uniform. Perhaps the practical common sense which pervades all classes of French-women counts for something in the méfiance of the military, and teaches that warriors are apt to love and ride away. Another reason may be that the young men themselves are in many cases drawn (owing to conscription) from the superior classes, to return to them when their term of service is expired. Certain it is that at all open-air balls and fêtes the beaux-sabreurs are considerably "out of it," and are often reduced to waltzing with each other, the smart and pretty little ouvrières and blanchisseuses turning up their noses at them, while the soberly-clad young shopman or the blue-bloused peasant has his pick of partners.

On the 14th of July, the great national fête of the Republic, all the town is in festivity; rows and rows of colored lanterns swing across the streets, flags fly from every window, bands of youths with tri-colored ribbons streaming from their hats parade the streets playing (most abominably) patriotic tunes on divers sorts of fiendishly contrived wind instruments; the Boulanger March, Auxbiseaux, Père la Victoire, and the Marseillaise rend one's ears in succession or simultaneously. At every Carre-four—that is, wherever four roads meeting form an open space—boards are laid down, musicians are hired, the itinerant venders of "coco" drops, pleuvois, and noujât gather round for the refreshment of the dancers, and as soon as it is dark the fun begins. The young men and women of the quartier, even those who are no longer in the first bloom of their youth, come forth to dance, and dance they do with a verve and vigor which is as admirable as it is awe-inspiring, performing wonders in the way of steps, and twirling round in interminable polkas till the day begins to dawn.

Another red-letter day is the fête des loges. Away up in the forest, in a big old building, now used as a school for officers' daughters, but once a royal hunting lodge, the annual fair held in the gay old times (we may be sure it has no connection with the demure damsels "en pension") is still kept up. Under the shady trees

travelling shows, circuses, wax-works, giants, and giantesses are set up, together with tourniquets, "little horses," shooting-galleries, round-abouts, weighing-machines, etc. There are stalls covered with gingerbread and bonbons of every kind; nearly every other one exposes something good to eat or drink, for this mass of people who come trooping from the town and from the villages round, from Paris itself, bring famous appetites with them, and expect to satisfy their hunger on the spot. So, besides the numberless restaurants, there are sputtering trays full of fried and frying potatoes (two sous the cornet, and excellent!); baignets served by a Bretonne, and made as only a Bretonne can make them; crêpes and sausages; long boards covered with tempting charcuterie, ham, veal, pies, and patés of every kind; there are fish, piles of oysters, lobsters, plain or in salad, scarlet écrevisses and delicious-*looking* escargots de Bourgogne—otherwise snails—each with its little dab of green sauce closing the opening of the scraped white shell; but should one seek to penetrate farther, what horrors reveal themselves, of which surely garlic is the least! Besides all these there are the barbicues, where fowls, turkeys, and geese, legs of mutton and pieces of beef, revolve slowly over beds of burning charcoal; the white-capped cooks dart about basting the meat, and the dark shadows of the trees bring into strong contrast the glowing richness of the fires.

All night long they keep it up—the bourgeois, the soldiers, the peasants, and the people from Paris; laughing, shouting, dancing, feasting, till one hears with something like emotion that there is not a bit more bread to be had for love or money. The trumpets blare and the cheap-jacks bawl, the merry-go-rounds shriek shrilly, and every man, woman, and child who is neither eating, talking, nor singing, blows fiercely at a penny horn. Most marvellous to relate, all these people are enjoying themselves as last year and the year before, and as they are looking forward to enjoying themselves in the years to come.

AGNES FARLEY MILLAR.

ON WHAT I OVERHEARD.

PAPA.—"Why shouldn't some one write a poem about you, darling?"
DAUGHTER.—"O papa! I'm too matter-of-fact, you know."
HE.—"I know you're just the nicest girl in the street."
SHE (with a kiss).—"Yes, papa, I am to *you*."

SHE'S just the nicest girl in the street,
From the crown of her head to the soles of her feet;
And I often say so, too.
If you only could know her as well as I,
And I wanted somebody to certify
My verdict, I'd come to you.

"I'm partial?" You're right. So all men are
To the light of some bright, particular star
Which they love to call their own.
For let clouds be heavy, or nights be drear,
There is always a spot somewhere that's clear
Where *my* star is shining down.

It sheds its mellow, soft light around,
And, somehow, I feel that it smooths the ground,
Let the way be e'er so rough;
Gives the blood in my veins a warmer glow;
If you owned just one such a star you'd know
The feeling well enough.

My darling is just such a star to me,
With never a cloud 'twixt her and me—
So pure, so bright, so sweet.
There is nothing in all the world I prize
Like a ray from one of those clear, calm eyes
Of my nicest girl in the street.

And when at the close of the long, long day
I turn my steps down the usual way
With speed that knows no check,
I need not look, for I know she's there:
A moment—my hands touch some nut-brown hair,
And two arms are round my neck.

Ah! then, if to man is granted bliss
'Tis given to me in that welcome kiss
From lips so pure and true;
With often the self-same words to greet—
"You're just the nicest girl in the street!"
"Yes, papa, I am to *you*."

THE LATE FATHER HECKER.

To be able to write the life and portray the character of that eminent priest and model Christian would be, indeed, an honor; but it is one to which I cannot aspire. That honor is reserved for those who have known him longer and better, and can, hence, speak more worthily of the events of his active life and his invaluable services to religion in the United States. To one who came into personal contact with him only at that period of his life when the struggle that landed him in the bosom of Catholicity was over, when years had ripened his comprehensive intellect into the full maturity of manhood, his personality presents itself in a different light than the one in which it appeared to those who could watch his onward course from the time when his intense mental activity began its first flight. I can presume only to recall the impressions which I received during a short intercourse, extending only over the last few years of his life, but that intercourse, I am free to say, I consider as one of the many blessings a kind Providence has scattered along the pathway of my life. These impressions are engraved too deeply and too firmly upon my mind to be obliterated by time, and for that reason do I feel it a pleasure as well as a duty to comply with the request to furnish a short estimate of his character, and add thereby my mite to the abler and worthier tributes that flow from distinguished pens in his memory.

Orestes A. Brownson wrote about the author of *Questions of the Soul* as long ago as 1855: "Few men really know him, few even suspect what is in him; but one cannot commune with him for half an hour and ever be again precisely the same as before." I, for one, do not hesitate to say that these words describe better than any words of mine the irresistible personal influence which the unpretending, simple, gay, nay, playful, Paulist Father exercised upon me at our very first meeting. And I am bold to assert that those who were privileged to be with him and near him will bear me out in this assertion. He at once impressed me as one to whom God Almighty had given a mission of vital importance and whom he had been pleased to equip for that purpose. There was hidden beneath the surface an intellect, a soul, a knowledge, a love, a charity such as the chosen few only possess. He was, in my estimate at least, the instrument selected by Providence to become a medium of communication between the Catholic and non-Catholic American world.

And for this reason: Being himself an American "to the manner born," he understood the American character as none before him ever understood it. The distinguishing national characteristic of the American may be defined as solid, practical, sound common-sense. Being himself filled with it, he not only understood the times but knew also how to make others understand the times, and that gift, let it not be forgotten, is a gift as rare as it is precious.

Father Hecker's own religious belief was the necessary sequence of the application of man's reason to man's religious sense under God's grace. Religion with him was, therefore, not merely a matter of faith. Belief was but one step, and that, comparatively speaking, an easy one, in his conception of religion. Religion with him embraced the entirety of life, and hence had to influence thought, will, and action. A people to whom religion had become a fashionable cloak, a Sunday occupation, an unsatisfied yet strongly-felt want, had to be approached by the practical side. He presented, therefore, Catholic truth in an entirely new light to his fellow-citizens. Dr. Brownson was, no doubt, a star of more brilliant light in the firmament of philosophy. But to refute objections to Catholicity with irrefutable logic is one thing, and in that line we may readily concede that Dr. Brownson stands without peer in the United States. But a man may be silenced and yet remain untouched in his innermost heart; a man may be *convinced* that he is wrong, but that conviction does not *convert* him. His reason may no longer be able to offer any resistance, but his heart still aches and longs and yearns. It is not enough, therefore, to look down from the heights of philosophy, but it is necessary to remove those stumbling-blocks which to the trained scholar, deep thinker, and learned divine are indeed none, but which exist, nevertheless, and prove insurmountable to the great majority of intelligent people. Father Hecker's practical mind enabled him to put himself exactly in the place of those who cannot follow scholastic discussions and philosophical controversies, but who have to reckon with life as they find it; who endeavor earnestly to harmonize the innate religious sense of man with a creed satisfying intellect and heart, and shedding thereby over life's misery the sacred halo of the bright light of eternity.

The American, though he has no definite credo as a nation, nevertheless believes; but how lamentably defective does that belief prove in life! Facts, even against our will, override our most cherished convictions, and Protestantism in any form jars sooner or later on the ear which intuitively and instinctively feels harmony to be the law permeating the universe from beginning to end. How is

that mental misery to be helped? That was the question to the solution of which Father Hecker addressed himself.

He did not change the unchangeable truths of the Catholic Church; nor did he attempt to put into new forms the faith Christ taught. No; he proved simply that rational thinking implies rational believing, and that rational believing, in turn, implies believing what Christ taught and still teaches through his church. But he did not stop there; he proved that a sterile faith is no faith at all, that believing implies *willing* and *acting*, and that hence the recognition of what is true must needs penetrate life to become of practical value as a means of enabling us to reach our God-appointed destiny. The proud citizen of the nineteenth century had, therefore, nothing to fear from him. He did not ask any one to give up his premises, but he took these up, reasoned out their correctness or untenability, and led gently step by step to the perception of what alone is and can be true. Sympathy with the age and a thorough knowledge of how to reach its ear characterize the path, hitherto untrodden, on which he set out, paving thereby the way for others to follow in his footsteps.

As regards the mainspring of his activity, I cannot find its explanation but in a consistent interpretation of his view of Christian charity. Just as a sterile faith appeared to him as no faith worth having, so also with charity. Whosoever sees is bound in duty to make others see, else he is devoid of that virtue of which divine inspiration itself said: "But the greatest of these is charity." Is it not as much man's duty to bring the "image of the Creator" to recognition, worship, and direct communion with the Creator, as it is his duty to feed the hungry and clothe the naked? Are we called upon to be charitable only where the inborn sense of human fellowship appeals to our better nature and prompts us to open the purse and to assist the needy and bring solace and comfort to the bedside of the sick and the dying? He looked beyond poverty and deathbed upon that countless multitude which is almost hopelessly entangled in the network of error; he saw in them objects of charity, worthy the best and most earnest efforts of a man; and he made others feel what he felt himself so strongly, that those who do know the truth are bound to guide those who do not know it unto this knowledge. With glowing enthusiasm, with a thoroughly independent line of thought, with singular beauty and clearness of expression does he devote his rare gifts to this service for his fellow-man that he also may partake of that faith which for ever establishes peace—true peace—in the human breast.

The study of the life of the soul which yearns after light formed,

consequently, the one object of his untiring efforts. With an uncommon penetration did he divine what impeded this fervent soul, what troubled that other conscientious mind, and led them on gently to the recognition of the warming sunshine of Catholic truth. And he did this in a way so happy, so earnest, so pleading, so touching that the road became attractive and inviting from the very start. What keen insight into human nature, what thorough comprehension of the intellectual attitude of his country and of the times, what felicity of expression, what power of converting is there not displayed in his writings! What unabating zeal to push onward and forward, what steadfastness of purpose, what strange combination of unyielding firmness and gentlest sympathy does he not exhibit throughout his life!

Father Hecker was one of those master-minds to whom it was given to shape and form and fashion the work of others after him. Thereby, if in no other way, is his name snatched from the fate which overtakes the multitude—oblivion. He has sunk into the grave, but he still lives in the work he inaugurated; and though he has gone to his reward, the continuity of his life may be traced by a grateful posterity in the devoted labors of those into whom he infused his own spirit. Man is born, lives, and dies, but God perpetuates the power of those upon whom he has deigned to pour the fulness of his spirit during their earthly career. A. DE G.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

MR. HENRY JAMES is at his best, we think, in his latest volume, *A London Life, and Other Tales* (Macmillan & Co., New York and London). And in certain ways—ways not easily attainable to any, and no-thoroughfares to most—his best is very good. With each new trial with it that he makes, English seems to become a more facile, a more accurate instrument in his hands. His sentences are more limpid, more picturesque, more clear. They convey all that he intends. More than that—though here we come to the limitation which to many of his readers, and to the present talker among the number, is a permanent bar to anything which resembles sympathetic admiration—they apparently mirror all he sees. And he sees too little. He is like a person whose eyes have begun to show a constitutional change which no procurable glasses wholly compensate for.

The story which gives its name to the present collection is an elaborately superficial study of the effect produced upon a young

American girl, Laura Wing, by the scandalous misbehavior of her elder sister. The latter is married to an Englishman of good social position and is the mother of two pretty little boys. Selina is not quite a professional beauty, since "her photographs were not to be purchased in the Burlington Arcade—she had kept out of that; but she looked more than ever as they would have represented her if they had been obtainable there." Her husband, Lionel Berrington, is first presented to the reader on the occasion when he seeks to impart to Laura, in a conspicuously cheerful way, "as if he had got some good news and were very much encouraged," his positive certainty that he has obtained evidence against her sister which will secure his divorce. He has "the air of being a good-natured but dissipated boy; with his small stature, his smooth, fat, suffused face, his round, watery, light-colored eyes, and his hair growing in curious infantile rings." "I don't see why *she* couldn't have been a little more like you," he says to Laura, with a fine appreciation of her, of himself, and of the whole situation in general. "If I could have had a shot at you first!"

"'I don't care for any compliments at my sister's expense,' Laura said with some majesty.

"'Oh! I say, Laura, don't put on so many frills, as Selina says. You know what your sister is as well as I do!' They stood looking at each other a moment and he appeared to see something in her face which led him to add: 'You know, at any rate, how little we hit it off.'

"'I know you don't love each other—it's too dreadful.'

"'Love each other? She hates me as she'd hate a hump on her back. She'd do me any devilish turn she could. There isn't a feeling of loathing that she doesn't have for me! She'd like to stamp on me and hear me crack like a black beetle, and she never opens her mouth but she insults me.' Lionel Berrington delivered himself of these assertions without violence, without passion or the sting of a new discovery; there was a familiar gayety in his trivial little tone, and he had the air of being so sure of what he said that he did not need to exaggerate in order to prove enough.

"'Oh, Lionel!' the girl murmured, turning pale. 'Is that the particular thing you wished to say to me?'

"'And you can't say it's my fault; you won't pretend to do that, will you?' he went on. 'Ain't I quiet, ain't I kind, don't I go steady? Haven't I given her every blessed thing she has ever asked for?'

"'You haven't given her an example!' Laura replied with spirit. 'You don't care for anything in the wide world but to amuse yourself, from the beginning of the year to the end. No more does she—and perhaps it's even worse in a woman. You are both as selfish as you can live, with nothing in your head or your heart but your vulgar pleasure, incapable of a concession, incapable of a sacrifice.' She, at least, spoke with passion; something that had been pent up in her soul broke out, and it gave her relief, almost a momentary joy. It made Lionel Berrington stare; he colored, but after a moment he threw back his head with laughter. 'Don't you call me kind when I stand here and take all that? If I'm so keen for my pleasure, what pleasure do *you* give me? Look at the

way I take it, Laura. You ought to do me justice. Haven't I sacrificed my home? and what more can a man do?'

"'I don't think you care any more about your home than Selina does. And it's so sacred and so beautiful, God forgive you! You are all blind and senseless and heartless, and I don't know what poison is in your veins. There is a curse on you, and there will be a judgment!' the girl went on, glowing like a young prophetess.

"'What do you want me to do? Do you want me to stay at home and read the Bible?' her companion demanded with an effect of profanity, confronted with her deep seriousness.

"'It wouldn't do you any harm, once in a while.'

"'There will be a judgment on *her*, that's very sure, and I know where it will be delivered,' said Lionel Berrington, indulging in a visible approach to a wink. . . . 'You know all about her; don't make believe you don't,' he continued in another tone. 'You see everything—you're one of the sharp ones. There's no use beating about the bush, Laura—you've lived in this precious house and you're not so green as that comes to. Besides, you're so good yourself that you needn't give a shriek if one is obliged to say what one means. Why didn't you grow up a little sooner? Then, over there in New York, it would certainly have been you I would have made up to. *You* would have respected me—eh? Now don't say you wouldn't.'"

And so on for several more pages, admirable, doubtless, in their presentation of the materialism underlying certain aspects of English social life, and all devoted to the effort of this admirable youth and model brother-in-law to convince Laura that it will be to her interest and advantage to fully qualify herself as a witness on his side in the approaching suit.

Laura's predicament is, certainly, more than sufficiently delicate. As Mr. James says, she is a "dependent, impecunious, tolerated little sister, representative of the class whom it behooves above all to mind their own business." On the death of their parents she has gone over to London to live with her married sister, taking with her a great deal of native, untouched American innocence, and not much else except the "dreadfully little" annual income which serves to buy her "uncommonly dressy" clothes. When her eyes begin to open gradually to Selina's enormities she has no idea what to do. Shelter is offered her by Lady Davenant, a kindly cynic of eighty, in whose own family "the ladies had not inveterately turned out well," and who has in some not too burdensome or binding fashion laid upon herself the care of providing Laura with a husband. But the girl is a trifle difficult. She hates to be "protected." She thinks, though not very definitely or persistently, that she would like to be a governess for young children, and has already proposed to Selina to let her assume that relation to her nephews, a proposal which her sister laughs at and refuses to consider. She has thought of flight, but as there were "reasons why

she could not escape and live in lodgings and paint fans, she finally determined to try and be happy in the given circumstances." The "given circumstances," bad as they are, are still endurable so long as they do not get into the papers. But "if anything were to happen—publicly—I should die, I should die!" she exclaims when Lady Davenant tells her that her sister's house is a bad one "for a girl."

Why, at this crisis, Laura does not take the always possible step which at the end of the sketch lands her "with distant relatives in Virginia," may partly be gathered from the fact chronicled by Mr. James that "she wanted to marry, but she wanted also not to want it, and, above all, not to appear to." She belongs, in short, to the lengthening but not widening series of Mr. James's young women; her circumstances, her *entourage*, have the peculiarities which gave its incisive quality to the remark lately contributed by a witty New-Yorker, in the parlors of his club, to the ever-new parallel between Mr. Howells and Mr. James. "Henry James," he said, "touches good society with the point of his umbrella. As for Howells, he began by describing life in second-rate boarding-house parlors. Some convulsion of nature swept him into the kitchen, and he considers it a great realistic movement."

Mr. Wendover, the artless, honest, wooden American in London, belongs to the same species. He is "thin," not only in person but in the presentation of him made by Mr. James. His innocence, his desire for knowledge, which bears a curious resemblance to Mr. Wegg's *penchant* for "portable property"; his goodness, the quality in him which makes him fail to be equal to the situation when Laura, in despair at the scandal which she foresees, throws herself at his head in order to secure his promise before he knows how her sister has compromised them both, all stamp him as ideal material for Mr. James. Does he invent his personages or does he copy them? Rather than either process in its integrity, does he not poke real subjects about gently "with the point of his umbrella"? He has nerves, one would say. The naked subject, the bloody scalpel, the hideous mess of the dissecting-table—all that is for those butchers the surgeons. There is much to be said in favor of such a view of the novelist's function, but it is one against which we believe Mr. James has recorded one public protest. His art, however, as he has settled to the practice of it, has less and less resemblance to anatomy. Perhaps picking flowers in a horticultural garden would come nearer to a description of it; there are even moments when one would feel inclined to go to a milliner's window for a closer comparison still. His specimens are so frail, so tenuous, so ornamental, so bloodless!

They recall the boy with a hole in his breeches, in one of Dickens' short stories, who wished he was "all front," and they suggest that in the world beheld by Mr. James that aspiration must have been measurably realized by all the inhabitants. One's thought lingers less with them than with their collector. It excites a certain mild wonder to find a clever man of Mr. James's years so dilettante, so amateurish in his attitude toward contemporary life and thought, holding himself so neatly and decorously aloof from the questions which are filling the minds of most of the rest of us, content to consider duty chiefly as a matter which, wrongly understood or carelessly practised, may be expected to land offenders against it in the dreadful though temporary hell of newspaper notoriety.

Perhaps as strong a contrast to the methods and ends of Mr. James as could be produced at a moment's notice is to be found in the next novel on our list, *Divorce; or, Faithful and Unfaithful*, by Margaret Lee, which forms the eleventh issue of Lovell's International Series. The book, first published in this country in 1883, was brought into renewed notice at the end of last year by Mr. Gladstone, who appears to recreate himself with reading the works of lady novelists and to reward them for the pleasure they give him by straightway puffing them into celebrity in the magazines. Through his influence a London edition of *Divorce* was brought out by the Macmillans. As a matter of mere literary workmanship the novel hardly counts at all. Its sentences, often childishly ill-constructed, are in addition persistently ill-punctuated to a degree which inclines one to exonerate wholly the typesetter and professional proof-reader. But, having said that, we have no further word of adverse criticism to offer. There can be no doubt that Margaret Lee has made a study of certain phases of contemporary American life which is Trollopean in its abject, literal fidelity. The *milieu* she has chosen is intensely respectable. Her people are rich, but not too rich. They mingle in "good" society and live on the Fifth Avenue, though none of them enters that New York empyrean composed of the "four hundred" *best* families. They are all Christians—even the villain of the piece "is a member of our church, he is in a good business, he sings exquisitely." "Our church" is, presumably, the Protestant Episcopalian. There is nowhere throughout the volume any attempt made after brilliancy in conversation or what is called cleverness in narrative or description. The conversations, nevertheless, have, besides the very great merit of naturalness, that of continuously forwarding the progress of the story at the same time that they elucidate and bring out character. Take the following, for example, which occurs in the first chapter, between the elder mem-

bers of a family in which the marriage is shortly to occur which forms the subject of the novel:

"'Marriage is a lottery, you know, Gus. Con is in love, and I am sure Mr. Travers is unexceptionable. What more can you ask?'

"'I never could agree to that lottery simile,' said Mr. Parker, joining the group. 'Marriage is exactly what the two most concerned make of it, and that depends on their conception of what it means. The truth is, Constance is too young to marry; much too young.'

"'You are right,' said Mr. Lacy, the words sounding emphatic in the midst of a chorus of interjectories.

"'She is eighteen,' said Mrs. Gus Morgan, who had married at seventeen.

"'Yes; but she is a peculiar girl,' said Mr. Lacy.

"'Frank is a great man for studying character,' said his wife, her tone satirical, her eyes full of admiration. 'He fancies that Con is an unusual specimen of her sex. I think she is just like other girls of eighteen. Of course she has no experience, but that may be all the better for her. She cannot draw comparisons to the disadvantage of Mr. Travers, as he is her first and only love. He is perfection in her eyes, and he can stay on his pedestal if he wishes, and that will insure Con's happiness.'

"'Stay on the pedestal that a woman with a soul erects? I wonder how many of us could do it, even if we bent all our energies to the work?' Mr. Lacy shook his head. 'There is the whole trouble in a nutshell. Con has no experience; years count for nothing with a temperament like hers. She loves a man, she has an ideal, she thinks he fulfils it, and she marries him under that illusion. Now, she is going to be a very happy woman or a very wretched one; there will be no medium for her.' . . .

"'Oh! well, Frank, you are too sweeping. Mr. Travers may be all that Constance thinks he is. We know very little about him,' said Mrs. Parker.

"'Exactly; we all profess to love Constance, and we are all about to be present at her marriage to a man that we know nothing whatever of. We shall "eat, drink, and be merry" over an action that may turn out unfortunately for her. She is about to stake everything she has upon it—her whole future—and we are discussing trumpery presents and what we shall wear, and shirking the question that is really perplexing us.' . . .

"'I think that Travers' love for Con is a strong point in his favor,' said Mr. Parker.

"'*If* he loves her,' said Mr. Lacy in a curious tone.

"'Why, Frank! What other motive could he have for marrying her? He is very attractive, and he knows a number of girls who are much handsomer than Con and equally well off. He is one of the eligibles, you must remember,' said Belle Morgan.

"'A man likes a wife whom he can trust,' Mr. Lacy continued slowly.

"'Well, of course,' was the general assent, laughingly given.

"'I wish you wouldn't look so seriously at the matter,' said Gus Morgan. 'We all know what Con is; she must be happy; her nature will make her so. I suppose God made such natures as hers to renew our failing belief in humanity. She is purity itself.'

"'Yes; and she attracts her opposites,' said Mr. Lacy.

"'That may be a wise provision of Providence,' remarked Mr. Parker. 'She may influence Mr. Travers for his good, supposing his nature to be the reverse of hers, a mere supposition, of course, as we know nothing about him.'

"'But if his nature is so very different from hers, how can he attract her?' asked Alice Morgan, appealing to Mr. Lacy.

"'She is too pure to suspect or recognize evil. She judges others by herself,' was the quick answer. 'But the revulsion may come.'

"'What would you do with her were she your daughter?' asked Mr. Parker.

"'I would surround her with cultivated people; let her take up the studies she enjoys, and give her the opportunities to understand herself, to sound her own nature and appreciate its requirements, its positive needs. The girl has aspirations that she has never even dreamed of; she has a great, sympathetic heart, to be bruised and broken if she falls into the hands of a man who does not value her as she deserves.'

"'You ought to speak to John,' said Mrs. Parker.

"'I have spoken to him. He thinks if a girl is going to marry, why the younger she is the better are her chances for happiness. She falls into her husband's ways and adopts his views without hesitation; she does not assert her own, therefore there is no clashing of individualities. It is a good rule for commonplace people, but for Constance—' Mr. Lacy shook his head and turned away.

"'Oh, dear! I wish you wouldn't represent the subject so! Girls marry every day and they are happy, or at least appear so,' urged Miss Morgan. 'We are all so fond of Con that perhaps we overestimate her goodness.'

"'Our very affection for her proves her worth,' said Mr. Lacy. 'In a family as large as that it is rather unusual for one member of it to be the object of general esteem. Why, Con seems to belong to each of us personally, and yet she has never tried to win one of us. You see, her individuality is strong, you feel it in spite of yourself. She cannot be moulded; I doubt that she will ever take an impression.'

"'Why worry about her, then? She will hold her own,' said Belle Morgan.

"'Well, in my experience as a lawyer I have met several such women, unhappily married. They are bound hand and foot by their vows, their family ties, their conscience—' Mr. Lacy took a tea-rose bud from a dish on the table and held it before his sister-in-law as he spoke. 'I could not change the color of this flower nor deprive it of its fragrance, but I can crush it under my foot.'

"'O Frank! you make me shiver. If we women could argue as you do with ourselves, not one of us would ever risk the consequences of marriage.'

"'I can tell you that nowadays a woman ought to think before she does take any such risks.'"

We call that a conversation natural, unaffected, probable; owing nothing either to flippancy or real wit, and yet interesting, not only in virtue of its very ordinary theme, but for the manner in which it is conducted. Margaret Lee had a serious subject on her hands, one which she was entirely competent to deal with, but in the treatment of which she entirely subordinated herself to her achievement. Marriage in America, as it affects or may affect even the purest, the most high-minded and honorable of either party to it, at the option of the other, is the most serious of our public interests. The author of this novel has taken it by its most manageable side. She introduces no complications brought about by ante-nuptial jealousy, mercenary motives, or conscious mismating on either side. Constance, while a most

charming character, deserving more than all that is said of her by the admiring family group into which the reader has just been introduced, is yet not so rare a type that most women who read about her will not be able to produce at least one mate to her from their own circle. On a solid foundation of the virtues natural to the *élite* of her sex, purity, sincerity, lovingness, there has been reared a solid superstructure of the supernatural virtues which belong to Christianity. Her faith is as real a part of her total equipment as her modesty or her physical beauty. She marries a man whom she wholly admires, and loves intensely and unselfishly. He gives her in return the highest feelings of which he is capable. Even in betraying her confidence, in squandering her fortune, in descending at the last to vulgar brutality and the long deceit involved in getting a "Connecticut divorce" from her, he never loses his consciousness of her superiority nor his absolute trust in her undying love for him. What he does is simply to live out his own nature, as she does hers. When he comes, as in the course of life we all do come, to the touchstones which try our quality, his shows for the base metal that it is. In the long run, though divorce were unprocurable by any process of law, he must in the end have been so far stripped of his veneer that even the faithful eyes of his wife would have seen him in his true aspect. We suppose, however, that the point aimed at by Margaret Lee was to bring into sharp relief the utter helplessness of either man or woman to protect name, home, and honor from a partner who can so securely assail them under the cover of our existing laws. She has done this in a manner admirable for its simplicity, and all the more effective by reason of the entire absence of any effort to intensify natural situations.

Mrs. Mona Caird attacks the marriage question from a point diametrically opposed to that of Margaret Lee. Mr. Gladstone remarks that it "seems indisputable that America is the arena on which many of the problems connected with the marriage state are in course of being rapidly, painfully, and perilously tried out." In so far as those problems are complicated by the entrance of the factor which is sometimes described as spontaneity and sometimes as lawlessness, according as the immediate results of it happen to strike the observer; by carelessness or even ignorance of convention, and by almost entire freedom from tradition, the remark is very just. But there are certain aspects of the marriage question which are almost shut out of consideration here by those very causes, though they seem fruitful enough, not only for the novelists of "effete Europe," but for its divorce courts. Such an aspect of it, for example, as supplies plot and motive for the second translation from

the German of W. Heimburg which we have received this year from Worthington & Co. (New York). The book is called *Two Daughters of One Race*, and it is so Englished by Mrs. D. M. Lowrey as to be pleasantly readable. It would offer no point for comment, however, except incidentally, in connection with the divorce question. One of the two sisters whose love affairs are dealt with, marries, clandestinely but legally, a German prince, just before the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war. Prince Otto is a younger son and much beloved. The marriage, which would have been prevented if possible, is on the point of being acknowledged by his parents, and the young wife, whose husband, with his brother the heir-presumptive, is at the war, has been summoned to meet his mother. Unfortunately for the continuance of this desirable state of affairs, the heir is killed at Gravelotte. Prince Otto's wife, who might be put up with in a younger son, is too far inferior in social station for the new position, and in spite of their mutual love and Lotta's desperate struggle to retain her wifely rights, she is quietly set aside, and Otto takes another spouse. Here marriage is a comparatively simple affair. Viewed from the standpoint of Protestantism and caste, it becomes so secondary a matter that the hardship involved to the wife by the dissolution of it strikes the world about her as not greater than the general hardship which would be involved in its continued and approved existence.

Then, again, America gives little sign of affording a solution for such aspects of the problem as Mrs. Caird brings up in *The Wing of Azrael* (New York: Frank F. Lovell & Co.) Mrs. Caird has won some unpleasant notoriety by plainly stating, in a high-class English periodical, not in her capacity as a novelist but as an essayist over her own signature, her conviction that marriage is a failure, and that some more elastic and commodious substitute for it must be imperatively demanded by the coming man and woman. But when she wrote the novel before us, we observe that she provided the woman of to-day whose very dismal story she relates, with such an equipment of natural character, unhealthy training, abnormal situation in space, if one may so describe the gruesome, uncanny, and unwholesome character of her physical "environment," besides handicapping her into the bargain with such monstrous weights in the shape of a brutal father and a viciously ill-disposed husband, for whom she has never had or professed to have anything but an invincible aversion, that the author's quarrel with marriage on such grounds becomes a mere begging of the question. The novel-reader, whether he goes to Thackeray for evidence or to Mrs. Caird, is obliged to believe that in England daughters may still be sold by

their parents to men whom they abhor and loathe, and that society pays the penalty therefor in elopements, suicides, murders, and divorces. The testimony has one general tendency, but the volunteer witnesses, who are likewise the self-appointed judges, show a great diversity as well as breadth of view in their decisions. Mrs. Caird would like to get rid of Christian training as well as of Christian marriage; but she is an extremist. One would be glad to see grounds for hoping that the incessant tendency of the novels of all nations to force into prominence the miseries that await ill-assorted marriages would end by producing the only conceivable good effect of which they seem even remotely capable. If they could succeed in frightening "those about to marry" into the persuasion that nothing less than a strong, mutual love justifies or excuses marriage, the effect would be most salutary, whatever one might think of the means. It was the persistence with which Anthony Trollope pounded on that string which endeared and endears him to so many grateful readers. It is the only healthy view to take of that indissoluble bond, that sacrament of which the recipients are, at the same time, the ministers.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A HANDMAIDEN IN CHAINS.

The Catholic Church, in fulfilling the end of her being, appeals to the whole nature of man, both the corporeal and spiritual side. Therefore she speaks to the heart of man not only through the intellect, but also through the senses; using and fostering everything that is honest, appropriating and assimilating it, no matter from what source it may have sprung, if it will aid her in drawing men to the love of God. From the first she made the fine arts handmaidens in the household of faith, on one hand protecting them from the blandishments of human pride and the invasions of the flesh by giving them a right and noble intention: *ad majorem Dei gloriam;* on the other hand she called the faithful to a love of their works—a love of the beautiful, using this love of beauty to lead souls to the contemplation of the eternal beauty of God.

The church declared that art can have a far higher end than the mere gratification of our cultivated senses; that it can be used to advance man in the paths of spirituality, lifting the soul to highest aspirations; also to give expression to the noblest emotions of the heart, the external manifestation of its sorrows, joys, and hopes. At the same time she demonstrated that art is not a realm reserved for the select few, the rich, the highly educated, and the connoisseur, but is open to all—that it is the *Biblia pauperum*, teaching the poor and the ignorant the true philosophy of life and the beauty of faith. The church in calling forth Christian art—plastic, pictorial, constructive, and musical—not only called forth the highest external and material expression of man's love for his Creator, but also the most sublime material offering the talents of the creature could possibly

render to his Maker. But Christian art, like everything the church has smiled upon, has excited the hatred of Satan; he has attempted to either destroy it through iconoclastic heresies or pervert it by paganizing its expression. The powers of evil having failed in this, they are now attacking it with two new weapons; one a sensuous realism acccompanied with a total disregard of all traditional symbolism; and the other, by far the more dangerous of the two, the commercial spirit, the spirit of money-getting.

Of course I do not refer to all dealers in church goods; but there certainly is a kind of tradesman, eager for gold and made impertinent by his boundless ignorance, who has walked into the very sanctuary, pushing the Christian artist to one side, ignoring the laws of the church, and boldly offering something which he calls art, and so cheap that "you cannot refuse to buy." What is the consequence? Money too often squandered on glittering hideosities, our churches filled with inartistic objects and hung with pictures so bad that we would not admit them to the walls of our homes; candlesticks and vases placed upon our altars which would be excluded from the parlor mantel as cheap and common; ill-formed, ill-made, and ill-fitting vestments of imitation and flimsy silk worn by our clergy; vulgarity and tawdriness all too often prevailing. How long is this kind of thing to last? I believe its days are numbered, and we are already on the threshold of a revival of ecclesiastical art.

One of the delights in visiting churches in Catholic countries is the study of the various expressions of devotion and love portrayed by the faithful in the decoration and furnishing of God's house. But with us what food is there to satisfy the artistic sense of a cultivated mind? The *instrumenta ecclesiastica* in St. Matthew's are identical with those in St. Mark's, St. Luke's, and a hundred other churches, all equally as bad, and all the children of commerce, not of faith. Have we nothing better to offer? Is the love of the beautiful dead among us, or only asleep? Who will believe that the spirit of the age has blinded us so far that we no longer perceive the intimate connection of the fine arts with religion? I am answered that we are too poor to embellish our churches in accordance with the true principles of ecclesiastical art. What has that to do with it? Good art is only good design and good taste, and costs no more than bad art, bad taste, and bad design. Many of the most beautiful monuments of Catholic piety were built by the voluntary contributions of the poor, not the rich; witness the cathedral of Rheims and the baptistery at Pisa. Indeed, it is idle babble for us to plead poverty and at the same time talk about our love of God, our great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, so long as we give so much for the adornment of our houses and persons, and so little for the artistic ornamentation of the sanctuary. Will we ever return to simplicity and truth? Will we once again learn to appreciate and love the beauties of Christian art? Is there no way of rousing the interest of the faithful so there may be born within them a zeal for the enrichment of all that pertains to the building, furniture, and ceremonies of the church? I believe there is. And it is my purpose in this paper to point out a way by which at least one of the handmaidens may be emancipated from the ignominious chains placed upon her fair limbs by the greed of the tradesman.

Every year numbers of young Catholic women skilled in ornamental needlework come out of our conventual schools only to waste their knowledge upon useless knick-knacks that come under the general head of fancy-work. To embroider a vestment or prepare linens for the altar seldom enters their minds. In the days of old, when "embroidery was the fostering auxiliary of outward impressiveness in the ceremonials of the church," it was the delight, pride, and

pleasure of Catholic ladies to devote their money and time to the embroidering of sacerdotal garments as grateful offerings to God. Their hours of recreation were hours of innocent work, resulting in material and artistic gain to the church and spiritual benefit to themselves. Here is a picture, taken from an old chronicle, of a faithful woman—the *mulier fortis* of Catholic times, "the woman of great aims, of large charities, of ardent faith; sweet in words, mighty in works." We are told of one Jane Dormer that, "*in such curious works of the needle as gentlewomen learn, she attained a marvellous skill and perfection, her works were sumptuous and precious, wrought for God's service and the use of the church. After that her sight was not so good to work curious works, she passed her time in reading devout and spiritual books or employed her labor to work for the poor.*"

"She wrought so well in needle-work that shee,
Nor yet her workes, shall ere forgotten be."

This was a woman living in the world, a noble wife and a wise mother, yet she found time not only to fulfil every duty of her state but also to say the Office of Our Lady and hear Mass every day, and to make many vestments resplendent with beauteous needle-work. Even queens did not disdain to employ their time in needle-work for the church. The beautiful chasuble of red satin, bearing the figures of our Lord, St. Peter, and St. Paul worked with threads of gold, and worn by Pope Leo IX. at the consecration of the abbey church of St. Arnold, near Metz, October 5, 1049, was wrought by the fair hands of Gisela, wife of Stephen, King of Hungary.

Can it be that our women are less devoted to Holy Church than their pious sisters of the ages of faith? I, for one, will not believe it. The truth is, their education in needlework has never been given an ecclesiastical turn, and they have been taught to look upon embroidery as only an elegant accomplishment with which to while away an idle moment. Direct their attention to the subject, form them into needle-work guilds, give them good designs to follow, instruct them in the laws of the church governing the form, color, and symbolism of her vestments, and it can be safely prophesied that our churches in the future will be as rich in beautiful embroidered copes, chasubles, dalmatics, mitres, and altar-cloths as those of Catholic Europe. This is not a mere theory of the writer. A clergyman of one of our East-side churches, feeling the time had come to make a step toward reviving the noble art of ecclesiastical embroidery among our Catholic women, formed some time ago a guild on the above plan, and it has proved to be a marked success. He found a number of ladies in his congregation ready to work, ready to learn, and glad to find they could use their needles for the honor of God. He placed before them good examples to imitate and designs to follow; he stimulated their zeal by offering prizes for the best work turned out during the year, and by giving each one something to do that was within the compass of her skill. And they have already learned to love the needle's excellency, and find this incomparable little instrument always willing to translate with variety of stitches designs which shall ornament a textile to be used in God's holy service.

Their wise director, not forgetting that he is their spiritual father, has spoken to them in the words of Cennini: "Ye of gentle spirit, who are lovers of this art and devoted to its pursuit, adorn yourselves with the garments of love, of modesty, of obedience, and of perseverance"; at the same time he has begged them to put far from their minds the hurtful spirit of the age, the desire to produce the largest results at the least cost, but each one shall say to herself, "*Neither will I offer unto the Lord my God that which does cost me nothing.*"

I trust that the foregoing remarks will help, if only a little, to revive among us the long-neglected traditions of church embroidery, and encourage every educated Catholic needle-woman that may chance to read my words to use her skill in the adornment of sacerdotal vestments in accordance with the true principles of Christian art. In this connection, it is well for our clergy to remember that art not only "requires patronage, but, still more, sympathy."

CARYL COLEMAN.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The article by Brother Azarias on "Books and How to Use Them," published in the July CATHOLIC WORLD, has been very widely noticed. One of our exchanges suggests that "the Reading Circles already or about to be formed might profitably initiate their meetings with the reading aloud of this particular essay—without skipping—from beginning to end." This suggestion is well worthy the attention of all the readers of these pages. Many of the questions constantly asked by our correspondents are fully answered in choice language by Brother Azarias.

We sincerely hope that all our readers have had the opportunity to peruse these books, which should be in every Catholic family and in every library, viz.: *Patron Saints*, *Pilgrims and Shrines*, and *Songs of a Life-time*, written by the distinguished authoress whose name is appended to the following letter:

"I am greatly pleased with the first division of the list for the Columbian Reading Union, which allows no one to complain who asks for entertainment merely, while the serious student finds the historical novel tolling him on to researches worthy of a scholar. The arrangement is admirable, leaving each one to be 'drawn,' as St. Augustine says, 'by his own special pleasure,' while it suggests, prompts even, to that higher attraction of which the same great doctor says: 'What stronger object of love can a soul have than the truth?'

"299 *Huron Street, Chicago, Ill.* ELIZA ALLEN STARR."

Numerous inquiries have been made in regard to the practical details of managing a Reading Circle. It is obviously impossible to write a long letter to each inquirer. The better plan is to have a general answer given from time to time by some one well qualified for the task. Hence, if there is delay, our correspondents should not become impatient. We have no salaried official connected with the Columbian Reading Union. All the work done thus far—and it has consumed many valuable hours—has been performed as a labor of love, gratuitously. The interesting and suggestive address delivered at the closing meeting of the Ozanam Reading Circle, by its president, Miss Mary F. McAleer, will give to many others information which they have desired. We gladly give space to all communications of this kind based on practical results already accomplished:

"Friends have frequently asked why our society is called the Ozanam Reading Circle. An answer to that question may be of interest on this occasion. As one of the members will read a sketch of Frederic Ozanam, it is only necessary now to say that he was a great Catholic layman, who consecrated his intellect, his heart and soul to the cause of the church. For this reason it was

deemed well for a circle of Catholic women to organize themselves under a name well calculated to inspire those sentiments of courage and enthusiasm necessary to carry on the work of self-improvement.

"Our Reading Circle has completed its third year, and its members rejoice in an association which has been both profitable and enjoyable. Our intercourse has been pleasant and instructive, and we certainly have made intellectual progress. A description of a meeting may give some idea of the work done in the Circle.

"We have been accustomed to meet every Monday night at eight o'clock. The exercises begin with the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting. These minutes are not presented in tabular form, but are rather a description of what part each member had in the proceedings. This is followed by quotations given by all the members. These are not selected from books of familiar quotations, but are rather good, wholesome thoughts that impress the members in the course of their readings; an entire evening has often been devoted to one Catholic author. This exercise ended, the rest of the time is devoted to recitations and readings. The latter are not given merely for the sake of elocutionary effect alone. The readings are selected from a literary standpoint: hence standard periodicals are frequently consulted. For instance, every month at least one selection from THE CATHOLIC WORLD is rendered. The members subscribe to this magazine and circulate it weekly, so that each member in turn is supplied with a copy.

"We have tried to get every month one or two original writings. These have taken the form of letters to the Circle, essays, and reviews of popular books, or, to put it more modestly, our impressions of particular works. One of the letters gave an account of an actual experience in a Brooklyn hospital, and another, a description of mountain scenery. The list of essays included one on Robert Emmet and two on St. Patrick, viewed as a religious and as an historical character. Two novels from the pen of Rev. J. Talbot Smith, the editor of the *Catholic Review*, furnished topics for other papers. Another essay attempted to prove the utility of psychology in education. We also discussed the 'Relative Happiness to be Obtained from Education and Wealth,' and 'How to Prevent Indiscriminate Charity.' An original story was given as a Christmas contribution. Sometimes the whole time of the meeting has been devoted to one special subject. Thus we have had Shakspere, Longfellow, and St. Patrick nights. All our efforts have tended in some way to acquaint ourselves with Catholic history and Catholic literature.

"The evening's work ends with a criticism from a competent instructor, who gives such information on elocution and delivery as our selections demand. And here it becomes necessary for me to say we have never aimed at becoming professional readers; on the contrary, our instructor, Mr. A. Young, has always insisted on expression chiefly as a means of bringing out the spirit and thought of a selection. On this occasion we mean to give a specimen of our ordinary meeting, so that you, our friends, may enter with us into the exercises, and criticise not the manner but the matter of our work.

"We have enjoyed together many pleasant and social hours. This has been made possible by many kindnesses from the Paulist Fathers, to whom we are much indebted, particularly to our Rev. Director, through whom we obtained the pleasant room in which we have held our weekly meetings, the use of the parochial library, and various other favors. With his help we hope to do better things in the future.

"Now that THE CATHOLIC WORLD has become interested in Reading

Circles and has started a department on the subject, the members of the Ozanam are more encouraged in their efforts and look forward to an increased membership and a diffusion of Reading Circles throughout the country."

As showing how our members may utilize opportunities, even when making social visits, we quote from a letter written while at a town in a Western State:

"I have just had a most charming conversation with Sister-Superioress —— of the English parish school, really in a thriving condition. She is intensely and practically interested in Reading Circles, and had already called a meeting among the young ladies to adopt some rule in accord with those to be suggested by the Columbian Reading Union. So you see how its influence is already extending in unexpected places, and 'lets God's sunlight shine where it never shone before.'

"This religious is a very superior woman and has a great influence among a large class. She understands their needs and difficulties, and extends a very warm sympathy to those whose life is void of brightness, and I think she has the faculty of showing them that shadows die oftenest in the sunlight.

"She is heart and soul interested in the plan, and has long since worked with this object in view, but each effort failed of prolonged success. Yet not discouraged, new efforts replaced the old ones. The 'Union' is going to aid just such workers. It will give authority for all they do. I really enjoyed my visit; it was quite a stimulus. They have an excellent parish library and the books are used. The Catholics have a right good spirit, too, and a most zealous pastor.

"The town has many elements growing apart, side by side, the society people, the university clique, and the Catholics. They affect one another without exactly mingling, yet the friction is observable. It is pitiful to see people live together with such diverging interests and aims. It seems very marked here. In other places pleasure is a rallying point, and opposing forces are obscured. The Catholics must come in contact with the other classes, and to sustain their proper place should be fully equipped. They must reach a certain intellectual standard to command attention, but many claim they have not the time. It is partly true; still I find they have more time than inclination, and some need of immediate suggestion, too."

According to the prospectus already published, though not yet sufficiently understood, no class from the lowest to the highest in society will be excluded from the advantages which can be secured by the Columbian Reading Union. We want to reach those who are in the greatest need, and to do so with the motive of performing a spiritual work of mercy. For those having but little time to read, and but little money to spend for books, judicious advice is most necessary. This department of the work assumes gigantic proportions when we think of the vast number dependent for their supply of books on public libraries. Our attention has been forcibly drawn to this matter by this letter:

"Being a member of the Mechanics' and Tradesmen's Library of New York City, I recently desired to obtain some Catholic books, but was surprised to find that although the writers of other denominations are represented to a large extent, the number of Catholic works to be found on its shelves is comparatively few, and those unimportant. But still worse is the fact that there are many works which, through their titles, recommend themselves to the unwary Catholic student, but which in reality are the production of Protestant writers, who not only omit all passages bearing on Catholic doctrine, but endeavor to pervert their original meaning.

"With a view to remedy this wrong, I trust the Columbian Reading Union will interest itself in the matter, and lay before the library committee the special inducements which they offer towards supplying libraries with sound Catholic literature. In this manner I am certain they will secure a large representation of the works which every Catholic and Protestant should read. T. J. C."

Without intending any injustice, we venture to repeat what has been often asserted before in these columns, that Catholic literature is almost completely excluded from the public libraries. It is high time to ask the reason why. This is a question which should be promptly brought to the front. We appeal to the mechanics and tradesmen of New York City to assist this young man and hundreds of others like him to get the choice books of Catholic writers from the library designated in his letter, and also from the Apprentices' Library, not to mention the various branches of the Free Circulating Library.

The editor of the *Catholic Sentinel*, Mr. M. G. Munly, has kindly forwarded a marked copy of his paper containing a powerful editorial in favor of our work. His testimony shows the condition of things in Oregon and the adjacent country. We quote it as another strong endorsement of our plan:

"AN EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY.

"Several months ago we published from THE CATHOLIC WORLD magazine an announcement of a project for the establishment of a Catholic Reading Circle similar to the St. Anselm Society in England, or the Chautauqua Society in this country. The advantage and necessity for such a society for our Catholic young people were set forth in that article.

"During the intervening time the projectors of this scheme have been in correspondence with ladies and gentlemen of education, experience, and literary tastes, receiving suggestions and discussing the merits of various plans; and the result has been the formation of the Columbian Reading Union, the prospectus of which is published on another page. In western communities Catholic books are not to be had in the largest book-stores, are never found in the public libraries, and Catholic libraries are nothing to speak of. Catholic books are not advertised like the sensational novel, and a Catholic book-store cannot exist outside of a large city. Is it strange, then, that Catholic literature should languish and that the young generation of Catholics growing up outside of Catholic schools are ignorant of the extent, value, and excellence of purely Catholic writings? There is absolutely no guidance for Catholics in the selection of sound and wholesome reading outside of the Catholic press, and the Catholic press reaches but a fraction of the Catholic population. Is it any wonder, then, that we find the works of 'Ouida' and Amélie Rives, and even Zola, on the centre-table of the Catholic home instead of those of Catholic writers?

"The establishment of the Columbian Reading Union, which extends the advantage of membership to North, South, East, and West, which safely guides the taste and furnishes matter at a minimum of trouble and expense for the Catholic reading public, is an event of real importance. The church sodalities, the Catholic Knights, and the Institutes should all establish Reading Circles. Every pastor should put himself in communication with the Columbian Reading Union. It is an educational society which should be encouraged by parents, pastors, and teachers everywhere."

We shall be indebted to other editors who will send marked copies of their papers with notices of Reading Circles, etc. A lengthy communication from

Youngstown, Ohio, informs us that at a meeting of representative Catholics the Catholic Educational Union was recently organized, "with the advice and approval of many prominent clergymen who have the interests of Catholic education at heart." Among other good works mentioned, this new society proposes to direct attention to the "text-books of modern history found in many Catholic homes, and in all public libraries, written for the express purpose of justifying the so-called Reformation. To counteract this evil there can be no more influential agent than the Catholic Educational Union." The projectors make no mistake in expecting much labor and expense and many difficulties, especially if they undertake to start a magazine, as is proposed.

For the present we would suggest that the Catholic Educational Union concentrate energy on making a thorough examination of the best modern histories, and then, by publishing the results of this investigation, a definite first step would be taken in the right direction. The Columbian Reading Union would gladly receive such a list of historical books, and would endeavor to give it a wide circulation. We desire to establish friendly relations with all organizations devoted to the work of diffusing good literature. Each one can render valuable service in proportion to the zeal of its members and the wealth at their command. Our greatest need just now is to make known far and wide the good news that in many cities and villages, including Youngstown and New York, the movement has begun with evident signs of vitality. For the future results much will depend on those who will give their time without compensation to prepare suitable lists of accessible books, and on those who will make generous contributions towards the payment of the necessary expenses. M. C. M.

THE TEMPERANCE OUTLOOK.*

From past experience we have learned to suspect the accuracy of the information furnished in many of the books and pamphlets published by the National Temperance Society. It has sent forth many volumes bearing on Scriptural testimony to the use of wine which have been condemned, not by the Inquisition, but by the most profound Biblical scholars of all denominations in the United States. We regret very much that the liberal donations of the late William E. Dodge and others have been expended in giving permanent and prominent recognition to the unwise agitation of prohibitionists.

It must, however, be said that though it has lent its aid to the dissemination of erroneous opinions on certain aspects of the temperance movement, much can be claimed for the positive good work done by the National Temperance Society during the twenty-four years of its existence. According to the statement of its plan prepared for the International Temperance Congress in September, 1888, "it is non-sectarian and non-partisan, having in its membership and among its managers representatives of all the leading denominations and of all political parties. It publishes an extended list of books, pamphlets, tracts, and leaflets by the million."

From the report before us we quote a passage to show what value is attached to the educational and missionary work which can be done only by the circulation of literature:

"At the organization of the National Temperance Society and Publication House the following was declared to be its object:

"'The object shall be to promote the cause of total abstinence from the use, manufacture, and sale of all

* *Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the National Temperance Society and Publication House*, 58 Reade Street, New York.

intoxicating drinks as a beverage. This shall be done by the publication and circulation of temperance literature, by the use of the pledge, and by all other methods calculated to remove the evil of intemperance from the community.'

"There were temperance societies all over the country, but no temperance literature worthy of the name. A few miscellaneous tracts and half a dozen small books comprised its entire inventory. The work of securing good writers was a most difficult one. Large offers of prizes were made, but the responses were few and the efforts feeble. The first years were entirely spent in endeavoring to secure a better and higher class of publications. The results as seen to-day are most satisfactory. We have over three hundred first-class writers, seventeen hundred and fifty-six different publications, and have printed over seven hundred and fifty million pages. We have spent $130,000 in copyright, literary labor, stereotyping, and engraving during the twenty-four years of our existence, and received over a million of dollars for publications.

"The educational work of these hundreds of millions of pages, which have been scattered all over the land and in other countries, cannot be estimated. The awakening conscience of the nation testifies to its good influence. The extension and growth of the publication department naturally and inevitably led to the development of a missionary work which was taken up and pushed to the extent of our ability."

The Rev. Dr. Daniel Dorchester, who has been recently appointed inspector of Indian schools, is mentioned in the report as the writer responsible for this statement:

"I have directly learned from the very best authority that a distillery firm within three miles of the Massachusetts State-House has a contract to furnish three thousand gallons of rum daily to the African trade for the next seven years. This would be equivalent to almost one million gallons annually. My interest in Christian missions in Africa and in the proposed constitutional amendment in Massachusetts prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors for beverages led me to investigate the internal revenue reports of the manufacture, home consumption, and exportation of rum. This, the most powerful of all the distilled liquors, containing fifty per cent. and upward of alcohol, is the only liquor exported from the United States to Africa."

We are confident that his "interest in Christian missions" will lead Dr. Dorchester to exert himself to protect the Indians from the dangers of fire-water, and in this work he may rely on the active co-operation of the Catholic missionaries, who have prescriptive rights on many of the reservations. From his previous declarations on the school question, there is a feeling abroad that he will make some undesirable changes in the wise policy adopted by his predecessors in office; but he will be unable to secure better or even as efficient help against intemperance as that of Catholic missionaries and school teachers.

A valuable part of the report under consideration is that devoted to a synopsis of the recent decisions made by religious bodies on the question of temperance. The numerous protests against prohibition which have appeared in Catholic papers during the past year, especially in Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New York, are calmly ignored. One priest in Minnesota is quoted against high license. The Pope's letter to Rt. Rev. P. T. O'Reilly, Spiritual Director of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, is given in full; no mention is made of the declarations against prohibition from Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ryan. Considerable space is allowed to a notice of the work done by the establishment of the "League of the Cross" in Brooklyn. Father O'Hare, of St. Anthony's Church, was actuated by a martial spirit of enthusiasm when he used these words:

"The banners of the crusade have been flung to the breeze, and its armies have taken to the field to conquer or die fighting in the last ditch. The cause is for God, and God is with his hosts in battle array. With the Catholic people who have taken so pronounced and determined a stand in the cause of temperance and sobriety there is no such thing as failure. The bishops have given us the watchword, to do or die, and the priests are at the head of this grand movement. With them, I must candidly confess, largely rests the responsibility for the final extirpation of this great evil, intemperance."

The National Temperance Society's report carefully avoids any allusion to the fact that Father Fransioli, of St. Peter's Church, took particular pains to put himself on record as opposed to prohibition. Having mature convictions coming from his long years of experience, he organized the "League of the Cross" on a basis of Christian hatred of drunkenness, and manages it not only with zeal, but with practical common sense, and has the gratification of seeing his people give unmistakable evidence that they were ready for the movement. At one of the meetings Father Barry, the assistant priest of the parish, delivered an address, which we are glad to find quoted at length, as it compares favorably with any of the other utterances embodied in the report of the National Temperance Society. We give some specimen paragraphs:

"We have from twelve to fifteen thousand nominal Roman Catholics in this parish, the area of which is eight blocks long by three blocks broad—the largest parish in the diocese. Every corner of every block almost is decorated with a rum-shop. There are sixty-five saloons, about, and we find that drunkenness is constantly increasing. For every drunkard we reclaim the rum-shops make ten new ones. The parish is like a ship with strained timbers. The five priests here have been laboring to pump it dry, but the water rushes in faster than ever. Now we are going to try to stop the leak.

"The branches of this tree of intemperance sprout faster than they can be clipped, so the only thing to do is to strike at the root. We are like an ambulance corps on a battle-field. As fast as we fix one wounded man up ten newly wounded are brought to us from the front. What is the use of our work when the bullets are allowed to fly as fast as ever? We are not even holding our own, for, as I said before, drunkenness is on the increase. . . .

"There is no use denying the proposition that saloons produce drunkenness and drunkenness produces crime. Against this state of affairs, therefore, we propose to strive. Of course we must necessarily hurt the saloon business, and that may antagonize the saloon-keepers. We cannot help that. What we are going to do is to save our people from perdition. This is our duty, and we must do it, no matter whom we hurt. We have God on our side and have no fear of any forces which may array themselves against us. With God's help we must win.

"Never in the history of our country has the subject of intemperance received such consideration as at the present time. Light is now shed on it as never before. Religion and philanthropy have thrown their rays upon it and laid bare its depths of iniquity. No intelligent man has dubious views on the subject. The evidence is clear—no clearer if written by an angel. There are no faltering words. We know it to be one of the greatest vices with which man can be afflicted. Perhaps it has never raged more fiercely than now, and men are organized to combat it."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WORKS OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS. The Ascent of Mount Carmel, by St. John of the Cross, of the order of Our Lady of Carmel. Translated from the Spanish, with a life of the Saint, by David Lewis, M.A. Second edition, revised. London: Thomas Baker. (For sale by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.)

We have long looked for this new edition of St. John of the Cross. The first edition, published by the Longmans in 1864, has been out of print for several years and had become hard to get. The work, of course, does not reach the whole book-market, and yet those who do want it find it indispensable. It is the foremost authority of the literature of modern mysticism. St. John was a theologian of excellent studies, which were assimilated by a well-ordered intelligence and supplemented by sufficient experience in the active ministry. This has given him peculiar value as an interpreter of the ways of God in the interior life. He is not subject to errors of expression. He tells of the divine union of the soul in mystical states in terms familiar to instructed Christians, and the only mystery about his writings is the mystery inherent in his topics. The use of

correct terminology does not make altogether intelligible what eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor the heart of man conceived. But whatever can be expressed, St. John expresses accurately and in the conventional language of Catholic usage. With many other mystics one must often affirm that the doctrine is sound because the teacher is saintly; in the case of St. John an intelligent reader knows that he is safe in following him, because he is a leader who points to the milestones of well-ascertained dogma.

This volume, the first of the new edition, contains the life of the saint by Mr. Lewis—published long after the Longmans' edition of his work—as well as the treatise on the Ascent of Mount Carmel; this latter was the first volume of that edition. The second volume will give us, we presume, the Spiritual Canticle between the Soul and Christ, and the poems. If it is intended to altogether leave out Cardinal Wiseman's learned and judicious introduction to the original edition, we cannot help recording our sincere regret.

The volume before us is of extreme interest to all classes of Catholic readers on account of the life which forms the first part of it. There never was a romance of more absorbing interest than the life of Juan de Yepes, known to the world as St. John of the Cross. It is the story of one led by the high paths of contemplative prayer up the mountain of God till he is ravished from our gaze into the clouds of heaven. But what a journey it was! What noble aspirations, what courageous assaults upon the appetites, what serene composure amidst persecutions and adversities, what marvels of divine interference with the ordinary ways of nature and of grace! Meantime, all this is about a man who by nature was extremely lovable; a man as open as the day, simple, truthful, kindly, but especially courageous. We cannot help thinking many of his supernatural gifts were at least foreshadowed by a strong natural tendency to seek the deep wisdom of God in the common things of life, allied to that species of duality of soul distinctively characteristic of the mystical temperament and not wholly wanting in unassisted nature itself.

The Ascent of Mount Carmel, given with the life in the present volume, is a very plain statement of all the mystical states of prayer, preceded by an exceedingly valuable résumé of the ascetic methods which commonly go before. All who love God fervently may read every word in this volume with intelligent pleasure. The volume to come will contain what is more mystical, put into the form of verse or of poetical prose. But the Ascent of Carmel is plain walking along the highroad of all fervent pilgrims. To think that St. John of the Cross is of use only to the heroic few is a delusion. All that he has written may be read with profit and pleasure; but what is contained in this volume is suited to every class of souls who have made up their minds to live by the instinct of the Holy Spirit. He begins his treatise with the keeping of the Commandments, and ends with ecstatic union of the soul and God. But he is everywhere plain, and is always soundly orthodox in substance and form.

To confessors this reprint will be a boon. All who hold the office of spiritual adviser of souls should have St. John of the Cross and should read him attentively. No mistake could be greater than to think that the knowledge of the elements of mystical theology belongs to specialists. Religious men and women are continually in need of the direction of confessors who, if not by experience, at least by study, know the more secret ways of God with souls; and this is true not only of those who live in community, but of very many who live in the world. Nor is it difficult to acquire such knowledge; no more is needed than a fair application to such a treatise as the Ascent of Mount Carmel. Schram, Scaramelli (*Directorium Mysticum*), St. Teresa, Sancta Sophia, Hilton, Lalla-

mant, Surin, and others are all excellent, but St. John of the Cross is undoubtedly the best.

As to the merits of Mr. Lewis's translation, it is hardly too much to say that he has done his work perfectly. The life is his own, and is a model of simplicity of style coupled with a fervor and unction worthy of the theme.

LIVES OF THE FATHERS. SKETCHES OF CHURCH HISTORY IN BIOGRAPHY. By Frederick W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Archdeacon of Westminster, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Two vols. New York: Macmillan & Co.

The name of Father, consecrated to the unique dignity of God's vicegerent in the family, is applied in an historical sense to the most conspicuous witnesses of the faith of Christ during the first twelve centuries of the Christian era. The men who are known as the Fathers of the Church were the most eminent teachers of the orthodox and universal doctrine of Christ. In a loose sense the term applies to such writers as Tertullian, who became an apostate, and to a few others of evident or suspected heterodoxy, but whose writings contain valuable affirmations of the truth. But in the stricter sense the Fathers of the Church are only those ancient writers whose soundness of doctrine is unimpeachable, whose works are of signal excellence, and whose holiness of life is acknowledged.

These personages are to the intelligent Christian the great witnesses of divine revelation. Not many of them were the occupants of the See of Peter, and taught the world by the highest divine right; but most of them were bishops and taught by divine right in union with the Apostolic See, and all of them were elect souls whom Providence invested with the wisdom of the Holy Spirit and to whom popes and bishops looked for guidance.

The Fathers of the Church are an exemplification of the test "by their fruits you shall know them," applying that test to the faith of Christians. They show us what was the faith in their day. They are the chosen witnesses of what the teaching of Christ actually became among men when delivered from age to age. It is from study of them that we learn the development of doctrines once revealed. Nearly their entire testimony is on the meaning of Scripture and on the existence of Christian custom, or tradition, belief, and practice, but it touches the whole system of doctrines and ordinances known as Christianity. It is good to read them for edification, but their office is witnessing.

Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and his faith is as true now as when he taught it in Judea, and is as evidently so to an honest mind; if the distance of places and the lapse of ages are urged against this statement, the sufficient answer is the testimony of the Scriptures, of their original interpreters, the Fathers of the Church, and the unbroken continuing of the one, apostolic, Catholic doctrine and organism.

Between the Fathers of the Church and great religious leaders outside of her pale there is this essential difference: The Fathers witnessed to a truth once and for all delivered, and the others taught as original sources of truth. The interpretations of the Fathers were made in the church, for the church, and with the church. Luther and the rest like him interpreted out of the church, against the church, and condemned by the church. This difference characterizes the Protestant and Catholic views of the value of the Fathers. Canon Farrar takes the Protestant view, treats the subjects of his history as personages who teach well if they agree with him, and teach ill if they do not. He is not acrimonious, but he is Protestant. His only source of revealed truth—whether he admits it or not—is Scriptures, held and expounded by what he would deem enlightened reason.

He is broad-church, and therefore easy on his opponents and good-natured; but the Fathers can witness to him only as eye-witnesses of ancient facts, and as exponents of antique theories. The essence of religion does not, in his view, go out beyond the individual into a great brotherhood, does not make a spiritual kingdom, is not organic; religion is exclusively personal as to its essence, and organic only as to its proprieties and conveniences.

Hence the teachings of the Fathers are first discussed by him, approved or disapproved, and only then allowed as testimony. The Fathers may be witnesses if they agree with him.

So he can speak in terms of high approval of the many glorious deeds and noble traits of Ambrose, Chrysostom, Augustine, Jerome, Basil, and at the same time call upon his readers to behold the "clergy exalted into pride of power and forced into compulsory celibacy; to see the pagan world profoundly alienated by the worship of spurious martyrs and their yet more spurious relics; to observe the strong stream of unconscious Manichean sentiment which surrounded virginity with ecstatic admiration and depreciated marriage as a miserable concession; to deplore the furious outbreaks of ignorant fanaticism, . . . the encroachments of episcopal autocracy and the reintroduction into Christianity of Jewish formalism and Jewish bondage." In a word, the failure of Christ is proved by the lives of the Fathers—if Christ taught Protestantism.

Cardinal Newman says that the study of the Fathers made him a Catholic. Canon Farrar has no such use for their lives and writings as to guide him to a knowledge of true Christianity. His book is an attempt to make pleasant reading out of patristic history, at the same time rejecting the Fathers as witnesses of the orthodox Christian faith. The work is indeed pleasant reading enough, the style full of fine imagery and graphic word-painting, and the book abounding everywhere with eloquent passages. But as to the question: How do the Fathers of the Church stand on matters of controversy? the author generally enough admits that they are Catholic, and then in effect says, So much the worse for them; but, true to the easy temper of the broad-churchman, he would add, What is the difference? they are glorious old men after all.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D., late editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, and Professor of English Literature in the University of Notre Dame. New York: William H. Sadlier.

The title to this book does not mean that it is a series of lectures systematically arranged for a course of study on the topic chosen; it is a collection of short lectures on various literary subjects and personages, dealing with the matter in hand in both an appreciative and critical spirit.

The lectures are certainly entertaining reading. The style is sprightly and abounds in pleasant little rhetorical surprises. Mr. Egan is never dull, but he would better express his higher quality of honesty if he gave this little volume a less aspiring name than *Lectures on English Literature*. Nevertheless, as specimens of critical writing adapted to the comprehension of both an average college class and the general public, some of the lectures have considerable merit, especially the one on Tennyson and Aubrey de Vere. The brilliant author will pardon our Doric taste if we suggest that some matter, quite fit to maintain the attention of over-crammed pupils and to amuse them, when put into cold type is open to the accusation of flippancy.

We thank Mr. Egan for this pretty little volume, which we insist upon being but an earnest of what he can do when he sets seriously to work to realize what his title in the present case only suggests.

GERMANY'S DEBT TO IRELAND. By the Rev. Wm. Stang, D.D. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

The spirit of the missionary has ever been the dominant trait of the Irish race. We believe, however, that few of our readers can take up this little book of Dr. Stang's without confessing their surprise at the extent and results of Irish missionary labors throughout continental Europe over twelve centuries ago. The missionary zeal of the Irish monks reaped such abundant harvest in Germany particularly that to Ireland is due the title bestowed upon her by the leaders of the German Catholics, in their address to O'Connell in 1844, of the "Mother of religion in Germany." This month of July will witness an elaborate celebration at Würzburg of the twelfth centenary of the introduction of Christianity into Franconia by these Irish missionaries. And Dr. Stang does well even to briefly set forth the names and achievements of the heroic men who had so much to do with the Christianizing and civilizing of that foremost of modern races, the Teutonic.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER. By Father Henry Ramière, of the Society of Jesus. A new translation, with notes, reference, analyses, and index. Philadelphia: The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

MERZE: THE STORY OF AN ACTRESS. By Morah Ellis Ryan. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co.

THE RELIGIOUS STATE. Together with a Short Treatise on the Vocation to the Priesthood. Translated from the Italian of St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

ETHICAL RELIGION. By William Mackintire Salter. Boston: Roberts Bros.

THE HOLY MASS. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. A Sermon by the Rev. J. F. Loughlin, D.D. Philadelphia: Published for the benefit of the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary.

FOUR LECTURES ON ANTHROPOLOGY AND BIOLOGY. By Thomas Hughes, S.J., Professor of Detroit College. Delivered under the auspices of the Detroit College Alumni Association. Lecture I., Prehistoric Races; Lecture II., Actual Races in History; Lecture III., Species; or, Darwinism; Lecture IV., Cells; or, Evolution. Detroit, Mich.: Ferguson Printing Co.

THE HUMAN MORAL PROBLEM. An Inquiry into some of the Dark Points connected with the Human Necessities for a Supernatural Saviour. By R. R, Conn. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

LES AVEUGLES. Par Un Aveugle. Avec un préface de M. le Comte d'Hausonville de l'Académie Française. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA. From the earliest period of its discovery to the present time. By Lucia Norman. Second edition, revised and enlarged. San Francisco: The Bancroft Co.

THE STORY OF PATSY. By Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of *The Birds' Christmas Carol.* Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LES AVEUGLES UTILES, OUVRIERS, ACCORDEURS, PROFESSEURS, ORGANISTES. Par Maurice de la Sizeranne. Cinquième édition. Paris: Delhomme et Briguet.

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR ELEKTROTECHNIK: Organ des Elektrotechnischen Vereins in Wien. Redacteur: Josef Karcis. Wien, 1889.

WILLIAM GEORGE WARD AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. By Wilfrid Ward. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. By the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D. The Expositor's Bible. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

MONSIEUR LE CURÉ: A Drama for Young Ladies. To which is added, *Je Parle Français*, a Dialogue. By M. J. Wilton. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY. Vol. III., containing Sketches of the Order in Newfoundland and the United States. By a Member of the Order of Mercy. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

MAJORIE'S ADVENTURE. By Agnes Sadlier. New York: D. & J. Sadlier.

THE RIVAL MAIL CARRIERS: An Original Musical Sketch for Male and Female Characters. By M. J. Wilton. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

THE SIEGE OF SYRACUSE: A Poetical Drama in Five Acts. By William A. Leahy. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

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A STUDY OF MODERN RELIGION.

AMID so much that is dead or dying in the world of to-day, it becomes an indispensable obligation for those who would see the fruits of their labors to inquire into the forces that are living and likely to shape the after age. Especially does it become religious teachers not to fight against shadows, nor to beat the air in vain. Now, it is certain, when we look round in this year of grace 1889, that two such energizing powers are visible, of actual present moment on the world's theatre: I mean the French Revolution, and over against it, the wide movement which, for reasons to be advanced by and by, I shall call German Literature. These two, by antagonism and combination of a most unexpected kind, have set their seal upon the hundred years now drawing to a close, and stamped them with an unmistakable character. All other influences to which the eighteenth century gave birth may be said to have merged in these, and these likewise are its offspring, though they made an end of it. With pain and anguish, increasing at last to convulsive death-throes, the age of Hume and Voltaire brought to light—*in lucem dedit*, as the Latin expression runs—a new social system on one side of the Rhine, a new philosophy and religion on the other. If Germany has long been the home of speculative Thought, the French race has shown itself, beyond all, swift to action as to speech, prompt in seeing the consequences of a given system, and reckless in carrying them out to the bitter end. That such systems have always been imported from abroad has not hindered their enthusiastic adoption by the light-hearted Gaul, now, as in the time of Cæsar, *novarum rerum appetens*. It is true that the French Revolution did not adequately realize all that lay in the brain of Berlin and Weimar. But perhaps without the rude apostolate of the *sans-*

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culottes and their entry into the capitals of Europe, the philosophers, whose right hand they in fact were, might have dreamed and written, and mankind have taken little heed of them. It is, at any rate, no exaggeration to say that the Revolution put a sword into the hands of German Thought, and, after the fashion of Mahomet, preached a new Religion amid the thunders of battle.

These two forces are strikingly represented in the man of action, Napoleon, and the man of speculation, Goethe, whose destiny it was for an instant, after the cannon of Jena, to meet face to face and then to go their several ways. Napoleon professed to disdain "idéologues," but he was nevertheless as subservient to them as the genie was to Aladdin, which appeared when he rubbed his magic lamp. The "armed soldier of the Revolution," he, too, was a slave of the lamp; in spite of himself, he "wrought in sad sincerity"; he was unable to break away from the fetters of Thought which directed while they set bounds to his ambition. If, indeed, the Revolution had achieved a tenth part of its programme, we might, as Barrère told the Convention, regard it as a new beginning of History. But from a political movement, which in the main it has proved to be, we must not look for an essential change to come over the world. Nothing would be easier than to show, with De Tocqueville, that, considered practically, the Revolution altered much less in the France bequeathed to posterity by Richelieu, its great creator of the seventeenth century, than has been imagined. Nay, it may be charged with sharpening the axe of absolute governments, and with intensifying social grievances until the conspiracy against what is called order threatens to embrace the working classes of every land. If we meditate on the three formidable words, Conscription, Nihilism, and Socialism, we shall deem the Revolution anarchic rather than creative, and be very shy of dating a new constructive epoch from either 1789 or 1793. Lafayette, Robespierre, Napoleon, Guizot, Thiers, Gambetta—what are these but the names of men that have *not* solved the social problem? As saviours of society they have one and all failed. The downward course of France, which nothing seems capable of arresting, is a mighty argument against the Revolution; and its interpretation of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, issuing in the Social Contract, may be left to demonstrate its own impotence, and to refute Jean Jacques, by the stern logic of Anarchy justifying Absolutism, and of Absolutism undermined by Anarchy.

But the political consequences, however disastrous to principalities and powers, are as dust in the balance compared with

the effect of these new movements on the mind and spirit of man. What we have to deal with is, in truth, a new Religion, as Edmund Burke, with his piercing genius, at once discerned. For Religion combines all the elements, social and individual; it embraces Nature, Thought, and Action; it is poetry, philosophy, practice, sublimated to the highest degree and meeting in a synthesis whose power touches alike the educated and the uneducated, and makes all things according to the pattern shown it on the mount—the Mount of Vision, whence the world at all times is governed. The *ancien régime* was doomed to pass away, and the experiments which have followed may at least result in some hitherto unknown species of stable equilibrium, even for France. But that is not the question of questions. Not to French Revolutions but to German Literature must we turn if we care to know what the modern world is everywhere accepting as its religious creed. And if it could be granted, as I, for one, am not prepared to grant, that German Thought in its widest extent, as Science, Criticism, History, and Speculation, has created the relatively truest synthesis of knowledge, it would follow that our allegiance is due to it, and that nothing save irrational dislike and prejudice will in the long run keep us from owning its sovereignty. What else, indeed, could? Ought we not to be as anxious to follow Reason as Reason is to convert us? Let us ask, then, What is the synthesis of German Thought, what is the religion proposed by it?

We may describe it partly by enumerating the things which it denies, and partly by dwelling on those which it affirms; or again, and more fruitfully, by taking a dispassionate view of the men who are accounted its heralds and prophets. For, rich and varied as is the literature of the Fatherland, there runs from end to end a sameness of intellectual style whereby it may be defined as a living spirit. Whether we study the Christian Jean Paul or "the great heathen" Goethe, whether we compare Luther with Lessing, or Kant with Hegel, or Heine with Angelus Silesius (and I purposely choose men of the most opposite tendencies), we can always distinguish the peculiar German touch, so unlike the English or the classic; we can recognize the atmosphere surrounding them, which once inhaled is never after to be mistaken. During the last sixty or seventy years it has, no doubt, impregnated the literature and language of all civilized peoples; and it may be now impossible to quote any author who has not received a spark, as Carlyle would say, from its "Baphometic fire-baptism." Strauss has justly observed that there is no culti-

vated German of the present day who does not owe a part of his training to Goethe. In like manner we may affirm that the most English of Englishmen, and the most French of Frenchmen—that Mr. Ruskin, for example, and Victor Hugo—have been an influence in the nineteenth century because they have expressed German ideas in a speech their fellow-countrymen could understand. To attempt a demonstration of this point can be needful only with readers who have never looked into the German original texts, whence not merely our books but our daily newspapers have derived so much of their wisdom.

Now, it is not simply that, as the late Mr. Arnold was wont to say, "Germany has studied the facts" upon which any fresh synthesis may require to be established, but that her leading writers have anticipated the general conclusions, and are ready to dictate creeds and articles of faith as soon as the multitude cries out for them. The new Religion may be learnt, and is commonly taken, like a disease, by mere contact with the literature that in a thousand unsuspected passages is full of its spirit. Not so much by preaching as by reading has it been spread. The enthusiasm it kindles in many hearts, though deep and fervid, is often silent. It is a Religion whose incoming resembles a rising tide, and which has made a conquest of numbers who, in their outward course and conversation, have not betrayed themselves except to the initiated. Some have caught the infection while prosecuting severe scientific studies; others in their light reading, in poetry as innocent as Wordsworth's, and in stories as pathetic as *Paul et Virginie.* To many it has come as the issue of religious conflicts which have almost gone beyond the bounds of imaginable suffering. There is no reckoning the channels through which its influence pierces; and as it floods the soul like waters in the night without warning or tumult, as it is a spirit and not a set of formulas, as it is a mood consequent on earnest meditation, or induced by a kind of subduing passion, we cannot wonder that it laughs to scorn the polemics of Clarke and Paley, the scholastic logic, the cut and thrust of worn-out examiners' manuals, or smiles at the ignorant rudeness of disputants that have never known its charm. It is not, in the old meaning of the word, an esoteric doctrine, but an "open secret, which cannot be learnt like mathematics, for it has the individual, the personal quality proper to things of the soul."

Two men, in modern times, I would select as imaging forth in their lives and writings the very genius of this new Religion—Baruch Spinoza and Wolfgang Goethe. Much as in some respects

they differ, their names must be inseparably associated in the calendar of its saints and sages. The saint, canonized by an admiring world, and raised aloft in his marble effigy at Amsterdam, is, of course, Spinoza. The sage, who did not care to be a saint, has been worshipped as the Shakspere of these latter days, and was beyond question one of the most thoughtful and exquisite spirits that the world has ever known. Not, therefore, without reason have the writings of both been studied as though forming the Bible of Humanity under a new Dispensation. Spinoza, with his grave mathematical phrase, and Goethe, who had easy and playful command of all the styles, betray a most strict, though not always obvious, affinity in their manner of thinking, and announce the burden of man, *Onus Adami*, with as strongly-marked an accent as ever distinguished a prophet of Israel. It remains to be seen, indeed, whether like him they tell of redemption and a Messiah. But the undoubted fact that modern culture finds their meaning inexhaustible and their applicableness at every turn, bears witness to their office and function, to Spinoza as the bringer-in of a new theology, and to Goethe as the Vates, the inspired oracle of its human, every-day significance. As regards the Hebrew metaphysician, he is almost officially recognized, in the bold words of Novalis, as the "God-intoxicated man." "Spinoza was a penetrating genius," Herder has remarked; "he was the Theologian of Cartesianism. To such dizzy heights in the Empyrean of the Infinite had he soared that all particular details lay diminished far beneath his gaze; such and none other was his real Atheism." He beheld the universe *sub specie æternitatis*, or reasoned as though he did. But Goethe would run no risk of divine intoxication; his mind was essentially the artist's; enough for him that the fair domain of Nature and Life was by inheritance or conquest his own. Yet he read Spinoza eagerly, and with a certain reverence, as one that "geometrized divinely," and laid rule and compass upon the universe. Goethe saw the human side of things, and chants their fading beauty, or, with a gentler mockery than Voltaire's, portrays their disorder and imperfection, as in the great prose comedy (for it is nothing else) of *Wilhelm Meister*. These, however, are complementary aspects of the creed which he and Spinoza hold in common, that God is Nature in its eternal cause, and Nature is God in his manifestation or evolution along the ladder of Being. As a French critic, the late M. Caro, has very well observed of Goethe's relation to the Jew of Amsterdam, *C'est l'esprit du système, moins le système.* So individual a temper as Goethe's could not repeat another

man's creed without adding his own interpretation. "The prospect, wide and free, over the physical as the moral world," which, by his own confession in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, he enjoyed in Spinoza's *Ethics*, need not imply a close acquaintance with his writings. Not in the relation of master and disciple were they to stand, but in that much more intimate connection that binds kindred spirits across the centuries.

Remarkable it is that men of every shade of belief appear to have condemned Spinoza—especially after the posthumous publication of his greatest work, the *Ethics*, in 1677—as an Atheist. Catholics and Protestants agreed with the brethren of his synagogue in laying him under a ban. Bossuet and Massillon, Huet and Fénelon, and the tolerant Leibnitz, representatives of very different systems and familiar with the meaning of metaphysical terms, denounced his opinions in no measured language. Massillon's eloquent outburst in his sermon, *Des Doutes sur la Religion*, is most curious and instructive; but all, without exception, cry him down for an enemy of God and a blasphemous upholder of sheer Materialism. It is a small thing, in comparison with such grave judgments, that Voltaire disparaged and Bayle slandered him. Meanwhile his books are there in proof that he maintained an infinite, eternal Reality, which always has existed, unchangeable and necessary; nay, that he went further, and declared that the Infinite alone exists. Moreover, the One Substance, though material or extended by nature, he defined to be likewise infinite Thought. How, then, are we to speak of a believer in the Eternal Mind as no believer in God? The answer is that Spinoza's God is one of which, in the last resort, human language and human attributes can furnish no analogy whatever. Between the faculties of man and the nature of the First Cause there can be, according to this father of the Agnostics, no conceivable relation. "Would not," he asks with biting sarcasm, "a triangle, if it could think, imagine that God was, in an eminent way, *modo eminentiori*, triangular? And a thinking circle, would it not suppose the Divine Nature to be round?" He passes by the Personal Deity acknowledged in all the churches of his time and in the Old Testament, to assert a self-existing unconscious Nature, whose modes were Extension and Thought, and in whose being the distinctions which seem most real to men have no foundation. More logical than Kant, in whose system, despite of his metaphysics, the Moral Law has an objective validity, Spinoza does not merely pause to teach us that Evil is relative Good, but goes boldly on to the assertion that in

God neither good nor evil exists at all. They are both human conceptions, applicable only to phenomena. I have elsewhere pointed out the kinship of this strange and frightful doctrine with that which has largely prevailed in German schools of mysticism, some Christian, some anti-Christian, from Meister Eckhart, in the fourteenth century, to Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann, in our own day. It is, I have said, a very precise denial of the teaching of St. John, "God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all," for it ascribes to the Divine Nature an abysmal darkness, and identifies moral evil with moral good in the Most High. This is that secret of German Thought which some have desired to conceal from the world at large. It is the most absolute, and, in the judgment of sound logic, the only consistent form of Monism, or the philosophy of Pantheism. It is the latest and the most startling of dramatic unities, which tends, however, to fall into the worship of revolt and evil for their own sake, and from the serene indifference of Spinoza to lapse, as Goethe not seldom did, into admiration of the chaotic or Titanian deities, of Prometheus, and of Lucifer. In the sympathetic handling of such themes, whether as real or as expressive poetry, it is impossible not to discern the triumph of influences that Christianity has reckoned among its foes from the beginning, and to which it has ascribed a personality more than human. How narrow is the interval between glorifying the "secret holiness of evil" and setting up a cultus of Satan the Adversary? These are things to make one blanch in naming them; but they are not only justified in Spinoza's creed, they are its inevitable consequences, and valid if Pantheism be true. Much of their spirit is alive and stirring in Goethe's *Faust*, but the hold they took upon him is still more vividly shown in the fragments of Titanic poetry which he left unfinished. This, therefore, is our justification if we speak of Spinoza's Atheism.

What, we may next inquire, is the relation in which Spinoza and Goethe, as spokesmen of modern thought, desired to stand towards the Christian religion? Simply indifferent they could not be. Even the one of them who never had been a Christian, and whose language when combating certain tenets of the Roman Church abdicates its usual serenity, has borrowed from the New Testament, and in particular from St. John, those beautiful sayings which lend to his *Ethics* no small part of their fascination. He has set up the life of Christ as realizing the perfect ideal of virtue. Much more did Goethe, though in a manner which lies open to criticism, render again in his artistic speech the human and

pathetic elements of the Gospel, so that, as we all know, a thinker of Carlyle's genius could seem hardly to have heard of Christianity as the "Religion of Sorrow" until he came across the parable in the Second Part of *Wilhelm Meister*. A like train of reasoning has persuaded many since his day to call themselves Christian, in spite of the change their mind has undergone towards much that is accounted orthodox teaching, and really is so, though they reject the supernatural order, miracles, revelation, and the Gospel history. Spinoza's conception of *Natura naturans* implies the doctrine called long afterwards Evolution, which to the observant eye of Goethe was in so many ways familiar. Evolution, however, demands that the new shall rise out of the old, or the old be transformed into the new. Hegel would tell us that the earlier moments must be reconciled, not abolished; summed up, not cast aside, in the form that succeeds to them. Is it, in truth, possible that any one conversant with the New Testament and the Christian life would deliberately sink to a lower level? These men aim at "transcending" Christianity, not at falling beneath it. When they deny the anthropomorphic, as Spinoza did, they do not mean to affirm the bestial. Though it is said of him by a modern eulogist that he "did away with final causes and with God along with them," it is not implied that he wished to do away with religion, strange as the distinction may sound. Of Goethe, again, we know the satirical aphorism, "He that possesses neither science nor art may betake himself to religion," and how he poured contempt on Lavater's "finding a refuge in Eternity," while in his correspondence he talks of the "fairy-tale," the *Mährchen*, "of Christ." But all this does not hinder his admirers, and many who do not admire him, from perceiving as dogmatic a religion in his writings generally as the Christian with which he would have nothing to do. This newly-invented faith, we are told, is larger, grander, and more divinely human than the old, which, however, has contributed in no slight degree to its grace and beauty. Monism professes to contain in itself the substance of Church and Bible. For this, it argues, is not a Personal God revealing himself in the flesh, but the conviction that Truth and Love are as necessary elements in the life of the world, and as much bound up with the framework of existence, as the law of gravitation or the correlation of forces. Vulgar Atheism neither seeks nor finds a Divine Presence in things; and of course I do not deny that vulgar Atheism has overrun society, or has become a stupid indifference to all that lies out of the grasp of the five senses. But men will have religion, too, as well as art and science; they can-

not live without it as the years go on. And in completing this necessarily slight sketch of the tendencies which are working towards a religious revolution, I propose to inquire how we must shape the weapons of our warfare so as to be sure that we can use them in battle, and not merely on parade. Christian apologists, I often think, would do well to bear in mind the severe but manly words of Milton: "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without heat and dust." Monism, as was long ago foretold, is the last enemy to be destroyed. Its roots lie deep in history, and its relation to the elements of religion, natural or revealed, demands to be carefully searched into, be the toil and pain of the investigation as great as the most childlike (and, shall we say, the most indolent?) of devout souls may dream.

WILLIAM BARRY.

SOUL AND SENSE.

WHEN the hammer of relentless pain
Doth break the rivets of the fleshly chain
Which binds the spirit,
Then she spreads her wings.
Suffering can dim the mortal sight,
But makes the eye of faith more bright—
Heaven is more near it,
Nearer all celestial things.

And when he comes from whom the body shrinks,
Fearing as Death, and into darkness sinks,
Joyous the soul doth rise—
"'Tis Life! 'tis Life!" she cries.

A. B. WARD.

'VARSITY REMINISCENCES, BY A CAMBRIDGE M.A.

SOME eight centuries ago, when a variety of influences were arousing a general desire for knowledge in Western Europe, four French Benedictines opened a school in the little Roman town of Grante-brigge, about fifty miles north of London. Scholars were attracted, the religious houses of the town assisted, teachers multiplied, and, following the custom of the age, instructors and pupils banded together for mutual assistance and protection, and formed themselves into a corporation, syndicate, or university. They were ruled by a chancellor, who was assisted by the graduates or teachers, forming the senate. These were doctors, who lectured on theology, law, and medicine; and masters, who taught the liberal arts, logic, grammar, and mathematics; they again were assisted by juniors or bachelors. Near two hundred years later the bishop of the diocese founded the College of Peterhouse for a society of masters, fellows, and scholars; after a time sovereigns, prelates, and nobles established similar houses and enriched them with endowments; the university also obtained charters, bulls, and privileges.

Originally students entered very young and were really schoolboys; but about two hundred years ago the present age of entering Cambridge, eighteen or nineteen, became customary. About the same time Aristotle's system paled before the light of Newton, Bacon, Galileo, Kepler, and other modern thinkers, and mathematics and natural science became the usual subjects of study. Then, or even earlier, it was made obligatory on undergraduates to belong to a college, and this restriction has only lately been removed. The university has of late years gained marvellously in efficiency, influence, and numbers; the old religious tests have in most cases been removed, and the course of studies widely extended. There are now some hundreds of non-collegiate students, and poor men can reside for the necessary twenty-six weeks a year for three years, and pay all expenses, for £150. Of course it is far preferable to be at a college, but the cost would be three times as great; in fact, to be comfortable a man should have at least £200 a year, and £300 would be better. Medical degrees are now given, and though the course is five years, as against four in London, this has attracted great numbers. Cavendish College, for lads from sixteen years,

has been recently opened, and trains especially for scholastic work. The students here have only one private room each, as in an American boarding-house, and take all their meals together, but eighty guineas pays all their yearly bills for thirty-six weeks of residence. Whereas twenty years ago there were not two thousand undergraduates at Cambridge, the number now exceeds three thousand.

Nor is the fair sex neglected. Girton College, two miles from town, was founded thirteen years ago; it has seventy-five sets of rooms, and the pension is one hundred guineas a year. Newnham, more recent and in the suburbs, is similar, and is presided over by a daughter of Mr. Gladstone. The lady students may attend university lectures and present themselves for the public examinations, and some have gained high honors.

Moreover, the university conducts local examinations in various parts of England, bestowing certificates of efficiency on those who qualify; it also delivers courses of lectures in populous places, and its curriculum naturally regulates the course of study in a large number of schools. It is hard to estimate the full extent of its work, direct and indirect.

The university year is divided into three parts, the Michaelmas, Lent, and Easter terms. To "keep" a term an undergraduate must reside during two-thirds of it, thus spending half the year at the university, those reading for honors having the additional privilege of residing during two months of the long vacation. The great majority of entries are in October, and to take a degree (except a medical one) a residence of nine terms, or three years, is necessary. About nine hundred freshmen enter each October, and more than one-fifth of these go to Trinity. There are some three thousand undergraduates in the university: seven hundred at Trinity, perhaps half that number at John's, the remainder divided between the fifteen small colleges—some of which, however, have two hundred students—the new Cavendish and Selwyn houses, and two or three hundred are non-collegiate students. Trinity limits its entries, or it would swamp the rest of the university. Men are tempted to other colleges by exhibitions from their preparatory schools, by minor scholarships offered for competition by the various colleges, by special advantages, such as Trinity Hall offers for legal, and Caius for medical study, and many men go naturally to the college of their father or tutor. A great deal of pecuniary assistance may be obtained by clever men, sometimes more than sufficient to meet all their expenses. We knew three brothers, all of whom

took very high honors at Cambridge, and two of them at Oxford as well. They each got about £300 a year one way and another, a school exhibition held by one of them being worth £80 a year for four years and £180 for the fifth. College scholarships are sometimes worth £100 a year. The pick of the young graduates are elected to fill vacancies as they occur on the lists of fellows. There are three hundred and fifty fellowships at the seventeen colleges. A fellowship is worth £200 or £300 a year, besides college rooms, commons, and other advantages should the fellow reside at the university. In this case he usually holds some college appointment, for which he receives a salary, as tutor, lecturer, bursar, etc. Fellows originally were college officers, chiefly teachers, therefore until recently they vacated their fellowships on marriage or on gaining an independent income; but now the alternative (almost always chosen) is given at most colleges of retaining the fellowship for ten years from graduating as Master of Arts (which is done simply by paying certain fees three years after the degree of Bachelor of Arts is taken) with no restriction.

The time which a fellow spends at the university as a college or university official does not reckon for this purpose, the object being to keep as many in the place as possible. In the old days the greater part of the fellows had to be ordained, suited or no—to "swallow the bitter pill of orders," as some of these victims of an evil tradition termed it—but in most cases this restriction has now been abolished. A number of livings are in the gift of the colleges, and these the fellows confer on their noble selves in order of seniority. Consequently, in the old days men would idle their best years in college, eating their hearts out waiting for a good living, the lady of their choice the while losing her youth and spirits in joyless expectancy. Then at length the grizzled sexagenarian would marry, and in his declining days assume the untried *rôle* of Benedick and parson with indifferent success. There is a lovely lime-tree avenue at the back of Trinity, through which, some miles distant, the spire of a church may be descried. This used to be called the type of the life of a college don: a long, dreary way with a church at the end. Now a brighter day has dawned for the *élite* of the university; the young dons who remain, not constrained to become churchmen or remain celibates, often make comfortable incomes and establish themselves happily, though it is whispered that a rivalry in houses, dinners, and display has set in. For the fellow who declines to reside, but goes up to London to

practise at the bar or enter on some other career, a few hundreds a year for a dozen years tides him over the period of waiting when briefs are few and profits slender; it certainly is an ample prize for proficiency in scholarship. In selecting a college clever youths look out for one where there are fellowships vacant, for, if possible, vacancies are filled by members of the college.

A fellowship gives a title to holy orders in the Church of England, other candidates having to take a curacy to obtain a title. The fellow who seeks orders must present to the Bishop of Ely a letter from the other fellows of his college stating that he is a fit and proper person for the clerical office. There was a clever young don at Cambridge some score of years ago who had for years studied theology at Münich under Dr. von Döllinger, professor of theology there. As some difficulty arose about the letters of orders, this young fellow's compeers suspecting his theological opinions, the bishop refused to ordain him. A Hibernian divine, meeting the rejected applicant, rallied him on his woful aspect. "Sure, they haven't treated ye worse than the holy Apostle St. Paul." "How do you make that out, doctor? St. Paul was never served as I have been," was the rejoinder. "Why, isn't it written in the holy Scriptures, 'Then they that should have examined him departed from him, and the chief captain would have nothing to do with him when he knew that he was a Roman'"; with which consolation he was fain to rest content.

Freshmen come up in October, a week or two before the other men. If they are lucky enough to obtain rooms in college they have to furnish them, but ordinarily they must go into licensed lodgings at first. It is usual to take as much of the outgoing man's furniture at a valuation as is found useful. The flat, square cap or "mortar-board" must be bought, and the gown of dark blue or black, which varies slightly in pattern for the different colleges. Some freshmen think it good form to smash their mortar-board, and rend their gown to remove the freshness of their appearance. These badges of university membership must be worn at lectures, chapel (except on surplice days), hall, the whole of Sundays, and after dark. The university police are M. A.'s styled proctors, who prowl about at night attended by two "bull dogs" or retainers, one of whom carries the university statutes bound in oak and brass, suspended by a chain. Should the proctor catch a gownless undergraduate (and chase is given if necessary), he asks his name and college, and summons him to appear for punishment—*i.e.*, a fine—next day.

The college daily routine commences with chapel at 7 or 7:30, and there is evening chapel at 4:30, before 5 o'clock hall (dinner). Freshmen attend one chapel daily, and both on Sunday; as they advance in standing easier demands are made on their devotion. Prayers are read by the chaplain, and lessons by the scholars, in turn. On Sundays, saints' days and their eves, surplices are worn instead of gowns, and it is a fine sight on Sunday evenings at Trinity to see some seven or eight hundred men in surplices. One has heard stories about the man who concealed a bottle of sherry cobbler under his surplice and duly provided himself with straws; the gurgling sounds produced when (during the Litany) he got down to the ice puzzling his neighbors not a little. Another man lost his wager to appear in chapel in two garments only, it being held that a surplice and a pair of boots were three things. The services at King's and Trinity are equal to those of cathedrals; they have schools for the choristers, and the lay clerks are well paid; the ante-chapel at King's is open to all comers. Other chapels have services more or less ornate, but in one or two of music there is none. It was rather difficult to induce some of the old-fashioned masters, who had not music in their souls, to allow organs standing-room in their chapels. A trembling deputation of musical students presented themselves before such an unwilling dignitary: "May we sing the Te Deum in chapel, sir?" "Yes," he replied, "you may sing the We praise Thee." "And may we sing the Benedicite?" they added. "Well, yes; you may sing, Oh, all ye." "And may we add the Benedictus?" said they, waxing confident. "Very well," replied the drowsy master, "I don't mind letting you sing the Blessed be." Breakfast, as a rule, is a moderate repast in college; the bed-maker or the gyp (man-servant) brings the commons of roll and butter (the latter is sold by the yard at Cambridge, and served in inches), and the student makes his coffee and boils his eggs at his own fire, and speedily despatches the meal, perhaps assisted by his next-door neighbor. But on Sundays and Saturdays, when there are no lectures, a glorious spread is often laid for a dozen or more guests; cold salmon, game pies, cutlets, turkeys, every luxury of the season appears—it gives one indigestion to recall it—and in the centre of the board is a huge silver claret cup filled to the brim and requiring some physical power to wield.

Courses of lectures are arranged for the forenoon; lecture takes an hour, and one, two, or even three have to be kept daily, freshmen, of course, being especially victimized. Lectures

are really classes, and sometimes they do a tale (of vacant pates) unfold. But men who read for honors usually supplement college lectures by private tuition, going to the tutor for an hour every other day. The tutor groups his pupils into suitable classes, and in the case of mathematics, the leading "Tripos" (from the stool on which the disputants originally sat) at Cambridge gives a problem paper to all his men once a week. One tutor had eighty pupils, each paying £36 a year, so he lectured to some purpose. The Poll men (*οἱ πολλοι*), after three or four terms' residence, are examined in the Senate House for the first time by the university; this is the previous examination, or "Little Go." Honor men have also to pass it, but with some additions. No great demand is made on the mental powers, yet most of the men used to "be ploughed," probably because they despised the whole thing and made no preparation. A Greek gospel, a Latin and a Greek classic, a little grammar, Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, and a smattering of Euclid, arithmetic, and algebra, would not seem very trying. Yet this modicum of mathematics sometimes discomfits leading classical men. At one time so did mathematics tyrannize at Cambridge that a man could not compete for classical honors unless he had first taken honors in mathematics. Thus an eminent modern linguist, who knew thirty living tongues, and was, of course, master of the classics, had to content himself with a mere poll degree because of his abhorrence for or inability to manipulate the wily X, and had not an American university conferred on him the distinction, he would never have received a doctor's degree. Those bigoted old days are happily long past. As to Paley, we used to work it up from catechisms, and there were doggerel rhymes, blank verses (save the mark!), and other vile mnemonical aids. Thus the characteristic features of Christ's teachings were suggested by something beginning, "Mother and Thy brethren, fishers, paps, meat, do the will of," and a verse ending,

> "No humbug or quibbles
> Like the Jews, the old divils."

The sequence of St. Paul's journeys was remembered by the following rigmarole, which, however, scans: "Ant—Ant—Iconium — Lystra — Derbe et Jerusalem — Phrygia — Phil — A — A— Thes—Ber— Athens—Cor—Ephes — Jerusalem." These methods have yet to receive the imprimatur of the university. A descendant of the author of the *Evidences* could not refrain from writing "Tales of my grandfather" at the head of his paper; a lynx-

eyed examiner spied out the legend, and not having sufficient sunshine in his mental composition to be short-sighted for the nonce, "plucked" the irreverent undergraduate forthwith.

At the end of their second year the Poll men undergo another examination, similar to, but severer than, the Little Go. Their third year they devote to whichever they select out of the following subjects: theology, logic, political economy, law, history, chemistry, geology, botany, zoölogy, mechanics, music. There are university professors to instruct in these subjects, and excellent museums and laboratories. After the Little Go honor men have no examination until their ninth term, when they undergo the final test by which they are classed. The leading triposes are mathematics, founded more than one hundred years ago, and classics, established in 1824. A hundred men, more or less, graduate annually in each of these triposes; they are arranged in three classes, those in mathematics being known as wranglers, senior optimes, and junior optimes. Law is also a favorite tripos, and in our day the head place in law was secured by an American. The natural and moral science triposes were established in 1851, theology in 1874, and history and the Semitic and Indian languages the next year. A number of valuable money prizes and medals are given for proficiency in a great variety of subjects, but the man whose prize Greek essay took the splendid chancellor's gold medal showed that he possessed less taste than learning by setting it in a lady's waist-belt, and bestowing it upon his inamorata. Honor men usually read hard from six to eight hours a day, or even more, but a man who has been well taught at school need not fatigue himself over-much to take a pass degree.

Some men come up to the university for a year, not to study, but to rub off the school-boy before joining their regiment or settling down to the life of a country squire; but these are exceptions. For a man not plagued by the desire of university distinctions, and with a sufficiency of means, three years may be spent at Cambridge very pleasantly, and not without profit. He is pretty much his own master, yet not absolutely without control; he knows a great variety of men of his own age, for the most part gentlemen, and the spirit of the place condemns anything mean, dishonorable, or priggish. We cannot help regretting the absence of the true religion, but must admit much natural virtue. There is not much harm amongst the undergraduates, but plenty of life. Years ago poor Gray, the poet, was tormented by his comrades. Timorous of fire, he placed iron bars at his win-

dows (which may still be seen) and provided a rope ladder. Aroused one night by the cry of fire, he adjusted his escape and hurried down the precious contrivance in his night attire to fall souse into the tub of water placed ready for his reception; the poor creature migrated forthwith to a quieter college. We remember a nocturnal raid on the rooms of a harmless (and useless) little man with more pelf than brain, whose sole delight was in ecclesiastical ceremonies and adornments. To him a chasuble presented greater attractions than a silver racing-cup, and a Gregorian chant than a drinking-song. His rooms were gorgeously furnished; there were two harmoniums, and he delighted to entertain his friends of similar tastes at a *recherché* dinner with a rich display of cut glass and choice wines, which discussed, vested in surplices, the host and guests would chant Compline in the oratory contrived out of a spare room. A man who keeps aloof from his fellows can hardly be popular; so after one of his "wines" this youth's rooms were invaded, and table, mirrors, cabinets, and altars converted into a shapeless pile of rubbish—a pretty broad hint to the owner to betake himself elsewhere. This suggests that the High-Church party was ecclesiastically the aggressive one in our day. A certain deacon, one Brother (or Father) Ignatius, established himself somewhere at the head of a handful of disciples, who adopted the dress of Benedictine monks, concluding that as they looked like it, monks they must be. One day an apparition in robe, shaven skull, and sandals visited the university, learned who were those men most likely to assist him, and begged from college to college for the English order of St. Benedict, receiving money here, luncheon there, and many other benefits, none of which came amiss to him; and it was agreed by the faithful that if all the order had appetites of the same character as their delegate it was no marvel that they needed extra funds. The monk called on the arch-priest of the High-Church party, a burly divine scaling three hundred pounds, prostrated himself, and devoutly begged his blessing, a request so novel that the worthy man was thoroughly nonplused. Grasping the monk by the hand, he wrung it warmly, saying, "Welcome to Cambridge, sir; glad to see you." There was dismay among the faithful when it transpired that they had been fleeced by the enemy, the shaveling having been none other than a swell nobleman from London, who found experimentizing on the pious of Cambridge equally profitable and less risky than filching watches in Regent Street.

Heads of houses are mostly dignified old gentlemen mixing little in college affairs. Sometimes an error in election is made;

instance the case of one heavy old dullard, who plodded on and on continuously, as such incubi have a way of doing, a burden and a drag to his college. He used to entertain the undergraduates at "perpendiculars," so termed because one was expected to remain standing. Is it a compliment to men of twenty to be invited by the master to his drawing-room, there to group themselves awefully round the guests he has dined, to be introduced to, or snubbed by, unattractive dowagers and blue-stockings, finally kept at bay by the tutor till these worthies have partaken of some light refreshment in the gallery and departed, and then admitted to consume a jelly and discuss a glass of Madeira, out of a clean glass if, perchance, one is to be found? The master at this point used to approach each undergraduate and display his hospitality by putting to him three well-seasoned questions, recalling Artemus Ward's experience as census-taker; they ran as follows: "Hev yer heerd from yer father?" "Do they guv yer problems at lectur'?" "Do yer attend lectur' reg'lar?" This inquisition completed, the *bonhomme* passed on to inflict it on the next victim. Far more appreciated was another master, a very aged and infirm man. Some of his undergrads, on dissipation bent and heedless of the flight of the enemy, in the small hours essayed to enter college by scaling some formidable revolving spikes surmounting a wall. One of the men becoming entangled, was caught by the porter, and the party was summoned to the lodge. "Young men," said the master, "I'm ashamed of you; you bring discredit on the college; in my young days we used to put saddles on the spikes." "Carpe diem," "Dum vivimus vivamus," or some such phrase must have been the old gentleman's motto, and, truth to tell, there are worse. Of similar sentiments was the father of a greenhorn, who remonstrated with the authorities for confining his son to college on the evening of the fifth of November, and not permitting him to sally forth and combat with Town like a man, and it was a moot point whether of the pair pater or filius was the greater idiot. On the last night of his first term the hopeful son was humored to the top of his bent. His friends mixed for his delectation what they termed milk-punch, a vile compound concocted by pouring the contents of decanters, milk jugs, and spirit bottles into a bowl, and under the influence of this abomination they eventually bore him to bed. Waking some hours after, he beheld a friend with anxious countenance, who asked him if he was ready. "Ready for what?" was the reply. "Don't you know how you insulted Thomson last night?" "I've no sort of a

remembrance of it," was the amazed reply. "Well, that's what comes of too much milk-punch; but never mind, I've arranged it all, and you may use my pistols, hair-triggers and perfect daisies. I'll order a fly when the gates open, and the meeting will be some way out near the Newmarket road." So the poor fellow, disconsolate with remorse, apprehension, and the effects of milk-punch, ruefully seated himself at his desk and penned a farewell to his parent, to be delivered should the *rencontre* prove unfortunate for him. His second then drove him off through the darkness and fog of a December morning, and deposited him in the field of combat, an oozy, rush-grown marsh in the fens; he then told his principal to wait while he went to make final arrangements with the other party in the next field, whence, of course, he never returned. How the would-be combatant wandered, deserted, cold, and mortified, in the meadows; how he eventually found a rustic, then a conveyance, and finally returned to Cambridge to find that his persecutors had all gone down for the vacation, it is sad to contemplate; so he gained his knowledge of life.

The Town and Gown row is a time-honored institution, at least five hundred years old; it is to be feared, however, that it has now become a memory of the past, and as Town and 'Varsity are natural allies, nothing but resolute conservatism and the love of fight could account for its long existence. These rows were sometimes acute, and in our fathers' days a certain undergraduate was taken down a court and there slain with a spade; the Christ's men hurled beer-bottles from their college roof onto the heads of the mob with much effect, and the vice-chancellor with difficulty restored order, confining the men to their colleges after dusk, and threatening to send the whole university down. But the writer's experiences were of comedy rather than of gory tragedy. On the night of the fifth of November, the day sacred to Town and Gown mills and Guy Fawkes celebrations, some of us were talking in a man's rooms when appeared the pet of the college, only seventeen, and a sprightly Irishman, the former with his jaw dislocated and the other with one eye bunged up and black as Erebus from the stroke of a stone in a stocking. He asked for a Fides Achates to accompany him to his brother at Caius (a medical student), that the damaged optic might be tended. Smelling the battle afar off, to pitch on one's gown and accompany him was an impulse. By retired lanes and shady passages the medico's rooms were gained, but he was elsewhere, no doubt in the streets nobly providing cases for the hospital.

So we sought another doctor, and falling in with a friendly party of gownsmen, who were keeping five times their number at bay, gained our destination, stones whizzing round our ears and a charge *en masse* evidently impending. At length, our pockets full of liniments and cordials, we bent our steps towards college, the roar of the fight behind us, we conversing on peaceful themes. Suddenly we were closed in by a dozen hulking fellows of sinister aspect, and nothing remained but to pull one's self together and die game, for Town has no mercy. But Erin's ready wit effected our salvation, for our Irishman accosted the leader, vowed he loved a little fun as much as any, but had had enough for once, and removing his bandage, displayed his wound; with many a big, big D (and B) the captain vowed we had had enough, and ordered that we should pass.

A friend who lodged at a butcher's, hearing a row in the street, looked out and beheld a mob unmercifully pounding a solitary Magdalen man; as in duty bound, he rushed to the rescue and liberated the victim, drawing down on himself thereby the concentrated fury of the roughs. Overpowered, he retreated to his rooms, and from his steaming kettle anointed his assailants. This evoked divers shrieks, but failed to disperse the crowd, so he emptied the coal-scuttle onto their heads—a false move, as it provided them with missiles. The landlord, an ex-bruiser, became interested on hearing his windows smashing, and sallying forth, soon stretched half the storming party on their backs in the roadway, and the rest sought safety in ignominious flight. Little real harm was done; a Corpus man was knocked silly, but revived next morning, and all were in condition for the second innings, which used to take place on the 9th.

Could Gown now fight as it did, even were it permitted? Two years ago, when revisiting old haunts, we saw with wonderment every third undergrad bedecked with pince-nez or spectacles; eyeglasses would surely fare ill in a fistic encounter. We lately watched the start of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race at Putney, and heard a bargee thus bespeak two or three bespectacled oarsmen in the Oxford boat: "Take off them barnacles, guv'nors; you can row without them, and it don't look manly, anyways." We are grown very scientific, and very broad-minded, and very self-satisfied. Question for the Little Go: Will our competitive examination system produce a fresh crop of Waterloo and Trafalgar heroes?

There was plenty of hard study, but also fun galore, at the 'Varsity; many cared for little else, and, at any rate, they placed

three jolly years to the credit side of the ledger. Every one subscribed to his college boat-club whether he rowed or not, and most used as ordinary head-dress its distinctive straw hat and ribbon. Crews for the various eights for next day were made up by the captains after hall, and the different boats' crews, with hour of starting, were posted, with other notices, on the hall door or screens. Of an afternoon the streets were gay with oarsmen in flannels going to or from their boat-houses, the scarlet jacket of the Lady Margaret (the Johnian boat-club), and the equally showy magenta of Corpus and Emmanuel, being notably conspicuous. Queen's was verdant in green and gold, King's displayed purple, and Downing brown; but nothing looked better than the quiet white of Jesus, Third Trinity, or Trinity Hall, a simple binding in their honorable colors alone distinguishing them. Then there was the "Ancient Mariners," an eight composed of graduates, and often did we admire the stalwart figure of Henry Fawcett, the late postmaster-general, giving the stroke to this crew, showing that the mischance which had deprived him of sight was powerless to destroy in him the zest for life. In the October term freshmen were coached in rowing, and towards its close the "trial eights" was rowed on the Ouse at Ely, seventeen miles off, where the straight, broad river provided a suitable course on which to test promising young oars and guide the authorities in filling vacant seats in the university boat, to contend with Oxford on the Thames at Easter.

Oh! the memories that come thronging back. There was the old schoolfellow at Pembroke, his sideboard groaning beneath a long array of racing-cups, that for the jump of twenty-three feet seven inches specially demanding notice. Then the 'Varsity cox, who steered the boat three different times, and when he came up only weighed seventy pounds. On asking the bed-maker for his set of rooms, she only jeered at him, telling him to return to school and come back in four or five years' time; yet he gained distinction all his own, though the violent language he addressed to his crew would not have been tolerated in a less accomplished helmsman. It saddens one to dwell on these themes, when each memory recalls a dozen others; the world was young, at least for us, in those days, and its evil and hardnesses hardly known. And so we will conclude. Why continue to evoke the ghosts of the past, which only

> "Reminds me of departed joys,
> Departed never to return"?

But haply those placid years, passed with true comrades and kindly seniors, and overshadowed by the noble memories of the place, have had an influence for good on some of us that we hardly suspect, and thus have helped forward the accomplishment of the generous intentions of the founders, whose memories will ever be green so long as the monuments their piety has reared shall continue.

CHARLES E. HODSON.

CLUES TO ANCIENT AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.

THE late activity of a clique of sophists intent on belittling the grandeur of the ancient Central American civilization has had one good effect, to revive the interest of scholars in that subject. The attempt, however, to ignore the mute evidence of the most imposing ruins on the new continent, and to belie the thousands of eye-witnesses among conquerers and colonists, upon whose testimony that civilization has for over three centuries stood unquestioned among us, is manifestly biased and hasty, as Hubert H. Bancroft so ably demonstrates in his *Early American Chroniclers*, sustained by the overwhelming array of evidence massed within his *Native Races*, the recognized standard work on Western and Central American aborigines. I here propose merely to point out some overlooked or neglected principles and qualities in the architectural relics, which may assist both to refute the new chimerical theory and to encourage wider investigations in a field so full of still unsolved mysteries.

Many students have no doubt been guided by the verdict of the learned Rau on Palenquean art, forgetting that Palenque presents only one among a number of types. Others may have been puzzled by the contradictory expressions of travellers, say to Mitla—presenting one more distinct type—here in ecstasy over the beauty and variety of façade frets, there sneering at poverty and monotony. Both sides were here in the wrong, the one in gazing only at details, the other in casting a prejudiced glance at the *ensemble*. I well understand, with Humboldt, that appreciation need not be wasted on mere rhythmic repetition of form, but there is room for great possibilities when the designs are rich and varied. Masters occasionally make hasty or one-sided statements. Great was my surprise on beholding in the chief gallery at Venice a certain picture, extolled by Ruskin as one of the greatest masterpieces, but whose glaringly crude draw-

ing is there a standing source for ridicule of fitful or dreamy judgment.

Limited space forbids more than brief comments on the most salient points, such as the grade of excellence in ruins; main features; principles underlying the construction of pyramids and dwellings; climatic influence on custom, and consequently on the character of buildings; religious, intertribal, and foreign influences; the predominating tone in sculpture; rhythm, asymmetry, and symbolism.

The first aspect of American ruins gives the impression not so much that they are cyclopean, according to Viollet le Duc, as ponderous; for the true cyclopean form is not common here. But, while the term applies to monuments all over the continent, there is a vast difference in grade between those of the temperate north and those of the semi-tropic zone; between the rude mounds of the roaming tribes, and the finished pyramids of the southern settled nations, surmounted by artistic palaces. Architectural remains of the highest type are concentrated around the Usumasinta. Thence they spread in somewhat varying though cognate form northward to the Mexican lakes and southward into Guatemala, beyond which they dwindle, in Nicaragua, on one side, to irregular mounds of unhewn stone, in Zacatecas, on the other, to plain structures with undecorated façades. Still further they decline, in New Mexico, to common adobe blocks and rude cliff dwellings fashioned by pure necessity, and beyond these to mere earthen mounds. This comparison alone might suffice to point the vast difference between the cultured Mayas and the savage hunting tribes, whom the new theory seeks to place on a level. The Nahuas and Mayas rise above the rank of barbarians by virtue of their advanced political, urban and class organization, their councils and academies for the development of oratory, poetry, music, and other arts, their astronomic attainments, their picture-writing, which had entered the phonetic stage and served to keep historic records, with designation of names and abstract words—a crowning stamp of culture.

The pyramid, the most striking feature of Maya architecture, departs frequently from the purely artificial structure of cut stone, with more or less rubble filling, to avail itself of cut and faced hills. In order to better understand the *raison-d'être* thereof, it is less needful to assume that it differed from the Egyptian, or the more similar Chaldean, in lacking such main features of the Nile type as the monumental stamp and astronomic construction. We have primarily to recognize that it was the general custom in civilized America to found buildings on artificial elevations. This

suffices to explain why the pyramid here was truncated, oft irregular, and so forth. It was truncated to support edifices. The pointed, and probably monumental, pyramid is a rare exception, as at Ococingo. Irregularity of form is occasionally due to the slope of the ground, as instanced by the Governor's structure at Uxmal. At Copan the side fronting on the river is vertical, the others sloping. As a rule the character of the summit edifice and the builder's taste determined the shape, in steepness, stages, angularity, height, and so forth. Steepness was undoubtedly considered for strategic purposes, since pyramids presented admirable advantages for defence during the frequent wars. Those at Mexico and Cholula were the scenes of many a struggle between Spanish conquerors and natives. The Dwarf's pyramid at Uxmal was so steep as to be difficult to descend, observes Bishop Landa. At Copan and at Centla, in Vera Cruz, the latter a fortress, some sides were steeper than others. Klemm gives such importance to the military aspect as to assume that the structures originated in the defensive earthworks cast up round camps; but this is questionable in view of the above fundamental idea. Yucatan affected the step form, or pyramids in retreating stages, usually three or four; Palenque adhered to the regular slope, while the Nahuas indulged in several varieties. The terrace form suited the temples, since it afforded the people below a view from all sides of the impressive processions when winding their way up. At Papantla sloping and perpendicular outlines are combined in the seven different stages. At Guiengola we find a perpendicular base tapering to a dome. At Tulom, and frequently in Vera Cruz, lines strive for the perpendicular, and finally, at Mitla and Xochimilco, they pass to the other extreme, to inverted pyramids, with bases narrower than the upper parts. The rectangular parallelogram predominates, less frequently in square form; yet rounded corners and other departures are not uncommon. The rank of the owner, together with the character of the summit structure, must be regarded as the chief factors in determining the height of the pyramid, palaces being the most elevated among civil buildings, and temples rising as a rule above surrounding edifices, to emphasize divine and religious supremacy. The higher pyramids range between eighty and one hundred feet, as at Uxmal, Tical, Xcoch, and Copan; yet the triple terrace structure at Utatlan is placed at a hundred and twenty feet, and Nohpat's sloping mound at one hundred and fifty feet. The same factor, together with the terrace form, assisted to determine the position of the stairway. At temples we find the ascent usually on the west, so that wor-

shippers might face both the sanctuary and the rising sun, which occupied so prominent a part in the cult. At Mexico the ascent was broken at each terrace, so that the procession of chanting priests had to pass entirely round the pyramid to gain each succeeding flight. The pyramid served likewise for tombs, particularly at Teotihuacan; the king, as high-priest, and perhaps other personages, being allowed to rest in the shadow of divinity. The great pyramid at Palenque, and certain others, contained chambers and galleries, which may have been used for dungeons or treasure vaults. The valuables deposited with the dead were no less potent than fanaticism and desire for ready building material, among the conquerors, in prompting the demolition of so many pyramids known only to tradition, notably that of Tenochtitlan.

The political and ecclesiastical despotism indicated by the erection of such huge structures may be traced also in the form and location of cities, for which pyramids were centres. Among Mayas and Nahuas, Quichés or Aztecs, their foundation is ever connected with divine oracles. Yet sagacious foresight was required to render palatable and respected the paramount religious dictum. Thus we find Mexico planted midst the waters, for reasons not unlike those governing the Venetian founders; Mistecapan within the sheltering fold of ranges; Yucatec cities in close proximity to assuaging cenotes, and elsewhere with a view to command a fertile soil and dense population. The last two factors served here, as in Egypt, both to originate and perpetuate despotism in the call for organized direction of ignorant masses. The religious influence is affirmed by the existence of a number of holy centres, at Cholula, at Palenque, in Nicaragua, and elsewhere. Many of the ruins on the Usumasinta, and east and south of it, are utterly devoid of warlike relics, in implements or decorations, and in Yucatan strategic features seem to have been little studied by city founders. The only walled town appears to be Tulom. Orientation is observable in connection with most temples, but beyond that it is so inexact as to be questionable. As regards intertribal influence, trade served widely to pioneer military sway as well as peaceful intercourse, with marked effect on art and manners. We know from their traditions and picture records that the Aztecs penetrated far to the south, and Nicaraguan hieroglyphics and figures certainly abound with unmistakable Nahua types. Impressions on and by intermediate nations can, therefore, be confidently traced in existing ruins, despite the restrictions on form imposed by conservative powers.

That transoceanic influence has left its mark is not improb-

able. Traditions of foreign visitors existed in different quarters; bearded faces are found among sculptured figures; traffic seems to have been carried on between northwestern Alaska and the opposite Asiatic land; numerous instances are recorded within modern times of vessels having drifted across from Asia, to assist in maintaining the claim by French and American writers in behalf of an early Chinese expedition to the Pacific shores of America; clearer than this is the discovery of the northeast coast by the Northmen. These indications of extraneous intercourse are too feeble, however, to permit the assumption of any marked effect therefrom. The civilization here may safely be termed autochthonic in its unfolding, the more so as the northeast and northwest coasts, which fell more directly under such foreign influence, show little or no trace thereof. The natural conditions, environment, which mould development, were here exceedingly powerful, be it remembered, as evident in the great longitudinal expanse of the continent and the abrupt rise of plateaux, with the consequent variety in climate and geology, and the compulsory meriditional trend of civilizing traffic not merely along similar latitudinal lines; and herein lies a vast fund for observations on the origin as well as development of American culture, into which I at one time dipped with much profit.

The arch ranks perhaps next to the pyramid as a striking feature, both on account of its wide use and its peculiar form. The ceilings of existing stone buildings, notably among the Mayas, are nearly all vaulted to sustain the permanent roof. True, the arch belongs to the overlapping grade, but even the Greeks did not pass that stage. The greater the superimposed weight the more acute is the arch, and at Xul is a room wherein the walls actually meet at the soffit. In Yucatan the overlapping edges of the stones are bevelled so as to present a straight slope, like that at Tiryns, near Mycenæ. At Palenque we find the stones arranged and rounded to form trefoil and cinque-foil arches and niches, cement replacing bevelling for even surfaces. At Lorillard and Labua are gateways and apertures the archivolt of which resembles the Egypto-Arabic and Persian, or turns to a convex shape. These variations indicate a groping approach toward the true arch. Thus, at the Bird-house of Uxmal is an arch in which the stones incline more and more to the vertical as the sides approach, yet without uniting at a keystone. The upper interior corner of the more vertical stones is cut out, in elbow-shape, for obtaining a better hold on the superincumbent mass. At Metlaltoyuca, Vera Cruz, are mounds faced with stones in regular arch form, but

they were evidently not intended to be self-supporting. Somewhat similar facings are found at Xochicalco and elsewhere, in connection with tombs and reservoirs, some of the latter supplied by imposing aqueducts stretching for miles over the rolling country. In the Tehuantepec district is a bridge arch of two curved slabs meeting at its centre, and at Huejutla is a triangular bridge span of vertical stones, which may in truth be termed a keystone arch. Its antiquity is questioned, however. These several instances give promise that the complemental step would soon have been taken.

The heavy arch construction points here to the shell wall with filling, or the ashlar-faced rubble mass, a stage which the Romans did not attain for several centuries. The Aryan dry masonry is not uncommon, with remarkably close laying, and there are traces of the timber type; still, the mortar method prevails, and of an excellence which betokens long and observing practice. Plaster varies in quality according to its use for fine or rough surfaces. The transportation of huge stones requires investigation here as in Egypt; likewise the flint and other implements with which they were so readily fashioned and on so large a scale. At Copan and other places, richer than Yucatan in timber, the substitution of perishable beams for arches has been the cause of wide decay.

The rarity of buildings in more than one real story may be due partly to seismic disturbances, which were so common on the west coast, at least, although the prevailing outdoor life and other customs must have wielded a stronger influence. A real two-story structure exists at Tulom, and the Mayan Tower stands in evidence. Nevertheless, the Nahuas had gained a step on the older Central American architects, for in Mexico such buildings were less uncommon. The Maya stories are properly in receding form, the upper story resting on a solid base to the rear of the lower, as illustrated in particular by the use of terraced hill-slopes for such bases. At Yacha Lake is a five-story edifice of this class. The stairway is naturally outside. Kabah has a daringly isolated perron of overlapping stones, with a clear triangular space beneath. Chichen boasts of a winding flight. Inside stairways do exist, however, also among the Mayas, as in the three-story house at Lapphak.

The preceding paragraph touches upon the climatic influence which is so widely impressed on architecture. The outdoor life promoted by a dry and mild atmosphere should be considered as the main reason for several essential features in the buildings, as low stories, rarity of windows, and absence of hearths. For temporary occupation, or night repose, low and small rooms were evidently

regarded as sufficient. The imperfect roof construction, in confining rooms to narrow limits, tended also to curtail their length in proportion. The neglect of interior decoration is likewise additionally explained by the darkness of the little used recesses. The assignment of the kitchen to a special outside space is attributable, not alone to a warm atmosphere and faulty ventilation, but to the belief that fires in close rooms rendered them unhealthy—a belief from which visitors to Mexico suffer no slight discomfort, even to-day. The first attempts to kindle fires in these stone houses naturally produced a repugnant and unhealthy dampness. The inflammable material of the huts among the masses interposed another obstacle. As in all warm countries, fountains are common, likewise galleries and covered walks, and the value as well as beauty of cornices were not overlooked. Rooms being intended chiefly for occupation by night, window-openings were generally absent, the door or a roof-aperture supplying both light and ventilation. Balconies are correspondingly rare. As among Spaniards, the flat roof became a private open-air resort.

The demand on the door for supplying light and ventilation may account for its frequent *tau* form, since the two upper corners of the tau admitted air and light when the main entrance was closed by the curtains used for that purpose. The curtain hung usually by means of rings on a pole, which probably rested on the shoulders of the tau, although in some cases special hinges or supports were provided. In this and many other instances writers have preferred to grope for a mystic interpretation, without even considering a matter-of-fact explanation. As the needful precedes the ornamental and symbolic, so the sacred meaning may, in course of time, have been applied to this particular tau form, as the pathway for divine light and air, aside from its resemblance to the cross.

Columns were in frequent use for galleries and open structures, as indicated by remains especially at Uxmal and Aké, and still more so for ornament. At Mitla is a rare instance of their application as supports for a central roof-beam. They are both round and square, commonly of several pieces or of masonry, and as a rule heavy plain shafts. Specimens of large round sections with central tenons have been found, ten-feet monoliths are not lacking, and at Mitla, Chunhuhu, and Tula exist caryatides, or rather Atlantes. Among complementary parts the cap is noticeable at Chichen and Kabah, and at the ancient Toltec centre a corbeil capital, rising from a band, gives token that a Mexican Callimachus might, in time, have arisen. Pillars are

frequently sculptured, as at Chichen; and at Copan, if we chose to include the famous stelæ.

As in Egypt, under similar conventional regulations, sculpture was checked in development by its additional subordination to architecture. This is apparent in the inequality of the execution on all sides, and in the indiscriminate selection of good and bad carvings for the same façade. Nevertheless, the art had attained to the possession of a special patron deity. Under such conditions the nude was neglected, and preference given to heavy, draped forms, that is in the civilized centres, for in Nicaragua a predominant phallic idea turns to the other extreme. Drapery may therefore be regarded as the chrysalis stage, whence, in due time, was to issue the higher ideal. The chief aim so far, be it noted, was not beauty, as in free Hellas, but the presentation of the historic and emblematic. The prevalence of the low relief, or incision, greatly due to imperfect tools, tended to affirm the profile delineation, as both clearer and easier. Even where the body is occasionally depicted in full front, feet and head remain in profile. At Lorillard this archaic distortion is extended so far as to turn the feet to both sides.

The retreating forehead on Maya figures has been the source of much error, especially in ascribing a foreign origin and a great age to the ruins; under the impression that the flat-head represented a race different from the present occupants of the land. The artificial compression of the forehead has been applied in so many regions of America to distinguish superior rank that it hardly requires local tradition here to identify it with nobility. Although nobles had the precedence, and often the exclusive right to be commemorated in stone, yet straight and regular profiles exist both at Palenque and Chichen, while at Copan and beyond, on either side of the Mayas, the present type prevails.

Bearing in mind that the aim here was rarely for portraits or ideals, in our sense, but for symbolic figures, many defects and objections disappear and many peculiarities become clear, such as the preference for depicting the human face in repose, devoid of animation even when the body appears in action, emotions and other details being explained in the all-significant mask or headdress, in symbols and hieroglyphics. Therein lies also a reason for the neglect of the nude. This accords with the prevalent conventionality, and is as sound as to assume incapacity on the part of the artist, for proofs exist in animal and monster figures of ability to impart expression. A sufficient number of human figures likewise sustain the artistic range. At Palenque may be found many

a spirited and free figure. At Copan is a head which observers declare equal to the best ever discovered in Egypt. In inferior Nicaragua are several good representations of muscular exertion, of sleep, and of terror, with distended or closed eyes, projecting eyebrows, and so forth. Moreover, many portions of the body are well modelled. The limbs at Palenque have been widely admired. Those at Lorillard are still finer, with exquisitely moulded hands whereon the nails are accurately outlined. At Copan the iris and the roots of the hair are minutely engraven. Instance also the priestly figures arrayed in the flayed skin of human victims. In these different features lies evidence of progress which is further illustrated by the expansion of the rude statue columns in Nicaragua to medium or high relief stelæ at Copan, and in Yucatan to free statues. At Palenque we find the ear in natural form, although elsewhere it appears in conventional distortion, probably for symbolic reasons, as with the Incas, among whom enlarged ears denoted nobility. The lack of fine specimens of sculpture in some quarters, as in Utatlan, is chiefly due to vandalism on the part of misguided patriots as well as fanatical invaders.

The preceding instances of inequality serve to affirm the supremacy of the symbolic in sculpture, much more so than among the Hindoos, whose formalism had been widely overcome. A movement which in the Orient took the direction of soft langour, in accordance with climate and religion, passed here to the monstrous. The fear and abasement impressed by bloody cult and tyranny became typified and even idealized, until the artist, like Pauson, found delight in portraying the horrible. The addictedness to chimeric deformity, however, lies not altogether in artistic conception, but largely in the custom among the lowly to turn their gaze from the exalted, whose public effigy accordingly appeared in masks emblematic of their attributes, particularly of intimidating power. Further, an artist was not supposed to be capable of delineating the features of divine beings. The Greek, striving for composite beauty; the Platonist, intent on a dim, premundane type, likewise donned the veil, although rather when passing the limits of grace. Masking extended largely to classes. Satisfied with a conventional face, the artist left individual attributes in this case to be depicted chiefly in the head-dress. The tiger and eagle hoods so frequent among Aztecs refer to leading military orders as well as to virtues. In Nicaragua the idea degenerated into placing the head within the jaws of the beast. The Egyptians simply assigned a symbolic animal head to the human body, and *vice versa*.

The subordination of sculpture to architecture and to symbolism lifts here to considerable importance the other branches of plastic art, so that a view of the *ensemble* is necessary before judgment can be pronounced. The Arabs in Spain have not been stigmatized as barbaric because they failed in animate forms. Their botanic and geometric designs are universally admired for artistic beauty. Turn, then, to similar art among the Mayas and Nahuas, and behold the infinite variety of outline, the richness, the taste. Pass from supremely grand Uxmal to inferior Mitla, and find fret decorations which Viollet le Duc declared equal to the best Greek or Roman specimens in beauty and symmetry. Even if prudently modifying such praise, we may safely conclude that in the great variety of designs, the fertility of invention, lay immense possibilities awaiting the strides of emulation.

The broad feature in Yucatec wall-decoration is lattice and diamond work as a background for other designs, usually divided into panels. Lines and animal forms predominate, botanic outlines being rare. Entire façades are at times filled with animal heads and bodies. The divine snake takes precedence, in prominence at least, tigers being probably most numerous for obvious reasons, confounded as they moreover are with somewhat similar beasts. Charnay found both on the Chichen gymnasium in connection with the fox and eagle, all symbolic of its aims. In several instances the snake enfolds the entire façade or building. Both the crocodile and turtle are cherished far down into Nicaragua; a fine structure is dedicated to the latter at Uxmal. The toad, monkey, and other animals swell the list. Lines vary from plain engrailed or invected to dancettes and lozenge mouldings; from simple generating frets to Greek, interlaced and meander or maze work, with battled crenelle and other variations; chevrons and grecques are favorites; ovals or eggs and guilloches are common; also palisades and colonnades, together with rosettes and diaper-work. In their repetition must often be sought a mystic significance, as with sacred numbers. Many of the designs have been sculptured *in situ*, others fitted by the builders; stucco ornaments are as common, almost exclusively so, at Palenque as they are rare at Yucatan. At several places, notably Mitla, the frets form a wall mosaic embedded in cement. A miniature specimen of such mosaic-work may be seen at the British Museum in the handle of an obsidian knife, representing a crouching masked man of chameleon-like aspect. The façades were generally painted, as in Greece, red predominating, it seems. Gem-carving had reached the highest state of perfection, as may be judged from the un-

affected admiration of the Spaniards for the fanciful and artistic work of Mexican jewellers in general, and from the approval of Lenoir, who places even inferior Aztec art above the Egyptian in several respects.

The cross symbol here stands more closely connected with phallic objects than is usually the case, notwithstanding its universal phallic origin. It occurs frequently in the corresponding position on vestments, with or without ovæ, and occasionally with masked heads at the extremes, or even enclosing heads and entire human figures. An examination of the Palenque tablet with this direct application will reveal many new features. Palenque is otherwise reserved in this respect, exceptionally so when we observe the little disguise practised in surrounding districts. In several courts at Uxmal and elsewhere it is more clearly represented than in the well-known Hindostan pillar. On the Dwarf's pyramid it is exhibited in the most erect form, which, together with height and peculiar steepness of that structure, tend to give it a significance so far overlooked. Minor relics of stone, terra-cotta, and metal, similar to those which tourists inspect in the reserved Pompeian chamber at the Naples Museum, are numerous in all quarters. In Nicaragua and Costa Rica the larger proportion of the public statues are conspicuously sculptured in the above manner.

The decoration described as the elephant trunk, so puzzling to antiquarians, may with good reason be regarded as phallic, in slight distortion like most symbolic figures here. The wide adoption of the cross idea, especially in Yucatan where the trunk occurs, is one testimony. Another is the egg and cross engraving on several of the trunks, as shown on the sun façade of the Uxmal nunnery. The phallic attribute of Helios, be it noted, is as clearly appreciated here as in the Danaë myth of Greece, particularly at Uxmal, so full of similar fancies. That the trunk is raised toward the east and reversed at the west, as Waldeck observed, is a phallic feature, for life comes with the rising sun and decrepitude with its decline. The reversal is clearly symbolic. Curved lines similar to the trunk occur on Copan stelæ, and on other statues, at or near the phallic position. The trunk appendage to mask faces at Chichen may be regarded as a symbolic union of two main features, for such distorted combinations are well known to students of Nahua art and mythology. This combination, however, points also to another interpretation of the trunk as emblematic of speech, of oratory, which was here so highly esteemed. Indeed, the curves denoting speech on Nahua

pictographs are very similar to the trunk, as are the curves and tongues on certain Oajacan figures.

The symbolic curves are frequent on head-dresses. If the oratorical idea be applied to the reversed trunks at Uxmal, it might be so in a hail and vale to the all-inspiring, life-giving sun, and in explaining the object of the building as council-hall or academy.

While the richness and variety of design must evoke admiration, the *ensemble* reveals, as in the Orient, a frequent excess of ornament. At the same time an adjoining façade may present a pattern of graceful simplicity, as instanced by the Uxmal nunnery. Even at the more classic Palenque symmetry is glaringly neglected in architecture as well as sculpture. It must be remembered, however, that symmetry is a variable essence of excellence. It is strongest in classic art in being applied to both details and masses, but it reaches a higher development in the Gothic, where variation in details is combined with symmetry of masses. In China symmetry of the whole is subordinate to variation in detail, yet Kathay is not barbaric: she studied asymmetry, as Mitla has done. Mitla has gone further than other districts of Central America in this respect, yet neither stand below the Mongolian range with its fantastic extravagance and irregularity.

In accordance, then, with the preceding explanation of underlying principles and motives the widely-echoed utterance of Professor Rau, "that the lines at Palenque are faulty in rectitude, the design in symmetry, and the sculpture in finish," must not be indiscriminately applied; the more so as his condemnation is local, without reference to the grandeur, taste, and beauty displayed at several other places of different type, notably Uxmal. Still less applicable is the sweeping levelling of these relics to one common "savage standard" for all America, as required by the "new theory." One clear comparative glance at the respective stages of culture suffices for rejecting that chimera.

In judging of Maya and Nahua art, we must regard not alone figures, but geometric lines; not merely details, but the *ensemble;* not one type, but several. We must consider the aim and motives of the artist, as well as the conventional restrictions and natural trammels on art; and, in addition to the peculiar influence of climatic and social environment, we must take into account the subordination of symmetry and other forms of beauty, and the predominance of symbolism. In short, we must apply a broad, liberal comparison, limited not to a European standard, but tempered by the Oriental models, which, under varying conditions, sprang from out the same eastern cradle of art.

W. NEMOS.

BY THE RAPIDAN.

PROLOGUE.

In the days of the thirties, when the theme of public interest that most stirred the people of Virginia was the contest between the supporters and the opponents of Andrew Jackson, and bitter feeling had so entered into the discussion that even kith and kin were divided, two at least of the leading families of Orange County maintained their natural good temper and kept up their old-time neighborly good will, though none differed more decidedly in politics. Each of these families had but one child, a son, and these boys had grown up in the closest companionship which could result from congenial temperaments and dispositions and equality of age. Walter Ormond and Gregory Lynch had indulged in boyish games and pranks, and, later on, in youthful sports together. They had hunted and fished, had ridden their own horses in friendly rivalry at the quarter races at Stevensburg, on the other side of the Rapidan, and had reached their majority, and passed it, without once having had a cross purpose between them.

But a young lady from beyond the Blue Ridge had come with her father on a visit to some of his relatives, and she had smiled with nearly equal benignity on the two young friends, whose acquaintance she had made at a dance given in her honor by all the people thereabout. These young men had, in their turn, done their best to make her think well of Orange County, and had together listened with charmed ears to her fluent account of the stage journey by which she had come from her home, through Winchester, Front Royal, across the Blue Ridge by Chester Gap, and thence along the eastern slope of the mountains to the Sulphur Springs near the head of the Rappahannock, where also, during a stay of some weeks, she must no doubt have produced a very favorable impression if there were at the springs any such impressionable young fellows as Lynch and Ormond.

The long and short of it was that both fell head, neck, and heels in love with the girl, and she, much pleased with both of them, chose one after much coquettish deliberation, and had, of course, to reject the other. The rejected one, Walter Ormond, imagining himself to be broken-hearted, and, therefore, unable

longer to bear the sight of the land where he was born, bade good-by to his sorrowing parents, and with a full purse, a good horse, and, if allowance be made for the condition of his heart, with a sound and buoyant young health, set out for the boundless West in quest of adventure and fortune.

I.

One of the most famous of the training camps during the first summer of the Civil War was Camp Dennison, which Ohio had opened in April, close to the banks of the Little Miami River and fifteen miles to the northeast of Cincinnati. It was situated on a level plain of about eight hundred acres that had been planted with wheat that season, but that had now ripened, like the dragon's teeth of the ancient fable, into armed men. From all parts of Ohio regiments of infantry and batteries of artillery came to be drilled and equipped before being sent out into the field to fight. They came without uniforms; every man in his own clothes—some dressed in the highest fashion of the time, others in the rough apparel of farmers, others in the every-day garb of business men, clerks, or salesmen, or mechanics; many in workmen's overalls. Their dress, like themselves, represented the American people in arms to defend the Union.

Their camp life had been for weeks as strange as their dress. Sentinels walked the beats with as much precision as any of the Old-World household guards could have displayed, but without arms, though sometimes cornstalks were carried in lieu of muskets, and the most ceremonious of salutes made with them whenever an officer entitled to the sentinel's salute would pass by. Indeed, it was not rare then to see officers themselves, when on duty, bearing wooden swords with as much dignity, if not as much skill, as they afterwards showed when carrying real weapons.

But all this had been changed by the Fourth of July, 1861. The volunteers, and there were ten thousand or more of them in the camp, were now beginning to look really like an army, for the government had at last provided them with uniforms, if not yet with arms. The ground had meanwhile been so well trodden down by the feet of these thousands of willing students, learning the first elements of the art of war, as prescribed in *Hardee's Tactics*, daily marching, wheeling, and countermarching over it, that, as the volunteers themselves used to say, they were now the only "green" things in sight at Camp Dennison. As the Fourth of July night closed in bonfires had been lit on the open

parade grounds in front of each regiment, and the sparks from the fires fluttered up through the warm air towards the quiet stars that spangled the heavens. The soldiers' quarters, wooden shanties laid out in serried ranks of company streets, and extending up and down for half a mile on either side of the railroad track, from which they were distant the width of the parades, stood out in the glare of the fires almost as distinctly as if it were day.

The whole camp was awake, although "tattoo" and "taps" had been sounded by the fifes and drums. Brass bands were playing the "Star-Spangled Banner," "John Brown's Body," "Bould Sojer Boy," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and other patriotic, military, or sentimental tunes. Violins and flutes were joining in the musical celebration of Independence Day, while in all directions human voices broke out in songs of chorus or solo. Each regiment's fire had its crowd of men in brand-new blue uniforms, walking, sitting, standing, or dancing around it.

At the railroad platform, alongside of which a great shed had been constructed to shelter the stores of food, clothing, and various equipments, trains, either with recruits or provisions, were arriving and departing at all hours of the day and night, so that the incessant clangor of the locomotive bells and the rattle of the trains ordinarily attracted but little attention from the men at large.

But amid this Fourth of July revelry a sudden and quick succession of shrill whistles and a harsh grating sound startled the jubilant crowds, which immediately poured in from all directions upon the railroad. A freight train from Cincinnati had come to grief by the opening of the rails. The engine and its tender lay on their side in a damaged condition. The strong and willing volunteers lent their help at once, but there was little for them to do. The crew of the train had all escaped unhurt, and were flitting about with lanterns in hand, when a voice somewhere amid the darkness of the wreck was heard, "Take me out of this!" Some men of the Eighth Regiment were the first to heed the appeal; the lanterns were brought up and between an overturned car and one of the trucks they found a young man wedged in. He was removed without further injury, his clothes torn and soiled, and his body sorely bruised. But in spite of this, he was seen to be a well-built, somewhat slender but sinewy young fellow, of the sort desirable as recruits. Quickly the men of the Eighth bore him from the track, across the parade to the hospital of their regiment, where it was discovered that, though he had received no permanent

injury, care and treatment for some days would be necessary before putting him on his feet again.

By the end of the week he was nearly healed, and, having asked to be taken as a recruit, and having satisfactorily explained his sudden and first experience in the camp, was entered on the muster-roll of Co. "B" as "Private Pierce Ormond; place of birth, St. Louis, Mo.; age, twenty-three; occupation when enlisted, gold-digger."

Before the end of another week the Eighth Ohio Infantry was in Virginia, making toilsome marches among the western ridges of the Alleghanies, and getting their first practical lessons in the varied and exacting art of war.

July, 1861, was an eventful month in the wild, mountain region of what is now West Virginia, but was then still a portion of the Old Dominion State. The generals on both sides seemed to be learning their trade just as much as the raw volunteers, for few of them had ever been in command of even a thousand men in the field before, while some of them had never until then seen a whole brigade of real soldiers together under arms. There were, consequently, many futile manœuvres, the only good result of which was to inure all hands to the work that later was to assume a more serious turn.

Ormond found himself in a fighting company, where his being a stranger to the rest was of little disadvantage to him, for the reason that most of these men had never met until the time of their enlistment. His young vigor throve in the mountains by the direct contact into which he was brought with old Mother Nature. No slumber could be more refreshing than that which he enjoyed at night with nothing beneath him but a rubber blanket to keep him from the moisture of the grass, and nothing above but a woollen blanket to keep off the dew. He was attentive to the routine of the life, and quickly acquired the drill. When on the isolated picket-post far on the lonely mountain-side, or under the overhanging gloom of the forest, his coolness never failed, nor was the keenness of his sense of sight and of hearing ever at fault. By the time that fall had set in he had risen to be a sergeant, and was commonly understood to be in for the next lieutenancy that should become vacant in the regiment.

But Ormond had not gone far in his experience without arousing ill-will among a few of his company, although for the life of him he could not remember that he had consciously done

harm to any of them. Like most men who have both intellect and courage, he was simple in his methods of thought and direct in his manner. Indeed it was because he was a fine and handsome fellow, endowed with a sufficient balance of pleasantry and dignity to make him a general favorite, that he had become obnoxious to these few, chief of whom was another sergeant who saw in Ormond an obstacle to his own chances of promotion.

Sergeant Potter prided himself on belonging to one of the first families of northern Ohio, a family which traced its ancestry to New England and back to that Noe's ark called the *Mayflower*. It was a grievance, therefore, in his mind that Ormond, of whose forebears nothing, so far as could be known, could be found in New England, should have gone so steadily forward in the line of promotion, while he himself remained of the same grade as that which had been conferred on him during the confusion and want of experience of the first days at Camp Dennison. Moreover, Ormond spoke good English, but with a certain undefinable Southern fulness of vowel, and that was another source of annoyance to Potter. Potter's great confidant was Corporal Jabez Mudd, a squat fellow not much short of forty, with a beard that grew all over his face, nearly up to his little gray eyes, that were set so closely together as almost to squint; a sour-spoken man who had been most of his life a sailor on Lake Erie.

"Say, Jabe," said Potter one day to the corporal, "what do you think about this Ormond? He has put himself down as born in St. Louis, and if he was really a 'gold-digger,' as he says, he must have been in California, but he looks to me like a Virginian."

"Well, sergeant, I guess you know as much about him as any one in the company," said the corporal. "And I've heard him say once that he'd like to get across the mountains away down into real 'Ole Virginny,' because there was no spot on earth he had more interest in."

The sergeant reflected. In the first year of the war there were, no doubt, many Southern spies in the ranks of the Union army—both amateurs and professionals—and especially in regiments raised close to the Southern border. Among these organizations there was a considerable number of young men of Southern origin, who after enlistment began to conceive a dislike for the side they had chosen, and not a few of them deserted at the first opportunity in order to join the Confederate cause. The sergeant knew this and his suspicious nature, now that envy had urged his mind to breed evil thoughts, was immediately possessed

by the corporal's remark. Potter was not altogether a bad man, but he was malicious and his ambition was greater than his ability. Certainly, if Ormond was either a spy now, or was on the way to become one, it was not fitting that he should get promotion, and in that case Potter would probably stand a better chance.

Whether Ormond was really a gold-digger or not, he was evidently at home in the mountains. He never missed an opportunity for a scout, and he had even a habit of straying away by himself, often being absent from after breakfast until time for the evening parade. To be sure, this habit was not in itself remarkable in a somewhat isolated force such as that to which the Eighth then belonged. Many others besides Ormond were accustomed to wander from the camp during the day and not return until sunset; but then when they did return they were usually loaded down with hams, chickens, eggs, butter, all the miscellaneous tribute that could be levied off the farmers for many miles around. But Ormond appeared to have neither the inclination nor the special talents of a forager. He always came back as he had gone away.

Late in the fall of 1861 the Eighth was a part of the force occupying Romney, which had been won not long before from the Confederates after a sharp and brief engagement. One afternoon Sergeant Potter and Corporal Mudd were on duty on the extreme right of a line of picket posts thrown out a couple of miles beyond the town, towards Winchester. Pleasant little valleys wind in and out between the rough and forbidding ridges of this region. An early snow had that morning thinly powdered the unsheltered portions of the surface, rendering the dark green foliage of the pines and hemlocks seem almost black by contrast. The line of picket posts crossing the Winchester turnpike, and stretching out for a quarter of a mile on either hand, had a clear view over the shallow valley that ran along beneath them, and across the upper level of the open, low ridge opposite, on which were a number of scattered farm-houses.

Corporal Mudd was descending the hill to the rear of the picket line towards a little stream that trickled along a bed of pebbles between fringes of snow. He was taking advantage of a moment's leisure to fill his canteen for the evening's coffee. His eyes fell on a series of footprints that, starting from somewhere off to the rear near the turnpike, led around the right of the picket line, then following near the course of the stream and going towards the open ridge, only ceased where the wind, careering

along the valley, had swept the snow from the ground. The footprints were made by a pair of army shoes, and seemed to mark the route of some one going from the Union camp at Romney out towards Winchester and desirous of avoiding contact with the Union pickets.

The corporal continued on down, crossing the trail, and, having filled his canteen, returned to the line and immediately sought Sergeant Potter, whom he found at the outer edge of the wood, through which the line extended, leaning against the trunk of a tall pine-tree curiously observing one of the farm-houses opposite. The sergeant had no sooner heard Corporal Mudd's report than he obtained permission from the officer in charge to make an investigation. With Mudd and five others he went down the hill to the rear, and then followed the ravine through which ran the little stream. With their loaded weapons trailing at their sides, the party glided swiftly out along the foot of the hill to the right and across the valley into another ravine which intersected the ridge. Scarcely had they disappeared in the hollow, when, several hundred yards to the left of that point, a Union soldier was seen to emerge from amid the negro cabins near the farm-house and then to descend the ridge and move towards the picket post near the turnpike. The contour of the ground was evidently, however, such that he could not have seen Potter's squad at any time in its movement. He appeared to be surprised and perplexed as he caught sight of the alert and suspicious countenances of the pickets, eyeing him narrowly as he came near.

Just as the man had approached closely enough for his features to be discerned and recognized as those of Sergeant Ormond, the crack of a rifle, and then another, and another, and the sharp rattle of pistol shots echoed from the ridge and was repeated from hillside to hillside, and wood to wood. White smoke rising from behind the farm-house showed that Potter and his men had come upon the enemy, probably a scouting party, and before the picket officer could make any further dispositions, the squad was seen returning straight down the face of the ridge. They were less by one than when they went away, for one of their party had been captured; and they were bearing Sergeant Potter on their shoulders. Ormond on arriving at the line had been arrested and sent temporarily back to the spot serving as the picket officers' headquarters, and there Potter, also, whose blue lips and sharpening features announced approaching death, was set down. But the sense of

sight had not yet gone out of Potter's eyes nor the ill-will for Ormond out of his heart, for he turned his gaze towards him, and, endeavoring to motion with his hand, he muttered hoarsely, "He's a spy!" And then he was still and his look of hatred was fixed for ever.

II.

Towards the end of November, 1863, the Army of the Potomac had crossed to the south side of the Rapidan, its commander intending to strike Lee's force while weakened by the sending of Longstreet to take part in the operations before Chattanooga. An engagement had been fought at Robinson's Tavern by way of reconnoissance, and the Union army had then moved during the night some miles to the left, or southeast, in the hope of turning the Confederate right flank.

The sun had risen over the pine woods and lit up the ground before the Union army: short parallel ridges with sloping faces and with wide valleys between, all partly wooded and partly cleared in farm lands. The farm-houses were mostly of ample proportions, each having massive chimneys at both ends. After a brisk encounter, the Union skirmish line had gained possession of the nearest ridge and the fine farm-house there had been quickly turned into a hospital for the numerous wounded of the affair, and the skirmishers had then pressed on down the slope into the wide valley below, through which the stream called Mine Run flows.

So sudden had been the Union advance that although the negroes had somehow all made their escape the occupants of the house, a gentleman past middle life, and his daughter, a pretty and graceful young girl, found themselves shut in amid the dangers of the battle-field. The military surgeon who took charge of the house found the two hiding in the cellar from the storm of missiles that were crashing in above, tearing out wide gashes in the walls, splintering the doors, and shattering the window-glass. Gradually this had slackened as the fight moved further on and finally almost ceased, and the savage cheers of the combatants, the terrible war-shouts and the sarcastic yells of derision or hatred had vanished away as the contending lines had settled down to steady firing far out beyond in the valley. The gentleman then came up-stairs, and finding all to be quiet, called his daughter up, and they passed a few minutes in looking out of one of the wrecked windows at

the high ridge a mile to the front, on which they could plainly make out the fresh red earth of the newly-constructed field-works of the Confederate army. Below them, in the hollow ground, through which far out the course of Mine Run was marked by a line of bushes, they saw the Union skirmishers deployed in a seemingly endless single line, each man standing, kneeling, lying down, or comfortably sitting, according to the opportunities of the ground; each separated by an interval of several paces from his comrades to the right and left. They were individually firing, in a leisurely manner now, and probably with sure effect, at the Confederate skirmishers, who were extended, similarly disposed to themselves, two or three hundred yards beyond. As far as the eye could reach to the right or left wounded men were crawling, limping, or hobbling back from the line.

After their first shock had passed away, the young lady and her father had by a rapid glance around obtained an idea of the ruin that had come upon their old home. There was not a fence to be seen; all had disappeared, either for fuel to cook the soldiers' hasty meals, or to assist in the construction of the massive breastwork that they saw stretching along the entire length of their ridge. The barns, carriage-house, corn-cribs, negro quarters—all had been torn down for their material, or because they might prove an impediment to the line of artillery fire.

The father and daughter looked about within. What a sight! The carpets were drenched and the walls, and even the ceilings, spattered with blood. But what after all was this to the broken and bleeding forms of men filling the floors, suffering, dying, or dead? Men of the blue and the gray were mingled indiscriminately in the suffering assemblage, just as at different epochs of the contest their comrades had carried them in for better shelter. The grim expression of the father as he thought of the irreparable damage done to him and his property, to his State and his people, by what he regarded as an invading force, was not repeated on the countenance of the daughter; her features were softened by sadness and pity as she gazed at the contorted and bruised bodies that lay about her.

Her father understood her feelings and his own deep religious nature was stirred in sympathy. "Go on, Penelope," he said to her, "and do what you can, and I will render what help is possible to the surgeon."

In an opposite corner of the room from the window at which the father and daughter had looked out, a Union artilleryman, who had been wounded in the head, was raving in a delirium, and was

crawling on his knees, threatening vengeance against any "Reb" he might chance to meet. Just before him lay a helpless Confederate, breathing heavily, and all unconscious that a new attack was preparing for him. The artilleryman's eyes dilated with rage as he caught sight of the gray uniform, and he was about to spring upon the Confederate, when another wounded Federal, an infantry private, dragged himself, by a great effort, along the floor and interposed between.

The young girl, left for the moment to herself, stared with horror at this unusual scene, and then, as it came to a fortunate end, hastened over to thank the magnanimous fellow, who, in spite of his own hurt, had so generously saved a helpless enemy. The poor artilleryman, easily diverted, now sat up in the corner, mumbling incoherent words, while the one whom she desired to thank and to help, if possible, was panting and exhausted from the slight struggle. He was, in spite of the dust that somewhat disguised his features, and of the rough and ragged uniform, a handsome young man. His cap bearing the blue trefoil, the badge of his corps and division, lay beside him, where it had fallen. The blouse and overcoat sleeve of his right arm had been cut off by the ambulance men, nearly up to the shoulder, so as to leave the wound which he had received in that member ready to be dressed as soon as some one might be found with time to do it.

"Let me do what I can for you," the young lady said, as she stooped down beside him. "It was very noble of you to save that poor Southern man at such risk to yourself. Oh! what shall I do?" she murmured, wringing her hands in despair.

But her womanly instinct and good sense prompted her, and after a visit to the room where the surgeons were at their work, and aided by her father, she did up the young man's arm well enough to prevent further loss of blood or injury, provided he were not disturbed. Gradually the rest of the wounded were carried out by the stretcher-bearers to the ambulance wagons to be sent back across the Rapidan for more careful treatment. During the afternoon the fighting near the house had ceased altogether; only a few shots at long intervals were heard from the skirmish line out near Mine Run.

As soon as darkness had completely shrouded the country, the main Union line extended along the ridge, broke into columns to the rear and moved silently off. Almost at the same moment heaps of fence-rails and other combustible materials that had been piled up on the ground along the line, were ignited to simulate bivouac fires, and their glare shot straight up into the thick November

night and could be seen by the Confederate army. The Union skirmishers out beyond lay quietly in their line awaiting the prearranged time to fall back and hasten after the retreating army. For this was another of the famous retreats of the Army of the Potomac.

Worn out with the long agony, and by want of sleep and food, unnerved by the long strain, father and daughter sat on the door-step of the house, in utter darkness, and all alone save for the dead whom they knew to be everywhere around them.

"My daughter," said the man, "I pray God you may escape uninjured from all these ills that seem to be pressing on us at once. The Yankees have not left us a thing to eat. I have searched everywhere as well as I could in the dark."

"Oh! don't mind that so far as I am concerned, papa," was the answer. "But I know you must need some nourishment. I saw a soldier's haversack in one of the rooms not long ago, and I think I can find it. It will give us food until to-morrow at least."

Before she could be prevented, the brave girl had risen and glided into the hall, keeping close to the wall so as to avoid the dead bodies on the floor. As she disappeared, a squad of Union soldiers came up to the door, and the lieutenant in command addressed the man: "I am the officer of the guard, and am directed by the commanding officer of my regiment to take you along with us."

"For what reason? Your men have done harm enough to me without this."

"I am very sorry," was the response. "The object is, I suppose, to prevent you from reporting our movements to the enemy. I hope that we shall be able to let you go a few miles from here."

"Ah! you are retreating? You are afraid I might slip through your pickets out there to my Southern friends and tell them? But, sir, I have a daughter here in the house with me, and rather than be taken away to leave her all alone and unprotected, I will pledge you my word not to stir from the house or make any communication to the Southerners until daylight, or longer, if you wish."

"I repeat to you, I am very sorry, but I must obey my orders without any delay, and"—foreseeing a possible danger of alarm—"you must not utter a sound, if you value your life."

There was evidently no time to lose, for the rustle of leather belts and the clatter of cartridge-boxes on the moving columns

of men had grown more and more faint, and then had ceased. The wood to the rear, now deserted by the retiring soldiers, resounded with the hooting of owls and the dismal song of whippoorwills. The practised ear, however, might still discern from the ridge the far-off rumble of wheels belonging to batteries of the rear-guard.

Dawn was beginning to penetrate the gloomy Wilderness, around Chancellorsville, where six months before a great but indecisive battle had been fought, and where six months later the bloody contest was to be waged that was to be first of the series of final operations of the Civil War. On either side of the plank road by which the army had retreated from Mine Run thousands of men, in the order of their brigades, lay asleep in ranks in the underbrush beneath the gnarled forest growth, and other thousands of other brigades were still streaming in along the road, and, as they arrived at the points allotted to them by the staff-officers, turning into the wood and dropping down to the ground to fall instantly asleep. An hour or two of rest was to be had before the march in retreat was resumed.

Last of all the infantry came the rear-guard, the Second Corps, and last of that corps came its own rear-guard trudging wearily on past a group of horsemen drawn up beside the road. In the front of this group sat the then commander of the Second Corps, General Warren, a slender, swarthy-complexioned man, whose keen but pleasant eyes were searching the countenances of his men, as the morning sky began to brighten, in order to note, if possible, what were their thoughts in regard to this second retreat within a few weeks without having tried the issue of a set battle.

"Who is that you have there?" he called out to the officer of a regimental guard which formed the extreme rear of the entire column, and which had halted when its regiment halted while dispositions were making to afford the men their rest. The general had at the same moment turned around and addressed one of his staff who had but a few minutes before arrived from General Meade with despatches: "Colonel, please see into this matter. You know this country about here and the people."

Before the officer of the guard could reply, the man himself in question spoke: "My name is Gregory Lynch." His voice was faint and tremulous, but indignation lent a little vigor to it as he continued: "Your men, after destroying my property,

have forced me away from my ruined home, compelling me to leave my daughter all alone there among the dead."

The staff officer to whom the general had committed the case had dismounted and walked towards the road. "Merciful God!" he exclaimed as he heard the voice and understood the words, "is that Gregory Lynch?" He ran to the centre of the group, where the prisoner was sitting down in the dust, completely overcome by the events of the past two days and the forced march of the night.

The colonel stooped down, and took one of the man's hands in his own and was silent a moment. "I am Walter Ormond," he said. "We were friends once, Gregory. Do you know me?" The worn-out man wearily withdrew his hand, which was hot and feverish.

"So you are Walter Ormond that we thought dead years ago. God help my daughter! And perhaps your people have killed my only other child by this time, my son. Are these your friends, Walter, around you? If so, you cannot be my friend, for they have ruined me and mine."

The colonel did not reply, but arose, and having procured some food and a cup of hot coffee for the disconsolate man, briefly explained the situation to the general in a low tone. An ambulance was brought up, and Lynch having been comfortably laid out on the cushions to sleep, the colonel, bearing a flag of truce and accompanied by his orderly went off with the ambulance at a brisk trot back towards Mine Run.

It is wonderful how, even in the natural order, the doing of good to others redounds in the end to our own advantage. Had Penelope Lynch had no other woes than those of herself and her own belongings to occupy her during the long and dreadful night after she had returned to the door with the soldier's haversack to find no response to her calls for "Papa!" she might have gone insane.

But a voice within the house spoke to her. It was that of the wounded Union soldier whom she had cared for that day, and she recognized it at once. She picked her way cautiously among the dead into the room where the man lay on the floor near a window. When she had approached, he said: "I have been listening to you calling for your father, and when I became certain from there being no reply that he was really gone, I thought I would give you some ease of mind by telling you that you have nothing to fear for him." And he

related to her the conversation he had heard through the open window between her father and the officer of the guard. "Your father will be back here by noon to-morrow, if not before," he said.

The young girl wept bitterly as she leaned against the window-frame and gazed out upon the stars that were fading one by one away as the moon rose over the black woods to the rear. The great clock in the entry was striking twelve, and an extended line of dark figures moving from the direction of the opposite side of the house was hastily but silently closing in towards the gap in the wood where the road led off towards Chancellorsville.

The movement was nearly completed when the quiet was startled by a shot from the direction from which the line had just come, and then another, and another, and then three or four together, and all was still again. Instinctively the girl had shrunk down from the window at the first shot, but then recovering herself, she spoke, as if appealing in her helplessness to the wounded man at her feet: "I hope poor father was not shot then." And she hurriedly explained what she had seen.

"Your father is miles away from here now and in safety," said the wounded man. "What you saw was our skirmish line getting away unobserved, if possible. They were left behind to keep up appearances. It looks as if some smart Southern officer had checked the firing of his men in the belief that they were mistaken. But they will find out all about it at daylight."

No answer came from the girl. She was sound asleep. An hour or more passed and then she awoke with a start. "Have you slept," she asked gently, by way of trial.

"No; I have kept awake for your sake."

"Oh! please don't do that," she said. "You must sleep if you can; you need it. I shall remain awake the rest of the night."

"I cannot sleep," he protested, and he rose slightly so as to look at her. The early morning light was touching the tops of the woods outside, and was beginning to enter the windows of the house, so that the prostrate forms on the floor were becoming discernible. She was sitting on the floor, her head resting on the window-sill, her face turned outwards and upwards. "May I ask your name?"

She answered simply: "My father's name is Gregory Lynch. My mother has been dead a long while. My brother's name is Jeffrey. He is older than I, and is in the Southern army.

I was baptized Margaret Penelope after my mother, but am generally called Penelope."

"I wonder," said the soldier, half to himself, "if this can be the place?"

"What place?"

"Well, I will tell you," he said. "My father was a Virginian, but left the State many years ago and went to St. Louis, where he married and where I was born. I was the only child, and my mother, too, died a long while ago, so long ago that I scarcely remember her. Then my father went with me to California and engaged in prospecting for gold. One day the Indians surprised our camp and I was carried off. I was twelve years old then and the Indians kept me for a couple of years, until a gang of cattle-herders attacked the tribe and I was rescued and spent some years with them. I will not trouble you any further with my adventures, only to say that I have never seen my father since, and I have not been able to find any trace of him. Two years ago, when I first came into Virginia with the army, I formed the habit of going among all the likely farm-houses to inquire for the name of Ormond, for I never knew exactly what part of Virginia my father came from. One day, far to the west of Winchester, I came across a family named Tracy, and they had a vague recollection, they said, of a family of that name who were neighbors to a family named Lynch, connected with them by marriage. That was all the information I ever obtained, for when the story had reached that point a party of Confederate scouts came up and I had to flee. I escaped from them, but was arrested by my own men on suspicion of being a Southern spy, and I have never since been able to entirely allay the suspicion."

"All that is very strange," said the girl. "My mother's maiden name was Tracy, and she was born beyond Winchester, and over on the high ridge where the Southern army has been for several days is the old Ormond place. But it was sold years ago by old Mr. Ormond, who moved with his wife to Richmond, where they both died. I have often heard my father speak of their only child, Walter Ormond, as his playmate and dear friend, until some dispute arose and then Walter went away—that was long years before I was born—and he was said to have died of fever in Panama some time when on his return from California."

"Walter Ormond was my father," the young man said.

"I cannot describe to you how much I have always loved my father, although I lost him so early in my life. But perhaps your father might be able to tell me something more about him."

The Confederates meanwhile, having at daylight missed the Union skirmish line, had moved forward their own skirmishers, and now held all the ridge, and their cavalry were scouring the woods where the main Union line had bivouacked.

"What is this coming up the road from Chancellorsville?" exclaimed Penelope, who was now looking out of the window, so as to avoid the horrible sight which was presented to her by the interior of the house. "There are two of your men on horseback; one of them is an officer carrying a white flag, and behind them is one of your ambulances. I can see the clover-leaf on it, such as that on your cap there. Then there are some of our cavalry riding on both sides, and I can see one of our surgeons in the party, for he has a green sash across his shoulder. The officer with the white flag has reined up his horse a little, and has lifted the flap of the ambulance. He seems to be talking to some one inside, and now he is pointing up to this house." And then suddenly: "I wonder if my poor father is in that ambulance?" And forgetting all else, she let herself out of the window to the ground outside and ran forward as the party had halted in front of the house, and in the next moment was in the arms of her father, who had alighted from the ambulance, seemingly refreshed by the sleep which he had taken during much of the long ride.

"Have you been hurt, papa?" she asked as she scanned her father from head to foot.

"No, Pen; but I was taken by the Northern soldiers to Chancellorsville, and might have died from the fatigue had not this gentleman—yes, Pen, this dear, long-lost friend, Walter Ormond—been there to help me." And Gregory Lynch looked towards Ormond, who had dismounted and was approaching the father and daughter. "How can I ever sufficiently thank him?"

"Did I understand rightly, papa? Walter Ormond?" Penelope inquired in astonishment.

"Yes; that is my name," was the Union officer's reply. "I was born on that ridge yonder. Your father and I were like brothers once. Gregory," he said, turning towards Lynch, "how can any one doubt that there is a Providence of God when he brings together in this way friends who should never have been separated?"

Penelope's thoughts had been rapidly running over her con-

versation during the night with the wounded soldier, and she had at the same time been studying the features of her father's old friend. "Let us go into the house at once," she said, "and you shall see a still further proof that God does provide."

Her father gazed at her curiously, fearful that the night of anxiety amid such surroundings might either have unhinged her mind or have embittered it for life. But she seemed almost gay as she tripped ahead of them and the Confederate surgeon, and, while daintily keeping her skirts clear of infection, led them into the house and to the room where the one living man of all the soldiers in blue or gray that strewed the floors lay in the corner, his suffering face beaming with expectancy.

Penelope's eyes met his as she entered the room, and the message that unconsciously passed between them in that glance could have but one purport if understood; but the generous girl was not thinking then of herself, but only of the love between father and son that now was to take renewal of life in this house of woe. "That is your son!" she said to Colonel Ormond, pointing to the wounded man whom the Confederate surgeon had already espied and was approaching to relieve.

But why dwell on such a scene? Ye who find fault with fiction that it overdraws have known but one phase of life, and measure all fact by that. The father and son who had searched for one another in vain were here reunited, and the son was carried off by his father in the ambulance to be thoroughly healed in time by good care. The suspicion of treason against the son was removed by the return to his company from the long Southern imprisonment of that one of Sergeant Potter's squad who was captured by the Confederate scouts. And so this fine young fellow, whose early life had been one of misfortune, who, for want of money, had ridden on the trucks of railroad cars, and so once came near losing his life at Camp Dennison, seemed now ennobled by the heroism which always shines amid the horrors of war.

As Pierce Ormond was carried into the ambulance, his father stood with his foot in his stirrup grasping the hand of Gregory Lynch, and as the Confederate officer gave the signal for departure Pierce drew the tips of Penelope's fingers to his lips, and, remembering the words of a song then in vogue in the North, he looked into her eyes with questioning gaze and murmured, "When this cruel war is over?" She could not speak, but the tears that flowed down her cheeks were answer enough.

THOMAS F. GALWEY.

CHRISTIANITY INDEFECTIBLE.

THE title I have given to this article is vague and ambiguous, because I have not found any phrase in which to express briefly and distinctly what I intend to be the thesis of my argument. I must therefore define my terms and state precisely what I propose to prove, that the reader may perceive the exact point at which I am aiming.

By "Christianity" I mean the doctrine and law which Christ committed to the apostles to be announced to the world. By "indefectible" I mean unalterable and permanent, by a divine provision giving continuous existence to the genuine Christianity of Christ; like the law which preserves the human species in its typical essence, and the law which secures the permanence of the solar system. A wide field is here opened to our view, upon which the universal Christian controversy is waged. The questions: What is the genuine Christianity of Christ? What is apostolic Christianity? What is the earlier and later historical Christianity? What are the mutual relations of all these to each other?—all these questions are matters of contest and discussion. Evidently, the question first in order is: What is the Christianity of Christ? Whoever attempts to affirm or deny the indefectibility of Christianity must have a definite idea of that term which is put in comparison with apostolic and historical Christianity. There are two general answers to this question given by two opposite divisions into which the numerous distinct species of disputants on Christianity may be classified. One answer is: That Christianity is a human philosophy. The other: That it is a divine revelation. With the first class I have no present contention. My contention is with one section of the second division, in respect to one point, viz.: whether a certain supposed alteration and lapse from the original type could have taken place or did take place during the earliest centuries after the apostolic age.

I maintain that Christianity is indefectible, in opposition to the theory that it was altered from its original, genuine form as the pure gospel of Jesus Christ and the apostles, by those who succeeded to their office of teaching and ruling the church, during the second and third centuries. The Christianity of the church founded by Christ perseveres, unaltered and unalterable, during

the apostolic, early, mediæval, and modern periods, and will continue to the end of the world. Historical and Catholic Christianity, in its faith, law, and order, is the Christianity of Christ, and no other form of religion has in it anything of the genuine Christianity, except what it has received from this original source.

Those who deny this statement are obliged to define their own conception of genuine Christianity, in order to show what is the alteration which took place in the process of transformation. They are obliged to prove the truth of their own conception, and to show the causes, periods, authors, and methods of the alteration which, according to their theory, must have taken place.

I am only concerned with those whose conception of Christianity presents it as a divine religion, a revelation of truth and grace through a divine redeemer and saviour, by whom and in whom all who are saved are made children of God and heirs of everlasting life. Thus far there is no contention between us. Neither do I care to contend with those who accuse the Catholic Church of essentially altering this gospel and substituting another in its place. Those evangelical Protestants who are, in my view, the most worthy of respectful consideration, will readily admit that Christianity, in its essence, is indefectible, and was not altered essentially, but only accidentally, in the supposed transformation which it underwent from apostolic into Catholic Christianity. The contention arises in respect to the distinction between the essence and the accidents; that is, in respect to what are the essentials and what the non-essentials of Christianity. Those who restrict the essentials to certain fundamental articles of the apostolic creed and precepts of the divine law, can recognize essential Christianity as existing under various and widely different forms. Guizot is a good representative of this class.

There is, however, a further question of contention, besides the definition of the essence of Christianity. It relates to all which is supposed to have been changed or added in the concrete system of Christianity. If this alteration is supposed to affect only the environment and not the pure essence of Christianity, the contention still remains, concerning all which is included in this environment, whether belonging to doctrine, rites, or polity. Suppose one says: the difference between a Catholic, a Lutheran, and a Calvinist regarding the Holy Eucharist does not relate to essential doctrine, he must nevertheless admit that in fact the apostles taught the doctrine they received from Jesus Christ. The

contention, therefore, remains in the agreement or disagreement of ecclesiastical with apostolic doctrine. So, also, aside from the question whether the controversy concerning the episcopate relates to the essential or the non-essential, it is a question of fact whether the episcopal polity was or was not established by the apostles. And so of other matters of discussion.

The precise nature and limits of our present contention may now be defined. It is admitted that the conception and actual form of Christianity universally prevalent before the First Council of Nicæa, setting aside manifest heresies and schisms, was, in a broad and general sense, Catholic, in the received, technical sense of that term. That is, the way of salvation appointed by Jesus Christ was believed to be a visible, organic, universal church, the medium and instrument through which the Holy Spirit imparted faith and grace to the disciples of Christ; and the great Christian body called the Catholic Church really existed, claiming lineal descent from the apostles. This ideal and actual form of Christianity was sacramental, sacerdotal, and hierarchical. What was the origin of this part of historical Christianity? Was it divine or merely human? I maintain, of course, that it was divine, and as such, an essential part of the genuine Christianity of Christ. That is, Jesus Christ instituted the episcopate as a binding and perpetual polity, gave the sacerdotal character to the priests of the New Law, instituted a true and proper sacrifice in the Eucharist, made baptism the ordinary means of regeneration, transmitted to the apostolic hierarchy teaching authority and the power of the keys; in a word, created the body as well as the soul of the church. This is not an exact enumeration, but a selection of salient points sufficient to indicate the meaning of my thesis of the indefectibility of Christianity, and to mark the opposite theory in the contention.

The opponent must deny all I have affirmed, and assert the human origin of all that whose divine origin is explicitly or implicitly asserted in my thesis. Therefore, even if he admits that the essence of Christianity remained unchanged, he is obliged to suppose a change, and a very great alteration to have taken place in the integral conception and actual form of the Christian religion.

I deny the fact and the possibility of such an alteration. The opponent who maintains that the alteration respected non-essentials, and not only might, but did take place, the essence remaining unchanged, has a certain apparent advantage. For, change in environment, in accidents; development in doctrine,

ritual, and administration, variations and differences in all these respects, must be allowed to be compatible with the permanence of the faith and the divine order of Christianity. Nevertheless, in the argument upon the direct question whether a certain supposed alteration is or is not a probable hypothesis or a provable fact, if the Catholic thesis be successfully maintained, the whole case is gained. What I contend for as of divine origin and right, is necessarily of the essence of Christianity if it belongs to it at all. And all the arguments which overthrow our more moderate opponents, fall with tenfold force upon those who are more extreme, and accuse either the ancient church, or even the apostles, of having essentially altered the genuine Christianity of Christ.

Let us begin, then, from a term of departure which we have in common. There is a doctrine and a rule of life centred in faith in the divine person and authority of Jesus Christ, the redeemer and saviour of mankind, received by divine revelation, and made efficacious by divine grace. This is of the essence of the Christianity of Christ and the apostles; it is its spirit and soul, and therefore more noble than any other part of integral Christianity, whether regarded as pertaining to its essence, or to the integrity of its constitution, or to its accidents, or environment.

Those who maintain that it is the whole essence, if they admit the necessity of some kind of visible church and ecclesiastical order, must and do admit that the apostles and disciples were formed into a society by Jesus Christ. They admit that the apostles gathered their converts into fellowship with themselves in this society, in which there was a rule of faith, a rule of life, a ministry, the administration of sacraments and discipline, the preaching of the word, and common worship.

Let this be regarded as merely the environment of the spiritual essence of Christianity. Nevertheless, it is incredible that Jesus Christ and the apostles should have left it undetermined, so that the form and order of Christianity, as a religion, should be liable to variation in different times and countries, and subject to the will of whatever power, whether of the people or of a ruling class, might either justly or unjustly have control over ecclesiastical affairs. Sectarian divisions and disputes among Christians are obviously a great evil and hindrance to the efficiency and progress of Christianity, and notably to its missionary work. This state of confusion cannot be ascribed to the apostles and Christ, any more than evil in general can be

referred to God as its cause. As sin and its penalties have their origin in disobedience to the law of God, confusion, schisms, and sects in Christendom have issued from disobedience to the teaching and precepts of Christ given through the apostles.

The apostles, most assuredly, had a clear idea of the commission given them as teachers of truth and founders of the church. It is certain, also, that they fulfilled it faithfully. They taught their disciples what was the genuine, essential Christianity, in respect to the revealed truths which they were bound to believe and profess, and the precepts they were bound to obey. They gave them a rule of faith and practice, sufficient to keep them in unity of doctrine and fellowship, and to preserve this unity until the end of the world.

Let us suppose, now, that this original, genuine Christianity of the apostles was substantially the same as that form of it which now subsists among orthodox Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and Protestants generally, with the exception of those, on the one side, who are High Churchmen, and of those, on the other side, who are rationalists or erratic sectarians. It is plain that the principles and the plan of the external organization of the church, according to this theory, must have been in harmony with the doctrine and the rule of faith, and adapted to the preservation and universal propagation of the genuine gospel of Christ in its purity. Our opponents universally contend that it was substantially a presbyterian order under which the primitive church was constituted. Whether or no, one universal form was prescribed; whether the external model of association was the looser and simpler congregational order, or the more compact order of presbyterian polity, or episcopal, or more or less conformed to these various types with a certain latitude and diversity in different regions and places; the theory of our opponents demands that the church be regarded as a society of equal brethren, in which the presiding officers are only elder brethren. This is the basis of the ecclesiastical polity of the variously organized Protestant churches. The church is a congregation of the faithful. The ministers of the church are elders who preside over smaller or larger societies, in which they may or may not have a presidency over subordinate ministers. The ecclesiastical principle is, therefore, congregational and presbyterian, even though the form of government be episcopal. It is with reason, therefore, that the form of church government, regarded as a merely external order, is declared by the most eminent Protestant authors to be a non-essential.

Some, who maintain the apostolic origin of the episcopal order, disclaim the pretension that episcopal succession is necessary to the being of the church, though they assert its importance to the church's well-being, and the obligation of adhering to it.

Others have maintained that the apostles established an order of which the stricter presbyterian or looser congregational polity is a copy, and that this polity was made obligatory, for the sake of the well-being of the church, although not essential to its being.

Now, all these various opinions, ranging between opposite extremes of strictness and latitude, have this in common, that they exclude the Catholic idea of a sacerdotal hierarchy, first constituted by Christ in the apostles, and continued in the episcopate. The hierarchical idea is incompatible with that doctrine of the pure, original essence of Christianity which we are considering, and which its advocates qualify as evangelical and scriptural by contrast with the legal and traditional system of Catholicism. They do not recognize the hierarchical character even in the apostles. According to their theory, the apostles were only persons appointed to give a message from Jesus Christ to men, and particularly to true believers, a message which they were inspired and moved by the Holy Spirit to deliver, teaching men what they must believe and what they must do, in order to be true Christians. While they were delivering their message *viva voce*, they were the living, speaking rule of faith, or rather their spoken word was that rule. When they had committed that revealed and inspired word to writing, it became the New Testament, and with the Old Testament made the complete Bible, the written Word of God, henceforth the only and sufficient rule of faith and practice, for all believers, taken singly and collectively. On this supposition, the apostolic commission was merely personal, extraordinary, and temporary, expiring with the last of the apostles, St. John.

Now, whether more or less latitude is supposed to have existed, in respect to the method and rule giving form and orderly arrangement to the visible society of Christian believers, it is certain that the apostles must have impressed their own idea of their commission, their message, the true genius and nature of Christianity; the essential doctrines and precepts of the gospel; and the principles of association and common action which should direct and govern the Christian community in its inward and outward working for the preservation and increase of its spiritual life, and for the salvation of the outlying world.

By the supposition, the idea of a hierarchy in the apostolic

order, to be transmitted and continued in a line of successors of the apostles, was excluded, with all involved in and following from it as a principle, both doctrinally and practically. This exclusion could not have been merely negative. The preaching of what a Congregationalist understands as the pure essence of Christianity must have involved a positive exclusion of all Jewish sacerdotalism as a part of an imperfect, superseded law, and of everything similar in paganism, as a mere counterfeit of genuine religion. Moreover, the Lord must have inspired his apostles and prophets, whom he filled with his Spirit, to safeguard the infant church against the danger of detrimental innovation and alteration.

We come now face to face with the question: Could a great and momentous change and alteration have taken place, silently and universally, between A.D. 100 and A.D. 300, by which the apostolic association of local Christian congregations was transformed into a corporate, organic body, under a hierarchical polity?

It is against common sense, against human nature, contrary to all historical experience, to make such a supposition. If the apostolic model was simply congregational or presbyterian, and prescribed universally as obligatory, it must have taken such a deep root in the virgin soil of the first century, and attained such a sturdy growth and stability as to be ineradicable.

If there had been a latitude in local arrangements, leaving particular churches free to determine for themselves the manner of their constitutions, so that different models, such as the episcopal, the stricter presbyterian, and the congregational had been followed in certain cities and districts, this liberty and diversity would have become traditional and historical. The habits, memories, and affections of the faithful would have clung tenaciously to their particular usages, and for all, apostolic precedent would have made them sacred. In either case, the universal establishment of an episcopal polity could not have been quietly and imperceptibly affected. A common consent and agreement to adopt such a polity, and a concerted plan of leading men among the clergy to impose this episcopal government, extending through so many and widely separated countries, are alike impossible hypotheses. Equally impossible is the hypothesis of a gradual development, without any preconceived plan, simultaneously in all places, resulting in one uniform episcopal constitution.

This is only touching the exterior surface. The ecclesiastical polity is considered only as a way of providing for mutual communion and co-operation among particular Christian societies, in which bishops are chief overseers and magistrates. The world-

wide confederation divided and sub-divided into greater and lesser provinces, dioceses, and parishes, with the Roman primacy over all, particular and plenary councils, and the œcumenical council of Nicæa, representing and legislating for the universal church; in this aspect, is only a grand Evangelical Alliance, but not by any means what Catholics believe to be the Catholic Church.

If we could suppose that even this kind of a confederation and constitution could have been devised and effected in a human mode, it would be an event of such magnitude that it would be conspicuous in the early history of the church. It is not possible, however, to make such a supposition reasonably. The only sufficient cause which can be assigned for this wonderful and universal constitution of the church, is the concerted action of its founders, the apostles, instructed by Jesus Christ, its supreme head, and directed by the Holy Spirit.

But we have as yet touched only the outer surface, the shell of the living, organic body, animated by the spirit of Christianity. When we go deeper, we find that the hypothesis of a change from simple congregationalism to episcopacy implies more than a mere change of the outward form. It is necessary to suppose, not only that in lieu of a parity among presbyters, and an aggregation of small particular communities united in common fellowship, there was established a presidency or primacy of superintendents, and a stricter organic union of smaller and larger parts into a universal whole, but that a much more important change took place, altering the whole idea of the church and the ministry.

That is to say, not only does episcopacy present itself in the earliest history as the sole and universal order, and of apostolic institution, but as being the continuation of the apostolate, which is, in the apostles and their successors, a strictly hierarchical order. Bishops alone have received the power to ordain, and they have received it by a consecration distinct from ordination to the presbyterate, together with the other qualities which appertain to the episcopal character. The idea of the sacramental nature of holy orders is involved in this doctrine, and the idea of the sacerdotal character communicated by Christ to the apostles and through them to all priests of the New Law is indissolubly connected with it, as also the idea of the Holy Eucharist as a true and proper sacrifice, and the idea of sacramental grace in all its extension. The church, being founded on a sacerdotal hierarchy, and being sacramental through and through in its essence, is totally diverse from that which Protestants call the visible church. And if Christ really founded this One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church, it needs

no argument to prove that it is a part of the essence of Christianity, as the body, equally with the soul, is a part of the essence of humanity.

The sacerdotal hierarchy begun in the apostles and inherited in all the fulness of its gifts by the episcopate, was also believed to continue as the living and perpetual rule of faith. There is no trace of that supposed transposition of the rule of faith from a living authority in the apostles to a written record of their teaching in the canonical books of the New Testament. Scripture and Tradition are alike acknowledged as the sources whence the knowledge of revealed truths is derived, the immediate rule being the teaching authority of the church. The rule of faith is manifestly an essential principle in Christianity.

If, therefore, the idea of a sacerdotal hierarchy, with its accompaniments and consequences, was not a part of genuine, original Christianity, but a false development or a human addition, there was certainly a great change in respect to the essence of Christianity. The conception of the essence was changed by addition. Although the pure, original essence remained in the composite, the composite was very different from the simple essence, and the other element necessarily affected its action. Water is very different from oxygen and hydrogen; and oxygen in water is very different from oxygen by itself. Historical Christianity is very different from what apostolic Christianity is supposed to have been in its original simplicity. If it was the result of change, and a composition of divine and human elements, the change was a disaster. It was detrimental, and the successful enterprise of changing congregationalism into catholicism was criminal.

Will it be said that it was all done in good faith, without deliberate intention, preconceived and concerted plan, and so not criminal? Catholicism must have been, then, either an unconscious evolution from apostolic Christianity, or a work of chance. A little boy once asked another and smaller boy if he knew how to make a corn-stalk fiddle. "Yes," said he. "How do you do it?" "Take a corn-stalk and whittle it and whittle it, and sling it away. Then take another and whittle it and whittle it, and sling it away. Then take another and whittle it and whittle it, and its a fiddle!" Behold an epitome of the early history of the church, according to our evangelical brethren!

If Jesus Christ could not and did not give his apostles power to declare the revealed truth, to prescribe the rule of faith, and to constitute the church, in a manner adequate to the end proposed, indefectible, durable, superior to everything human, he did

not have divine wisdom and power. If he could not give them the plan of a religion capable of keeping its genuine form during any notable period, he was inferior to Moses and several other great founders, even in human wisdom and power. A Christianity so feeble and evanescent in its original form that it speedily disappeared to give place to a transformation, must have been extremely vague and indeterminate. In no other case could the innovations in doctrine and polity which are supposed to have arisen and prevailed have gained their universal sway, in good faith and sincerity. This kind of reasoning leads irresistibly to rationalism and naturalism, and to the destructive theories of Renan, Prof. Green, and Mrs. Ward.

If the church did not drift unconsciously into catholicism, how did it arrive there? The historic fact of a solid, compact, world-wide catholicism in the year 300 stares us in the face. It is not a novelty. It goes back indefinitely towards A.D. 200, 100, and 70. There are no signs of any revolution, or peaceable reconstitution, or of controversy on matters of primary importance, except with manifest heretics, schismatics, Jews, and pagans. Apostolic men, saints, martyrs, fathers of the church, the vast multitude of the faithful are all in it. They have no doubt that it is scriptural and apostolic. The notion of a departure from or an improvement upon apostolic Christianity is totally absent from the mind of every one who professes to be a Catholic. Tertullian, indeed, preaches a new dispensation more perfect than any which went before it. But he places himself in the position of an open rebel and schismatic, a violent enemy of the papacy and the episcopacy. He admits that the papal and episcopal church is identical with the apostolic church, and was the genuine embodiment of Christianity before the pretended advent of the Paraclete, and the new revelations of the prophets of the Montanist sect. All the early heresies are marked by the notes of private speculation, disregard of tradition and authority, and the spirit of innovation. The early Catholic Church is marked by the traditional spirit, reverence for antiquity and authority, and submission of private judgment to universal consent whose most formal and solemn manifestation is expressed in ecclesiastical decisions.

It is evident that bishops, ecclesiastical statesmen, theologians, if they had wished and attempted to change the pure, apostolical Christianity by alteration or addition, could not have succeeded in gaining the consent of the universal episcopate and the mass of the faithful. Much less could they have persuaded the whole church that this alteration was no change, but only

the development and expansion of genuine, apostolic doctrine and order.

The apostolic preaching was clear and definite, and its sound went forth through and beyond the bounds of the world of the Roman Empire. The early Christian church was imbued with it and stamped by its impress. Besides the thirteen apostles, there were prophets endowed with supernatural gifts, evangelists and missionaries, teachers and pastors, trained by apostles and apostolic men. There is credible testimony to the continuance of extraordinary gifts in a certain number of Christian teachers for some time after the apostolic age. St. John survived until the end of the first century to warn the church against departure and innovation. Faith and charity were intensely vivid in the nascent Christendom. Fervent love of Jesus Christ, fervent love of the Christian brotherhood, fervent zeal for the salvation of the world, burned in their hearts, and their minds were illumined by the light of heaven. As time went on, the noble army of martyrs, with ever-increasing ranks, pressed forward with dauntless courage to face tortures and death, fructifying the earth with their blood. The constellations of fathers and doctors shone out with brilliant splendor in the sky. Apostolic men went forth in crowds to evangelize the heathen nations. Idolatry was conquered, barbarism was gradually subjugated, the grand edifice of Christendom was built up. The history of these great achievements, the history of Christianity, of the church, of civilization, is the history of Catholicism. Our learned and large-minded opponents record this history, and they confess that the organic system of Catholicism centred in and crowned by the papacy was not only useful but morally necessary for carrying out the work begun by the apostles.

Now, all the vital force and energy of Catholicism was derived from faith in its divine origin. What an absurd theory is that, and how fatal to belief in the divine origin of Christianity and the divine character of its Founder, which supposes that the Christianity of Christ failed after its first beginning, and was superseded by a new form, more powerful than the original religion. On this supposition, a human invention, in which genuine Christian principles, doctrines, and institutions were combined with delusions, errors, usurpations, and alien elements, was the instrument of Divine Providence for establishing that kingdom of God on the earth, whose foundations Christ and his apostles failed to lay in a solid and durable manner.

It is absurd to suppose that the sages, saints, and martyrs

of early Christianity were either the subjects or the authors of a hallucination so extraordinary that it surpasses even the visionary cosmogony of the Gnostics.

It is equally absurd to suppose that Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, Knox, and their compeers, re-discovered the lost type of genuine, apostolical Christianity. If Irenæus, Cyprian, Athanasius, and the Cyrils were so seriously mistaken as to ascribe to the apostles what was really a vast innovation on genuine Christianity, what value have the confused and conflicting theories of the disciples of the Reformation? It is still for them a matter of literary and scholarly research, of fine-spun criticism, and antiquarian investigation, what Christ and the apostles were sent by the Father to do and to teach.

A. F. HEWIT.

THE MOZARABIC RITE.

THE Catholic Church points with pride to its past and present, distinguished alike by oneness of faith and practice; and this unity is not marred or broken by such slight variations in detail as may exist, without the least prejudice to any one fundamental principle relating to faith or morals. One of the greatest lights of the church in the generation just preceding our own remarks as one of the signs of its divine origin that, while never swerving from the straight line of faith and morals, in all times and amongst all peoples, it possesses an adaptability to all races and circumstances. In no episode of history is this more clearly shown than in that phase of its ritual called the Mozarabic Rite, in the cause of its existence, its continuance, and practical extinction when the need for it had passed away.

This name is associated with a long-continued struggle, lasting for centuries, between devotion to duty on the one hand, and power and wealth and the influence of seductive surroundings on the other; when to yield their faith meant a gain of all the world prizes most highly, and to adhere to it involved ridicule and oppression and being regarded as belonging to a conquered and hated caste. The central and most prominent point of this struggle was one of the oldest and most interesting cities in Spain, Toledo the venerable. After crossing the muddy Tagus, that almost encircles the city in its folds, the tourist who passes on

through the Moorish gateway covered with Arabic inscriptions and verses from the Koran, and reaches the grand old cathedral, massive and stern without but replete with decoration and grace within, is all unmindful of what its memories could teach him, of the courage and constancy of the small body of Christians whose principal place of worship this was.

The war waged by the Moors to establish their supremacy in Spain was carried on with great cruelty. Their rule was to burn or slay, and if a few captives were spared, they were reserved for a worse fate, forced into servitude and employed in the lowest occupations. The destruction of churches, the massacre of the clergy, and the suppression of every external mark of religion were the sure consequences of Arabian success. Such severity roused the Christian population—or at least that remnant which had not already fled with Pelayo to the mountain fastnesses of the northwest—to the courage of despair; and after their first easy victories the Moors were confronted by such obstinate resistance, especially in the siege of Toledo, a city whose possession was of vital importance to them, that they entered into compromises with the inhabitants, which they had hitherto utterly refused to do. The city was forced to surrender, but on condition that the Christians who wished to remain should be permitted to retain their property and allowed the free exercise of their religion. These conditions were in part fulfilled, but in such a way as to increase their temptations to apostasy and render their steadfastness a subject of admiration and surprise. They were few in numbers, surrounded by a victorious and intellectual race willing to tolerate any difference that did not extend to religion; if the Christians would but relinquish that, there was no bar to their advancement or identification with their conquerors. Their adherence to it caused them to be treated as a vanquished people, for while they retained their own churches and monasteries, had their own bishops, and were judged by their own tribunals when the matter to be decided related only to themselves and did not involve capital punishment, they were compelled to pay double the amount of tribute paid by the Moors, were heavily taxed for their church property, obliged to submit to circumcision and attend those schools where only Arabic was spoken, and their social position for some generations was intolerable. It was impossible that these circumstances should not influence their daily lives. In time they wore the Moorish dress, served in the Moorish armies, adopted Moorish manners; hence they were given the name which has since distinguished them, and from them

been attached to the liturgy in which they worshipped, of Mozárabes or Muçarabes, meaning mixed Arabs.

This liturgy was far more ancient than the name would imply, dating from the foundation of the church in Spain, and in its earlier form bearing slight traces of the Gothic tendency towards Arianism. It is sometimes incorrectly attributed to St. Isidore of Seville, who merely revised and rearranged it, a work entrusted to him by the Council of Toledo. A copy of this revised edition was given to each priest on his ordination, to which he bound himself to adhere in the exercise of his ministry; and it is said to have received the formal approval of Pope John X. in 918. To this ritual the Catholics of Spain clung with tenacity during the long period of Moslem ascendency. Apart from the intrinsic merits of this rite, and they are universally admitted to be of a high order, both as to its literary beauties and as a means of inspiring piety, it has a peculiar interest as a proof of the readiness of the Catholic Church to recognize the varying wants of her spiritual children, and to shape her devotional exercises in conformity to these. Spiritual ends are advanced and encouraged by merely human means, and here a body of people kept true, under adverse surroundings, to their faith by concessions in mode of worship in which there was no question of a sacrifice of principle, but merely an acquiescence in race needs and conditions. Thus, more than once, when to insure uniformity throughout the Catholic world a strict revision of ritual was carried on, this little church was allowed to continue with its own ritual, alike indeed in spirit, but differing in form and expression from the established liturgy. Despite the efforts of some recent Protestant writers to see in the Mozarabic ritual the source of a non-Catholic church of the present, it contains repeated evidence, most clearly and expressly stated, of points denied by Protestants, such as the adoration of the Eucharist, Purgatory and prayers for the dead, the invocation of saints, the honor paid to relics, and the use of images, and breathes throughout the spirit that animates the Catholic Church of to-day.

The ritual was characterized by wealth of imagery and fervent piety clothed in rich and glowing diction. It was longer and much more charged with ceremonial than ours, while being eminently popular in tone, both in the nature and form of its devotions, even to the point of making the laity respond to the priest during part of the Mass; and following the three

biblical lessons which preceded their offertory there was always an address to the people especially appointed for each day, always short and explanatory or illustrative. So careful were the pastors that this flock should have its spiritual sustenance in easy reach of all, that, Latin having fallen into almost entire disuse, so that few could read it, John, Bishop of Seville, translated the Bible into Arabic, the universal language of the people. It would be impossible in a magazine article to give any detailed account of so extensive a subject as the ritual of a church, or the copious extracts necessary for the full appreciation of its individualities and beauty, but a passing notice of some of the differences in the celebration of the Mass may not be without interest.

The Introit varies with the festivals, but is always unlike ours; the Gloria follows, and on certain feasts the Canticle of the Three Young Men in the Fiery Furnace. Three lessons were appointed for great festivals. The lessons were taken not only from the historical and poetical books of the Old Testament, but even from Jesus Sirach; and between Easter and Pentecost the lesson from the Old Testament was replaced by portions of Revelations. Two books were used in the celebration of the Mass, and the one called *Liber offerentium* was placed on the altar during the Gospel. The Creed was not said until just before the Pater Noster, in order "that the people might receive the Body and Blood of our Lord in Holy Communion with hearts full of fresh faith and love." The Preface was called the "Inference," it is supposed from the fact that the priest *infers* from the responses of the people that it is "meet and just to give thanks to the Lord." In pouring water into the chalice the priest said: "From the side of our Lord Jesus Christ blood and water are said to have flowed, and therefore we mix them that the merciful God may vouchsafe to sanctify both for the salvation of our souls." The consecration began immediately after the Sanctus and a short prayer called the *Post Sanctus*, and during it the priest prayed: "Come, Jesus, good high-priest, in our midst as thou wast in the midst of thy disciples; sanctify this oblation that it may be sanctified to us by the hand of thy holy angel, holy Lord and Redeemer. . . ." The celebrant divided the consecrated host into nine particles, each having a name corresponding to some incident in the life of our Lord, such as incarnation, birth, circumcision, transfiguration, death, resurrection, etc., and these he arranged on the paten, on which were engraved seven small circles forming a cross, in such

a manner that each circle received one of the seven parts of the host; the other two were placed on the paten to the right of the cross. After the breaking of the bread prayers were said for the afflicted, for the sick, for prisoners, and for the dead, during which the priest struck his breast as with us at the *nobis quoque peccatoribus;* then taking one particle, he let it fall into the chalice, reciting certain prayers. The benediction of the people was now given, and then followed the communion while the choir chanted, "Taste and you shall see how sweet is the Lord."

The priest then took another particle, saying: "I receive the bread of heaven from the table of the Lord; I will call upon the name of the Lord"; prayed for all sinners, recited *Domine, non sum dignus,* and consumed the particles in a prescribed order. Instead of the *Missa est,* he said: "The solemnities are finished, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ; may our offering be accepted and peace vouchsafed." Constant supplications for peace are scattered throughout and incorporated in the ritual, a touching reminder how precarious and longed for such a gift was to a subject people.

So attached were the people and clergy to this ritual in its entirety that when, after the expulsion of the Moors and the return of Toledo to Christian rule, the king tried to take it from them and substitute the Roman in its place, there were uprisings among the people, and it was finally decided to have recourse to "the judgment of God." The king, court, and clergy, and an excited multitude gathered in the great plaza, in the centre of which a fire was lit; into this a copy of each liturgy was thrown. We are told that immediately the Gregorian book slid from the pile and laid to one side, while the other remained unburnt in the midst of the flames. This result of the ordeal caused exultation among the adherents of both sides, each maintaining that the fact of their book coming forth uninjured was convincing proof that Heaven favored it. To satisfy both parties, it was decided that the Gregorian liturgy should be used all over Spain, with the exception of six churches in Toledo and Leon, which should continue the use of the Mozarabic Rite. This permission was never retracted, but hotly as it had been contended for, it was not long before it ceased to be exercised. The Mozárabes soon became absorbed in their fellow-countrymen and co-religionists; and through intermarriages, and the gradual moulding into a national form, these differences rapidly died out; and in time the ancient rite was only celebrated on certain

festivals, and then as a "memorial service." Such was the case when Cardinal Ximenes visited Toledo. This great man, whose zeal for the increase of piety and learning was unflagging, had just built the beautiful library at Alcala, and while inspecting the documents of the Cathedral of Toledo was so impressed by the beauty, piety, and nobleness of thought of the Mozarabic liturgy that he set earnestly to work to save it from destruction. At his own expense he caused careful copies to be made, replaced the Gothic characters by Castilian, and printed both a Missal and Breviary. Both were formally approved of by Pope Julius II. These copies were so highly esteemed that Pope Paul III. sent to Toledo expressly to obtain some, which he placed in the Vatican Library as valuable monuments of the Spanish Church. In less than fifty years after the death of Cardinal Ximenes the books he had disseminated at the cost of much labor and money became so rare that a single missal sold for thirty ducats. In 1755 a fresh publication was made, and it is stated that there is scarcely a Continental library of any repute that does not possess a copy.

Ximenes, not content with rescuing this liturgy from oblivion, determined to provide for its continuance as an office of the church in actual use, and to insure this end he erected a beautiful chapel to his cathedral at Toledo, gave it the name Ad Corpus Christi, instituted a college of thirteen priests called Mozárabes Sodales, which still exists, or at least did some three years ago. They were each day to celebrate the divine office and recite the canonical hours according to this rite.

The formal approbation of Pope John X. to this rite has been questioned, and it is said that the proofs on which it rests are not beyond criticism, and Alexander II. and Gregory VII. contemplated replacing it by the Gregorian. But the fact remains that in its revised form it was approved of and enforced by the Council of Toledo, that for centuries it was recognized and countenanced by the Holy See, that it was regarded as a form of worship grateful to the people and as such allowed, until the strong prejudices of the people in its favor had yielded to the pressure of new surroundings, and they accepted with willingness the Gregorian liturgy; that when in the process of time it fell into desuetude it was rescued by one of the greatest prelates of the church, who in this instance but completed the wish of his predecessor in the primacy of Spain; that his efforts in this direction were highly approved of by the pope, and that its beauties have received the commenda-

tion of many learned writers, ecclesiastical and laic. These facts are significant of a great vivifying principle which the Catholic Church acts on, to appreciate and correspond to the wants of its children, and make use of such external aids and methods of devotion as may in different times and under changed circumstances suit their exigencies.

G. S. LEE.

THE CLOSED HEART.

IF I could enter in that heart,
  And for a season there abide,
Its bolts and locks I'd rend apart,
  Its doors and windows open wide,
And let the sunlight of God's sky
  Shine in each recess dim and cold,
And let the breezes of God's earth
  Blow through its cobwebs old:

The music of this busy world
Should through its dungeon bars be whirled,
Its warmth and light should penetrate
And draw each captive to his grate;
If slaves of sin or slaves of pride
They be that in those cells abide,
I'd free the slaves, the dungeons raze,
Till one wide room with warmth ablaze

Should there be found, and with the rest
The fount of love within that breast,
Placed there by Him, should be unsealed
And all its plenty be revealed;
Its blood-springs leaping up therein,
And love's and life's unceasing din
Like music through the changed rooms pealed.
Thus garnished, warmed, and opened wide,
What royal guests might there abide!

MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

THE LOVELINESS OF SANCTITY.

II.

IS it necessary to say that the loveliness of St. Philip waxed brighter and more irresistible as the years of his beautiful life sped away? Those years of his Christ-like ministry were an almost unbroken succession of miracles, crowned with the sweetest of all rewards, the winning of souls to serve God with a cheerful spirit. We shall see how our saint succeeded in beguiling men of all ranks and of all ages to strive for righteousness.

It is St. Philip the priest, and the founder of a community of priests, that we have to deal with now. As during the past few years, we shall still have to look for him in the hospitals, in the streets and shops, in the schools and churches of Rome; but often, too, in his little room, either at San Girolamo or at the Valicella. There it will be ours to see him intimately, talk with him freely, learn from him the lessons we need most. He will teach us, this humble priest, whose delight was to be with the poorest and lowliest, and who never betrayed the least subservience to the highest, how to be humble, how to be dignified. The kind *Padre Filippo* will show us what the saints mean when they speak of "the easy ways of divine love." When we last saw him he was a simple layman at the age of thirty-six, with no thought of taking upon himself the awful responsibility of the priesthood, and this notwithstanding two distinct visions with which he was favored during his last year in the world, both seeming to intimate that it was under the consecration of holy orders he was to work henceforth. The first of these visions lasted but a moment. He saw St. John the Baptist, the beloved Florentine patron. Philip's soul was distressed with uncertainties as to the mode of immolation by which he should give his life to God. He was in doubt as to whether he should retire completely from among men and work out his salvation in solitude, by prayer and fasting, or continue the busy life in which he had been engaged for the past sixteen years. In the fervor of his prayer for enlightenment, his heart hot within him, his mortal eyes were miraculously strengthened to see his beloved saint. The same instant he felt as a certainty that he should go on in the service of his brethren, work out his own salvation

and that of others through labor unceasing and through love that should know no rest. But he did not understand from all this that he was to be a priest. The whole ambition of his life at the close of his thirty-fifth year was to live mixed up with and lost in the crowd of men, poor amongst the poor; to do some little good, and to hope that from this might come some profit to the church of God. His hope was realized, as we can all attest, but not exactly through the means that he, in his humility, had deemed the best. The charity of St. Philip has been beautifully manifested. Now for the supreme test of sanctity, his obedience. What must have been his consternation when, without any premonition, his confessor, Persiano Rosa, told him he must devote the remainder of his life to the service of God in the sanctuary. Most respectfully but most firmly did Philip declare that such a step was not to be taken, could not be taken. However, on the command of the guide of his conscience he yields, and against his wishes he disposes himself to enter upon this holy state.

Gladly and most profitably would we dwell upon the first year of St. Philip's priesthood; but that initiatory year of his sublime ministry was to know no falling off, was to be repeated with undiminished zeal and fervor, throughout all the forty-five years of his beautiful consecrated life. His first Mass and his last, and all the Masses he said, were "like the opening of the heavens, a real foretaste of the eternal ecstasy." Whatever may have been the mystic yearnings of his soul for solitude, his will be a career of unbroken activity. His life shows us the true meaning of the words, so mischievously interpreted today, *idealist* and *realist;* he will show us how the ideal and the real may blend to make the perfect man. His biographer tells us that "Philip saying Mass was a sight of wonder and of awe; his countenance was unwontedly animated, its expression as of one looking into heaven. In all his movements there was great modesty, but at the same time a something that riveted the beholder. When he poured the wine into the chalice his hands trembled so he was obliged to support his arms upon the altar in order to perform the rite. When he took the chalice into his hands, a joy as of paradise filled his heart. During the Offertory his whole body trembled visibly. When he had consecrated the sacred Species he felt himself rapt in God. Sometimes he could hardly lower his hands after the Elevation. At the Communion his joy overpowered him and he unconsciously betrayed it outwardly. . . . Very

often his tears would flow abundantly during the Epistle and Gospel. . . . In a word, although Philip did all he could to prevent anything out of the common way in saying Mass, and even forbade those who were present from kneeling where they could see his face, yet for more than forty years Philip's Mass was regarded as a miracle of holy fervor."

If this be St. Philip at the altar, what must he be in the confessional, where it is given to the priests to realize those words, "Ye are other Christs"? Let us go to him as he sits there, at that mystical well, waiting to give us of those living waters. "Philip was a confessor who was all charity and sweetness, and his charity and sweetness had a power which amazed all. He knew how to act as judge and teacher and physician of souls; but his great delight was to feel himself and to be felt by others a father. . . . Only to see him in the confessional diffused through the heart a mysterious and ineffable consolation. As a confessor he was irresistible. There was that about him that compelled all who came near him to love him, and in very truth, to love Philip was to be drawn mightily towards God." Nor need we wonder that his penitents were many and "of every rank in life." It was as a confessor he realized his desire of helping towards a holy reformation. He did not abandon the ministry of the word, in spite of the multitudes besieging his confessional; nor did his mode of preaching differ after he became a priest from what we have already noted while he was only a layman. In all his exhortations his one desire was to set men's hearts aglow with love for God. Hence his sermons were familiar talks about the sweetness of God's service. The same guide who has led us to the saint's altar and to his confessional tells us how that "Philip's face, when he talked of God, was bright, almost flaming, with emotion, and the trembling and beating of his heart often shook the whole room. Often his emotion suspended his power of speaking; but then his look, his eyes, his tears, his agitation itself spoke more eloquently still to the heart and will of those who saw him. He divested his preaching of all that was abstruse, of all pomp of words." Need we query what was the fruit of such eloquence? The more we study the evils of the sixteenth century the more we understand in what sense St. Philip was an instrument of Providence working for true reform, for the classic renaissance had gone far towards the total destruction of that simplicity which is the true characteristic of apostolic preaching.

We know through what means St. Philip's work was to prolong itself even unto our day, nor can we here more than hint at the interesting details of the founding of his congregation. In his abject opinion of himself, he could not easily face the fact that he was to be the founder of an order that in his own lifetime was to assume such proportions, to score such success as to deserve the formal approbation of papal authority; but from the first year of his ordination his apostolate expanded and spread. He was the originator of an association that takes place with the valiant soldiers led on by Ignatius, the soldier-saint; and yet St. Philip's children are bound by no other vows than those every priest makes. They scale the heights of evangelical perfection, luring multitudes after them, and yet make no formal profession of monastic life. He carried on his great work without proclamation, but he steadily and permanently kept his aim in view—viz., to make men glad in the service of God. Not in vain has he been called "The Apostle of Rome," for he has already begun to change the face of the city, begun to show that the real reformation required is in the moral order, and that the teachings of the church, if put into practice, are all-sufficient to insure the note of holiness which belongs to her alone. Trent would formulate her doctrine in such simple terms that the most unlettered can comprehend, and St. Philip has taught us how to express that doctrine in our daily lives. This was his share in the Reformation—to show the possibility of holiness. The means he most successfully used was the frequent reception of the sacraments. He succeeded in bringing multitudes to confession, and many to daily Communion.

The social position and character of those with whom we find him in ceaseless intercourse during this part of his life show us that his sphere of action was greatly extended. Not to the poor and ignorant alone did he now confine his ministrations. He continued to go out to them, but the rich and the learned and the high-placed came to him, many of them to remain with him as co-laborers and as docile subjects. He was in closest relation with popes and cardinals, their friend and often, at their request, their counsellor and guide in matters the most important. Cardinal St. Charles Borromeo, and his nephew after him, the Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, were surely among those outside his spiritual family whom we may call his very dear friends. So were several eminent men of learning in Rome, to say nothing of some of the popes and several cardinals. At least twenty or thirty of the most remarkable

among the members of the Sacred College are spoken of by his biographers as his "dear friends."

Philip was far from dreaming that he would be looked upon and indeed be the central figure of a distinct organization, having rules and constitutions of its own. So far was he from realizing the exact lines which were to trace his work that a very short time before the definite assembling of his first Oratorians he was all on fire with the desire to go to India to share with St. Francis Xavier and so many others the labors of that great and dangerous mission. It became almost a settled determination with him to go with twenty zealous companions on the heroic expedition to those new fields. Obedience, the test of all true inspirations, must settle his anxieties on this question, as it had settled his doubts about his ordination. A holy priest, held in great sanctity by all Rome, and whom Philip consulted, received this answer for him from God after many prayers and serious consideration: "Your India is in Rome." Philip and his twenty companions at once entered heartily into the labor required of them in Rome. The Oratorians from the outset dwelt with St. Philip without any special rules, continuing their "labor of love" in the hospitals and schools, in the streets and churches. The period between 1558, the date of their organization, and 1584, when the formal papal approbation of the congregation was granted them, must be looked upon as the formation period. Not all the members were priests. Laymen were free to join them in the pious exercises, and, as Philip had done before his ordination, they frequently joined in the ministry of preaching, always, however, under the guidance of the priests. We may pause here to say that these times also demand above all things the harmonious co-operation of the laity with the clergy, "the glad unity of priests and people." "In this year 1558," says Philip's biographer, "the great change was that Philip would not any longer be the only preacher; he charged Tarugi and Modio, both laymen, to speak on some Christian virtue, or on the lives of the saints, or on the history of the church. And shortly after this he chose three other laymen to preach; chief of these was Cesare Baronio, now known as Cardinal Baronius, author of the *Ecclesiastical Annals.* All these followed with loving fidelity the style of preaching which Philip had introduced; they preached almost every day, and always with great effect. When they spoke of God and of his kingdom it was as if Philip were speaking. Nor did the fact of their being laymen detract from the good

effect of their discourse, because their holiness clothed their words with authority, and every one recognized on them the impress of the master, whom all Rome regarded as a saint."

Was St. Philip an exception to that law by which all the works of God are tried in the fire of tribulation? It would almost seem so, judging by the immediate happy fruits of his endeavors so far. But let us not be mistaken. St. Philip, who stands pre-eminent among the saints as the model of what we might term perennial cheerfulness, was not exempt from the law of suffering. He, too, must purchase that gladness of heart at the same price we have all to give for it—sacrifices, humiliations, trials of mind and heart and body. We can merely allude here to the sorest of all his tribulations, the accusation of innovation and novelty. Such a life as he and his companions were leading, such a seemingly new way of propagating piety and all good works, the daily preaching, the frequent reunions for prayer and the singing of hymns, above all, the enthusiastic and ever-growing multitudes following him on those pilgrimages to the seven churches—all these looked like innovations. By dint of well-schemed calumnies a storm of persecution burst upon him, all the more painful to him as the severest censures came from persons in authority, the very ones to whom he would naturally have turned for protection. We do not know exactly what the personal share of Pope Paul IV. was in thus afflicting the holy man, but certain it is he was for some time under the most unfavorable impressions relatively to the ways and means employed by the Oratorians, so artful and so seemingly discreet were the representations that had been made to him by some of the cardinals, who in their turn had been deceived. Many of these censors no doubt were in good faith, and were justified in exercising the severest prudence relatively to all that looked like individual initiative in matters religious, so extravagant were the pretensions of the would-be reformers. It is equally certain that the storm raised against these well-meaning and most submissive men was in its origin due to a wicked determination on the part of a few, and that they prevailed for a time. Philip was summoned by the cardinal-vicar to answer the charges brought against him. This cardinal seems to have been of a violent disposition. He forbade Philip going with his companions to visit the seven churches, suspended him for a fortnight from hearing confessions, prohibited the exercises of the Oratory, ending his sentence with these words: "I am surprised that you are not ashamed of

yourself; you, who affect to despise the world, and yet go about enticing such numbers to follow you, all to win favor with the multitude and to work your way under the pretext of sanctity to some eminence or other." If this painful interview has been reproduced, it is solely for the purpose of enjoying the example of a saint meekly bowing before unmerited blame, and meekly, but at the same time grandly, defending himself. Silence in this case would seem a confession of guilt. Let us hear him: "I began these exercises for the glory of God, and for his glory I am ready to give them up. I look upon the commands of my superiors as above all things, and I gladly obey them now. I began the visits to the churches to recreate the minds of my penitents and to withdraw them from those occasions of sin which abound during the carnival. This was my purpose and no other." Is not this the very ideal of humility and manliness? The judge was not, however, convinced. Let those who have suffered the unspeakable pain of finding no trust where most of all they had reason to expect it say whether such a gentle, loving, trusting heart as Philip's was pierced with sorrow at his failure in convincing the cardinal of his innocence. No blow could have hurt Philip more than this; to be suspected of ambitious motives, of self-advancement, when his sole aim was to sacrifice himself for the advancement of God's kingdom. It was hard for him to see many of those who had followed him with the warmest expressions of devotedness now join in the cry against him. He gave up, as had been enjoined, the hearing of confessions, abstained from his beloved exercises. But not all his friends turned against him; his penitents were not influenced by the evil reports; warmly, almost indiscreetly, did they protest their unshaken trust in him. But so great was his respect for authority that he forbade them to throng about him, or to speak in any way of his enemies. This was putting their love to a sore test; nor were they all as obedient as he was, and they would linger in the streets to look at him with affectionate sadness and then follow him afar off. The words by which he explained to them these trials it were well for us to commit to memory: "God desires to make me humble and patient, and when I have gathered from this trial the fruit he wills me to gather it will pass away."

He was right. The trial did not last very long after that, yet he used no other means than prayer. His enemies acknowledged their wrong. Not only all the restrictions were removed,

but Philip, till the end of his long life, had only one thing to fear, too much joy of heart. After the great storm of opposition had passed, his followers became more numerous than ever; many distinguished scholars sought admittance to the Oratory, and after due probation were gladly enrolled as his co-workers. It was Pope Gregory XIII., in 1584, who definitely and in a full brief gave the seal of stability to the beloved congregation of the holy priest by a formal approbation. Most delightful and profitable would be a digression here in favor of that noble brotherhood. Most edifying are the insights Capecelatro gives us into the beauty of heart and intellect of those earliest fathers of the Oratory, especially of that profound genius and child-like admirer of St. Philip, the learned Baronius.

Nor can we, in a necessarily condensed sketch, tell of all the works of St. Philip himself as a founder, as a counsellor of men in high places, as a great and effective reformer. Our study is perforce more intimate; it is to St. Philip as our teacher in matters of daily practice. St. Philip was especially commissioned to show God to the world as a loving Father. We have long since found that out in the gentleness of the saint, in his love so incessantly manifest, in his joyous interpretation of life. We must, if we cultivate the friendship of Philip, get nearer to a realization of those sweet words, "My delight is to be with the children of men." He teaches us also how much more effective for the cure of pride and obstinacy are the mortifications of the spirit than the mere macerations of the body. Nor need we fear any illusion. If we readily adopt his direction the flesh will not be pampered, though he ever leans to clemency. He was of an extraordinary considerateness in regard of fasting and abstinence, of watching, and other bodily penances. But what appalling compensations do we observe when it comes to the mortifying of the spirit! Here the gentle saint was merciless. Baronius and Galloni and many others of the most brilliant scholars of his community would tell us that the most rigid fasts, the severest scourgings, seemed luxuries compared with some of the practices he enjoined on them as calculated to give them practical illustrations of what St. Paul means when he speaks of the "foolishness of the cross," Let us gather a few of this sublime master's maxims. He says: "The whole stress of a Christian life is in the mortification of the *razionale.*" "All the holiness of a man lies here, within the breadth of three fingers," touching his forehead. "My sons, humble your minds, submit your judgments." "See that you

conquer yourselves in little things." From him, as from no other, may we learn how to be sad and how to be glad. There is a Christian sadness, but there is nothing morbid about it. The longer we shall have lingered in St. Philip's "school of Christian mirth," as his humble room was called, the more correct will be our definition and use of sadness. The prevailing tone of our nineteenth-century literature is not exultant. St. Philip knows better; let us hear him. His own glad, merry heart dictated such principles as the following: "Don't want to do everything in a day, or dream of becoming a saint in four days." "My sons, be cheerful. I want you never to commit sin, but to be always gay of heart." "A cheerful spirit attains to perfection much more readily than a melancholy one." "I will have no scruples, no low spirits." Perhaps we could have caught his secret if we could have seen the smile on his face when he said these things. A proof that his theories were realizable is that innumerable were the cures he effected on souls suffering from melancholy and scruples. We are told that many felt their vapors vanish by merely looking at him. All agreed that in the art of comforting there was none like him in all Rome. Perhaps the lesson almost as hard to learn as perpetual cheerfulness is simplicity. Philip's age, like ours, was an age of extremes; with all his unworldliness, with all his child-like artlessness in dealing with the astute, the ambitious and the learned, he knew how to say the right word at the right time; he had but to respond simply and at once to the dictates of his great heart. It would be necessary to do violence to our sense of harmony to doubt for a moment of the truth of what his biographers tell us when they say "he was all his life long absolutely frank, plain, and simple—simple in his dress, his gestures, his walk, and in everything."

St. Philip, like all the saints, had the spirit of prayer. There can be no exaggeration in speaking of his extraordinary faith in prayer. He tells us that "to learn to pray, the best means is the sense of our unworthiness; that he who wishes to pray without mortifying himself is like a bird trying to fly without being fledged." "Be humble and obedient, and the Holy Spirit will teach you to pray." He used often to say: "Now that I have time to pray, O Lord, I can obtain from thee all I want." If his preaching was talking of God, surely his praying was the most confidential talking to God. Yet he was ever lowly in mind, and urged others often to say his own much-repeated prayer: "O Lord, put no trust in me, for I shall

surely fall if thou uphold me not." He saw God mirrored in the beauty of the universe, and loved to pray in the open air, drawing from nature his incentives to make "Sweet melody in his heart," to "rejoice always," which is a high form of prayer. He particularly loved the scriptural words of praise and invocation. His great object seems to have been to familiarize men with God through attractive devotions. Nor can we question his success. He popularized the church services by bringing the people together often and in great numbers for prayer and the singing of hymns. He brought them to daily Mass and frequent Communion. He ignored no means that might help to teach men to love the beauty of the house of God. All the world knows what he did to secure the highest musical genius of his day to co-operate with him; the good and great Palestrina was on the friendliest terms with St. Philip and the Oratory. Philip's gentle, loving, and tender nature, together with his vivid imagination, disposed him from his youth to love music. He found in it both the source and the nature of his holy inspirations. His intimate relations with the best musicians of Rome, especially with Palestrina,

"Who o'er the others like an eagle soars,"

brings St. Philip in close connection with the reforms and advances music made in the sixteenth century.

Had we not already noted what may be called so many predominant passions in this great heart, we might say his love for children was his passion. He loved to go from church to church followed by troops of them, and many a frolic he enjoyed with them in the pleasant halting-places during those pilgrimages. Their noisy mode of enjoyment never wearied him. Those who have lived in Rome tell us of the surpassingly beautiful prospect that spreads before the eye from the Janiculum hill, where stands the church of Sant' Onofrio. The lovers of Tasso go there to visit the spot where the great poet rested while awaiting the crowning honors which at last were to be conferred upon him, and where he died on the day he was to receive the laurel wreath. But especially interesting to the Romans is this beautiful place on account of the pleasant memories of San Filippo that hang about it; here is where he most of all loved to lead up his followers for those open-air devotions and recreations; here is where he would often have one of his boys preach a short sermon he had learned

by heart; where they would sing and then play. How could the young help but love him? he was always so sprightly and gay, even veiling his miracles with gentle jests. He had a smile and pleasant word for each; he would put up with all their pranks that he might keep them near him; they might be as merry and as noisy as they liked, provided they did not sin. He knew how to keep them from danger by ceaseless activity. They played with such zest because he had made them work with diligence. He feared nothing more than melancholy and idleness.

This man, whom we saw at the *début* of his career in Rome sell his books and renounce the charms of study, knew too well the needs of the times to ignore the powerful instrument for good that was to be found in learning; hence, with the same eagerness with which he for a time deprived himself of books did he return to them and enjoin study as one of the most serious obligations of his brethren. We have but to read the history of the Oratory—better still, the works of its great scholars—to feel that with all his simplicity and humility St. Philip was a leader in the ways of knowledge. The saint himself, though always so devoted to the ministry in the churches and hospitals, was ingenious in finding time for such mental relaxations as the writing of graceful sonnets and the reading of valuable books. We have to deplore, however, the humility which led him to destroy many treasures. We have but few of his letters, sufficient, though, to prove that he possessed the charm of comforting and enlightening and saving no less through his written words than through his spoken utterances. The few letters we possess are addressed chiefly to the members of his congregation after the Oratory had become established in Naples and elsewhere. Some delightful ones we find to his nieces (children of the two sisters he left in Florence so many years ago). Two of these nieces were nuns, and what a kind though rigid director he was! Even in our day of vaunted learning, of German and New-England transcendentalism, St. Philip, considered as a scholar and a lover of scholars, would be justly entitled to the so often misapplied term of "a strong intellectual personality." What poor figures some of our sages would cut beside this man, who really can enjoy the simple joys of life, whose enthusiasm lasts all his life long!

This Philip, in whom miracle, prophecy, vision, and ecstasy combine to reveal his sanctity, the saint in whom "the pro-

phetic light had become the habit of his soul," is for the nineteenth century as he was for the sixteenth, a teacher, a messenger sent from God. "In season and out of season, through good report and evil report, he was vigilant and faithful in his ministry. Raised far above his fellow-men by the holiness of his life and the greatness of his gifts, he was yet the lowliest of men, acquainted with infirmity and suffering. The greatest marvel of his long life is the amount of labor accomplished by one so frail in body, and so often afflicted with most painful trials of illness. He suffered almost without ceasing from the day of his miraculous enlargement of heart in the catacombs of San Sebastiano to the day of his release from earth. Many times his physicians pronounced him at the point of death."

Reluctantly omitting many more aspects of his loveliness, it remains for us to witness the departure of his gentle soul from this world, which he loved for the sake of Him who died to redeem it, and in which he had proved himself a good and faithful steward. We have tried to learn from him how to live; let us now learn from him how sweet is death for those who have rightly understood life. "His last days," says his biographer, "were beautiful as the close of a serene and cloudless day. . . . He died on the 26th of May, 1595. As early as the month of February of that year his children knew they must resign themselves to lose him. Frequent hemorrhages brought him several times in that interval to what seemed his last agony; and as many times was he given back, seemingly with all his vigor and power of action; but the end was indeed drawing near. The light of prophecy that had shone in his soul all those long years of his career in Rome was brighter than ever. He spoke with unhesitating assurance of the exact time of his death, foretold several events of immediate occurrence, was present at the death of some of his friends, although he was unable to leave his room. Many startling things are told us in connection with the last few months of his sojourn among his dear ones. The affection that glowed in his heart for all his beloved *Filippini* seemed to grow more intense, and eagerly did he grasp every opportunity to show those who were so soon to lose his visible presence that he loved them unto the end. He said his last Mass on the 25th of May. It happened to be the Feast of the Most Holy Sacrament, having heard many confessions before, and spoken lengthily with some of his penitents, giving them such

instructions as would lead them to understand he was speaking to them for the last time. He embraced all who came to him that morning with great tenderness, with more than was his usual way." From the little chapel where he said his last Mass he could see the beautiful hill where stood his most loved resort, Sant' Onofrio. He was observed to stop and look long and fixedly at the hill to which he had so often led his happy children. "At the Gloria in excelsis he began to sing" as one would whose feet already stood on the threshold of everlasting jubilation. "Throughout the rest of the Mass the joy of his heart modulated his voice at times to a chant, so that his last Mass stands alone and without parallel in his life. It impressed all who were present with amazement and a mysterious delight; after giving Communion to a large number of friends, some of the fathers brought him a little soup to revive his strength. As he took it he turned to those who were standing by and said: 'These men think I am quite cured; but they are mistaken.' The whole day was one of more than usual activity, hearing confessions, receiving his friends, and participating in all the offices of the festival; his manner, however, clearly indicated that he was bidding farewell to all for the last time. His physician, who came to see him in the evening, assured him he was better than he had been for ten years; yet a mysterious awe dwelt in the hearts of all the fathers. As he retired late that night he was heard to say: 'Well, last of all, one has to die.' Shortly after he asked what time it was, and when he was told that the third hour of the night had just struck he said, as if talking to himself: 'Three and two are five, three and three are six, and then we shall go away.' He would allow no one, however, to watch with him, but 'ə' the sixth hour of the night,' says Father Galloni, 'he began to walk about his room, whereon I, whose room was under his, awoke and ran quickly to see what was the matter. I found him sitting on his bed, his throat so full of blood that I feared he would choke. He told me simply that he was dying.' The alarm naturally was soon given, but nothing his mourning sons or his devoted physicians could do for him brought any relief; it was indeed his last struggle. He begged them to trouble themselves no more about remedies, for he was to die. He was sitting upright on the side of his bed when the angel of deliverance came. Baronius, his beloved friend, his docile son, read the prayers. He heard the physicians' assurance that their dear father was dying; he turned

from them to Philip, and with a loud, appealing voice, said: 'Father, father, we entreat you, give us at least your blessing. Are you leaving us without a word?' Philip had closed his weary eyes to this world, but at the appeal of those he had always loved so warmly he opened them once more, raised them towards heaven, kept them fixed there a while, and then with a loving smile, as if his prayer were heard, he looked around upon them and slightly moved his hand as if in blessing; and then, without another sign of effort or pain, he heaved one deep sigh and gently fell asleep in the Lord." Philip's formal canonization was pronounced by Pope Gregory XV. on the 12th of March, 1622, at the same time with Isidore Agricola, Ignatius Loyola, Francis Xavier, and Teresa.

The popularity of the "dear father" has not decreased in Rome; the Valicella is a place of constant pilgrimage. He lives in the memories of his dear Romans, and his works continue as if he were there among them in person as of yore. Guido's painting of the saint is the one most prized; it has about it an air and a fragrance of Paradise. It represents him in ecstasy. It was repeated several times by Guido himself. We may see a copy of it in the saint's room at the Valicella, and it is beautifully reproduced in the exquisite mosaic of his chapel. There are many paintings of the darling saint in Rome, all vying with each other in expressing that nameless charm which in life he used so successfully in luring souls after him to learn how sweet is the service of God and how lovely are his tabernacles.

M. L. M.

1791—A TALE OF SAN DOMINGO.

CHAPTER IV.

A DISCUSSION.

UPON the departure of his guest, Colonel Tourner at once sought his daughter, and learned the character of the communication Henry Pascal had made to her. They agreed it would be better to defer speaking to Madame Tourner of the expected removal till the morrow. She was taking, as usual with her, a lively concern in the preparations for the "Crop Over." A lady of fashion though she was, she had at heart warm, tender sympathies, and, sincerely interested in the welfare and happiness of the slaves, and personally attached to many of them, the "Crop Over" was just the event to awaken her kindheartedness. On these occasions her best stores were spread without stint before them, and she was now busily adding to her stock of guava jelly and other delicacies, and superintending with great spirit the general arrangements for the feast—to the great delight of her husband, who was well known for his humanity towards his slaves, and encouraged to the utmost such exhibitions of domestic zeal.

The colonel expressed his determination, in view of the increasing lawlessness, to ride over to the Cape early next morning, and, if proper provisions had been made, to remove thither immediately, in which proposed step his daughter warmly sustained him.

The afternoon brought an unexpected and, under all the circumstances, an unwelcome visitor in the person of M. Tardiffe. He had that morning ridden over to Doudon to see some friends. Calling at Belle Vue on his way back to the Cape, he accepted a pressing invitation from his *bonne amie*, Madame Tourner, to stay to the "Crop Over."

M. Tardiffe was a thorough type of the Frenchman of the period. A *retroussé* nose and a pair of small, bright eyes occupied their usual place in an oval, clean-shaven, and secretive countenance. He was marked by a stoop in the shoulders, used glasses, and addressed one with a suspicious kind of smile and turned-up cast of the eyes. The ordinary conception of a

gentleman he very well realized, being skilled in the accomplishments of the day, well-informed, polished, and agreeable, but withal was vain, insincere, vindictive, and dissolute—though his pretensions were otherwise.

Preparations in hand for the "Crop Over" gave Madame Tourner and her daughter satisfactory excuses for absence, and during the afternoon Colonel Tourner and his guest were together alone. Conversation almost necessarily turned upon politics and colonial affairs, which, though apparently not so threatening as they had been a month or two before, were yet threatening enough, and were in the heart and on the lips of every one.

It was a period when the strifes of factions had become merged into a sentiment of intense hostility to the mother country. At the beginning of revolutionary activity, and with an eye to the preservation of slavery, the planters were a unit for legislative independence, it being justified in their view by the intelligence and wealth of the colony and the impossibility of speedy communication with France over the wide ocean between them. They argued that the local affairs of the planters would be best administered by the planters themselves, and that in periods of excitement and danger prompt and prudent action by those on the ground and familiar with all the circumstances might often be essential to the life of the colony.

But as the tendency towards enfranchisement of the colored races developed in the National Assembly, other parties arose. Some—and among these was Colonel Tourner—favored a British protectorate; others desired colonial independence under the general guardianship of the European powers; others were monarchists, or friends of the late *régime;* whilst others were republicans. To the latter party belonged M. Tardiffe, who was conspicuous for championing the shifting sentiments of the National Legislature.

These divisions greatly weakened the cause of the whites. They were suddenly healed, however, by the effect of the 15th of May decree, which terminated the embittered struggle in the enfranchisement of the mulattoes. For two years the colony had been in uproar, often in arms; but the storm that burst upon receipt of the news of this decree was unparalleled. With the exception of a few inveterate republicans, all parties at once became consolidated against the mother country. In the Northern province, and especially in its capital, Cape François, the feeling was exceptionally intense. A motion was made in the

Provincial Assembly, then in session at the Cape, to reject the civic oath and raise the British flag. A deputation was forthwith despatched to France to intercede for the repeal of the obnoxious decree, the execution of which the governor-general at the peril of his life was forced to suspend until the result of the embassy should be ascertained. The hopes thus raised had abated somewhat the outward agitation; a deep and wrathful feeling nevertheless remained.

The mulattoes, on their part, furious at the palpable injustice done them and the cowardly conduct of the governor-general, sullenly awaited the aid of the French government. The disastrous issue of former conflicts alone restrained them from open hostilities. The two parties thus stood at daggers drawn, and a dreadful sense of uncertainty and insecurity pervaded the colony.

At this crisis M. Tardiffe, alone among the prominent citizens of the Cape, remained attached to the republican cause, even up to the point of justifying the 15th of May decree. A close observer of events in France, he foresaw the triumph of the extreme republicans, and having no property interests in San Domingo to be affected by the immediate results of the Jacobin policy towards universal liberty, he was influenced by a not uncommon political incentive, the wish to be on the winning side. He predicted the speedy emancipation of the slaves, and even went so far as to hold that it would be to the ultimate benefit of the colony. These opinions, freely advocated in public, drew upon him an excessive degree of odium. On more than one occasion violence was offered him, and his life being seriously threatened, he took the advice of friends and for a period withdrew from the Cape, remaining at Doudon, where he had relatives. Under these circumstances, he became exceedingly popular with the mulattoes and blacks, and suddenly rose to great influence over them. His name was everywhere on their lips, and far and wide he was known as *l'ami des noirs*. He was now at the Cape again, for the excitements had sensibly declined. But his opinions he held very quietly, and, though no craven, deemed it advisable to withdraw almost entirely from public view.

Restless under this mental repression and seclusion, it was with a sense of relief that he discussed affairs with Colonel Tourner. Their opinions differed widely. But on former occasions they had amicably debated their differences, and though the colonel understood the character of his guest, and had no

special admiration for him, yet M. Tardiffe's manner was conciliating, and the latter felt safe in giving free expression to his views.

On Colonel Tourner's part the conversation at the outset was reluctant and cold. The interview with Henry Pascal had left him abstracted and moody, and he would greatly have preferred his visitor's absence. His heart, however, held a heated current of thought, which, struck by M. Tardiffe, soon sent glow into the dialogue.

The discussion bore upon negro capability and the effects of emancipation in San Domingo, topics on which the colonel bristled with points. He had given the "negro" thorough consideration. For a number of years his leisure hours had been employed in researches into San Domingo history, and he had become deeply interested in the character and pitiful fate of the indigenes; so much so, indeed, as to have entertained thoughts of writing a history of the island. The negroes, who were introduced to replace the exterminated natives, had been embraced within these studies, and the recent wretched condition of affairs and the tendencies towards emancipation had naturally stimulated inquiry into the capabilities and future status of the race.

The conversation towards the close was upon the effects of emancipation in San Domingo, and waxed warm indeed, especially on the colonel's part. A knowledge of the brewing plot gave his words a peculiar point and bitterness which, in view of the apparently improved condition of affairs, was a constant source of surprise to M. Tardiffe. He could not understand it, and was often astonished at the vehemence of his host.

For an hour or two the discussion ran on, for and against emancipation, M. Tardiffe representing the radical sentiments of the French National Assembly, the colonel those of the San Domingo planters. Warned by the stroke of the six o'clock plantation-bell, the latter brought the conversation to a close, as follows:

"But, monsieur, I must allow time for your toilet. A word more: You are not to think I am in any sense a foe to the blacks. My life as a master is a pledge the other way. I know some noble negroes. My opinion of the *race*, as drawn from long observation and study, has been given. I hold that the three great divisions of the human family—black, yellow, white—should develop *within themselves* towards their respective

bounds, these being a half-civilized, civilized, and enlightened state."

With these words Colonel Tourner rang up the valet and placed M. Tardiffe in his charge. The latter was soon busy at his toilet, which he elaborated with true French art and under the stimulus of meeting Émilie Tourner; and if thoughts in regard to her predominated, he yet retained a vigorous impression of the conversation in which he had just participated, and the reflection would come up that Colonel Tourner was a needle-witted opponent, and bristled all over with "negro" points.

CHAPTER V.

THE "CROP OVER."

It was an hour later when M. Tardiffe entered the drawing-room. His dress was strictly fashionable, and in the style, as far as tropical climate allowed, developed with the advance of the French Revolution: the coat long, and buttoning at the waist, whence it sloped off upwards and downwards, with a collar spreading upon the shoulders; the waistcoat open at the throat; breeches rather close-fitting and extending to the middle of the calf, where they were met by half-top boots; the cravat was tied loosely in bows, and the hair was worn long and gathered in a queue.

Émilie Tourner appeared in a style of simple elegance. The light muslin dress was short-waisted, and fell in straight, loose folds to her feet. The sleeves, tight on the upper arm, expanded from the elbow, and terminated in a fringe of rich lace. About the throat a white handkerchief, with a flavor of lavender-water, was adjusted in such a manner as to represent, according to the fashion of the times, the breast of a pigeon; her *coiffure* was made *en boucles*, after the prevailing mode, the front hair forming a light mass of short curls with the back hair flowing, and she displayed a few pieces of rare *bijouterie*, a style of adornment for which creole young ladies generally show a passion. The only addition to the company was the manager in white dittoes, M. Fanchet, the usual guest of the proprietor on these occasions.

Tea was taken rather quietly. The colonel had been so free in speech during the afternoon that rest was natural. Émilie Tourner was noticeably abstracted, and wore a pensive look.

The conversation was chiefly confined to M. Tardiffe and Madame Tourner, the latter being in high spirits, and entertaining her guest in the gracious and charming manner of which she was the mistress.

After tea, she invited the company to an inspection of the festive tables. M. Tardiffe escorted Émilie Tourner, the latter protected against the dangerous dew by a hat trimmed with bows of ribbon and of great expanse of border, and the former by a peculiar palm chapeau, which among San Domingo fashionables replaced the flat, round brim and tall, conical crown of the Parisian beaver.

The scene illustrated the proverbial loveliness of moonlight evenings in the West Indies. The clouds had all fled. The atmosphere, purified by the recent rain, was perfectly clear, and sweet with the odor of roses and lemon-flowers. The stars shone brilliantly. Myriads of fire-flies sparkled in the trees, and the mild radiance of the rising gibbous moon was paling the light of the many-colored lanterns that at every turn illuminated the grounds.

Cooking in the West Indies is done in small charcoal furnaces and out-of-door brick ovens, and for the two preceding days Madame Tourner had been taxing her resources in this direction. The result was the rich and bountiful feast spread beneath a branching mango. Fowls, hams, Guinea-birds, turkeys, flying-fish, butter-fish, pastry, tarts, guava jelly, preserved ginger, custard apples, pineapples, melons, etc., with jorums of lemonade and tamarind water, made a feast fit for a king.

Two dishes prepared especially for the negro taste were opossum and agouti, the latter larger than a rat and less than a rabbit, somewhat resembling both, and eaten by West India negroes with the *goût* of an alderman for turtle. A small table of honor was arranged apart for the "drivers" or field overseers. These commonly were old negroes of tried fidelity, who, under the white manager, superintended field-work. The single addition of turtle, served with rum punch, varied its viands from the general cheer.

The tables were in charge of a number of trusted servants, to whom Madame Tourner now gave some parting directions, when the company proceeded to the lawn in front of the mansion, where, as the boisterous mirth indicated, a large assemblage of jovial "darkies" were having a "high" time.

The negro disposition is eminently social and convivial, and the beautiful moonlight evenings in the tropics are their de-

light. They are great chatterers, and will keep late hours spinning yarns and telling "Nancy" stories, or tales of ghosts and goblins, which West India negroes call "jumbees." The slaves, too, often gave "parties" or balls, to which not uncommonly, it must in truth be added, the larders and wardrobes of their masters and mistresses were made to furnish liberal contributions. Dancing is a passion, and on these occasions they frequently "do" with skill and grace the prevailing styles, which their imitative powers have caught from their owners. During the *soirée* at the mansion one might often see the slaves on the green beneath the open windows, executing with extra agility and chuckling delight the various "sets" at the call of the musician.

Near the centre of the lawn, in front of the mansion, the carpets had been spread for dancing. The musicians—a fiddler, a tambourine-player, and a man beating what is called a triangle—were seated on an elevated platform, where they did duty with a gravity befitting their office. Beneath them was a crowd of lively blacks, looking as pleased as Punch, and all in holiday rig. The slaves were excessively vain of their personal appearance, and, if necessary, would go in rags during the week to have something to wear on a *fête* day or at a "party." The men on this occasion wore woollen caps, the dews being heavy and dangerous. The women were tricked out in different styles of flashing kerchiefs twisted into high turbans, gaudy gowns, many-colored sashes, and a profusion of cheap ornaments.

In the midst were the dancers "doing," in their turn, Scotch reels and quadrilles with intense *goût* and joyousness. Encircling these was a throng of blacks constantly moving in and out among themselves and giving vent to a thousand gay sallies, cracking their ready jokes upon the manners and customs of the "buckras," and breaking now and then into loud and glad laughter at some of their witticisms, the point of which it was often difficult to see. The jabber was immense On the outside crowds of little blacks as plump as puddings were gambolling and cutting capers over the green.

They were a lively set—free and easy, for the occasion was privileged, yet perfectly well-ordered—bubbling over with the merriment born of a jovial temperament and superb physique; and their healthy, contented, happy countenances reflected the care of a benevolent master.

At the instance of her maid, who was a reigning belle,

and now craved the aid of her young mistress in completing her personal adornment, Émilie Tourner returned for a few moments to the mansion. The colonel, in expectation of a sojourn at the Cape, was conferring with Manager Fanchet in regard to plantation affairs; and M. Tardiffe saw the coveted opportunity for a word in private with Madame Tourner.

He had kept himself thoroughly informed as to the circumstances both of the elder and the younger Pascal, and was cognizant of their unsatisfactory condition. This, indeed, was a common remark among the Pascals' acquaintances. For Henry Pascal he professed friendship, was not unfrequently in his company, knew of the Harrison offer, and had discovered by adroit and apparently casual inquiries that acceptance was not improbable. He often dropped in at the Hôtel de Ville, it being a news centre and resort for men of wealth and leisure, and was aware of the elder Pascal's arrival and taking apartments an hour after the event. Putting all this and the *on dits* of the Cape together, his shrewd and interested intelligence had drawn conclusions and concocted insinuations which he was most desirous to communicate to Madame Tourner. He therefore at once joined her and proposed a turn in the grounds.

"Verily, I must congratulate you," he said. "The banquet your kindness has prepared for these blacks is really sumptuous."

"The colonel, monsieur, allows me a *carte blanche* on these occasions."

"I trust, too, madame, your efforts will be justly appreciated, and that the black taste may not discard your delicacies for 'possum fat and agouti."

The expression, though highly ill-bred, was a natural one under the circumstances, and had a logical connection in M. Tardiffe's mind. His aim was to lodge among Madame Tourner's thoughts an objection against matching a daughter reared in luxury with a man the worldly fortunes of whom were in so critical a condition as those of Henry Pascal. The general idea uppermost was the unwisdom of joining things ill-suited for each other, and, without reflecting on the impropriety, he seized upon the illustration before him, in the spreading of such delicacies before the gross appetites of negroes, and not rather allowing their plate and palate to accord.

He had no sooner spoken, however, than he perceived the *faux pas* as being an uncalled-for fling at the slave, as well as a stricture upon Madame Tourner's judgment, and was not

surprised, therefore, at the evident displeasure conveyed both in the substance and the manner of her answer.

"They are negroes and slaves, I know, monsieur, but they have human hearts, and will be grateful for at least having offered to them what is rare and costly."

"Pardon me, dear madame; but I was reflecting—pardon my saying so—that the times are not the most propitious for revealing to slaves the difference between cabin fare and the luxury of the mansion."

It was a clumsy effort to extricate himself, and Madame Tourner rejoined with an arch smile:

"What danger can follow, monsieur, when the slave, as you are aware, disdains the higher style of living?"

"I own the thrust," he replied laughingly. "But pray, madame, tell me why mademoiselle appears like one bereaved. 'Tis her wont to charm us all with her grace and high spirits."

"I cannot tell, and it troubles me not a little. Monsieur Pascal made a hurried visit this forenoon, but I was so busy at the ovens—you see, monsieur," she parenthetically remarked in her winsome way, "I have quite a range of aptitudes—that he left before I could speak with him. Since then Émilie has been depressed."

"Ah! Ah! I perceive—an *affaire du cœur*—a case of melancholy—*la maladie sans maladie.*"

"I haven't had an opportunity," Madame Tourner continued, "of speaking with her fully; and she seems to be reticent. I trust Monsieur Pascal brought no alarming news from the Cape."

"I have heard of none," M. Tardiffe replied, "except what relates to the Pascals themselves."

"The Pascals!" cried Madame Tourner excitedly, stopping in her walk, and turning in astonishment upon the speaker. "What can have happened to the Pascals?"

"Ah! madame, *la langue m'a fourché*," insidiously answered M. Tardiffe. "It repents me to have awakened your curiosity, since 'tis mere street gossip, and may be unjust to our friends."

"It is no curiosity, but matter of deep personal interest, monsieur; let me know what this gossip is."

"After all, madame, it scarcely comes within the category of 'alarming,'" remarked M. Tardiffe who had reached the point for disclosing his beguiling news, but held it back with a kind of orator's pause, that he might give it with increased emphasis.

"Explain yourself, Monsieur Tardiffe," spoke up his com-

panion with symptoms of impatience. "What concerns the Pascals concerns us."

"Well, Dame Rumor has it, if it must be spoken, that Monsieur Pascal is unable to meet his obligations and may lose his estates."

"Mon Dieu! Can it be true?" cried out Madame Tourner. "But, monsieur," she added with a sudden lowering of tone, "the rumor may be an error, or at least overdrawn."

"It has probably originated," replied her guest, "in another rumor that Monsieur Henry is about to become a clerk in a Kingston counting-room."

"He has had such an offer, I know," remarked Madame Tourner with a serious air, and apparently regaining composure.

"It is surmised," continued M. Tardiffe, "that he would not accept so poor a position, and one so remote, if his father had cash to spare."

He glanced at his companion, but she said nothing and he went on:

"Monsieur Pascal has left San Souci, and taken apartments at the Hôtel de Ville."

"Indeed!" spoke up Madame Tourner.

"And the *on dit* is that, under all the circumstances of the family, he will probably emigrate with his son."

"The Pascals to leave San Domingo and we know nothing of it! Monsieur, it is impossible!" exclaimed Madame Tourner, again arresting her steps and facing her companion. "And yet," she continued after a moment's consideration, and as if communing with herself, "it would explain this abrupt visit and Émilie's dejection."

"I'm very sorry for the Pascals," remarked M. Tardiffe in his bland, oily way. "But, after all, madame, virtue is the only nobility."

"True, monsieur, yet for those who have known affluence to shrink themselves into the fittings of poverty is a difficult and a painful task."

"Ah! madame, Jamaica is a prospering isle, and Monsieur Henry is young and capable. He will speedily win fortune for mademoiselle."

"My daughter, Monsieur Tardiffe, has no occasion to be solicitous for fortune," answered Madame Tourner with dignity.

"Pardon me, dear madame, mademoiselle is richly and doubly endowed, I know, in person as in purse."

For a moment or two Madame Tourner remained silent and

in thought, when with a sudden and remarkable change of manner, abruptly answering her own reflections, and breaking away as if from a spell, she gaily cried:

"You shall not cloud our 'Crop Over,' Monsieur Tardiffe. That such reverses and proposed changes should exist, and we have heard not a word concerning them is *perfectly incredible*, monsieur, and I will give no credence to these idle Cape *on dits*. Come, we will rejoin our friends; they are awaiting us."

Notwithstanding her assertion of incredulity, as the party became one again M. Tardiffe was not unobservant of the significant glances Madame Tourner gave her daughter, and felt satisfied he had lodged in the mind of the former some *judicious* trains of thought.

West India dews, as has been already remarked, are heavy and dangerous, and upon the coming up of Madame Tourner with her guest the party repaired to the piazza.

In the meanwhile the negroes had been doing fine service at the tables, and were now, in jovial bands, returning to the dance. At a signal the sounds suddenly ceased, and all became expectant, as four young dusky fellows took a position on the green, midway between the piazza and the carpets, and sang in their patois, to a plaintive air and with really fine effect:

"Me be a nigger-boy, born in de hovel,*
What plantain da shade from de sun wha da shine;
Me learn to dig wid de spade and de shovel,
Me learn to hoe up de cane in a line.
Me drink my rum in de calabash oval,
Me neber sigh for de brandy or wine;
Me be a nigger-boy, born in de hovel,
What plantain da shade from de sun wha da shine.
Me be a nigger-boy,
Me be a nigger-boy:
When me live happy, wha for me repine?

"Me neber run from my master's plantation.
Wha for me run? Me no want for get lick.
He gib me house, and me no pay taxation;
Food when me famish, and nurse when me sick.
'Mancipate-nigger, he belly da empty;
He hab de freedom; dat no good for me;
My massa good man; he gib me plenty,
Me no lub free-nigger better dan he.
Me be a nigger-boy,
Me be a nigger-boy,
Me happy fellow; den why me want free?"

*A song current throughout the West Indies in slavery days.

It was a delightful incident, expressive of the simple truth, and to Colonel Tourner, cognizant of the brewing plot, especially pleasing. The French planters, generally, were capricious masters, by turns excessively indulgent and severe. The power to control was in consequence diminished, while their sensual, sybarite habits spread an evil example among the slaves, and rendered them less controllable. Colonel Tourner was a man of pure, unsullied character; a firm, just, and generous master; and the tender, sympathetic nature of his wife had endeared herself and family to the slaves by a thousand kindly little acts in sickness and on other occasions. The effect upon them was not only an exceptional reputation for character and efficiency, but a deep personal attachment to their master, to whom not unfrequently they would kneel for a blessing when he visited the cabins, as he often did, in looking after their welfare; and Colonel Tourner felt justified in the opinion he had that morning expressed to Henry Pascal, that should the negroes rise, he was confident his slaves would defend him.

CHAPTER VI.

THE OUTBREAK.

While Colonel Tourner's negroes were thus regaling themselves and making merry, another body had assembled at no great distance off, and for a far different purpose. The meeting was at the cabin of one Sharper, a sawyer by trade, who, like many of the more intelligent negroes, was allowed to hire his time, he accounting to his master for so much per month. He lived in an out-of-the-way spot in a forest, as suitable to his trade, at the declivity of the high range of hills between Doudon and Grande Rivière. His cabin of two rooms was made of wattling, plastered on the inside with clay, and roofed with a thatch-work of palm, the walls being adorned with paper cuts of all shapes and sizes, many of bizarre design, and irregularly arranged after negro fashion. Here were met a score of insurrectionary leaders. They dropped in one by one, and having assembled, placed sentries, with watchword, upon every possible avenue of approach.

The plot was widespread and well organized, the general plan being to murder the plantation whites and fire the buildings; surprise, if possible, the smaller interior towns, and, when pressed, to

retire to the mountains, where they could concentrate and drill, and secure arms, as they hoped, from their Spanish neighbors. For a commissariat they looked to the labor of their women and the natural bounty of the soil.

The special objects now were to decide upon the date and the scope of the impending massacre. To lessen the chances of discovery it was important that the date should be as early as possible, allowing time for the runners to speed the word. The second day from the meeting was accordingly agreed upon, August 22—the hour, midnight.

As for the other question—who should be the victims?—some favored sparing women and children. A majority, however, at the outset, pressed for indiscriminate massacre, and the sentiment became unanimous after an harangue from a notorious runaway. This fellow bore the name of Welcome; and one Latour was the monster master from whose cruelties he had fled and who had lost, it was alleged, within three years, fifty of his negroes from inhumanity. Welcome harangued as follows:

"Some of you sabe 'bout me. I tell you all. My massa, he da sen' me out to hunt he runaways. I hunt day an' night, an' me no fin' 'em. I go home, an', my massa, he da lick me an hour wid a cart lash. De lash, it da go roun' my body, an' break de skin eb'ry time. Den, my massa, he sen' me out ag'in. I hunt up an' down, an' me no fin' 'em. I go home, an', my massa, he da lick me ag'in till I faint. I be laid up one whole week in de sick-house. Den, my massa, he sen' me out ag'in, an' now I be runaway, too.

"I git plenty to eat an' hab good time. But I want fur to see my mammy, Elsee. My mammy, she be good to me. She be de only one dat lub me. One night I stole in to my mammy's cabin; but she be dead. My Massa, he say to her, 'You sabe where Welcome be'; an' he da lick her, an' he da pour bilin' water down her throat. An' my mammy, she be dead, an' I be fur *blood*. Ef we doan lick de buckras, you all sabe it'll be de same to de nigger, ef he hit sof' or ef he hit hard. De buckras will lick us an' torment us an' string us up all de same. I be fur to hit *hard*. Ef we doan git to be free, we'll hab *blood* for *blood*."

The 22d of August began with sunshine, but closed in furious storms. Until noon the day was clear and still and the sun shone with unusual splendor. An hour later a freshening breeze blew from the south-west. Presently, in that direction, the sky became overcast. The cloud rose with a whitish, clearly-defined border, and deepened in color until near the horizon it assumed

a uniform purplish black, through which lightning flashed, and above whose line a mass of broken cloud, angrily moving within itself, rolled rapidly forward. As it neared the zenith its velocity apparently increased. A few spiteful gusts disturbed the perfect stillness, when, with abrupt and furious onset, the storm burst. Clouds of driven dust filled the air. The wind roared through the trees, which bent and groaned and lashed their strong arms in the struggle of resistance. Suddenly the darkness deepened, and the flying leaves and branches could scarce be seen. The sequence, however, was but a heavy rainfall. The fury of the storm had passed; yet at intervals other storms followed, with lightnings and mighty thunderings, making such a night as is seldom seen beyond the tropics. Wind and rain ceased towards midnight, though the heavens remained shrouded. It was an evening typical of the frightful passions swelling in the breasts of thousands of the blacks, and about to burst forth in scenes of uproar, butchery, and beastly outrage without a parallel.

Shortly after midnight confused and dreadful rumors of a negro rising began to prevail at the Cape. The first intimation were the conflagrations that suddenly started up over the *Plaine du Nord*, as observed from the *Vigie*, or signal port, on the summit of the *Morne du Cap*, the lofty eminence on the southwestern outskirts of the city.

It had been the day appointed for the Tourners' coming. Till a late hour Henry Pascal had remained at the Hôtel de Ville, surmising that if a start had been made before the storm they might possibly arrive after its subsidence. Its continued violence, however, dispelled this view. His father having retired, he went down to the office, and as the storm gave tokens of passing off, concluded, before venturing out, to await further abatement. The hour was late; besides the drowsy clerk no one else was in, and, seating himself, he became buried in his own reflections. The non-arrival of the Tourners strangely oppressed him, and his fancyings took every possible drift. Madame Tourner may have interposed objections, he thought, or the preparations may not have been completed; if the start had been made before the storm, where had they found shelter? Suppose the delay should prove fatal; what if the negroes should rise to-night? It would be, he thought, a fit night for such work; and the idea took possession of him, and drew around him a spell, and the elements grew weird and evil-looking, until the flashings and distant thunder-rolls from the receding storm seemed in his brooding imagination the gleam of knives and the groans of the dying.

The rain had ceased, and rousing himself out of such reveries, Henry Pascal sought his lodgings in la rue St. Simon. He had slept perhaps a couple of hours when a gun from the arsenal awoke him. A second brought him to his feet in a tumult of apprehension, and, rushing to the window, he learned from a citizen hurrying by that the negroes on the Plain were murdering the whites and firing the plantations. To throw on his clothes and rush out was the work of an instant. Fugitives from the immediate estates, affrighted by the conflagrations, had arrived, alarm guns were booming, and the streets already in commotion.

Henry Pascal's first care was to rouse his father, for he knew the Cape itself was in danger. Hastening along la rue St. Simon and passing into la rue St. Louis, he reached the Hôtel de Ville to find his father up and expecting him. They were aghast at the dreadful fate that most probably had overtaken the Tourners. A faint hope remained that the colonel's slaves had proven faithful, and that he had escaped with his family to some neighboring town or settlement, as Doudon or Petite Ance, whence the fugitives might make for the Cape in sufficient numbers for defence before the negroes could concentrate.

Wrung with anguish, Henry Pascal hurried forth again to get tidings from the Plain. By this time the city had become thoroughly aroused. Mistrustful of the large mulatto element among them, the whites generally remained at home under arms, in dread uncertainty awaiting day-break and the action of the authorities. Many with friends and kindred on the Plain were upon the streets in quest of news. Some were making for the Morne du Cap, the summit of which commanded an extended view. With others Henry Pascal sought the thoroughfare by which fugitives would enter. Hastily traversing, therefore, la rue St. Louis, and turning north into a crossing street at the Place Royale, he entered the broad la rue Espagnole, along which he pressed past the *Cimetière*, past the base of the Western Morne, till he reached a point to scan the *Plaine du Nord*. Towards the south in every quarter the horizon was aglow. What scenes were occurring beneath the light of those flames! He stood spellbound, transfixed by a horrible fascination.

Commencing without a sign of warning on a plantation owned by the Count de Noé, in the parish of Acul, where fourteen negroes murdered the overseers and fired the buildings, the rising spread with the utmost rapidity and overwhelming force. Excepting Cape François and one or two other ports, the entire northern province was overrun and at the mercy of ferocious and

lusty negro bands. Instances were not wanting of remarkable devotion to their masters, but the general conduct of the insurgents was unexampled for brutality and heartrending outrage. Within four days two-thirds of the magnificent *Plaine du Nord* lay in ruins, and the wretched remnants of hundreds of white families, suddenly reduced from opulence to beggary, fled, terror-stricken and barely clothed, to the Cape.

What had been the fate of the Tourners?

E. W. GILLIAM, M.D.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"SHOULD AMERICANS EDUCATE THEIR CHILDREN IN DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS?"

Paper read before the Convention of the National Educational Association at Nashville, July 19, 1889.

IN accepting the courteous invitation of the president of the National Educational Association to treat before it the question of denominational schools, my motive has been the firm conviction that a candid statement of facts and an honest weighing of arguments must naturally redound to the advantage of the truth and tend to the promotion of the kindly feelings which ought to exist among fellow-citizens.

At the outset it is obvious that the question may be considered as limited to schools which profess to be distinctively Christian schools. While the term "denominational" might indeed be applied to other forms of religion, yet it is so commonly employed to designate the various professions of the Christian religion only, and this is so evidently the idea here principally had in view, that I trust I may with propriety limit these considerations to Christian schools. This generic name, Christian schools, would be clear enough if all Christians were united. But since Christians are divided by their various understandings of Christianity into different denominations, the term "denominational schools" conveys the idea more explicitly.

This limitation as to the class of schools intended implies a corresponding limitation as to the class of parents regarded by the question. It obviously applies only to Christians of the sev-

eral denominations. And in asking whether they should educate their children in denominational schools, it regards them not only as Christians, but also as Americans. Under these two aspects, therefore, we will seek the correct answer. And we will seek it by the light of facts, the light which beams from the very nature of things.

In the hard and unequal struggle of human existence every budding life stands sorely in need of wise unfolding, of judicious direction. In the life of nearly every child there are wrapped up endless capabilities of both good and evil, for himself and for others. In which of these two directions the life is to be developed, which of these two sets of capabilities is to rule it, which of these two sets of results it is to produce—here is the great problem facing each human being at the threshold of existence. And its solution for each child must, above all, depend on its parents, or on those who hold towards it the place of parents. Human society is indeed provided with many wise helps and encouragements for the good capabilities and tendencies, with many restraints for the evil; but upon parents it must especially depend to what influences the child shall be subjected, and how he shall be fitted to receive their action. The office of parents lies at the very root of character, at the very basis of civilization. This is the dictate and plan of nature itself, the universal law which in the harmonious arrangements of Divine Providence reaches from end to end of the visible creation, through all the economy of life.

And this is especially true in the plan of Christian civilization. The systems of civilization which existed before the time of Christ counted the individual life as of little moment, save as it was a cog in the machinery of the body politic. The grandeur and domination of the state was the ruling consideration; the individual and the family were of importance in proportion as they were factors towards that result. Christianity reversed this, and gave a new direction to social ideas and civil polity. Its initial idea is the worth, the dignity, the welfare and destiny of the individual. It is no longer he that belongs to the state, but state and church belong to him, exist only for his good. "All things are yours," writes St. Paul to the Christians of his day—"all things are yours, whether it be Paul, or Apollo, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's." And that self-same glorious declaration Christianity shall proclaim to the children of men for ever. No amount of state grandeur or of state domination

can henceforth be considered praiseworthy which costs the welfare of the individual citizens. They indeed must be ever ready to sacrifice their means and even their life for their country; but this is no longer loyalty towards a domination to which all belong, but loyalty towards a common weal by which all are benefited, towards a community of homes by which all are blessed. The glory of a Christian nation is not in its ability to surpass all around it in martial prowess and in the returns of trade, but in the intelligence, the morality, the comfort and contentment of its people. These are its true honor; nay, these are also its impregnable rampart, for that nation must be invincible which is strong in the grateful devotedness of a happy, prosperous, and virtuous people. This is the idea of Christendom. This is the reign of the Prince of Peace. Hence the true notion of a Christian community consists in these two elements: first, individual lives aiming at their best development and best welfare here below, and at their eternal destiny hereafter; and then every form of social organization, from the family up to the church and the state, helping them toward the realization of one or other or both of these aims.

But before the individual can know and will these aims for himself his parents must will them for him, and shape the moulding and direction of his character and life towards them. It is the constant care of a good parent that his child's intellect should be stored with sound knowledge, enlightened with correct ideas, formed to clear and true and firm convictions; and that at the same time his morals should be resolutely turned away from the vicious tendencies which would debase his character, offend his Creator, and injure his fellow-beings, and be as resolutely turned in the way of the upright and virtuous qualities which will ennoble his nature, make him a credit to his family and a benefit to the community, and bring him safely at last to his destiny in the bosom of his Creator.

Well he knows that this life-moulding of his child is no easy task, that all the time of childhood and youth will not be too long for its thorough and lasting accomplishment, that a judicious employment of all the influences which surround the young life and tell on the young mind and heart will be none too much to secure it. It must be the aim of home, of companionships, of books, of church, of school. In all these agencies there is one influence which he considers indispensable, which he wishes to be the habitual element of his child's life, since on it above all things else must the moulding of the child's character, the securing of

his temporal and eternal welfare, depend—and that is the influence of Christianity, the guiding and helpful action of the Christian religion. He knows from history and experience that without the light of Christianity the human intellect is in darkness as to the all-important questions which well up from the depths of the human soul, as to the all-embracing vital problems which ever force themselves on the attention of mankind. He knows, too, that without the restraining, chastening, and elevating influences of Christianity, human morals never have been, and never can reasonably be expected to be, honorable to human nature and conducive to either private or public welfare. He is deeply convinced that its principles and its helps can alone make the relations of man with man and of man with God what they ought to be. He is sure that without its intimate and abiding and all-pervading influence human life must wither and civilization rot. Therefore is he above all things desirous that the mind and heart and life of his child should be gently, sweetly, steadily, all the time penetrated and shaped by the action of Christianity, that it should grow in him with his growth and be the life of his life, that so his life may approach the nearer to that great Model Life which beyond all others honors God and humanity, and which says to every Christian life: "Follow Me."

But now, like a sensible man, he fully understands the important part in the shaping of his child's mind and character which the school is to have—the school, in which is spent so large a portion of the moulding time of childhood and youth; the school, which among all the influences that tell on life is, or ought to be, so specially efficacious. What, then, could be more natural than that he should wish for his child a school in which, besides all other educational excellences, the light, the tone, the spirit of Christianity should sweetly influence and mould the child all the time?

If there were any necessary incompatibility between secular instruction and Christian training in a school, if one of these advantages had to be secured at the cost of some sacrifice of the other, his principles as a Christian would be apt to make him decide that the sacrifice should be of the material and worldly rather than of the spiritual and eternal. But he knows full well that there is no such necessary incompatibility, since God is the author both of the material and the spiritual, both of the temporal and the eternal, and that, as the apostle writes, "Piety is profitable unto all things, having the promise both of the life that is and of that which is to come." A school is not made a Christian

school by taking up a great deal of time in doctrinal instruction or in devotional exercises which would otherwise be spent in acquiring secular knowledge. Some time, indeed, must be given to these, and it ought to be, and can be made, the most instructive and beneficial part of the school hours. But that time need not be, and should not be, so long as to be wearisome to the pupils or damaging to other studies. What above all make it a Christian school are the moral atmosphere, the general tone, the surrounding objects, the character of the teachers, the constant endeavor, the loving tact, the gentle skill, by which the light and the spirit of Christianity, its lessons for the head, for the heart, for the whole character, are made to pervade and animate the whole school-life of the child, just as the good parent desires that they should animate his whole future life, in all his manifold duties and relations as man and as citizen. This is the kind of a school which a parent, anxious, as in duty bound, to give his child as thorough Christian training as possible, will naturally choose.

But will he judge differently because, being a Christian, he is also an American? Let him suppose so who imagines that between being a good Christian and a good American there is any incompatibility. But such, assuredly, is not my conviction, nor that of any member of this association, nor that of any one who has an intelligent understanding of what is meant by the terms Christian and American. On the contrary, the ideas which, as said this moment, were given to the world and to civilization by Christianity, are the very ideas on which has been reared the edifice of American liberties. Our social structure rests on the declaration of man's natural worth, of the inalienable rights bestowed on every individual by his Creator, of the great principle that the government is for the governed, not the governed for the government. The intelligent Christian parent knows well that what ought to be true of every nationality within the pale of Christian civilization is pre-eminently true of ours, that the best Christian is sure to be the best American, and that the school which aims at sending forth his child a model Christian in equal degree tends to send him forth a model American. And he knows besides that if under every form of government a man needs to be a good Christian in order to be fully trustworthy and self-sacrificing and faithful as a citizen, much more is that true in our blessed land of popular institutions, where the virtues or the vices of each individual must tell more than elsewhere on the healthfulness or the unsoundness of the whole system.

Hence his convictions of duty towards his child as a Christian parent are intensified by his principles as an American. The schools of America ought to be the most truly Christian schools in the world. Our civilization is essentially a Christian civilization. Our country, indeed, should tyrannize over no one's conscience, but she herself ought to be consistently, fearlessly, always Christian. Should she ever ignore this fact, should she ever, yielding to clamor from any quarter, turn her back on the Prince of Peace and declare herself indifferent or neutral as to Christ and Christianity, then will she have cut from beneath her feet the groundwork of her prosperity and her glory, and surrendered the guarantee of her liberties; which may God forefend! But Christian civilization has for its natural foundation Christian homes and Christian schools. Again, therefore, a good Christian-American parent, if he is true to his principles, will be sure to choose for his child a good Christian-American school.

Doubtless he will find many to differ with him and to urge objections. It will be said to him: "Can you not trust religious training to the church and home, and let the school have for its function the imparting of secular knowledge?" Consistently with his view of human life and of the training needed by a child's character, he must say No; while home and church are potent agents in the formation of character, the school counts for very much in the work. Why, then, should I not wish to have the influences of the school thoroughly Christian, as well as those of church and home? The school fills so large a part in the serious hours of a child's life that it would be fatal to omit from it the all-essential element in character-moulding. There is not such a superabundance of Christianity in the lives of men to-day that we can afford to omit it from school-training, on which the shaping of life so largely depends. No, says the Christian parent, Christian common sense warns me to give my child Christian schooling.

"But," retorts his friend, "had we not better, according to this logic, have Christian banks and Christian shoe-stores, too?" Surely, he answers, you must be jesting. A bank or a shoe-store is not intended for forming the character of youth, while a school is. Pardon me if I call it silly to institute a parity between them. Please let us have an argument with some seriousness in it.

"Well, then," it will be urged, "does not experience show, as in France and Germany, that the mixing of religious instruction with secular learning in the schools acts to the detriment of Christian belief?" Not at all, he will reply; this could not be

said by one who has seriously examined the facts. The decline of religious belief in France and Germany is not owing to the presence of religious instruction in the schools, but to its absence from the high-schools and universities, where religion is pushed aside into some obscure corner and is openly or covertly scoffed at by the bulk of the professors. "No wonder," boastfully exclaimed a radical leader in the German Parliament not long since—"no wonder, when the leaders of public thought are thus formed by the state itself that the thought of the nation should follow in their wake." No; let the light of Christianity be the radiance of the school-room, that the feet of the children may learn to walk always by its guidance; and let it, not less but all the more, be the radiance of the institutions of highest learning, that brilliant and influential minds may not, from materialistic one-sidedness in their studies, topple over into an abyss of darkness and drag the minds of the many with them.

"But," it is objected, "does not your theory turn over education to the control of the church?" Truly, he replies, if your understanding of Christianity convinces you, as in fact it convinces the bulk of Christians, that the Christian religion and the Christian church are made inseparable by the divine Founder of Christianity, that his "fulness of grace and of truth" is for ever to be dispensed to the world through the agency of his church, then indeed your conclusion that the Christian church should be a recognized spiritual influence in the school is a logical one. And, in fact, you must know that such has been the conclusion of the Christian world in all ages, that the contrary notion is quite a recent invention, which has by no means proved its right to supersede the old Christian idea, and which, in the nature of things, never can prove it. And, he would add, if in the spiritual atmosphere of my home and of my own life I love to feel the influence of my church, why should I not equally love to have it felt throughout all the school-life, throughout all the character-moulding, of my child?

"But," it is urged, "is not this encouraging sectarianism, to which the spirit of our age and of our country is so opposed?" No one, must a sincere Christian reply, can regret more than I the divisions existing among Christians. But we have to accept the fact, and do the best we can with it. When I go to the church of my belief on Sunday rather than to the church of some other denomination, I am following my conscience and doing no harm to any one else. And surely the same may be said of the school to which I send my child.

"But," it is still objected, "will not the child's education be thus made narrow and one-sided and without freedom of thought, whereas a broader view and a broader system would give greater largeness to his mind's development?" Really, must a Christian parent of good sense reply, this is most singular logic. Am I then to conclude that clearness and definiteness narrow the mind, and that vagueness and indefiniteness broaden it? Or am I to forget that there is a broadness which leaves the mind a wide, trackless moor, over which life's journey can be made with but little security? Horace was right when he said:

> "*Sunt certi denique fines,*
> *Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.*"
>
> "For certain metes and bounds there are in things
> Which mark the limits of the true and right."

These plausible generalities about largeness and broadness are lurking-holes of fallacy, and I want none of them. Truth cannot be too clear and explicit for me. There was nothing vague and indefinite about Christ, and there is nothing vague and indefinite about Christianity. And as to freedom of thought, surely true freedom of thought, like the freedom of the American people, is not license, but supposes law and order. There can no more be a liberty—that is, a right—to think as you please, than a right to do as you please. No one can claim the right to do wrong, and no one can claim the right to think wrong. This is by no means to appeal to coercion, but to avow the need of a guide in thought as well as in action; and I rejoice to find that guide in "the fulness of truth" given by Him who truly calls himself the Light of the World.

"But," persists his adversary, "could you not be content with that inculcation of Christian morality which exists in our public schools, or which, at least, it is proposed to introduce into them?" My answer, he replies, is furnished by an abundance of competent and unexceptionable witnesses. You must know how, again and again, and almost continuously for the last twenty years, thinkers of every religion and of no religion have lamented that the inculcation of morality and religion in the public schools was not what it ought to be. The discussion now widely prevailing about the possibility and means of needed moral and religious training in them is sufficient acknowledgment of the lack hitherto existing. You must then excuse me, a Christian parent will logically say, from considering their training just what I want for my child till

the methods now urged shall have been tried and proved efficacious. And, he would add, that the result ever can be satisfactory I am not prepared to believe. The whole of Christianity is needed as the basis, the mould, the restraint, the incentive of a Christian life. There is nothing in it superfluous, nothing that is not eminently practical in its bearings; and no minimized compromise Christianity can ever suffice in its stead. Such moral teaching as you might get from Cicero and Seneca can never suffice for the moral teaching of Christ, and for the motives, means, and sanctions of morality which he bestows. All this vague, indefinite, non-committal moralizing and religiousness is simply religious moonshine, which might be useful if we were in the darkness of religious night, but which it is absurd to wish to substitute for the Light of the World. No, I want his radiance clear and full in the school-room where my child spends his days.

"But," it is still argued, "do you not see that a denominational system of schools could never suit America, where a heterogeneous population needs a unifying and not a dividing system of education, and where it is all-important that a right understanding of our republican institutions and hearty devotedness to them should be inculcated?" And do you really believe, our good Christian parent will answer, that because I go on Sunday to a different church from my neighbor he and I will therefore meet less trustingly and cordially on Monday in the ways of trade and of social relations? Surely not if in his church and mine the spirit of Christianity is inculcated, which is that of universal charity and justice. Suspicions, antagonisms, animosities ought never to be instilled in any Christian church; and if they are, that church has not the spirit of Christ in it, and ought to be deserted. And, once more, what I say of the church I say of the school. Every Christian school should teach justice and charity towards every fellow-citizen, and you may be sure that I will choose no school for my child where that spirit is not imparted. And as I, in all the walks of life, meet all decent members of the community with amity and public-spiritedness, so will my child, trained to the character of a true Christian, go forth into the walks of practical life looking kindly on every decent associate and eager to co-operate with all for the public good. Beyond that the homogeneousness of our people never can go in the nature of things. We are not aiming at the communism of Sparta. Home will be distinct from home, and circle from circle in society, say what you will. It is nature, and you cannot eradicate it. But social distinctions are no reason for popular

dissension; and least of all should religious distinctions be such. Do you suppose that it was in any public undenominational schools that Washington and the founders of our liberties, our models of patriotism, were reared? You know it was not so. And do you suppose that there will be a Christian denomination in all this land that will not vie with every other in inculcating devotedness to our country, to her liberties, to her institutions? The supposition is contrary to all existing facts and to all good sense; so away with it!

"But," urges his friend, "is not the Catholic Church, at least, committed to the Christianity of Hildebrand and of the middle ages, and is it not, therefore, antagonistic to the Christianity of the nineteenth century and of the American Republic?" In the name of the Catholic Church I answer that she is committed neither to Hildebrand and the middle ages, nor to the policy of any man or of any age whatsoever; because she is for all men, and therefore for all ages, and for all forms of social conditions. In the middle ages she blessed the social and religious conditions then existing, the only ones possible in that transition period of human society; and through the mouth of Hildebrand she protested against the feudal despotism which would fain have turned the ministers of God into tools and minions of Cæsar. Cæsarism and feudalism are gone, thank God! or going fast from the whole world; they have no place surely in our America, and the church has no desire for them, nor for the conditions and relations which they implied. Wherever, in other lands, those conditions partly linger, she has to treat with them as best she can, ever saying to them as she said to Henry IV.: "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but to God the things that are God's." The same will be her lesson to every age, and every age will need it. But she could no more wish to put the nineteenth century and our American Republic back into the swaddling clothes of the thirteenth century and feudalism than you could wish to take the full-grown man and condemn him to the frock and cradle of babyhood. She is as fit to deal with the mature manhood of humanity as with its childhood; and she loves the manhood best because its development is the plan of Providence, the will of God. It is the lively imagination of our kind objectors which would apply to the conditions existing in our country facts and utterances referring only to circumstances of ages and countries totally different. And you know that there have not been wanting hot-headed and mistaken men, animated, as the apostle says, with "zeal, but not according to knowledge," who have fostered

and disseminated these unjust impressions concerning the Catholic Church by publications teeming with perverted facts, garbled quotations, and absurd, oft-refuted inventions. But our confidence is in truth, in justice, and in the good sense of the American people, who, instead of heeding these dreamers, will look for themselves and hear for themselves, and discover, as they assuredly must, that in all our land there is no element more identified with America, more devoted to our country and her institutions than the clergy and people of the Catholic Church. And as our good Christian parent has just shown us, we are all this not one whit the less, but all the more, because of our giving our children the blessing of a thoroughly Christian as well as thoroughly American education.

I beg leave to conclude with words uttered by me last November in the cathedral of New York:

"In our blessed America God has opened to the nations of the earth a New World, in which social readjustments should be wrought out without strife and confusion, in which the fullest freedom should be wedded to authority and peace, in which the rights of man should be inviolable under the ægis of the rights of God, in which the power of the masses should be exerted for the welfare of all.

"But the fulfilment of that high destiny depends necessarily on the true enlightenment of the masses. Here, more than anywhere else, the popular might, if misguided by influences of darkness, would plunge the nation into hopeless ruin. But here, too, more than elsewhere, the sovereignty of the people must conduce to general prosperity and happiness, if only the minds and hearts of the people are guided in ways of light by the Light of the World. A distinguished orator of our day has truly declared that the civilization and prosperity of our country depend on its Christianity; and that its Christianity depends on education. But, alas! how illogically he concluded from these premises that therefore the welfare of our country was to be safeguarded by a system of education in which it is not permissible to teach Christianity! Surely the logical conclusion from such evident premises is, that the prosperity and civilization of our country depend on *Christian* education.

"Look now at the people of our country, and we see them divided into two classes. On the one side the Catholic Church emphatically declares for Christian education; and with us side all those non-Catholics, whatever may be their denomination, who believe in Christian schools, and in them are giving their children an education leavened and animated by Christianity, as they understand it. On the other side are the upholders and advocates of a national system of schools in which Christian truth and duty cannot be taught. Can any one in his senses hesitate which of these two sides is for the real welfare of our country?

"We must cling to this sacred cause and uphold it at any cost. We must carry aloft before the eyes of our country the banner of Christian education. We must multiply and perfect Christian schools till all our children and all our youth can have in fullest abundance all the blessed intellectual and moral advantages which are the essential condition of Christian civilization. We must stop at no difficulties; we must count no cost. At any cost the work must and shall go on,

for we are called to it both by love of God and love of country. Our country may for a while misunderstand and misjudge us; she may treat us unfairly; she may tax us doubly; may suspect our motives; but, like the Grecian hero of old, we will look her lovingly in the face and say: 'Strike, but hear me!' And we will persevere until the good sense and the noble heart of the American people give the victory at last where it is rightly due, and all ranks of our fellow-citizens who believe in Christian civilization will join with us in securing it by Christian education, will vie in guiding all the youth of the land in the gladsome ways of Him who alone is or can be the Light of the World."

JOHN J. KEANE.

THE NEW MANUAL OF PRAYERS.*

IT might appear that the work of preparing an official Prayer-Book was superfluous when so many and such excellent manuals of devotion, with prices and sizes to suit all pockets, are to be had. And, in truth, much is to be said in praise of many of these books, both as to the prayers necessary to follow the public offices of religion, and those which were added to assist the faithful in their private exercises of devotion. Some of the best bishops, priests, and laymen in Ireland, England, and America have had to do with compiling some of these prayer-books. Our fathers and mothers took a solid delight in the use of those manuals of devotion which are now cherished as relics in our families. Some of the best of these were prepared by English Catholics far back in the days of persecution, the earliest editions having been printed on the Continent. For simplicity and unction of style and for substantial worth of matter it is not too much to say that their successors in popular favor have not excelled them; many of them have not equalled them. In many instances, too, these prayer-books were translations into homely and sweet English of formularies used by the saints—St. Thomas, St. Gertrude, St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure.

Here in America much of the best of these prayers were selected for the prayer-books first published. The earliest of these, and in some ways the most worthy of commendation, was the *Key of Paradise*, compiled by the saintly Bishop David, of Bards-

* *A Manual of Prayers for the use of the Catholic Laity*. Prepared and published by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

town. It was followed shortly by *The Catholic Manual*, an American edition of that excellent book, *The Garden of the Soul*, and a book got out under the supervision of the Jesuits, named *True Piety*. These four are the pioneers of prayer-book literature in this country. Why have they not sufficed? Why has the Third Plenary Council found it needful to order a new and official prayer-book? One reason is that they were followed by a deluge of all sorts and sizes and caricatures of Catholic prayer-books, edited in many cases by totally incompetent persons, full of blunders, full of sentimentality, exaggeration, and affectation, without approval or with the name of the ordinary printed without his consent—in some cases using the imprimatur of a dead bishop—wretchedly printed and bound, full of typographical errors, sometimes printing prayers which had been condemned.

But if every one of them had been compiled by a competent editor and really inspected and approved by authority, there would still be need for the book before us. It is official, and therefore fulfils a first requisite laid down by Archbishop Kenrick more than thirty years ago (see Brownson's *Review*, April, 1857, article "Prayer-Books"): "Without catering to a vitiated taste for novelties," says the archbishop, "a large prayer-book can be formed abounding both in instruction and edification." This is one, and has been formed by express decree of the highest ecclesiastical authority among us, carrying with it every mark which notes an official character. The compiler was appointed by his ordinary, the Archbishop of New York, and by the Apostolic Delegate who presided at the council, Cardinal Gibbons, in pursuance of the decree. His official approval, together with the imprimatur of the Archbishop of New York, appears on the title page. As the matter came from the press the proof-sheets were sent to every bishop in the United States, and every correction or suggestion was embodied in the text as finally printed. Neither time nor money nor labor has been spared in this process, that the claim the book makes of being really official may not be a vain one, and that it may be a worthy exponent of the devotion of intelligent Catholics. Here is a manual of devotion which we can place in the hands of our non-Catholic friends and say there is nothing in that book we dare be ashamed of; that is a Catholic prayer-book by excellence. It is, too, something fitting our American Catholicity, which, gathering its devotions with its people from all lands, is addicted to none in particular. It ignores none, but it selects from each only what is essentially Catholic. It is not cumbered with the particular devotions of all sorts of

sodalities, confraternities, leagues, and the like, excellent but local and restricted to the small numbers who are enrolled in such societies.

The reader can hardly expect us to give even a reasonable summary of the contents of this book. We believe that of the seven hundred and ninety-two pages there are not a score of them taken from any other source but the Roman Missal, the Roman Breviary, and the Roman Ritual, the purest and most copious fountains of divine praise and springing from the everlasting rock on which Christ built his church. The morning and night prayers are a translation of Prime and Compline, acknowledged to be the most poetical and devotional parts of the Divine Office; added to these are some other morning and night prayers consecrated by immemorial usage among the laity. The devotions for Mass are a complete translation of the entire ordinary as it is in the Missal, accompanied by the Latin text. There is also a variety of prayers and reflections for use during Mass if one desires to exercise his liberty in choosing his special devotions during the holy Sacrifice. The Vespers is especially complete, having not only the usual Sunday Vespers, but the psalms, hymns, versicles, prayers, etc., proper for all the seasons and principal feasts of the whole year; to this is affixed a directory which ingeniously enables one to select those proper for use.

Throughout the book are placed solid and clear instructions for guidance, especially in preparing for and receiving the Sacraments. These embrace a considerable body of doctrine, and are supplemented in various parts of the manual by equally compendious and lucid explanations of other points of Catholic practice not connected with the reception of the Sacraments. The brief chapter devoted to fasting and abstinence is specially worthy of praise for the clearness with which the principle and the practice of these often wrongly understood requirements of Catholic life are discussed. All these instructions are in some degree necessary, for even though a prayer-book is principally taken up with formulas of prayer, it should possess and is often referred to, in the absence of a particular treatise, for what might be called the memoranda of Catholic belief and practice, and in this feature the book before us is most commendable. A further excellence, and one we feel sure will be appreciated by both priest and layman, is the incorporation of the Roman ritual both in Latin and English for the administration of the sacraments of Baptism, of Matrimony, of Holy Viaticum, of Extreme Unction; the form for imparting the Plenary Indulgence at the hour of

death, and the complete burial service are also given. The laity can, therefore, follow the ritual with greater facility and have a more intelligent appreciation of the beauties of the authorized and consecrated prayers, the church employs, while in the hands of the priest the book will serve in case of any accident as a ritual for the administration of the Sacraments.

We cannot conclude without some words of praise for the publisher's part of the work. In paper, press-work, and binding it is the perfection of the bookmaker's art; the calendar borders, the initial letters, and the tail-pieces being especially beautiful, and, what is of most importance, appropriate. These features have, of course, added a great deal to the expense of getting out the work. The book, while it contains so much matter, is not bulky, except by comparison with those mean and wretched little prayer-books that are so often, we regret, to be found in the hands of our Catholics at Mass. We trust that the time is near at hand when such "vest-pocket" prayer-books will no longer cater to the laziness of Catholics. There is no reason why this prayer-book, sanctioned as it is by the highest ecclesiastical authority, full of solid instruction and beautiful prayers, should not be most popular with our American Catholics.

TALK ABOUT WILLIAM AND LUCY SMITH.

One of the most interesting of recent publications is *The Story of William and Lucy Smith*, which is edited by George S. Merriam, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. No fiction of the year, at all events, compares with this memoir of two real lives, either in its power to attract and charm by the vividness and reality with which it sets forth individual characters, or in the hold it takes on the emotions by the romance which it so simply chronicles. Dr. Holmes's saying, that the life of every man and woman would furnish materials for at least one three-volume novel, was never better illustrated than by this double biography. If, for the credit of human nature, one does not seriously entertain a doubt that the simplicity, the purity, the elevation which characterized this "perfect pair" are silently matched on all sides of us, and have been so, and will be, yet that must be confessed a singular good fortune which in them married a perfect expression to a perfect feeling, and thus made the record of their experiences so worthy that the world of letters is permanently enriched by it.

From what has just been said it would be easy to conclude that the story of these lives is the joint production of its subjects. So it is in a certain sense, but that sense is not the ordinary one. Although large portions of the book are composed of most readable extracts from the published tales, poems, and essays of William Smith, yet the narrowly personal note is not only seldom struck in these, but even from such of his letters as are quoted, charming as the specimens given are, the jealous affection of the widowed Lucy, almost as anxious to hide as to reveal her treasure, has pretty thoroughly effaced it.

"Ah, dear bundle before me as I write," she says in one place, "fifty letters, in not one of which is there one sad note—all serene hope, tender, unutterably precious, confident affection—not from one of these shall an extract be made. Sweet letters—that I shall burn some day, when the parted years are nearly over—there are one or two of you that I will lay apart, and my dead hand shall be folded over them in unutterable thankfulness."

For the general reader the interest of this memoir will hardly become engrossing until he reaches the second of the three parts into which its contents are divided. The first part is almost entirely devoted to a biography of William Smith, from his birth in 1808 until he was half way through his forty-ninth year, at

which period he first met his future wife. This record, so far as it deals with personalities, is chiefly compiled from a memoir which was written by his widow shortly after his death in 1872, for private circulation among their friends. But his life was one so empty of personal adventure or external incidents, that no just conception of him could be formed which did not have for its basis a tolerably thorough acquaintance with his mind, as revealed in his published volumes.

These were few in number. Two tales, *Thorndale* and *Gravenhurst*, neither of which can be called a novel in the ordinary sense, since they owe their interest wholly to the discussion of philosophical and religious problems; a *Discourse on Ethics of the School of Paley*, published in its author's thirty-second year; a couple of poems, one of them a drama called *Guidone*, which preceded the *Discourse* by three years; and a second drama, *Athelwold*, issued in 1842, comprise them all. William Smith was, however, a constant contributor of critical essays upon general literature to *Blackwood's Magazine* from 1839 to 1871, and much of his best work presumably lies hidden in the volumes of that series. Mr. Blackwood at one period proposed to issue a book of selections from these essays, but the plan was vetoed by their author. Copious extracts are given in the present memoir from *Athelwold*, *Thorndale*, and *Gravenhurst*, all of which will eminently repay careful study. We have had no access to the originals from which these specimens of thoughtful dialogue in prose and verse are taken, but from their general character it seems easy to infer that a closer idea can be formed from them of the wholes of which they form a part, than would be possible in the case of works less dependent on careful thought and close expression and more on incident, character, and plot. From *Athelwold*, a play based on the story of King Edgar, Athelwold, and Elfrida, as Hume relates it, we give, as a good example of an uncommon sort of common sense, put into a compact and admirable shape, the reply by which Dunstan defends himself against Athelwold when accused of having been too lenient to the "vicious Edgar," and too severe to the "innocent Edwin for a virtuous marriage":

> "Mark you not,
> My Athelwold, how in the faith *of all*,
> Each child of frailty, each poor worldling, finds
> The path he treads to Heaven? On the broad base,
> By ages strengthened, of a nation's creed,
> As on some mole immense and palpable,
> Wrought o'er the abyss, fast to the doors of Heaven,
> Each solitary foot treads firm; the flock

Of men pass on—they pause—they fail—they fall—
But on the road itself, and where it leads,
Or who contrived, they waste no bootless care,
No sad, unequal scrutiny. Therefore
We punish error as we punish crime,
Lest by the perverse freedom of a few
Truth lose her hold on the gross, giddy world.
And—hear me out with patience, my good lord—
And fortunate, I deem, are men thus ruled,
Who reason not, but in belief obey,
Or with the reason happily confound
A foregone sense of duty; fortunate,
In my esteem, that subject-multitude
The monarch-priest, by his bold government,
Protects from worst of anarchies, *from doubt,*
And its undying fear: their creed lives in them
Like blood within their veins, and glows or thrills,
As questionless. *Know this—that he who towers*
Above his kind, nor can be taught of them,
Who trusts his faith to solitary thought,
Who strains his ear for accents from the skies,
Or tasks the wavering oracle within,
Shall feed on heavenly whispers, few and faint,
And dying oft to stillness terrible!"

We have italicized these lines, not so much on account of their general truth as because of their special applicability to the mental and spiritual condition of their author throughout his life. For it is not wholly, nor even chiefly, the exquisite personalities of William and Lucy Smith, and the entirely charming character of the relation between them, which gives this volume its deepest interest. To us that interest centres in the strong relief into which the study of these lives throws the total result of a rejection of historical Christianity upon souls who belong by their nature to the *élite* of the human race. The question can nowhere be put and answered on more favorable terms. There is here no mawkish sentimentality to offend the taste, as in M. Renan; no attempt like Mrs. Ward's to preach philanthropy and brotherhood in the name of a mistaken but well-meaning Jew who was crucified for his fidelity to an ideal higher than his age and race were capable of, but who, in spite of his limitations, has become a symbol for the noblest aspirations; no moral solecisms to raise side-issues, as in the case of George Eliot. There is, instead, not only a fidelity to the inward light, striking both intellect and conscience, but an adoring attitude toward the personal God revealed in nature and consciousness, and a longing for union with him and for immortality which is only not sure faith because faith is the gift of God Incarnate, and can be imparted by him

alone. So great and unfeigned is this reverence toward God the Creator, and so persistent this timid hope, from which not right reason but purblind reasoning has cut away its sole substantial ground, that he would be overbold who should presume to weigh its merits or number its defects. Compassion, not censure, is the note evoked by lives like these. And it is a great compassion, for the object-lesson which they teach is costly. All the data afforded to human hope by human reason, aided by modern science, but with no other prop; responsive to conscience but deaf to revelation, they possess in a fulness which only displays the more absolutely its tenuity.

William Smith was born at Hammersmith, early in 1808, of parents in good circumstances and of a strong religious bent. His mother, who was of German descent, is described as being of an "eminently saintly character." She trained this youngest of a large family in the practice of reading the Bible and prayer, and he responded to the teaching so well that on his first departure from home to boarding-school, at the age of nine, he suffered martyrdom in a small way at the hands of his companions rather than abandon his ordinary custom. But at the next school he attended, as his pious practices not only excited no adverse comment but would have been sure to have secured approval, "one is not surprised," writes the wife, "that the feeling of devotion, which opposition had only stimulated, now retired out of sight." At the age of fourteen he was sent to Glasgow College, where an elder brother, who afterwards took Anglican orders, was likewise a student. Here William "*got thinking*," says the memoir, and "as a consequence, the old theological foundations became gradually disturbed." He has, himself, in *Thorndale*, given the *rationale* of this disturbance in a passage over-long to quote, but of which the gist is this: The father of Cyril took a great interest in the subject of reformatory punishment. It formed the great topic of conversation in his home. The house was full of books treating the subject in every possible manner, and no guest was allowed to escape from an exposition of what his host deemed to be the true principles of criminal jurisprudence.

> "As I understood (Cyril), the perusal of these books, together with the constant reiteration in the family circle that the reformation of the criminal himself was never to be lost sight of as one of the ends of punishment, forced upon his mind the perception of a strange contrast between the ethical principles which his father advocated when discoursing upon this favorite topic, and the ethical principles which he advanced or implied when he expounded his Calvinistic divinity. Cyril, at least, could not reconcile the two. He could not help saying to himself, though he recoiled at first with horror from his own suggestions, that his father claimed for a human legislator principles more noble and enlightened than

those he attributed to the Divine Governor. The idea was at first repudiated; it was thrust back; but it would return. . . . That the future punishments of God should have for one end the reformation of the offender does not appear to be a heresy of a very deep dye, nor one that ought to have disturbed a pious mind; but it shook the whole system of theology in which Cyril had been brought up. If punishment has in itself wise and merciful ends, if it is conducive, or accompanied by measures that are conducive, to the restoration of the criminal, what becomes of all those ideas attached to the word salvation, in which he had been educated? I only indicate the train of thought awakened in Cyril's mind. Those only who have been educated as he was can understand the terror and anguish of heart which such a train of thought brought with it. . . . The first murmur of dissent he ventured to raise against the system in which he had been educated was on the doctrine of eternal punishment. It was the doctrine he most frequently discussed with me. The more he studied it, whether in works of ethics or works of religion, the less he could assent to it. Yet the denial of it shook all the rest of the system; *his doctrine of atonement must be entirely remodelled;* in short, he was plunged into the miseries of doubt. . . . To appreciate the distress of Cyril it must be borne in mind that he had been brought up in the conviction that unbelief was a sin of the greatest magnitude; that it could not fail to incur all the penalties of extreme guilt, as the unbeliever was cut off from the only means of salvation. Say that *he was wrong*, then his very denial had sentenced him directly or indirectly to that final doom he called in question. His unbelief had incapacitated him from seizing upon the sole means of escape. This terrible responsibility was for ever with him. A voice would peal incessantly in his ears, 'You *may* be wrong, and then— . . .' With some few men this gloomy contest, carried on apart and alone, has absorbed all the energies of their intellect. Coerced into silence, they gain no help from other minds; the cloud hangs over them perpetually; no word from another disperses it for a moment; perhaps they are ashamed to confess the secret terrors they more than occasionally feel. They seek no distraction; for them there is no oblivion; they must front their enemy with a steady eye, or they sink vanquished, and lose entirely their self-respect. Perhaps there is no interest or pleasure so absorbing as to shelter them during one whole day from some recurrence of their sad and interminable controversy. They live on, knowing nothing of philosophy but its doubts, and retaining nothing of religion but its fears."

In this description of the early mental struggles of Cyril, William Smith closely indicated the nature of his own first doubts. But the end to which he finally attained was not that of Cyril. The latter finds peace in accepting the Catholic faith, and entering a Cistercian monastery. But his creator, while possessing a spiritual insight keen enough to descry that there are souls, fine and well-tempered, who after floundering in the marsh of doubt can find secure footing on that "mole immense and palpable—a nation's creed," was permanently hindered from doing so himself. The hindrance was a certain congenital intellectual blindness common to so many men that it is not singular to find them mistaking it for the perfection of vision. If we say that by instinct and by training he was a sceptic, we mean only that by nature he was timid; afraid, on the one hand, to lose touch with the mass of his kind as to their great hope, and afraid, on the other,

to lose it with that minority to whom has been carelessly conceded the name of "scientific," and to whom his habit of mind, critical not creative, acute but not adventurous, linked him as a disciple. The moral difficulties presented by the problem which is called "eternal punishment," he has elsewhere shown himself entirely capable to overcome. The philosophy in which he finally rested, and which included belief in a "personal God, an Intelligential Power through whom all is, and has been, and will be," and hope that man's conscious identity may be preserved after the death of the body, while rejecting absolutely, and with just horror, the notion of *vindictive* punishment, nevertheless found room in it for a clear conception and full expression of the truth that "the Furies will live for ever in the imagination of guilt and crime."

But William Smith's difficulties were not moral ones. The timidity of which we have spoken as his characteristic was purely intellectual. We can best indicate its nature by quoting from one of his early essays his definition of a mystic. Though written before he was twenty, it shows a radical and permanent tendency of his mind. It is a tendency common to so many of the educated classes that to follow it seems the most recognizable evidence of enlightenment and good judgment. And yet, to follow it is not only to cut off all tangible ground for that hope of immortality to which men cling blindly, in despite of "science," but to deny the value of human testimony and reject the possibility of revelation. Weighty things, these, to cast away in order to guard, in their stead, the puerile belief that to the mind and soul of man there is no avenue but his five senses, and that for his deepest and most imperishable longings no provision has been made but through that world of gross matter to which only they bear witness.

"I apprehend that he is strictly a mystic *who arrives at any sentiment or belief by any other than those modes of reasoning common to all mankind.* It is not necessary that this belief should be unintelligible, or peculiar to himself; it is enough that he has reached it by a method which the rest of the world cannot pursue. All inspired people, all who appeal to the influence of some spiritual agent upon their minds, all who discover in their own consciousness what others look in vain for in theirs, however good, however fortunate, however sincere they may be, are essentially mystics. Be it remembered, however, that in attaching this name to them, I do not charge them with any deception or any error. I imply only by it that with regard to that subject on which their consciousness has been otherwise informed, it is impossible to reason with them; as impossible as to argue upon external objects with one who should have more senses than five."

Now, with such a statement, taking it just as it stands, it is, of course, impossible to cavil. Nobody denies that the mystic, the seer, the prophet, is more open to spiritual agencies than the

mass of men. So far as the things of the soul go, he stands to them in much the same relation that a great inventor does to the ordinary mechanician. The quarrel that the Christian has with men like William Smith—men, that is, who have a deep longing after God, the Container, the Transcender, the Being who, even in the inadequate conception formed by the soul striving after him through nature, must be the source and origin of all those aspirations of which the world of the senses can give no account, and to which it affords no satisfaction—is that they are either too timid to trust their instincts, or too unwisely bold in their final conclusion that the five senses of the natural man supply what one might call the standard measure of the final receptiveness of the race. There is a sense in which they do. Since the race has had a written history, the pages of that history have testified with one accord, first, to the existence of the mystic and his providential purpose as a message-bearer from on high, and second, to the native impulse of his brother-man to accept his message and to receive from him the elevating influence which has fostered progress. The natural man, pure and simple, is not a creature unwilling to be taught. Faith comes by hearing to him. All knowledge of the laws and the purposes of his Creator, so far as these are not visibly contained in his own adaptation to his physical environment, has come to him through the medium of providential men and by means of revelation. To deny this is to deny the ability of the race to write its history. Holy men of old wrote and spoke and acted as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and though the messengers usually met sad treatment at the hands of their immediate hearers, yet their message was preserved and their credentials finally honored. That not every seer has seen aright, that the messages are confused and contradictory, is not the question. The first denier, the first experimenter, who proposed to bring all truth before the tribunal of the senses, stands in all records of the race as the immediate suggester of the "scientific" method of dealing with revelation. No sane mind has any quarrel with a science which is willing to take account of all the facts. It is only "science, falsely so called," because it refuses to recognize not merely the actual fact of revelation, but denies its possibility, against which the soul of the guileless man revolts. To him, all that lies beyond the sight of his own eyes, the circle of his own touch, comes as a matter of revelation from better instructed, wider-travelled men. But there is a region into which the natural eye has not seen, into which mortal foot has not trod, and yet toward which the natural heart aspires with a longing beyond all others which it has ever known.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" It is the eternal question of desire baffled, of love unsatisfied, of purblind reason, seeking vainly in the world of sense for a foundation solid enough to rear upon it the eternal habitation its capacities demand.

For now nineteen centuries the most enlightened, the most highly civilized portion of the race—Christendom—has answered that question in the affirmative. Life and immortality, it says, have been brought to light in the only way conceivable by mortal men. One of their own race, man in all senses, "tempted at all points like as we are, yet without sin," was assumed in his full human nature by the God who created him. He "who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all, in these days hath spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the world." The apostle begins by assuming as proven the point which the "science" of our generation commonly professes to regard as settled in the negative. Knowledge which cannot be attained by the average man through the cultivated use of his natural faculties, cannot be attained by any man, is as good a formula as any to represent the agnostic attitude. And as no optician's lenses will aid man's eyes to pierce the veil of death, no man can say that conscious life exists beyond it. For him, in his present state, immortality must remain at best a great Perhaps.

Now, against agnostic science and philosophy the natural man, whose belief they have done their best to overthrow, and whose hope they have tossed only a contemptuous and exceedingly dry crust, finds himself constrained to protest, sometimes in behalf of his own consciousness of facts, and again in behalf of that recorded consciousness of the race which is called history. His faith has lived too long, his hope is too dear to him, his anguish is too keen in the face of death, above all, his strong human love, when it touches him in its pivotal relations, is too persistent in its longings to allow him to acquiesce in the teaching which at its best throws into irredeemable doubt all that has made life precious in its higher hours. On what authority, he must needs ask of the new and self-appointed guides who are beckoning him onward to what the most advanced of them are the most ready to describe as an abyss—on what authority do you bid me discredit the abundant testimony which, in our own day, as throughout all ages of which history is cognizant, has proven that God has not only spoken through prophets things above the natural cognizance of men, but by his Son has made known the fact of immortality? If it is on that of the order and unbroken continuity of nature, I deny that

such an order is broken by the introduction of the prophet or the incarnation of Jesus Christ. I deny it for the same reason that I would deny the possibility of an inventor who should surpass Edison on his own lines. Not that I put the great discoverers of truths belonging strictly to the natural order in the same category as the revealers of truths which lie beyond man's natural ken, although the knowledge of them is as strictly necessary to his happiness as the food he eats is to his mortal body. I say only that just as surely as experience proves man's inextinguishable desire for eternal life, so surely does natural reason demonstrate that only from the farther side of the grave could valid testimony to his continued existence come. The question cannot be settled *à priori*, and on the authority of a philosophy which begins by denying a whole order of facts, an unbroken catena of evidence, in the abused name of "science." What is science but the best attainable record of all the facts in every case? The law you lay down is one that excludes evidence, the justice you administer is like that of the Hoosier judge who found that as only four witnesses had seen the prisoner at the bar commit the murder he was charged with, while sixteen had been produced who had seen nothing of the kind, the balance of testimony required his acquittal. By the very nature of the case revelation must be made to the few whose inner senses have been unclosed. The mass of men, whose representatives you pre-eminently are by virtue of that new-fangled "science" which classes as unknowable all that its votaries do not know, are, nevertheless, in their ordinary, unscientized condition, amenable to the weight of testimony. By so much as you are prepared to discard it wherever it collides with your theory, that the world of matter cognizable by the five senses is the only valid source of knowledge open to any man, you sink beneath the mass.

It was on that rock that the bark William and Lucy, so richly freighted with happiness and so desirous to enter the safe harbor of eternal life, struck and went down outside it. Desire for God they had, and that intense longing for union with him which is the seal he has set upon the heart of all his rational creatures. Hope, too, they had, in that infinite, fatherly mercy to which no man may set limits narrower than those set by Him who on the night before he gave himself for the ransom of the race said:

> "I pray not for the world, but for them whom thou hast given me, because they are thine. . . . And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in me."

From that belief each of them fell away—he for the reason

we have tried to indicate, and which, in his special case, ardent lover of truth as he essayed to be, we take to be a timidity, an uneasiness at the notion of letting go the skirts of "advanced" thought which truth resents, and to which she will never wholly yield. As for his wife, what she lost of assured Christian faith —a faith never possessed in its entirety by either, because malformed by its issue from the womb of heresy—she lost through love of him in the first place, and never regained. She also was timid—too timid to advance one step beyond the spot where he left her at his death. She could not go back to her old belief, she said; Christianity was "unthinkable," the evidence for it rested on too narrow a basis; from some of its dogmas the heart revolted. Nevertheless, she hoped, because, as she avowed, this present life would have been intolerable to her without the hope of reunion of hearts in one beyond it.

And just there, in the nature of that intense and perfect love which existed between these two souls and welded them into so complete a whole, lay, one would have said, a reason sufficient in its own unaided strength to sweep away the one thin veil which prevented their acceptance of the Christ of God and hindered their secure peace within the shelter of his promise. Love like theirs is always a rare phenomenon. No one who has not felt its like can accept the possibility of it except on testimony. Can any man or woman, reading of it or beholding its counterpart, say: This is the crown of human felicity—I also will seek for and attain it? Does it lie within the power of choice? Do complements of each other live in the next street, or may they be found by advertising in the matrimonial columns of the Sunday journals? Is not love in its higher and purer sense as mystic, as incommunicable, as unshared a gift as individual life itself is? We say this, of course, not in the sense that human love in its highest natural development is either argument or evidence for the historical truth of Christianity. We mean, simply, that as it was William Smith's one desire to "know things definitely" which lay at the root of his unwillingness to base faith or hope on anything less wide than the consensus of the mass of men, or to accept as true anything at which all could not arrive by "those modes of reasoning common to all mankind," the bare fact that he also was one of that elect few who have had an experience so rich in happiness, so singular, so proof in its essence against being either made known or shared, should have caused his faith in the first article of the agnostic creed to waver.

WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

FRANCE RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND SOCIAL.*

THE author of this monograph of forty-five pages has taken as its motto the following affirmation from a discourse of Ernest Renan, delivered before the French Academy on the 21st of February, 1889: "*La Révolution est condamnée, s'il est prouvé qu'au bout de cent ans elle en est encore à recommencer, à chercher sa voie, à se débattre sans cesse dans les conspirations et l'anarchie.*"† Renan is evidently far sounder in his political than in his religious views.

Count de Nanteuil opens by stating that moral anarchy is widespread throughout France, all its various productive interests are suffering, religion is most unjustly attacked, and, what is very sad, conservative men seem to be without energy and courage to perseveringly undertake to mend things. France's trouble is organic and social in its character, and has been brought about by radical transformations in the former fundamental laws of the realm, and by pernicious innovations due to the first Revolution and maintained ever since in the status of the domestic, civil, and political elements which compose the French nation. Universal suffrage, uniform and equal, and which takes no account of varied and important social interests, does not work well in that country. Eminent writers of the present day (as appears from an editorial from the pen of M. Reinach, chief editor of the *République Française*) are found to assert this. It elevates to government weak, mediocre men, chosen in preference to others of far superior ability, and who, when in power, have to reward their partisans, by whose votes and influence they have benefited, by distributing among them government patronage and offices. Another passage is quoted from Renan's address above referred to, in which he says that "'his country, having allowed its intellectual and moral centre of gravity to fall too low, has seen its destinies handed over to the caprices of an average public opinion which in soundness and reliability does not come up to the mental abilities of even a very ordinary sovereign called to his throne by the chances of hereditary succession." Renan on this point seems to be in accord with Professor Huxley, who has somewhere expressed the opinion that "government by average public opinion is merely a circuitous way of going to the devil."

The status of the family has been injured in this wise: by depriving parents of the power of willing their own property, which, with a slight exception, *must* be divided, *wholly* and *equally*, amongst their children, whether dutiful and of good habits or the contrary; and by interfering with the parental right to educate children according to the dictates of the parents' conscience and judgment. As to the civil or administrative element, the mischief was begun by the centralizing policy of Louis XIV. and his successor, and confirmed and extended by the republican and imperial governments, and all others that have followed up to the

* *Le Peril Social, que faire pour le conjurer en assurant à la France la prosperité et le calme?* By Count de la Barre de Nanteuil. Paris: E. Plon Nourrit et Cie.—The Social Peril; what is to be done to avert it by restoring to France prosperity and tranquillity?

† The Revolution must be condemned as a failure if it can be shown that after the lapse of a century it finds that it has to begin anew, that it is at loss what course to follow, and is in unceasing struggle with conspiracies and anarchy.

present day; it consists in the appointment of too numerous functionaries and employees of the general government, and in some other ways which there is no space to explain here. In the political order the absolute royal power of Louis XIV. had prepared the way for the work afterwards done by the Revolution. From 1614 to 1789, a period of one hundred and seventy-five years, the *États-Généraux* had not once been convoked. Men of noble or high social standing, residents of the provinces, were given no chance to take part in local administration, which was mainly given over to government agents. Louis XVI. had no right to change the fundamental law in 1789, by requiring the representatives in the États-Généraux of the nobility and clergy to go into and form one assembly with the Tiers État, where they were sure to be outvoted and lose all the power they could have otherwise exerted as a conservative counterpoise, then so much needed, in the work of national political reform. Everybody knows about the revolutionary ordeal through which France was afterwards made to go. The church in France lost all its autonomy and means of independent self support, and finally had to consent to be salaried by government. The present republican *régime* is responsible only for the evil which it has done since 1871 by pernicious legislation. This comprises laws legalizing divorce, which subverts the stability and sanctity of the family; other enactments for the purpose of persecuting the church and the religious orders, and doing harm to the cause of religion; and for permitting the removal by government of office-holders *at will and without showing cause therefor*, and often for no other reason than because of a candid expression of political opinions. The aggregate result, after a century's experience, is that in France, at the present day, instability has become a permanent feature in the status of the family, of religion, and of civil and political institutions, and until it is cured by restoring independence and stability to the four national elements above mentioned there can be no prospect of ever founding a good and durable government. As an instance of instability in the political order, Count de Nanteuil points out the too great facility possessed by parliamentary majorities, past and present, to turn a ministry out. He thinks this should be remedied by making the fall of a ministry carry with it, *ipso facto*, a dissolution of the legislative chambers, and an appeal to the country by calling a new election, just as often has taken place in England. Legislators would then become more chary of combining through political caprice or intrigue to upset the ministry in power. He suggests that the senate would be better composed if there were virtually represented in it, by prominent men of each class, besides the religious and moral interests of the realm, those of the army, the judiciary, and the varied and permanent interests of property, agriculture, commerce, and other industries. He contends that universal suffrage, *uniform and equal*, as at present in France, represents only an aggregate of individuals, indistinctive of classes, is subversive of personal independence in the elected, promotes neither governmental nor legislative science, but principally a constant political agitation and machinations to secure votes, and should be amended so as *not to leave unrepresented the great interests of the nation.*

He instances the system followed in Prussia, and probably also in other parts of Germany. In Prussia the House of Deputies is divided into thirds, one of which is elected respectively by electors paying the first, second, and third highest shares of direct taxes. The writer suggests for France a system somewhat similar in theory and its main features to the German, but comprehensive of more interests, and leaving one-third of legislators to be elected by wage-earners. He points out that the population of France is falling in number so much below other European nations that, in view of future safety and defence, a sound and

stable government, bringing with it prosperity and tranquillity, is now of paramount need. The population of France, which was 26,000,000 in 1779, has after the lapse of a century increased only one-third. At the beginning of this century the annual increase was 6.02 per thousand; it had fallen to 3.34, in 1879, and has further decreased during the past five years to 2.86 per thousand, and if this rate of diminution continues, will become in time stationary.

The monograph before us gives evidence of careful thought and diligent study, and is cleverly and elegantly written. It has been highly commended by several of the leading journals of the provinces, and by *La Réforme Sociale*, founded by M. Le Play. It contains many forcible and interesting citations from eminent French publicists; one of these, a prediction by the celebrated M. de Bonald, is deserving of mention here—"that France, the eldest of revolutionized nations, will be the first to either be born anew or to perish." B.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The Catholic Young Men's National Union, which was mentioned and approved in the pastoral letter issued by the prelates of the United States in 1884, has given considerable attention to the formation and development of Catholic libraries. At each of the annual conventions the societies were requested to make a report of the number of volumes accessible to their members, and such other information as would tend to promote the general welfare of Catholic literature. Much good has been already done in this direction; many fine libraries have been formed by the literary societies, which provide their members with abundant facilities for self-improvement. From the young men, therefore, the Columbian Reading Union rightly expects valuable co-operation in the work of diffusing good literature, and of demanding recognition for our Catholic writers in all the public libraries of the land. The time has arrived for an aggressive movement all along the line. By a combination of forces, such as we propose, results hitherto unattainable can be achieved. Within the past year we have gathered evidence of awakened interest from many correspondents in various parts of the United States and Canada. It has been shown conclusively that the reading clubs formed by young ladies are willing and able to take an important part in the good work. The object we have in view will establish friendly relations between Catholic authors and their readers, and lead to a better understanding of the practical methods which will advance the best interests of the reading public at large.

The extensive outline of reading courses for young men published in this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD is worthy of attentive perusal and study. It shows a wide range of reading, and has been very favorably criticised by several competent scholars to whom it was submitted. Unanimity of opinion on all the points mentioned is scarcely to be expected. We shall be pleased to get comments or further information on any of the topics suggested. The paper is well deserving the notice of the delegates at the coming convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, to be held at Providence, Rhode Island, in September.

READING COURSES FOR YOUNG MEN.

"Permit me to express my great pleasure in observing the interest which THE CATHOLIC WORLD is awakening in the question of Catholic Reading Circles. The scope of the project will be beneficial to young men. For them it is especially necessary, since they are brought in closer contact with the great tide of indifferentism and unbelief which surrounds us.

"I would suggest that the reading should consist of certain definite courses, each having unity and completeness in itself, and yet related to the others by the dominating idea of illustrating the operation of divine truth, and the great social organism which is its guardian, as the dynamic element in the upward progress of mankind. The greater part of the subjects chosen should be of practical significance in connection with the current life and thought of the world.

"I have drawn up an outline, arranged historically, of the subjects which, it seems to me, ought, as far as possible, to be covered in the courses for young men, making only occasional references to individual books, but more often, especially in the case of the present century, mentioning the names prominent in the epoch or class in question. Most of the persons named are converts to our holy religion. The whole is meant merely by way of suggestion. I think that the subjects are deserving of the attention of any young author-errant in search of literary adventures in which to employ nobly and usefully his talents. However dry and weighty some of the topics may appear to be, it would be within the possibilities of skill and loving interest to invest them with such charms that their study will become as delightful as a page of Manzoni.

"1. The geological history of the planet on which we live.

"2. Archæological lights on the remote history of mankind, with care to *avoid* the assumption of a universal succession of palæolithic, neolithic, bronze, and iron ages, which was intended for the purpose of discrediting religion, and has been discarded by the most advanced science.

"3. Bible history of the patriarchal age.

"4. Bible history of the Hebrew nation.

"5. The early history of the Aryan race, with special attention to the Rig Veda and the Zend Avesta as containing remains of the primeval revelation. See *Gentilism*, by the Jesuit Father Thébaud.

"6. Greek history and literature, as illustrating the transmission and decadence of the divine traditions of the patriarchal age. The Amphictyonic Councils, the writings of Plato, Æschylus, etc.

"7. Early Rome. With the special prominence given to Numa Pompilius shown by Father Formby to be his due as a possessor of the divine traditions. See *Monotheism, the Primitive Religion of Rome.*

"8. Rome under the Cæsars: the gradual spread of Christianity, its subtle, unrecognized influence, illustrated by the works of Marcus Aurelius and others, and its final triumph. Wiseman's *Fabiola*, Newman's *Callista*, Mrs. Dorsey's *Palms*, the historical works of Allies, etc.

"9. Reconstruction of Europe by the church and the monastic orders. Allies' *Holy See and the Wandering of the Nations*, Montalembert's *Monks of the West*, etc.

"10. The Gregorian Reformation of the twelfth century, and the rise of the Scholastic philosophy.

"11. The Middle Ages, showing, in opposition to the popular notions of today, the high and rapidly progressing intellectual, social, and political condition of Europe at that time. Works of Balmes, Maitland, Digby, Ozanam, etc.

"12. The Classic Renaissance.

"13. The Borromean Reformation of the sixteenth century.

"14. The moral degradation, social disintegration, political centralization, and other evils which resulted from the Protestant Revolution.

"15. Erastianism: the evil effects of the encroachments of the state upon the rights of the church, from the time of Constantine to the present, producing a long series of abuses, aggravated by Protestantism, which culminated finally in the atheistical Revolution of the eighteenth century.

"16. Social and intellectual history of Italy and Southern Germany, the

centres of European culture, during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

"17. Catholic Revival in Germany in the nineteenth century. Schlegel, Görres, Werner, Stolberg, Hahn-Hahn, Gaförer, Lewald, etc.

"18. Revival of art in Germany (under Catholic auspices) in the nineteenth century. Cornelius, Overbeck, Shadow, Veit, etc.

"19. Catholic Revival in France in the nineteenth century. Lacordaire, Chateaubriand, Ozanam, Montalembert, Maine de Biron, Royer-Collard, Veuillot, Ampère, Droz, Lenormant, Thierry, etc.

"20. Catholic Revival in Great Britain in the nineteenth century. Newman, Faber, Wilberforce, Coleridge, Spencer, Digby, Paley, Arnold, Ward, Oakeley, Howitt, Bute, Brady, etc.

"21. Artistic Reaction in Great Britain towards mediæval Catholic models. Preraphaelitism. Ruskin, etc.; also Pugin, John Rogers Herbert, etc.

"22. Premonitions of Catholic Revival in the United States. Brownson, Hecker, Bishop England, the Spaldings, Huntington, Taney, Haldeman, Ives, McLeod, Preston, etc.

"23. Premonitions of Catholic Revival in Scandinavia. Zoëga, etc.

"24. Premonitions of Catholic Revival in Russia. Madame Swetchine, the Princes Gallitzin, the Princes Gagarin, etc.

"25. Premonitions of Catholic Revival in Switzerland. Hurter, Müller, etc.

"26. Catholicity among the Jews. Bernard Bauer in Hungary; Hermann, the Abbés de Ratisbonne, and the Abbé Lémand in France; Baron d'Eckstein in Denmark; Liebermann in Germany, etc.

"27. Travels. Ozanam's *Cid;* Lady Herbert's *Cradle Lands* and *Glimpses of Spain;* Fairbanks' *Visit to Europe and the Holy Land;* Baron Geraud's *Pilgrimage to Palestine, Egypt, and Syria,* etc.

"28. Social problems. Leo XIII., Cardinal Manning, Count de Mun, Prince Lichtenstein, Baron Wambold, Baron Vogelsang, Ballanche, Father Weiss, Jannet, Drumont, Mallock, Powderly, etc.

"29. Current scientific controversies. Mivart, Lilly, Gmeiner, De Concilio, Ward, Mallock, etc.

"30. Ingersolliana. Lambert, etc.

"31. War of Freemasonry against the church. Works of Dupanloup, Parsons, Mgr. Dillon, etc. Masonry as the mainspring of the Revolution. Its temporary successes in France, Italy, Mexico, etc., and its overthrow in Belgium, Holland, Spain (Balmes), Germany (Windhorst), Ecuador (Moreno), etc.

"32. Contemporary Catholic poets of England and America. Aubrey de Vere, Coventry Patmore, Father Ryan, Eliza Allen Starr, Joaquin Miller, Maurice F. Egan, Eleanor C. Donnelly.

"33. Contemporary Catholic fiction. Christian Reid, Rev. J. Talbot Smith, Hendrik Conscience, Lady Fullerton, Lady Herbert of Lea, Anna Hanson Dorsey, Kathleen O'Meara, etc.

"Merwin-Marie Snell,

"*Member of the Philosophical and Anthropological Societies of Washington.*"

"The operation of divine truth, and the great social organism which is its guardian," have been powerfully displayed in Ireland. In no part of the world has the conflict between truth and error appeared more unequal. Another course of reading should be added to the list as given above, showing how Catholics account for the triumph of the church among the children of St. Patrick. We hope that the author will give as soon as possible detailed lists of the books suitable for the courses outlined.

There is so much apathy prevalent, like a mental malaria, that we felt invigorated by the perusal of this letter, which has a clarion ring in it.

"I have read what has been published in reference to the Columbian Reading Union in The Catholic World. The plan is a good one and the demand for Catholic reading cannot be urged too strongly. It is the duty of the church to educate the ignorant, especially in reference to her own divine teachings.

Non-Catholics are accused of being unfair; they are not so always. Many are simply ignorant, stupidly ignorant, on Catholic belief and practices. To verify this ask a non-Catholic about the Jesuits; he may masquerade as an expert, but you will discover very soon that he knows not of what he speaks, though he may be generally well informed; he is warped and twisted by bad literature and false history until his knowledge is an injury to him, because it shuts out the truth. Ask your next non-Catholic about 'indulgences,' and if you are not loaded with falsehood and foolishness you will be more fortunate than I have been. Ask another about absolution, and he may not know what it means, unless you mention that it relates to the forgiveness of sins. Here, again, you will observe his ignorance, not unfairness, not prejudice alone, but deep, dark ignorance sixteen ounces to the pound.

"Ignorance is the dark wall between the Catholic Church and other Christian people, and we are in fault for many reasons. We are not as intelligently aggressive as we should be. Our warfare should never be upon the faith of another or form of another man's belief, but our work should be to show the beautiful features of the Catholic Church. Put books into the hands of those we respect; supply them with the Catholic side of each question, and when you open the mental door once it can never be completely closed again. I have often said to non-Catholics: 'If you open your mind honestly God's angels will capture you and land you inside the confessional.' 'The Columbian Reading Union' is a step in educating the people. Gentlemen will study your plan and read your books instead of asking their stableman or their cook what the Catholic Church teaches. The Catholic, too, will add information to faith, and be able to answer honest inquiry or refute ignorant assertion. He will do more thinking and less fighting for his church. The parish priest, too, will discover the necessity of assisting the congregation to become better informed so that greater attention will be given to able discourses. I do not think the Union will produce any evil, not even the evil of discussion; it may induce comparison of views and suggest inquiry, all of which will lead to sure victory for the church if honestly and vigorously pressed.

"O'Brien J. Atkinson.

"*Fort Gratiot, Mich.*"

Will some of our readers answer the question proposed in this letter?

"I have been reading *Hypnotism*, by D. H. Tuke, M.D.; also Loveland's Lectures. May I ask, Have Catholics written anything directly on these subjects, and when published? I am unable to get some books on the subject for others to read."

Here is a plan described in one of our exchanges which involves extra work for teachers, but much profit for scholars:

"Superintendent —— submitted an interesting report on the work of the teachers in distributing books from the public library among the children. In compliance with a resolution passed by the library board, he said, twenty-nine teachers had applied for the privilege of drawing books from the public library for distribution among their children. Pupils receiving books from teachers were required to secure the necessary library cards, and the books were issued in the same manner as in the public library. The cards were stamped and the dates of return and reissue of the books to pupils were recorded. From the library 830 books were taken and distributed among the teachers, and 2,498 issues of these books to pupils were made. The results achieved by this new system of providing the pupils with reading matter were excellent, according to the unanimous testimony of all the teachers. The pupils by this system were being accustomed to reading select literature. The selections made by the teachers were especially adapted to the capacity of the child, and the opportunities for reading thus offered removed, in a great measure, the temptation to read trashy literature, which was too easily obtained by young readers. A decided improvement in the taste of the children was noticeable. Many complimentary remarks were received from parents. Among the suggestions made were the following: To in-

clude magazines among the books sent to the schools; to make it optional with the teachers to keep the books in the schools as long as they choose; to increase the number of standard books and furnish several copies of those most in demand; to permit holders of school cards to draw books only at school; to establish a distinct department in the library for furnishing books to the schools; and to extend the privilege of book-borrowing to one or two of the lower grades—the third and fourth, for example—and to lessen the grade work to enable the pupils to devote more time to reading."

In a recent address Judge Richard O'Gorman, of New York City, gave eloquent utterance to some thoughts which should be eagerly absorbed by all who are working for the diffusion of good books. We hope the address from which we quote will be published in pamphlet form for general circulation.

"It is something to know what were the thoughts and hopes and fears and aspirations of great men in great eras of the world, and to hear them speak in their own language. Instead of decrying these studies now, the time, as I think, has come for cultivating them with greater ardor. The conditions of life and thought and public action in America are changing fast. 'The old order changeth, giving place to the new.' The serious problems to be considered will demand all the knowledge that can be gathered from any source, as well as all the wisdom that is native and to the manner born. And it is not just to say that there is in literature no practical value. The literature of a nation, to a great extent, directs its purpose, spurs it to activity, and chronicles its progress. The silent nations of the past have lived, died, and are forgotten. It is a nation's literature alone that keeps the memory of a nation's career for ever green in men's souls. So it will ever be. Thus literature is very practical. It is thought, not force, that rules the world.

> "'A pebble cast into the sea is felt from shore to shore,
> And a thought from the heart set free will echo on for evermore.'"

From Appleton's *Literary Bulletin* we borrow a paragraph on the historic novel, which will be of interest to those following the course of reading suggested in the first book-list of the Columbian Reading Union:

"The difficulty of the imaginative writer," says the *Athenæum*, "who attempts, whether in prose or verse, to vivify the past, seems to be increasing every day with the growth of the scientific temper and the reverence of the sacredness of mere documents. The old-fashioned theory—the theory which obtained from Shakspere's time down to Scott's, and even down to Kingsley's—that the facts of history could be manipulated for artistic purposes with the same freedom that the artist's own inventions can be handled, gave the artist power to produce vital and flexible work at the expense of the historic conscience—a power which is being curtailed day by day. The instinct for vivifying by imaginative treatment the records of the past is too universal and too deeply inwoven in the very texture of the human mind to be other than a true and healthy instinct. But so oppressive has become the tyranny of documents, so fettered by what a humorist has called 'factology' have become the wings of the romancer's imagination, that one wonders at his courage in dealing with historic subjects at all. A bold writer would be he who in the present day should make Shakspere figure among the Kenilworth festivities as a famous player (after the manner of Scott), or who should (after the manner of Kingsley) give Elizabeth credit for Winter's device of using the fire-ships before Calais."

The prospectus of the Columbian Reading Union has been mailed to the hierarchy of the United States, to the academies and select schools, and to all the papers and magazines on the exchange list of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. We hope to get comments, suggestions, and advice from these sources. A good word in favor of our project coming from those in authority will render great assistance to the movement.

The *Catholic American*, of New York, has given prominent editorial sanction in words of hearty commendation of our efforts. As an exposition of our plan it deserves a careful perusal from our readers:

"THE READING CLUBS.

"One of the best ideas which has moved the Catholic body in many years is that which has lately made its appearance under the name of the Columbian Reading Union. We commend its aim and its methods to the attention of every reader of the *Catholic American*.

"Its aim is to unite the host of Catholic readers in one determined body, for the purpose of encouraging Catholic literature, and of bringing within knowledge and reach of its members the best Catholic books and periodicals, and also the purest and most useful of secular publications. Its methods are so simple that children can be easily organized into clubs and given all the advantages of the idea.

"In every town Catholics are to-day more or less strong, and have in common with their Protestant and infidel neighbors a taste for reading only too easily gratified. It has been the policy of literary Americans to neglect and ignore and discourage everything in the shape of Catholic literature. Catholics, by their indifference, have assisted them in this ignoble work, and if the former have suffered much from their venomous bigotry, the latter have almost extinguished themselves by stupid neglect of their own.

"We have in every department of literature and art and science the most distinguished names, but they are rarely or never known to be Catholic. When their faith comes to the front in their art they are quickly sat upon by their anti-Catholic patrons, and find no defenders among their own brethren. They are not known by their brethren, and they gradually drift away from Catholic influences and come, perhaps, to have a sort of artistic scepticism with regard to Catholic culture.

"This sad state of things the Reading Union purposes to change with more or less success. Its design is to gather together the readers in every district, and to make out for them courses of reading which will bring them into intimacy with Catholic authors and artists and scientists, which will enlarge their horizon of thought, and by systematic work leave them at the end of the course a residuum of culture and some ideas which were not theirs before.

"For instance, ten or twelve persons with a taste for reading meet at the residence of a friend, form themselves into a branch of the Columbian Reading Union, and send one dollar to the central bureau of management. In return they receive regularly for one year copies of reading lists, where courses suited to differing tastes are made out. These reading courses are very simple, and yet very thorough.

"The simplicity of the plan is the surest indication of its practicability and future success. It should be taken up at once by all the Catholic journals, and given as much publicity as possible. And every energetic Catholic who wishes to do a modest and useful share towards the awakening of our people to a sense of their needs can choose nothing which will conduce more to that end. Schools and colleges and convents should all be represented in the Union. The necessary information can be obtained by sending letters to the Columbian Reading Union, No. 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City."

We naturally expect the graduates of Catholic institutions of learning to show a profound appreciation of whatever has a bearing on intellectual development. It is hardly necessary to appeal to them for their active support of the enterprise started by this magazine. If the matter is properly brought before them by their officers we feel confident that they will cheerfully use their influence in a way that will make itself felt.

Le Couteulx Leader, of Buffalo, N. Y., tells how it may be done practically:

"A meeting of the Holy Angels' Academy Alumnæ Association was held

last week, chiefly to arrange for the annual reunion of its members, which this year is to take place on the day preceding the commencement. The change has been made to accommodate members from out of town who wish to remain for the closing exercises of the school year. A secondary object of the meeting was the consideration of the question of 'Reading Circles,' of late so much discussed in our Catholic journals. It was decided that the society should take the necessary steps to be represented in the 'Columbian Reading Union,' now formed, an outcome of the many articles upon this subject published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD under the heading of 'Reading Circles.'"

From the same source we quote a statement fully in accord with the opinions presented by many writers in these pages within the past year. It seems incredible that any one with ordinary intelligence could fail to understand the main outlines of the plan originated by the founders of the Columbian Reading Union. We commend the statement to those whom it may concern, and extend our thanks to the writer:

"A long communication from Youngstown, Ohio, describes the organization of a Catholic Educational Union in that city and sets forth the need of such an institution. It is to work on lines similar to those of the Columbian Reading Union. The prospectus of the latter had not been read, apparently, by the writer of the letter mentioned, as he alludes to 'a proposed society for the benefit of the Catholic women of the United States, etc., etc.,' and asks why 'young men should be excluded from the scope of the plan.' They are not. The Columbian Union proposes to extend its advantages to men and women of both leisured and working classes. The important field of juvenile literature will receive due attention. In fact, nothing could be broader and more comprehensive than its proposed working plan. In view of this it seems a pity that there should be more than the one central organization, and particularly a pity that any 'official organ or magazine' should be established. It is an unnecessary dispersion of forces. Local Reading Circles throughout the country can find everything they need in the guide-lists of the Columbian Reading Union, while their 'organ,' already made and influential, exists in THE CATHOLIC WORLD itself, a magazine which counts among its contributors many of the best writers in America, England, and Ireland. In the department of Reading Circles space is allotted for the 'references, queries, answers, explanatory notes, valuable suggestions, etc.' . . . and all matters of interest profitable to the various clubs and their central association. However, whether there be unions within unions, circles within circles, affiliated or not to a head organization, it is consoling to see all along the line a real awakening to the importance of encouraging among writers and readers a high and pure literature; and an earnest effort to insure its propagation."

M. C. M.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF GLASGOW AND THE LEAGUE OF THE CROSS.

It is gratifying to notice the strenuous efforts that are being made at present by the Archbishop of Glasgow, in union with the priests of his diocese, to institute an organized religious crusade against the great vice of intemperance. During last Lent a series of missions was given in the various churches, and as a result it was determined that special united efforts should be made against the sin of drunkenness. The archbishop, taking the initiative, summoned a conference of his senior priests, in which the matter was fully discussed, and they resolved to begin a complete organization of the League of the Cross throughout the diocese. It is proposed to establish a branch of the League in every parish and mission of the diocese, with a central council in Glasgow,

over which the archbishop will preside. A further proposal states "that where total abstinence societies exist, or branches of the Total Abstinence League, they shall be converted into branches of the League of the Cross, and the pledge readministered to the members according to its regulations." The archbishop himself launched the new organization, in which he is taking the deepest personal interest, by issuing a circular letter in which he says (we quote from a report printed in an excellent Catholic journal, the Glasgow *Observer*):

"No one can doubt that amongst the evils of great cities intemperance is perhaps the most dangerous, from the rapidity with which the habit of it is contracted, and the terrible results that follow it. Every one has had under his own eyes, some amongst their own friends and relations, many cases in which it has led to immorality and dishonesty, ruined promising lives, and broken up happy homes. We feel that it must be kept in check if true Christian life is to continue amongst us; that intemperance must be reduced, and all of us guarded against its temptations. Therefore, in every one of our missions our priests are struggling against it by preaching, by pastoral visits, and by the establishment of societies. But now they all desire that the united effort of the general mission against evils of every kind should be followed by united effort against this particular evil. After consultation with them, therefore, we have determined to establish a total abstinence society to be known as the League of the Cross of the Archdiocese of Glasgow, with a branch in every district of the city and suburbs, and a central council over which we shall preside. And we trust that before long branches will be established in every mission of the diocese." After enumerating the rules of the League, His Grace continues: "We desire that the benefits of this society should be extended to the women as well as to the men of each congregation, and we leave it to the senior priests to do what in their discretion may seem best to accomplish this object in so far as it can be done without interference with the duties of domestic life. We feel sure that the good which has been done hitherto by the societies of the various missions will be largely increased when they are gathered together and strengthened by united efforts and mutual sympathy and encouragement."

This was issued last May. Reports since given to the public show how earnestly the priests have gone to work, and how enthusiastically the people have taken up the good cause. In St. John's Church, at one of the usual weekly Monday night meetings, Father Macluskey, the pastor, gave the League pledge to ten new members; in St. Mungo's, the church of the Passionists, at two consecutive meetings it was given to forty-six new members; in St. Mary's to twenty; in St. Aloysius, Glasgow, the Jesuit's church, Father Gordon received twenty-nine new members into his branch of the League; in Baillieston, at the first meeting under the new constitution, 251 men, women, and children took or renewed the pledge under the new form; and so on in other churches the same quiet and steady enthusiasm is manifested.

Much good may be expected from a movement begun so auspiciously, and which has already shown signs of such vigorous life. It puts the temperance cause on a proper religious basis. Intemperance is a sin and can be fought efficaciously with the religious weapons God puts into our hands, prayer and sacramental grace. This movement, moreover, has an impulse from the "powers that be." It has the whole organized force of the Catholic Church behind it. Individuals, zealous for the good of the people, may do much, and often work reforms in neighborhoods or parishes. But they as often wear themselves out in a hopeless warfare with this degrading vice. Widespread organization is necessary for solid and permanent results, and the encouragement of persons of conspicuous ability, or of those enjoying the opportunities for good incident to high office, is of incalculable benefit.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FRENCH TRAITS. An Essay in Comparative Criticism. By W. C. Brownell. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

This is a studious and appreciative book, made up of some nine or ten essays on such subjects as the Social Instinct, Morality, Manners, the Art Instinct, Women, Democracy. These topics are diverse, and their unity, so far as they need and have it, is occasioned by the continuous contrast and comparison in each essay with the corresponding Anglo-Saxon principles, ideals, and habits of thought and action. Mr. Brownell has made his observations with much care and study; he has marshalled his information and made it effective, and has leavened the whole with critical generalizations and a philosophy which, if not always sound, is broad and kindly. The author possesses one of the mental traits of the people he treats of, viz., an interest so real, and a desire for the truth so genuine, that he is impartial and impersonal in his judgments. While the book will always have a value for its information, its cleverness and fairness, it has a special opportuneness just now; we may be allowed to doubt, however, if many of the thousands of Americans now visiting the Paris Exposition will take the time or have the interest and ability to follow Mr. Brownell's careful and pointed essays. In treating of manners and life, in the domain of art, in criticising literary and social habits, we find the author more reliable, happy, and satisfactory than when he discourses of morality itself, and makes judgment of the application of its principles to a Catholic people. Indeed, we do not know where to find him. Having admitted that morality is a fundamental matter, he says: "We understand morality in many different ways. French morality is morality in the etymological sense. The chief distinction between us, the chief characteristic which in this sphere sets off the Frenchman from the Anglo-Saxon, and from the Spaniard also, and the Italian, over whom he triumphs morally, perhaps, is his irreligiousness." This is wonderful indeed; it is strange that having enumerated the various moralities, rational, utilitarian, and religious, he has not favored us with his own code. If we could conjecture his favorite, it would seem to be that of Voltaire. In concluding this fundamental matter he propounds the following query: "Which best serves the cause of social morality, the Salvation Army or Girard College, Mr. Moody or Harvard University?" We think for a man so enlightened his enumeration might have comprised institutions and persons better known; the work could be better ascertained, as it has stood the test of time and man's ignorance and passions. We find the same uncertainty, the same eclectic and shallow treatment of the church. True, he is complimentary to its expansiveness, its humanizing and unifying power; he points out in a graphic way the contrast of this to the narrow concentration, the lack of sympathy, the exaggerated individualism, with its varying and contradictory standard of duty, which is a tenet and a practical result of Protestantism; but he says the predominant influence of the Catholic Church has been to destroy individualism, to assume entire charge of the conscience, and to put the centre and standard of our moral nature outside ourselves. Mr. Brownell is sometimes hard to be pleased as well as understood. On page 305 he says that Catherine de Médici is the creator of modern France,

as Henry VIII. is of modern England and Philip II. of modern Spain, in the sense, that is to say, of having preserved it Catholic, and made Catholic influence solely predominant. This he considers a very great benefit; it harmonized society and thought, it prevented narrowness and provincialism; universality, the agreement of the many, is both an argument for faith and a support and sympathy in its practice. He might have added many more tangible temporal and spiritual blessings, yet for all this the massacre of St. Bartholomew was the greatest misfortune that ever befell France. And this not in itself, nor for any restriction of liberty, but because of the potentialities of the France of Coligny's time. The blessings of peace and development; the avoidance of all the evils suffered, for example, by Germany before and during and after the Thirty Years' War; the rapine, lust, the murders and tortures of Henry and his successors in England; all this, forsooth, is no compensation for the *potentialities* of the France of Coligny's time—and post-revolutionary France is something of a disappointment.

As Catholics we should have liked to see more care in some statements touching on the present power and influence of religion. But with these defects the book is a careful and fair-minded study of an interesting and wonderful nation, attractive in itself, and dear to us by many and sacred ties.

THE POPE AND IRELAND. Containing newly-discovered historical facts concerning the forged Bulls attributed to Popes Adrian IV. and Alexander III., together with a sketch of the union existing between the Catholic Church and Ireland from the twelfth to the nineteenth century. By Stephen J. McCormick, editor of the San Francisco *Monitor*. San Francisco: A. Waldteufel; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

The questions treated in this book are of vital interest to the student of history, especially those who are of Irish lineage. Did the Holy See make Ireland, or attempt to make Ireland, a fief of the English crown? The *Bullarium Romanum* contains a Bull of Adrian IV., conferring upon Henry II. of England the sovereignty of Ireland, and another Bull of Adrian's successor, Alexander III., confirming the grant. Both Bulls are of suspicious brevity and obscurity, were never known to the public till several years after their supposed issue, and were claimed and used by one of the most unscrupulous and brutal, though one of the ablest, of the Norman monarchs —the murderer of St. Thomas Becket. A document of this sort, unused and unknown until twenty years after its date, should be void from staleness, and that would be a sufficient answer to its allegation as anything in the nature of a grant of power. But the controversy runs deeper than pleas to the validity of the Bull; it concerns its genuineness. Mr. McCormick has collated the authorities on the subject, has investigated the question at the Vatican library itself, and has established a fair historical doubt—that at least; an impartial reader will, we feel certain, readily concede that the Bulls were forgeries.

Geraldus Cambrensis has been the chief reliance of those who have accepted the Bull, he being a contemporary writer, or almost contemporary with the seizure of Ireland by Henry. The fact that he wrote when he did, a time when literature had little influence and no criticism outside of the monasteries, has given him all too much credit. The fulsome laudation of Henry by this monk is enough to cast suspicion on him: "the Alexander of the West," "the invincible," "the Solomon of his age," "the most pious of princes," "who had the glory of repressing the fury of the Gentiles not only of Europe (that must mean

the Irish) but likewise of Asia beyond the Mediterranean," are specimens of his *loquebar in conspectu regum.* But when the king was dead, the courtier chronicler abused him with an extravagance of condemnation and invective in excess of his previous flattery. It is clear that Cambrensis was a mendacious, and perhaps a bribed, witness, as is fully enough gathered from his preface to the book, *The Conquest of Ireland.*

Mr. McCormick's book is one of much interest to all intelligent readers of history, and of absorbing interest to members of the Irish race, whose fidelity to conscience stimulates their loyalty to both Rome and Ireland.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF THE REVEREND FRANCIS A. BAKER, PRIEST OF THE CONGREGATION OF ST. PAUL. By Rev. A. F. Hewit. Seventh edition. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

For some time past this book has been out of print, and the present new edition is in answer to a steady and growing demand. Father Baker was pastor of an Episcopal church in Baltimore, and although he became a Catholic seven years after Cardinal Newman's conversion, he reached the truth, as did so many others, by following the same lines. This shows that he was no follower of men. He was a spirit of much independence, excellent good sense, but was particularly remarkable for what is called unction, a mingled power and sweetness which made him a splendid preacher. He reached men and he reached women. He was tender and strong; he was manly and gentle, full of a charm which seldom failed to produce a profound religious impression upon his hearers.

After becoming a Catholic he entered the Redemptorist Order and became a missionary. He was one of the original Paulist Fathers, and died in 1865, a death so premature as to be widely and deeply lamented.

A special value is attached to this book because it gives a graphic account of what a missionary's life is and how missions are given.

THE HOLY MASS. The Sacrifice of Jesus Christ; the Ceremonies of the Mass; Preparation and Thanksgiving; the Mass and the Office that are hurriedly said. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Edited by the Rev. Eugene Grimm, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

This well-known book contains a doctrinal, historical, and liturgical exposition of the sacrifice of the Mass, especially addressed to the clergy. The volume has four parts. The first treats of the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, showing briefly its figures in the old law, its accomplishment on the cross, its continuation on our altars, and its eternity in heaven. St. Alphonsus then adds a short explanation of the prayers of Mass. To this is added a detailed explanation of the rubrics of Low Mass, which is supplemented by an appendix of the reverend editor, drawn from the rubrics of the Missal and St. Alphonsus' theology. Several interesting questions are then discussed on the subject of the *honorarium.* The third part of the volume is made up of a large and varied collection of considerations, affections, acts, aspirations, and prayers for every day in the week. The book concludes with an urgent exhortation to priests to worthily fulfil the duties of their holy calling, especially that of standing for Christ at the Christian altar and offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Altogether it is an extremely useful and edifying hand-book for the clergy.

THE STORY OF PATSY. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We cannot penetrate the dominant motive which actuated the writer in planning this book. It is interesting as a study of slang phrases arranged with considerable literary skill, though many parents seriously object to any influence which makes their children familiar with such language. There are several points of resemblance in *The Story of Patsy* evidently copied from Mrs. Ewing's exquisite *Story of a Short Life*. The latter deserves to rank as a classic in juvenile literature.

Patsy is made the central figure of a kindergarten established for the poor children of San Francisco. Among many well-informed people the erroneous opinion is prevalent that the kindergarten system can do nothing more than provide harmless recreation for the children of wealthy parents. Whether *The Story of Patsy* is based on fact or not, one thing is very plain, namely: that a kindergarten school managed according to the plan described could be made to exert a powerful influence in favor of missionary work. For this reason we recommend it to those in charge of Catholic schools, in the hope that they will utilize the advantages of the kindergarten system as soon as possible.

By an unpardonable stretch of imagination little Patsy is compelled by the writer to say some strange things on the subject of religion, and is doomed to die, like a Boston bigot, without the priest. This part of the book will be especially approved by Mr. Vincent, the youngest of the so-called Methodist Bishops. No doubt Patsy's religious opinions will be read aloud with various intonations of voice and suitable gestures in the schools of the Children's Aid Society. And it is quite natural to suppose that the teachers may use the opportunity to make a few supplementary remarks showing how the horrid little papist was brought by Christian endeavors from rags and dirt to see the effulgent light of the blessed Reformation.

We received lately from the publishers of this *Story of Patsy* a circular asking for the patronage of Catholic schools. If they wish to build up a trade among Catholics they must give a guarantee that Boston bigotry will be sternly excluded from their publications. It is not without good reason that our leading New York publishers no longer attack the Catholic Church. From a business point of view anti-Catholic literature is unprofitable.

THOMÆ À KEMPIS, DE IMITATIONE CHRISTI. Libri Quatuor. Textum edidit, Considerationes ad cujusque libri sigula capita ex ceteris ejusdem Thomæ à Kempis opusculis collegit et adjecit Hermannus Gerlach, Canonicus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Limburgensis utriusque juris Doctor. Opus posthumum. Freiburgi Breisgoviæ et S. Ludovici: Herder.

This is the Imitation in the original Latin text, supplemented by extracts from the other works of Thomas à Kempis. It is only those who have read à Kempis in the original who know how much is lost by the translation, how much of unction and expression. To print a book of devotional reading with devotional comments of an editor has always seemed to us a species of profanity, and hence certain French and English editions of the Imitation have the air of impertinence, thrusting the prayers and other pious matter of obscure writers into the company of such a master of souls as à Kempis. But Dr. Gerlach does no such thing as this. He gives us the author as the author's commentary. He does not, indeed, give his references, and this we regret; but the work is posthumous, and if its editor had lived he might have remedied this defect.

ESSAYS, CHIEFLY LITERARY AND ETHICAL. By Aubrey de Vere, LL.D. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

These essays are written in a pleasing style, clear, appreciative, and with that melodious rhythm which is the peculiar gift of the poet. The book is largely a poet's estimate of poetry, and who can so justly measure the worth of poetry? Of Archbishop Trench as a poet Mr. de Vere says that among contemporary Anglican poets he will probably be one day ranked among the best; he is sure that there has been none other who combines with the devotional spirit so many excellences not generally included in religious poetry. The poems referred to are little known in America. This high commendation should be sufficient to introduce them to a more extended reading among us. One of these essays, that on Sir Samuel Ferguson, is very appreciative. The readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will remember an able critique on this writer in our pages several months ago. According to this critic and to Mr. de Vere he is entitled to a higher place than has been given him, "for he has added the Gaelic string to the great English harp."

Coventry Patmore, we are glad to see, has an essay in this volume. He is one of the best of English poets. Mr. de Vere well calls him "the poet of the finer emotions of modern society; 'The Angel in the House' a poem the existence of which is better than a thousand *à priori* arguments in favor of the school to which it belongs." We are decidedly of opinion that Patmore's poems will assume a great and ever-increasing popularity among those whose suffrage is best worth having.

The author of this book is on the wrong side of the Irish question. We regret that he has bound up in the volume some unpleasant reading on that topic, ill sorted as such matter is with his graceful and kindly essays on literary subjects.

WHAT TO DO IN CASES OF ACCIDENTS AND EMERGENCIES, etc., etc. By Joseph B. Lawrence, medical and surgical nurse. New York: J. H. Vail & Co.

To recommend this most useful little volume to parents for home reading would be, we fear, to set the mothers worrying all day long in the absence of their children. We do not deny that it would be good for them to have it within reach for consultation. But we do heartily recommend it to those in charge of schools, and especially to all superiors of colleges, convents, asylums, protectories, and similar institutions which have care of the young.

LESSONS FROM OUR LADY'S LIFE. By the author of *The Little Rosary of the Sacred Heart.* London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

We regret that this pretty volume did not reach us in time to recommend it to our readers for the month of May, for it is specially arranged with a view to this end. It is a welcome addition to the literature, by no means too abundant and often too jejune, for the use of the faithful during the month specially dedicated to Our Lady. There are thirty-one lessons derived from the history of the life of *The Blessed Virgin*, brief enough to meet the leisure of the busiest, and yet full of an unction and earnestness, of plain and homely lessons that can readily be absorbed into the practical life of the reader.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mention of books in this place does not preclude extended notice in subsequent numbers.

DEPENDENCE; OR, THE INSECURITY OF THE ANGLICAN POSITION. By Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A. Magdalen College, Oxford. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

MORES CATHOLICI; OR, AGES OF FAITH. By Kenelm H. Digby. Vol. II., containing Books V. and VI. New York: P. O'Shea.

REVISED AND AMENDED RULES OF PRACTICE IN CASES AND PROCEEDINGS BEFORE THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION. Adopted June 8, 1889. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

THE RAND-MCNALLY OFFICIAL RAILWAY GUIDE AND HAND-BOOK. Chicago: The American Railway Guide Co.

PAGES CHOISIES DES MEMOIRES DU DUC DE SAINT-SIMON. Edited and annotated by A. N. Van Daell. Boston: Ginn & Co.

THE SERMON BIBLE. Vol. III. From Psalm lxxvii. to Song of Solomon. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

TEMPERANCE SONGS AND LYRICS. By the Rev. J. Casey, P.P., author of "Intemperance," "Our Thirst for Drink," etc. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Dublin: Jas. Duffy & Co.

IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER? By the Rev. John MacLaughlin. London: Burns & Oates.

THE SALT CELLARS. Being a Collection of Proverbs, together with homely notes thereon. By C. H. Spurgeon. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

THE PARNELL MOVEMENT. With a sketch of Irish Parties since 1843. With an addition containing a full account of the great Trial instigated by the London *Times*, and giving a complete history of the Home Rule struggle from its inception to the suicide of Pigott. By T. P. O'Connor, M.P. Authorized version. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

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